Haphazard Personalities

Charles Lanman

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HAPHAZARD PERSONALITIES;

CHIEFLY OF

NOTED AMERICANS

BY

CHARLES LANMAN

AUTHOR OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER, ETC.

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PREFACE.

DURING my protracted experiences as a merchant's clerk in New York, a newspaper man, an author and artist, and an official, in Washington, it has been my fortune to make many good friends among the noted men of the time, and it is to a portion of these that I have devoted this volume. My object has not been to write biographies, but merely to give such interesting revelations of character as have come under my own personal observation. In doing this, I have been obliged, occasionally, to be a little autobiographic in my methods; but there seemed to be no alternative, and the reader must not question my sense of delicacy. The personal records in my possession have by no means been exhausted in the following pages, and I cannot but hope that when the proper time arrives, some additional recollections will see the light, and be as warmly welcomed by the public as my literary efforts have always been in the days that are no more.

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JOSEPH HENRY.

My acquaintance with this eminent man began in 1848, and was one of the silken threads in the warp of my life. With him and his family I boarded for a few months in the house of Henry R. Schoolcraft in Washington. He seemed, from the first, to take an interest in my welfare; and while he honored me with his advice on matters connected with my duties as a writer for the *National Intelligencer*, his wife treated me with the greatest kindness, so that my affection for the twain was most sincere.

This is not the place, even if the ability were mine, to comment upon his splendid career as a man of science, nor do I propose to repeat the record of his life which I prepared for my "Biographical Annals"; one or two incidents, however, connected with his boyhood, which were narrated to me by himself, may with propriety be mentioned here, for the purpose of showing his introduction to the worlds of literature and science.

Having lost his father, William Henry, when a mere child, he was early sent to live with his grandmother, in the village of Galway, Saratoga County, N. Y. When in his tenth year, while trying to capture a pet rabbit, he followed the animal into one of the air-holes under the village church; prowling about on his hand and knees, he was attracted by a gleam of light in one corner of the building, and after due investigation he found that it proceeded from a room where the flooring had been left unfinished, leaving a space sufficiently large for the body of a small boy to pass through. The opportunity was not neglected, and he soon found himself "alone in his glory," in the village library. The books were not many, and were very dusty, but there was a charm in the silence of the place, as well as in the illicit exploration upon which he had entered. He took from the shelf a book, which happened to be "The Fool of Quality," and, having forgotten his rabbit, he began to read. He became much interested, and read until nightfall, when he retired by the dark passage through which he had entered. He made a second and a third visit, and having been unmolested, continued his visitations until he had read and enjoyed every novel in the library. From that time until he attained his sixteenth year, and while acting as a clerk in a store, he was an inveterate novel reader, and excepting for the tendency of the habit to make young people unduly fond of the theatre, his later

testimony was to the effect that novel reading may be of advantage to some minds, by way of strengthening the imagination.

His passion for novel reading ended quite as suddenly as it had begun, and the transition to a higher phase of culture happened after this manner. When in his sixteenth year he was living in Albany, where he was born Dec. 17, 1709. His mother, a noble and a handsome woman, here kept a private boarding-house for a time. Among the boarders was a gentleman of literary tastes, and by a mere accident one of his books fell into the hand of young Henry. The title of it was "Lectures on Experimental Philosophy, Astronomy, and Chemistry," by George Gregory, D. D., London, 1808. He took the book, and on reading a passage about the motions of the earth around the sun, and the theory of gravitation, he threw it aside and denounced such doctrines as utterly false. He took up the volume a second time, however, when a light began to dawn upon his mind, as the light under the church had reached his vision a few years before; he soon became so much interested in the volume that its owner presented it to him, and it was ever afterward kept by Professor Henry as one of his treasures. His reasons for so highly appreciating it are set forth in the following words, which will be found written on the fly-leaf of the memorable volume:—

"This book, although by no means a profound work, has, under Providence, exerted a remarkable influence on my life. It accidentally fell into my hands when I was about sixteen years old, and was the first book, with the exception of works of fiction, that I ever read with attention. It opened to me a new world of thought and enjoyment, invested things, before almost unnoticed, with the highest interest, fixed my mind on the study of nature, and caused me to resolve, at the time of reading it, that I would devote my life to the acquisition of knowledge.—*Joseph Henry.*"

This was written in 1837, just before leaving for Europe, on his first visit; which tour, as he once told me, was of very great benefit to him in his various researches. After reading Dr. Gregory's book, he began the study of science with avidity, and while laying the foundation for his subsequent fame, he assisted a relative, Mr. John F. Doty, silversmith, as a clerk for about two years, and he taught in a country school. It was about this time that he gained a local reputation as an amateur actor. A dramatic club to which he belonged occasionally gave the public an entertainment. The audiences were often quite large, and "Joe Henry," as he was called, was noted as a "star," and was popular in the characters of Hamlet, Damon, and Norvel. He also wrote two or three simple plays, and became the president of the dramatic club; and here, by way of further illustrating this dramatic

episode, the writer takes pleasure in submitting the following, related by Thurlow Weed:—

"When I was a younger man, in Albany there was a young apprentice to Mr. Doty, a silversmith, who appeared to be a very bright fellow of seventeen years. He read books with avidity, but none with more pleasure and eagerness than Shakespeare and the works of other dramatic writers. He seemed to have an especial passion for such, indeed, coupled with an inclination for the stage. The time came soon for the indulgence of this taste, and he joined a company of young amateur actors who played at a little theatre called the Thespian. The young apprentice's talent for dramatic impersonation became the talk of the town before long; and when Mr. Bernard, a noted manager in those days, came to Albany with his own strong company of professional actors, he was impelled to visit the Thespian Theatre to see the young amateur of whom he had heard so favorably. The play that night was 'Hamlet,' and the manager was so struck with the young actor's ability and intelligence that he sent for him and made him a very tempting offer to join his own company and adopt the stage as a profession.

"Just before this," explained Mr. Weed to his auditors, "the young man had received an offer of a gratuitous education from Dr. Beck, president of the Albany Academy, and the night the manager spoke to him he sought the counsel of two of his chums. One of these two was Master Thurlow Weed, then a young journeyman printer. Both advised him strongly to accept Dr. Beck's offer. But the young apprentice was still in doubt. His inclination prompted him to go on the stage, while his judgment dictated the acceptance of Dr. Beck's kind offer. He left at last, saying that he would talk with his employer about it.

"Silversmith Doty liked the lad, and believed that he had a career of usefulness before him in some learned profession; so when the lad told him of the two offers he had received, he said kindly, but firmly: 'Joseph, you are under indentures to me for two years yet. If you will accept the offer of a free education, I will let you go freely. But if you conclude to go on the stage, you must make good to me the loss of these two years of service.' This determined the lad, and he went to Dr. Beck's, studied faithfully, graduated with honors, and became one of the first scholars of his day.

"Of course," said the narrator, with a quiet smile, "you are curious to know who he was. I will tell you. The lad was Dr. Joseph Henry, the late president of the Smithsonian Institution, and whenever he came to see me in New York before his death, he and I used to recall how small an incident it was that turned the tide of his life into its current of widest usefulness. He was for three years a tutor in the family of Stephen Van Rensselaer, the

patroon, and it was after he left this family that he obtained a position as surveyor and helped to run the route from West Point to Lake Erie."

He afterwards became an assistant at the academy over which Dr. T. R. Beck presided, and had some difficulty with a brother of the doctor, arising out of a spirit of rivalry, and that circumstance made him very unhappy. At this particular time, while out walking, he met his warm personal friend, George Clinton, who inquired the cause of his apparent dejection, and on being informed, he made this remark, "Henry, it is your duty to leave Albany, as you know a prophet is not without honor save in his own country." But the time for his departure had not arrived. It was at this period that he began, and put upon paper, some of the thoughts he had been cherishing, and printed them in the transactions of the Albany Institute, among them an article on the *Galvanic Multiplier*; and became a contributor to the "American Journal of Science and the Arts" in 1830, which was the year of his marriage to Harriet L. Alexander, of Schenectady, New York.

In 1832 he received a letter from one of the official heads of Princeton College, suggesting his appointment to a professorship. He replied that he would not ask for the position, but if it should be tendered to him, by election, he would probably accept; and all that he could do was, to refer for his moral character to the patroon, and for his scientific attainments to Prof. James Renwick, of Columbia College. He was duly elected, and how he built up his splendid fame in Princeton is well known to the scientific world. But, as he told me, one of the greatest trials of his life was his departure from Albany. He felt as if he could not possibly sever the ties which bound him to his early home, and the future was so uncertain. Such was the state of his mind, even when he had gone on board the steamboat which was to take him to New Jersey, and one incident connected with that departure I have heard him mention with the most tender feelings. As he sat in the cabin, in a very "brown study," some one gently tapped him on the shoulder and spoke a kindly word. That friend was John Dunlap, and one of his remarks was this, "Don't be depressed, my good fellow; the time will come when Albany will be proud to claim you as her son!" That right has since been heartily claimed, not only by the city of Albany, but by his native country. How Professor Henry afterward passed from Princeton to the head of the Smithsonian Institution is universally known; that transition was made with a reluctance allied to that which he felt on leaving Albany; and in these days of excessive office-seeking, it is worthy of remark that he never desired or solicited any official position in all his life, except that of a country schoolmaster, and never entered upon a new sphere of duty, without fear and trembling.

At the time of my first acquaintance with Professor Henry, and through all the intervening years, the great institution which he was called upon to organize seemed to be the absorbing theme of his thought, and I have been surprised to see how his enlightened and far-seeing plans have all been carried out. In those early days, there were many men in Washington who were worth knowing, and whose influence upon a young man was calculated to be of lasting benefit; and through such men as Professors Henry, and A. D. Bache, Gales and Seaton, and George P. Marsh, I had access to the most cultivated society. The refined and elevated gatherings which were held at the houses of all these noted men were a real blessing in my experience; and when Congress was in session, such men as Clay, and Webster, and Calhoun often stepped into those eddies of literary and scientific culture.

Although my relations with Professor Henry were only those of a personal friend, he was wont, occasionally, to call upon me to help him in matters of a purely literary character, and what very little I could do for him was paid for most liberally, by the information he communicated to me in a quiet way, and by admitting me into his entire confidence. He was so conscientious in the performance of his official duties, that he ever seemed disinclined to waste the hours of business in the formalities of social life; but when the cares of the day were ended, he took great pleasure in entertaining his friends at home, which he always did with surpassing dignity, kindness, and grace, and in attending the dinners and select receptions of his official friends. But of all the places where it was my privilege to meet him, none could compare with his private study in the Smithsonian Institution, when he was alone, and the silence of the place at night invited the mind into the higher realms of thought. Some of my interviews with him will always live in my memory; and if it were proper to do so, I might mention remarks there first uttered by the man of science, which I have known to culminate for the advantage and honor of deserving men in the literary and scientific world, who were perhaps unaware at the time that their abilities were appreciated by the great discoverer and philosopher. It was by him that the genius of Simon Newcomb was fostered; and I remember on one occasion, when he read to me a letter which he had just written to a noted astronomer of France, in which he spoke of Professor Newcomb in extravagant terms of praise, I said to him, “The young astronomer ought to see that letter”; but he replied, “Oh, no, he will never see it, but he is a remarkable man!”

Among the items of his conversation which I remember are the following: How strange it was that Presidents Lincoln and Grant could never be induced to visit the Smithsonian Institution; how, when the professor once made an allusion to A. D. Bache, the latter replied, “Oh, yes, you mean

the man who gave away his fortune so foolishly to the Smithsonian Institution for scientific purposes;" how he met a man in 1872, who thanked him for his lecture on architecture which he had heard at Princeton thirty years before; and how no recommendation or scheme which he had originated had ever been unsuccessful.

Like Daniel Webster, he was an early riser and did much of his correspondence in the morning, and usually spent two or three hours in his library before breakfast.

The first note I ever received from him was written in December, 1848, and the substance of it was as follows: "I am sorry to learn that you are confined to your room, and that I have not been able to call to see you. Mrs. Henry bids me say that she will be glad to receive you into our house, and to administer in any way she is able to your comfort. The invitation to our house is not a mere complimentary offer, but one which is intended as a real expression of feeling. Please let us know by the bearer how you are."

Another letter, illustrating his familiar style, is given entire:—

PRINCETON, Aug. 14, 1849.

My dear Sir,—Mrs. Henry reminds me that I ought to acquaint you with the reason why we did not pay our respects to your lady, before our departure for the North. We started with the intention of doing so on the day of the presentation of premiums at the Seminary (in Georgetown), but we were so long detained by the ceremony that my time was exhausted, and I was obliged to drive immediately back without calling. After that, on account of sickness in the family, and preparation for starting, Mrs. H. could not find an opportunity of visiting Georgetown.

I am off for Cambridge this morning. Mrs. H. will follow me in a few days. We shall probably give Mr. Bache a visit in his camp on the hills of New Hampshire.

The College of New Jersey has just opened with a large addition of new students. The village is entirely free from everything like cholera. The survivors of the late railroad accident are all in a fair way of recovery. Amputation has in no case been found necessary. I have been shown a drawing of the appearance of the wreck, immediately after the collision. Such was the momentum of the moving mass that one car penetrated another, and the two in the drawing are represented as occupying the same space. It is passing strange that any of the occupants could have escaped with life. The sufferers have received unremitting attention from the citizens of the village.

I see by the papers that you are about to publish, in the form of a volume, your travels in the South. I have no doubt that this volume will sustain and increase the reputation you have already acquired. You can now neither go back nor stay still: you have given to the world a pledge of new exertions. Man is capable of indefinite improvement; and he who has done one thing well awakens the expectation that he will do something better. He who has commenced to ascend the steep of "fame's proud temple" must expect to find no resting-place; his exertions upward must be constant,—to pause is to descend.

Will has entered college, and has just been summoned to attend his first prayer in the chapel.

With kind regards to your lady, I remain

Truly yours,

JOSEPH HENRY.

The allusion in this letter to Professor Bache reminds me of the fact that he was in the habit of receiving visits from his friends, in camp, when out upon his scientific tours in summer, and also that his most accomplished wife always accompanied him, and often assisted him in his triangulations. The railway accident alluded to was one of the most fatal that ever occurred in New Jersey. The person mentioned as Will, was Professor Henry's only son, an admirable young man, who died in his early prime, but left behind him three charming and highly accomplished sisters to comfort and cheer his parents in their declining years.

The letters and notes which I received from Professor Henry were many, but I will only mention two of them in this place. Soon after Mr. Corcoran had suggested the idea of my having charge of his picture gallery, when organized, I naturally mentioned the circumstance to Professor Henry, and in the goodness of his heart he sent the following to the trustees of that institution:—

"An intimate acquaintance with Mr. C. L——, of more than twenty years, has resulted, on my part, in a warm friendship, founded on his estimable character as a man, a writer, and an artist.

"I learn with much pleasure that he is a candidate for the directorship of the Corcoran Art Gallery, and I most sincerely hope he may be appointed to the office; since, independently of my personal predilections for him, and in view of the prosperity of a noble institution in which I feel a deep interest, I can truly say I am acquainted with no one who possesses in a higher degree

the various qualifications necessary to properly discharge the duties of this important position.

JOSEPH HENRY.

"SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, March 17, 1871."

For me to print such a tribute from such a man may be deemed indelicate; but it is hard for me to play the hypocrite, and as I have always tried to merit the good-will of the best of men, I can only say that such testimonials afford me the most solid satisfaction, and I am not ashamed to confess the fact.

Not long after Professor Henry had thus volunteered to second the wishes of Mr. Corcoran (as expressed to me), I found that his influence with his own trustees *seemed* to have been lost; and when I saw that the real power lay with other men, and that their ideas of art were to rule the gallery, I withdrew my claims as a candidate. Not long afterwards a vacancy occurred in the Board of Trustees, when Professor Henry was called upon to fill it; and although several members of the board were men of real culture, they took no special or active interest in the gallery, and the only member of the board with a national reputation was Professor Henry. And here comes in a rather remarkable fact. When the time arrived for regularly organizing the art gallery, the only member of the board who was not notified to be present on the important occasion was Professor Henry; and whether the supposed forgetfulness had its origin with the active members of the board aforesaid, is a question which need not now be disturbed, as their own candidate was duly elected.

In June, 1871, a note came to me from Professor Henry, as follows:—

"I write to ask that you will call at the Institution as early as you can conveniently come. I wish to see you in regard to a literary matter, in which it may, perhaps, be for your interest to engage.

Truly your friend,

JOSEPH HENRY."

This note was received by me about one hour after I had returned home from my summer tour to the mountains and sea-shore, and at the particular time when I was undecided whether I should devote the coming winter to my pencil or my pen. I was promptly on hand, heard from the professor that he had been asked by Arinori Mori, the Japanese minister, to nominate some person to write a book about the United States for use in Japan; and thus began my long and very agreeable experiences with the Japanese

government, which have elsewhere been recorded; convincing me, beyond all possible doubt, that there is an Omnipotent Hand directing all the affairs of men. The book here alluded to contained an article on scientific matters and as it also had an allusion to Professor Henry's discoveries, I sent it to him for correction, when he returned the following answer:—

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Feb. 6, 1872.

My dear Sir,—I return you the manuscript of the article on science, after having made some changes of importance in order to render it better adapted to the use for which it is intended.

I have, as you see, omitted the last paragraph, which if retained would appear invidious and, indeed, unjust; since it refers to one invention among the many which have been produced in our country. I have, in order to meet your wishes, inserted my name in the paragraph above the last; which, I hope, will suffice for my glorification.

I think it important that I should see a proof of the article.

Truly yours, etc.,

JOSEPH HENRY.

In August, 1872, there was a slight misunderstanding between Mr. Mori, the Japanese minister, and myself, and as I had been introduced to that gentleman by Professor Henry, I thought it my duty to notify him of what had happened,—he was then at the sea-shore,—and here is the reply he sent me:—

RYE BEACH, N. H., Sept. 11, 1872.

My dear Sir,—I am surprised and grieved to learn what you have informed me in regard to the Japan affairs. I do not see how Mr. Mori can do without you. He has no aptitude for business, and will fall a prey to any plausible fellow who has the opportunity to gain his confidence.

Indeed, I have come to regard the attempt of the Japanese to become suddenly civilized, and to change at once all their customs, with considerable solicitude. They are certainly undergoing a great change, but what the result will be is not very clear. They cannot, on the doctrine of probabilities, choose in every case the right course, since there is but one right among many wrong ways. I think the proposition to introduce at once into the country our system of common schools is one of doubtful propriety, and that the person they have chosen for the direction of the system is not quite as prudent as he might be. The remarks he made in regard to the acts of our government with reference to the Japanese were received with

disfavor at the educational convention at Boston. What they want first is a knowledge of arts and sciences, and after that a gradual enlightenment of the people generally. As I have said elsewhere, the change must work downward, not upward. Another matter in which I think they have been badly advised is that of the introduction of paper money, which, I am sure, will lead to evils of the gravest character.

I participate in your feelings regarding Mr. Mori. He stands on a dangerous elevation. If all the plans which he advocates and attempts to reduce to practice do not produce the anticipated results, he will be denounced. Censure is much more freely bestowed than praise; a single failure outweighs many successes.

I fear our friend, General Capron, will find himself in a difficult position. It will be no easy matter for him to retain the full confidence of the Japanese government; miracles will be expected where ordinary results are obtained with difficulty. The Japanese, however, cannot go back. They must and will go on, though it can scarcely be expected, from the history of the world, that their course will be a continuously smooth one; or that the position of the leaders, such as that of our friend Mori, will be free from danger.

I know you have been of great service to Mr. Mori, and have fully sustained the character I gave you when I recommended you for the place. It is evident that he is acting under some improper influence, and it is a very unfortunate condition.

Very truly your friend, etc.,

JOSEPH HENRY.

P. S. Your letter of the 8th came to hand in the mail of last night and I add this postscript to thank you for the copies of the "Athenæum" containing the account of the proceedings of the British Association. I have read with much interest the address of Dr. Carpenter, and fully subscribe to all the propositions he has advanced. In regard to the philosophy of science, there is at the present time much indefiniteness of conception which the address of the doctor will tend to clear up. I shall write to thank him for the service which he has rendered, through it, to the cause of truth.

I expected that he would include in the topics to be discussed that of spiritualism, and allude to the experiments relative to it by Mr. Crooks, since he has written against the delusions of this remarkable superstition of later days. I am pleased to learn that you have made the acquaintance of my friend Captain Keeney, whom I regard as a representative man of the very best class of a New England order. We leave here on Thursday morning to embark at Newport on the captain's steamer for New York; we shall be

several days on the way in order to give Sir Frederick Arrow, the head of the Trinity House, London,—who has come with two associates, to study our fog signal system,—an opportunity to examine our lighthouses. Shall see you as soon as I return to Washington, on the Japan business.

J. H.

And here is another letter which will explain itself, and proves what a devoted friend I had in the professor:—

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON, D. C.
April 3, 1874.

Dear Sir,—I desire to introduce to your personal acquaintance my friend Mr. Charles Lanman. With his position as an author you are already familiar, but as he is also an artist and now devoted to that profession, he desires to confer with you on the Art Commission to be established by Congress.

As it is advisable that the members of said commission should be selected from different parts of the country and not from one city, I would, through your instrumentality, suggest the appointment of Mr. Lanman as the representative of Washington, where he resides.

By way of supporting my nomination, I beg leave to lay before you a set of credentials in his behalf, prepared for use in another quarter: by two ex-presidents of the New York Academy of Design, Professor S. F. B. Morse and Daniel Huntington; by William C. Bryant, one of the founders of the New York Museum of Art; by James Brooks, for whose Journal Mr. Lanman was formerly a writer upon Art; by Professor Samuel Tyler, who is acquainted with the art affairs of Washington; and by your obedient servant. The joint resolution submitted by Mr. Cox mentions three persons, all residing in New York.

Should you or other members of the Library Committee desire to see some of Mr. Lanman's productions, I am certain that he would gladly arrange to have you visit his house and inspect his pictures and valuable art library.

My reason for appealing to you in the matter is that I am sure you feel an interest in seeing the metropolis beautified, and from your long experience can act understandingly in advising the committee.

I have the honor to be very truly yours,

JOSEPH HENRY.

HON. J. A. GARFIELD.

During the summer of 1875 it was my privilege to spend a few weeks in the daily companionship of Professor Henry at Block Island. Our several families were with us, and altogether we certainly had a "glorious time," housed in the comfortable and elegant Ocean View Hotel. His business was to try a series of experiments with the fog-horns, which ended in his demolishing a pet theory of Professor Tyndall; and my occupation was to study and depict on canvas the beauties of the surf, along the shores of the island. On several occasions I waited upon him while trying his experiments, and was amazed to see, in view of his advanced age, with what persevering industry, supported by rare excitement, he followed up his investigations. But there was one incident which happened to us which made me well-nigh resolve that I would never again drive a span of horses, or a single one, in a carriage or wagon, *when my companion was a great man*. One morning, when taking the professor to the new lighthouse, where he was trying his experiments on the philosophy of sound, the traces of the harness became unfastened as we were going down a hill, and nothing but the hand of Providence prevented him, if not both of us, from being killed. The accident reminded me of the more serious one which happened to Daniel Webster and myself near Plymouth in 1852; and what added to the marvel of this escape was the fact that I was driving a very spirited and almost unbroken colt.

To have been with Professor Henry, when he was performing his important experiments on sound, was a circumstance to be remembered with gratitude, but it was a greater privilege to be with him on several occasions at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. His comments upon the accumulated wonders of the place were full of interest and highly instructive, nor can I ever forget the character of our final meeting there, on the last day of my attendance. Having been told that he had returned to Washington, he was the last man that I expected to see, but my surprise was greatly enhanced by finding him more than half asleep, as he sat alone on one of the benches in a quiet nook of the Great Building. He was worn out with fatigue, but being aware of his self-reliant determination in going and coming when he pleased, I made no proffer of assistance, which I knew would be rejected. The throngs of people who passed along paid no more attention to him than they would to any respectable gentleman, for, though familiar with his name and fame, they did not recognize his person; and yet, there sat the man, sick, alone and unknown to the crowd around him, from whose brain had sprung the secret of the telegraph, and without whose various discoveries the great Centennial Exhibition, in many particulars, would not have been possible.

One of the most agreeable parties that I ever attended in Washington was given by Commodore Charles Wilkes many years ago. It was a most elegant affair in all its appointments, and many of the guests were famous for their high positions or their intellectual attainments. Professor Henry and his wife were among them. Thirty years afterwards, the commodore, after reflecting great honor upon his country, died, leaving his family poor. One of his daughters found it necessary to try and obtain an office, whereby she could support herself. She made many trials and did not succeed. In her extremity she went to Professor Henry and narrated all her trials. After listening to her story, he said that he appreciated her noble spirit in seeking the irksome employment of a clerk, and added, "Is it possible that a daughter of Charles Wilkes should be compelled to ask twice for a petty clerkship?" when the dear old man's feelings overwhelmed him, and he wept like a very child. It was not long after that interview before the lady had obtained the position she desired.

During the year 1877 the friends of the professor frequently suggested that he needed and fully deserved some respite from his public labors. On one occasion his family physician, Dr. Grafton Tyler, intimated that he might at least give up his connection with the Lighthouse Board, and his sudden reply was, "Not that, not that; some other duties, perhaps, but not that." His interest in scientific studies was unabated, but he did not work with his former vigor; and as of old, he went occasionally into society, where he was as dignified and agreeable as he had always been. After entering upon his eightieth year, he began to discuss with his intimate friends the propriety of resigning the position of president of the Academy of Sciences, at the annual meeting in April, 1878; and so, when the Academy met, he did submit his resignation, but, in terms that were highly complimentary, it was not accepted. And more than that, the eminent men composing the Academy made known the fact that a fund of forty thousand dollars had been raised, and was already in safe-keeping for the benefit of the grand old president and his family. It was indeed a worthy tribute of affection and admiration, honorable both to those who gave and to him who was the recipient,—one of those "scientific" performances which everybody could appreciate, and which will long be remembered with pride by the scholars of the land.

For many weeks before his death he was quite ill and suffered great pain, but he was at all times gentle and patient to the last degree, proving himself to be a noble Christian; and he retained his mental powers in full vigor until the end of life. His last words were, "Which way comes the wind?" and with his mind still echoing the spirit of inquiry into the realms of nature, he passed away in perfect peace. His death, on the 13th of April, 1878, closed a

life of honor and of usefulness which will be remembered as one of the leading landmarks of the century.

His funeral took place on the 16th of April, at the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and at the Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington, attended by large numbers of friends and the most eminent men connected with the government. The leading prayer was offered by his old friend, Dr. Charles Hodge, and the sermon delivered by Rev. S. S. Mitchell, both of them being all that could have been desired. It was my sad privilege, under instructions from his widow and children, to make all the arrangements for purchasing the beautiful ground where now repose the ashes of the great man, who had been my friend for thirty years. On the 16th of January, 1879, memorial services were held in the National Capitol by the two Houses of Congress, Chief Justice Waite presiding, at which were present the Supreme Court, the President and Cabinet, on which occasion eloquent addresses were made by not less than eight men of distinction in public affairs. Congress also made an appropriation for the erection of a bronze statue in the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution, which was duly finished, and also ordered a memorial volume to be prepared and published, which was accomplished in 1880.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I FIRST met this eminent poet and scholar when he was on a visit to New York, and received from Park Benjamin the sum of twenty-five dollars for the poem entitled *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, the proof of which it was my privilege to read. That fact, combined with his kindly treatment of me, made a pleasurable impression on my mind which nothing has ever been able to dampen, excepting the knowledge that he received such a miserable pittance for one of the most admirable ballads in the language.

In 1842, the men of my literary idolatry were Hawthorne (then without fame), Dana, and Longfellow; and when my maiden volume, the "Essays for Summer Hours," made its appearance, I forwarded a copy to each of them, the two former of whom sent me their acknowledgments at once, but it was *twenty-seven years* before I received a reply from Mr. Longfellow. When, in 1869, I sent him a copy of my "Dictionary of Congress," for the reason that it contained a notice of his father, I improved the occasion to remind him of my former communication, and then he wrote me the following:—

CAMBRIDGE, Xmas, 1869.

My dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter and your "Dictionary of Congress," and hasten to thank you for this mark of your remembrance and regard.

The volume is very valuable and very interesting, notwithstanding the modest disclaimer in your letter. The proverb says, "No bishop should speak evil of his reliques." Certainly you should not of yours. I am sure to find here information which I could find nowhere else.

I remember, perfectly well, receiving your former volume, many, many years ago. I remember, equally well, writing to you at the time in acknowledgment of your kindness; and I am very sorry to learn that my letter never reached you. We must set it down to one of those mishaps which sometimes thwart the best concerted schemes and the most punctilious correspondents. We shall never know how much mischief has been done in the world by the miscarriage of letters. Thanking you once more, and wishing you all the good wishes of the season, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In November, 1871, while exhibiting a portfolio of my sketches in oil to a nephew of the poet, W. P. P. Longfellow, we stumbled upon a view of Norman's Woe, near Cape Ann, when he remarked, "My uncle should see that picture, for I know it would greatly interest him." On the next day, accordingly, I packed up the picture, and with another (a view on the coast of Nova Scotia, the home of Evangeline), sent it off to Mr. Longfellow, accompanied by a note of explanation in which I recalled the fact of our meeting many years before at the house of Park Benjamin, in New York, who was the first to publish the poem about the "Hesperus," and who paid for it the pittance of twenty-five dollars. The letter which Mr. Longfellow sent me in return, worth more than a thousand sketches, was as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 24, 1871.

My dear Sir,—Last night I had the pleasure of receiving your friendly letter and the beautiful pictures that came with it; and I thank you cordially for the welcome gift and the kind remembrance that prompted it. They are both very interesting to me, particularly the Reef of Norman's Woe. What you say of the ballad is also very gratifying, and induces me to send you in return a bit of autobiography.

Looking over a journal for 1839, a few days ago, I found the following entries:—

"December 17.—News of shipwrecks; horrible on the coast. Forty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester; one woman lashed to a piece of wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe, where many of these took place. Among others the schooner 'Hesperus'; also the 'Seaflower,' on Black Rock. I will write a ballad on this.

"December 30.—Wrote last evening a notice of Allston's Poems, after which sat till one o'clock by the fire smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the ballad of the schooner 'Hesperus,' which I accordingly did. Then went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock."

All of this is of no importance but to myself. However, I like sometimes to recall the circumstances under which a poem was written; and as you express a liking for this one, it may perhaps interest you to know why and when and how it came into existence. I had quite forgotten about its first publication; but I find a letter from Park Benjamin, dated Jan. 7, 1840, beginning (you will recognize his style) as follows:—

"Your ballad, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, is grand. Inclosed are twenty-five dollars (the sum you mentioned) for it, paid by the proprietors of *The New York World*, in which glorious paper it will resplendently coruscate on Saturday next."

Pardon this gossip, and believe me, with renewed thanks,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By way of prolonging the delightful "gossip" just given in Mr. Longfellow's letter, I submit the following, obtained from him during a personal interview. Among the considerations which induced him to write about the "Hesperus" was the "indescribably sad" name of *Norman's Woe*, which the newspapers mentioned as the scene of the disaster. With regard to his poem of *Excelsior*, it was suggested to the poet by the lofty sentiments contained in a letter which he had received from his friend Charles Sumner. As his ideas developed, he resolved to display in a series of pictures the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, and casting aside all fears, heedless of all warnings of danger, pressing onward in the great purpose of his life. As the poet wrote to his friend C. K. Tuckerman, "He passes through the Alpine village, through the rough, cold paths of the world, where the peasants cannot understand him, and where his watchword is an 'unknown tongue.' He disregards the happiness of domestic peace and sees the glacier, this fate, before him. He disregards the warning of the old man's

wisdom and the fascinations of woman's love. He answers to all, 'Higher yet!' The monks of St. Bernard are the representatives of religious forms and ceremonies, and with their oft-repeated prayer mingles the sound of his voice, telling them there is something higher than forms and ceremonies. Filled with these aspirations, he perishes without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward. You will perceive that 'excelsior,' an adjective of the comparative degree, is used adverbially; a use justified by the best Latin writers."

Unlike the productions just mentioned, *The Psalm of Life* was the spontaneous outgrowth of his mind; and it is a singular fact that while he at first hesitated to give it to the public, when published, it immediately became one of the most popular of all his poems. It was this production, moreover, which induced an Englishman, when the poet was in England, to accost him when about to enter his carriage, and to ask the privilege of shaking by the hand the man who had afforded him so much pleasure; and it should put all American readers to the blush to learn that while the two poems entitled *The Psalm of Life* and the *Reaper Death* were both published in the old "Knickerbocker" magazine, the editor thereof did not think their author worthy of any remuneration; but the origin of *Evangeline* is also very interesting, and is here given in the poet's own words:—

"Hawthorne came to dine with me one day, and brought a friend with him from Salem. While at the dinner, the friend said to me, 'I have been trying to get Hawthorne to write a story about the banishment of the Acadians, founded upon the life of a young girl, who was then separated from her lover, spent the balance of her life searching for him, and when both were old, found him dying in a hospital.' I caught the thought at once, that it would make a striking picture if put in verse, and said, 'Hawthorne, give it to me for a poem, and promise me that you will not write about it until I have written the poem.' Hawthorne said there was nothing in it for a story, and immediately assented to my request, and it was agreed that I should use his friend's story for verse whenever it suited me to do so."

In July, 1872, after William L. Shoemaker, of Georgetown, D. C., had read to me one of his poems, he expressed a desire to know what Mr. Longfellow would think of it, whereupon I volunteered to send it to Cambridge, accompanied by a second poem, with an explanatory note. In due time the following pleasant letter was received:—

NAHANT, July 26, 1872.

My dear Sir,—These are both good poems that you send me, and particularly *The Cardinal Flower*, which I like very much.

Were I to criticise it in any way, I should say, suppress the stanza beginning "No ritual pomp is here," and the one following, because they remind the reader of Horace Smith's *Hymn to the Flowers*, as you will see, if you read the two together.

I write you this from the seaside, where your paintings of "Norman's Woe" and the "Coast of Acadia" adorn the parlor walls, with other sea views by other hands.

Thanking you in advance for your book on the "Japanese in America," I am, my dear sir,

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In December, 1872, I sent the poet a small picture executed by a Japanese youth, which he acknowledged with great kindness, wishing the young artist all prosperity.

During the summer of 1873, while spending a few weeks at Indian Hill, in Massachusetts, the delightful residence of Ben: Perley Poore, it was again my privilege to meet Mr. Longfellow. He had come down from Nahant, with his friend Charles Sumner, for the purpose of visiting, for the first time, the Longfellow homestead in Newbury. After that visit he came by invitation, with the senator, to Indian Hill, where they enjoyed an early dinner and a bit of old wine, after which Mr. Poore took us all in his carriage on a visit to the poet, John G. Whittier, at Amesbury. The day was charming, the route we followed was down the Merrimack and very lovely, and the conversation of the lions was of course delightful. We found Mr. Whittier at home, and it was not only a great treat to see him there, but a noted event to meet socially and under one roof three such men as Whittier, Sumner, and Longfellow. The deportment of the two poets was, to me, most captivating. The host, in his simple dress, was as shy as a school-boy while Mr. Longfellow, with his white and flowing hair, and jolly laughter, reminded me of one of his own vikings; and when Mr. Whittier brought out and exhibited to us an anti-slavery document which he had signed forty years before, I could not help recalling some of the splendid things which that trio of great men had written on the subject of slavery. The drive to Newburyport, whence Mr. Sumner and Mr. Longfellow were to return to Nahant, was not less delightful than had been the preceding one; and the kindly words which were spoken of Mr. Whittier proved that he was highly honored and loved by his noted friends, as he is by the world at large. Before parting from Mr.

Longfellow, he took me one side and spoke with great interest of the old homestead he had that morning visited, and expressed a wish that I should make a sketch of it for him, as it was then two hundred years old and rapidly going to decay. On the following morning I went to the spot and complied with his request; a few weeks afterward I sent him a finished picture of the house, not forgetting the well-sweep and the old stone horse-block, in which he felt a special interest; and he acknowledged the receipt of the picture in these words:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 18, 1873.

My dear Sir,—I have had the pleasure of receiving your very friendly note, and the picture of the old homestead at Newbury, for both of which I pray you to accept my most cordial thanks. Be assured that I value your gift highly, and appreciate the kindness which prompted it, and the trouble you took in making the portraits of the old house and tree. They are very exact, and will always remind me of that pleasant summer day and Mr. Poore's chateau and his charming family and yours. If things could ever be done twice over in this world, which they cannot, I should like to live that day over again.

With kind regards to Mrs. Lanman, not forgetting a word and a kiss to your little Japanese ward (Ume Tsuda), I am, my dear sir, yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the letter which I sent to the poet with my picture, after giving him certain particulars, I added the following:—

"When the builders of that house were designing its fair proportions, little did they think that it would be the destiny of one of their posterity to make their family name one of rare honor throughout the world.

"With regard to that visit to the home of Whittier, it will 'live' in my memory with the *Voices of the Night*, the *Bridal of Pennacook*, and a certain clarion voice which has often been heard in the Senate. To have seen three intellectual giants, with their armor off, under one roof, as I did at Amesbury, was never equalled in my experience excepting once, and that was when I saw Webster, Irving, and Bryant dining together in New York, ever so many years ago."

One of the most charming traits in Mr. Longfellow's character was his love for children; and the child of the Orient, mentioned in his letter, whom he met at Indian Hill, will never forget the many pleasant things he said to

her as he held her on his lap and played with her long black hair. And when, a few years afterwards, he was informed that his little friend was a great admirer of his writings, and could memorize a number of his poems, he probably became a more devoted child-lover than before.

Remembering, with rare pleasure, much of the conversation which passed between the poet and the statesman, on the occasion alluded to above, the *Good-night* sonnet, which the former published in 1875, in allusion to his departed friend, impressed me as wonderfully beautiful and affecting:—

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace,
And say good-night, for now the western skies
Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good night! as we so oft have said
Beneath this roof at midnight in the days
That are no more and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn."

When the poem of *Keramos* was published, in November, 1877, I had a translation made into Japanese, of that portion of it alluding to Japan, and forwarded it to the poet with an explanation as to how the transformation had taken place: the young gentleman who made the translation having been Mr. Amano Koziro, of the Japanese Legation. The acknowledgment sent me by Mr. Longfellow was as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 23, 1877.

My dear Sir,—I have this morning had the pleasure of receiving your letter and the Japanese version of a portion of *Keramos*, which you were kind enough to send me, and for which I beg you to accept my cordial thanks. I shall put it away with *The Psalm of Life*, written in Chinese on a fan. What I should like now is a literal retranslation of the Japanese into English.

In the introduction there is a slight error which is worth correcting. It is the Poet, not the Potter, who takes the aerial flights, and in imagination visits far-off lands; also, *Keramos* is rather potter's earth than earthenware. But the difference is slight and hardly worth noticing, unless one wishes to be very particular.

You will rejoice, as I do, in the complete vindication of Sumner's memory from the imputations so recklessly cast upon it. With great regard,

Yours very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

When, in 1879, it was announced that Mr. Longfellow's publishers were preparing a new edition of his works, to be extensively illustrated, I had some correspondence with him, commenced by himself, in regard to illustrations. I first suggested one of my pictures representing the schooner "Hesperus" driving on the rocks of Norman's Woe (the original picture of which was already in his possession), and he replied as follows: "Mr. Osgood tells me that the pages containing *The Wreck of the Hesperus* are already printed; but he would like to see your illustration of "Daybreak," if convenient for you to send it. In due time, I not only sent him the original picture of "Daybreak," but with it a photograph from a picture of Fusiyàma, which I had painted for the Japanese government, and which I thought would suit a passage in *Keramos*. In answer to my letter transmitting the pictures, I received the following:—

CAMBRIDGE, April 18, 1879.

My dear Sir,—How very kind and generous you are to send me these beautiful pictures! Be assured that I value them highly and thank you very cordially.

"Fusiyàma" I have sent at once to Mr. Osgood. It will make an excellent illustration of *Keramos*, and I hope he has not already had anything engraved on the subject.

The other painting, "Daybreak," I shall take to him as soon as I can go to town.

One or both I hope he will be able to use. My only fear is that he may be unwilling to use anything not made expressly for the work. Meanwhile, accept, I pray you, my sincere acknowledgments for your kindness, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In due time the illustrated edition of Mr. Longfellow's poems was fully published, and the reader can imagine my surprise to find on the page, where my picture of Fusiyàma should have been, a kind of tea-tray concern, which was pronounced simply ridiculous by several well-informed

gentlemen. Of course, I reported my surprise and disappointment to the poet, and to my note I received the following replies:—

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 9, 1880.

My dear Sir,—This is all a mystery to me. I have been away from home for the last three months, and have not known what was done or left undone in the way of illustrations. But I am quite sure that Mr. Osgood has had nothing to do with them, as he left the firm six months ago, or more.

I will ask Mr. Anthony, who has charge of the illustrations, how this has happened.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 23, 1880.

Dear Mr. Lanman,—I wrote at once to Mr. Anthony, who had sole charge of the illustrations, and enclose his answer: "Mr. Lanman's photograph was burnt in the Devonshire Street fire; and though I hunted the town, I failed to procure a duplicate; so Mr. Moran made the drawings from other authorities. Your pen-and-ink drawing of the Castle at Ischia was also lost in the same fire. But for this, both gentlemen would have received credit." If instead of "hunting the town," he had written to you or to me, this mistake might have been avoided. Now there is no remedy; and I beg you to believe that no one regrets it more than I do. I write in great haste, but am as ever,

Faithfully yours,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The only comment that I have to make on the above is, that I am surprised this Boston engraver did not go to the North Pole and do a little hunting there for a stock of cool common-sense. Of course, with my great admiration for Mr. Longfellow, it would have gratified me to see one of my pictures wedded to a fragment of his poetry.

In November, 1881, when my work entitled "Curious Characters and Pleasant Places" was published in Edinburgh, because of the fact that it contained a chapter on Anticosti, where Mr. Longfellow's first American ancestor lost his life (he who had built the Newbury homestead), I sent him a copy; and in my note I asked him for his views on the propriety of printing the private letters of living men without their consent. I had noticed in Barry

Cornwall's "Autobiography" several of Mr. Longfellow's own letters, and as I was then examining the very interesting correspondence of the late Professor Samuel Tyler, with a view to publication, I desired to be fortified with the poet's opinion, and the result of my application was as follows:—

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 3, 1881.

Dear Mr. Lanman,—I was very glad to get your letter and the copy of your "Recollections." It is a handsome volume and most inviting in appearance. I shall read it with the greatest interest as soon as I am able to read anything, but at present I am confined to my room by illness,—a trouble in the head which prevents continuous attention to anything. I hope this will soon pass away and all be right again.

The publication of private letters of living persons is certainly a delicate question. It is, however, universally practised in biographies. One must be guided by the importance of the letters themselves. I should omit everything that could in any way compromise the writer, as I see by your letter, you would. There are letters that do honor to the writer and the receiver; these certainly should not be omitted.

Meanwhile, accept my sincere and cordial thanks for your kind remembrance, and believe me,

Yours faithfully,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

From the time when the foregoing letter was written with its touching allusion to his illness, it became apparent to Mr. Longfellow's friends that his health was beginning to decline; and on the 24th of March the startling information was flashed over the telegraphic wires, to every corner of his native land and of Europe, that he had died at his home in Cambridge, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. To paraphrase a sentiment from Homer, we may say of him that the fame of his beauteous song shall never be forgotten.

The poet's father, Stephen Longfellow, was a lawyer and statesman of superior abilities and influence, and the former left a son, Ernest W. Longfellow, who ranks high as a landscape painter.

JOSEPH GALES AND WILLIAM W. SEATON.

MY acquaintance with these noted men began in 1847, when I published a series of Canadian letters in their journal. When I first visited Washington

City in 1848, my intention was to remain only about a week, but circumstances which I did not wish to control compelled me to reside there permanently, and to become a regular contributor to the *National Intelligencer*; and one of the results of my intimacy with its editors was the following paper, printed in the "Atlantic Monthly," while they were still living.

The families of Gales and Seaton are, in their origin, Scotch and English. The Seatons are of that historic race, a daughter of which (the fair and faithful Catherine) is the heroine of one of Sir Walter Scott's romances. It was to be supposed that they whose lineage looked to such an instance of devoted personal affection for the ancient line would not slacken in their loyalty when fresh calamities fell upon the Stuarts and again upset their throne. Accordingly, the Seatons appear to have clung to the cause of their exiled king with fidelity. Henry Seaton seems to have made himself especially obnoxious to the new monarch, by taking part in those Jacobite schemes of rebellion which were so long kept on foot by the lieges and gentlemen of Scotland; so that, when, towards the close of the seventeenth century, the cause he loved grew desperate, and Scotland itself anything but safe for a large body of her most gallant men, he was forced, like all others that scorned to submit, to fly beyond the seas. Doing so, it was natural that he should choose to take refuge in a Britain beyond the ocean, where a brotherly welcome among his kindred awaited the political proscript. It is probable, however, that a special sympathy towards that region which, by its former fidelity to the Stuarts, had earned from them the royal quartering of its arms and the title of "The Ancient Dominion," directed his final choice. At any rate, it was to Virginia that he came; settling there, as a planter, first in the county of Gloucester, and afterwards in that of King William. From one of his descendants in a right line sprang (by intermarriage with a lady of English family, the Winstons) William Winston Seaton, the editor, whose mother connected him with a second Scotch family, the Henrys,—the mother of Patrick Henry being a Winston. These last had come, some three generations before, from the old seat of that family in its knightly times, Winston Hall, in Yorkshire, and had settled in the county of Hanover, where good estates gave them rank among the gentry; while commanding stature, the gift of an equally remarkable personal beauty, a very winning address, good parts, high character, and the frequent possession among them of a fine natural eloquence, gave them as a race an equal influence over the body of the people. In William (popularly called Langaloo) and his sister Sarah, the mother of Patrick Henry, these hereditary qualities seem to have been particularly striking; so that, in their day, it seemed a sort of received

opinion that it was from the maternal side that the great orator derived his extraordinary powers.

The Galeses are of much more recent naturalization amongst us,—later by just about a century than that of the Seatons, but alike in its causes. For they, too, were driven hither by governmental resentment. Their founder (as he may be called), the elder Joseph Gales, was one of those rare men who at times spring up from the body of the people, and by mere unassisted merit, apart from all adventitious circumstances, make their way to a just distinction. Perhaps no better idea of him can be given than by likening him to one, less happy in his death, whom science is now everywhere lamenting, —the late admirable Hugh Miller. A different career, rather than an inferior character, made Joseph Gales less conspicuous. He was born in 1761, at Eckington, near the English town of Sheffield. The condition of his family was above dependence, but not frugality.

Be education what else it may, there is one sort which never fails to work well, namely, that which a strong capacity, when denied the usual artificial helps, shapes out to its own advantage. Such, with little and poor assistance, became that of Joseph Gales, obtained progressively, as best it could be, in the short intervals which the body can allow to be stolen between labor and necessary rest. Now the writer is convinced, that, after this boy had worked hard all the day long, he never would have sat down to study half the night through, if it had not been a pleasure to him. In short, no sort of toil went hard with him; for he was a fine, manly youngster, cheerful and stalwart, one who never slunk from what he had set about, nor turned his back except upon what was dishonest. He wrought lightsomely, and even lustily, at his coarser pursuits; for in that sturdy household, to work had long been held a duty.

Thus improving himself at odd hours, until he was fit for the vocation of a printer, and looked upon by the village as a genius, our youth went to Manchester, and applied himself to that art, not only for itself, but as the surest means of further knowledge. Of course he became a master in the craft. At length, returning to his own town to exercise it, he grew, by his industry and good conduct, into a condition to exercise it on his own account, and set up a newspaper, the Sheffield *Register*.

Born of the people, it was natural that Joseph Gales should in his journal side with the Reformers, and he did so: but with that unvarying moderation which his good sense and probity of purpose taught him, and which he ever after through life preserved. He kept within the right limits of whatever doctrine he embraced, and held a measure in all his political principles; knowing that the best, in common with the worst, tend, by a law of all party,

to exaggeration and extremes. Beyond this temperateness of mind nothing could move him. Thus guarded, by a rare equity of the understanding, from excess as to measures, he was equally guarded by a charity and a gentleness of heart the most exhaustless. In a word, it may safely be said of him, that amidst all the heats of faction, he never fell into violence; amidst all the asperities of public life, never stooped to personalities; and in all that he wrote, left scarcely an unwise and not a single dishonest sentence behind him.

Such qualities, though not the most forward to set themselves forth to the public attention, should surely bring success to an editor. The well-judging were soon pleased with the plain good sense, the general intelligence, the modesty, and the invariable rectitude of the young man. Their suffrage gained, that of the rest began to follow. For in truth, there are few things of which the light is less to be hid than that of a good newspaper. The *Register*, by degrees, won a general esteem and began to prosper. And as, according to the discovery of Malthus, prosperity is fond of pairing, it soon happened that our printer went to falling in love. Naturally again, being a printer, he, from a regard for the eternal fitness of things, fell in love with an authoress.

This was Miss Winifred Marshall, a young lady of the town of Newark, who to an agreeable person, good connections, and advantages of education, joined a literary talent that had already won no little approval. She wrote verse, and published several novels of the "Minerva Press" order (such as "Lady Emma Melcombe and her Family," "Matilda Berkley," etc.), of which only the names survive.

Despite the poetic adage about the course of true love, that of Joseph Gales ran smooth; Miss Marshall accepted his suit and they were married. Never were husband and wife better mated. They lived together most happily and long; she dying, at an advanced age, only two years before him. Meantime she had, from the first, brought him some marriage portion beyond that which the Muses are wont to give with their daughters,—namely, laurels and bays; and she bore him three sons and five daughters, near half of whom the parents survived. Three (Joseph the younger, Winifred, and Sarah, now Mrs. Seaton) were born in England; a fourth at the town of Altona (near Hamburg), from which she was named, and the rest in America.

To resume this story in the order of events. Mr. Gales went on with his journal, and when it had grown quite flourishing, he added to his printing-office the inviting appendage of a bookstore, which also flourished. In the progress of both, it became necessary that he should employ a clerk. Among

the applicants brought to him by an advertisement of what he needed, there presented himself an unfriended youth, with whose intelligence, modesty, and other signs of the future man within, he was so pleased that he at once took him into his employment; at first, merely to keep his accounts, but by degrees, for superior things, until, progressively, he (the youth) matured into his assistant editor, his dearest friend, and finally his successor in the journal. That youth was James Montgomery, the poet.

On the 10th of April, 1786, Mrs. Gales gave birth, at Eckington, their rural home, to her first child, Joseph, the present chief (1860) of the *Intelligencer*. Happy at home, the young mother could as delightedly look without. The business of her husband throve apace; nor less the general regard and esteem in which he was personally held. He grew continually in the confidence and affection of his fellow-citizens; endearing himself especially, by his sober counsels and his quiet charities, to all that industrious class who knew him as one of their own, and could look up without reluctance to a superiority which was only the unpretending one of goodness and sense. Over them, without seeking it, he gradually obtained an extraordinary ascendency, of which the following is a single instance: Upon some occasion of wages or want among the working people of Sheffield, a great popular commotion had burst out, attended by a huge mob and riot, which the magistracy strove in vain to appease or quell. When all else had failed, Mr. Gales bethought him of trying what he could do. Driven into the thick of the crowd, in an open carriage, he suddenly appeared amongst the rioters, and, by a few plain words of remonstrance, convinced them that they could only hurt themselves by overturning the laws, that they should seek other modes of redress, and meantime had all better go home. They agreed to do so, but with the condition annexed, that they should first see him home. Whereupon, loosening the horses from the carriage, they drew him, with loud acclamations, back to his house.

Such were his prospects and position for some seven years after his marriage, when, of a sudden, without any fault of his own, he was made answerable for a fact that rendered it necessary for him to flee beyond the realm of Great Britain.

As a friend to Reform, he had, in his journal, at first supported Pitt's ministry, which had set out on the same principle, but which, when the revolutionary movement in France threatened to overthrow all government, abandoned all Reform, as a thing not then safe to set about. From this change of views Mr. Gales dissented, and still advocated Reform. So, again, as to the French Revolution, not yet arrived at the atrocities which it speedily reached, he saw no need of making war upon it. In its outset, he

had, along with Fox and other Liberals, applauded it; for it then professed little but what Liberals wished to see brought about in England. He still thought it good for France, though not for his own country. Thus, moderate as he was, he was counted in the opposition and jealously watched.

It was in the autumn of 1792, while he was gone upon a journey of business, that a king's messenger, bearing a Secretary of State's warrant for the seizure of Mr. Gale's person, presented himself at his house. For this proceeding against him the following facts had given occasion. In his office was employed a printer named Richard Davison,—a very quick, capable, useful man, and therefore much trusted,—but a little wild, withal, at once with French principles and religion, with conventicles, and those seditious clubs that were then secretly organized all over the island. This person corresponded with a central club in London, and had been rash enough to write them, just then, an insurrectionary letter, setting forth revolutionary plans, the numbers, the means they could command, the supplies of arms, etc., that they were forming. This sage epistle was betrayed into the hands of the government. The discreet Dick they might very well have hanged; but that was not worth while. From his connection with the *Register*, they supposed him to be only the agent and cover for a deeper man,—its proprietor; and at the latter only, therefore, had they struck. Nothing saved him from the blow, except the casual fact of his absence in another county, and their being ignorant of the route he had taken. This his friends alone knew, and where to reach him. They did so, at once, by a courier secretly despatched; and he, on learning what awaited him at home, instead of trusting to his innocence, chose rather to trust the seas; and, making his way to the coast, took the only good security for his freedom, by putting the German Ocean between him and pursuit. He sailed for Amsterdam, where arriving, he thence made his way to Hamburg, at which city he had decided that his family should join him. To England he could return only at the cost of a prosecution; and though this would, of necessity, end in an acquittal, it was almost sure to be preceded by imprisonment, while, together, they would half ruin him. It was plain, then, that he must at once do what he had long intended to do,—go to America.

Accordingly, he gave directions to his family to come to him, and to Montgomery that he should dispose of all his effects and settle up all his affairs. These offices that devoted friend performed most faithfully, remitting him the proceeds. The newspaper he himself bought and continued, under the name of the Sheffield *Iris*. Still retaining his affection for the family, he passed into the household of what was left of them, and supplied to the three sisters of the elder Joseph Gales the place of a brother,

and, wifeless and childless, lived on to a very advanced age, content with their society alone. The last of these dames died only a few months ago.

At Hamburg, whence they were to take ship for the United States, the family were detained all the winter by the delicate health of Mrs. Gales. This delay her husband put to profit, by mastering two things likely to be needful to him,—the German tongue and the art of short-hand. In the spring they sailed for Philadelphia. Arrived there, he sought and at once obtained employment as a printer. It was soon perceived, not only that he was an admirable workman, but every way a man of unusual merit, and able to turn his hand to almost anything. By and by, reporters of Congressional debates being few and very indifferent, his employer, Claypole, said to him, "You seem able to do everything that is wanted: pray, could you not do these Congressional reports for us better than this drunken Callender, who gives us so much trouble?" Mr. Gales replied, with his usual modesty, that he did not know what he could do, but that he would try.

The next day he attended the sitting of Congress, and brought away, in time for the compositors, a faithful transcript of such speeches as had been made. Appearing in the next morning's paper, it of course greatly astonished everybody. It seemed a new era in such things. They had heard of the like in Parliament, but had scarcely credited it. Claypole himself was the most astonished of all. Seizing a copy, he ran around the town, showing it to all he met, and still hardly comprehending the wonder which he himself had instigated. It need hardly be said that here was something far more profitable for Mr. Gales than type-setting.

But to apply this skill, possessed by none else, to the exclusive advantage of a journal of his own, was yet more inviting; and the opportunity soon offering itself, he became the purchaser of the *Independent Gazetteer*, a paper already established. This he conducted with success until the year 1799, making both reputation and many friends. Among the warmest of these were some of the North Carolina members, and especially that one whose name has ever since stood as a sort of proverb of honesty, Nathaniel Macon. By the representations of these friends, he was led to believe that their new State capital, Raleigh, where there was only a very decrepit specimen of journalism, would afford him at once a surer competence and a happier life than Philadelphia. Coming to this conclusion, he disposed of his newspaper and printing-office, and removed to Raleigh, where he at once established the *Register*. Of his late paper, the *Gazetteer*, we shall soon follow the fortunes to Washington, where it became the *Intelligencer*; meantime we must finish what is left to tell of his own.

At Raleigh he arrived under auspices which gave him not only a reputation, but friends, to set out with. Both he soon confirmed and augmented. By the constant merit of his journal, its sober sense, its moderation and its integrity, he won and invariably maintained the confidence of all on that side of politics with which he concurred (the old Republican), and scarcely less conciliated the respect of his opponents. He quickly obtained, for his skill, and not merely as a partisan reward, the public printing of his State, and retained it until, reaching the ordinary limit of human life, he withdrew from the press. In the just and kindly old Commonwealth which he so long served, it would have been hard for any party, no matter how much in the ascendant, to move anything for his injury. For the love and esteem, which he had the faculty of attracting from the first, deepened, as he advanced in age, into an absolute reverence the most general for his character and person; and the good North State honored and cherished no son of her own loins more than she did Joseph Gales. In Raleigh there was no figure that, as it passed, was greeted so much by the signs of a peculiar veneration as that great, stalwart one of his, looking so plain and unaffected, yet with a sort of nobleness in its very simplicity, a gentleness in its strength, an inborn goodness and courtesy in all its roughness of frame,—his countenance mild and calm, yet commanding, thoughtful, yet pleasant, and betokening a bosom that no low thought had ever entered. You had in him, indeed, the highest image of that stanch old order from which he was sprung, and might have said, “Here’s the soul of a baron in the body of a peasant.” For he really looked, when well examined, like all the virtues done in rough-cast.

With him the age of necessary and of well-merited repose had now come; and judging that he could attain it only by quitting that habitual scene of business where it would still solicit him, he transferred his newspaper, his printing-office, and the bookstore which he had made their adjunct in Raleigh, as in Sheffield, to his third son, Weston, and removed to Washington, in order to pass the close of his days near two of the dearest of his children,—his son Joseph and his daughter Mrs. Seaton,—from whom he had been separated the most.

In renouncing all individual aims, Mr. Gales fell not into a mere life of meditation, but sought its future pleasures in the adoption of a scheme of benevolence, to the calm prosecution of which he might dedicate his declining powers, so long as his advanced age should permit. A worthy object for such efforts he recognized in the plan of African colonization, and of its affairs he accepted and almost to his death sustained the management in chief; achieving not less, by his admirable judgment, the warm approval

and thanks of that widespread association, than by the most amiable virtues of private life winning in Washington, as he had done everywhere else, from all that approached him, a singular degree of deference and affection.

But the close of this long career of honor and of usefulness was now at hand. In 1839 he lost the wife whose tenderness had cheered the labors and whose gay intelligence had brightened the leisure of his existence. She had lived the delight of that intimate society to which she had confined faculties that would have adorned any circle whatever; and she died lamented in proportion by it, and by the only others to whom she was much known,—the poor. Her husband survived her but two years, expiring at his son's house in Raleigh, where he was on a visit in April, 1841, at the age of eighty. He died as calm as a child, in the placid faith of a true Christian.

Still telling his story in the order of dates, the writer would now turn to the younger Joseph Gales. As we have seen, he arrived in this country when seven years old, and went to Raleigh about six years afterwards. There he was placed in a school, where he made excellent progress, profiting by the recollections of his earlier lessons, received from that best of all elementary teachers, a mother of well-cultivated mind. His boyhood, as usual, prefigured the mature man; it was diligent in study, hilarious at play; his mind bent upon solid things, not the showy. For all good, just, generous, and kindly things he had the warmest impulse and the truest perceptions. Quick to learn and to feel, he was slow only of resentment. Never was man born with more of those lacteals of the heart which secrete the milk of human kindness. Of the classic tongues he can be said to have learnt only the Latin; the Greek was then little taught in any part of our country. For the positive sciences he had much inclination; since it is told, among other things, that he constructed instruments for himself, such as an electrical machine, with the performances of which he much amazed the people of Raleigh. Meantime he was forming at home, under the good guidance there, a solid knowledge of all those fine old authors whose works made the undegenerate literature of our language and then constituted what they called Polite Letters. With these went hand in hand, at that time in the academies of the South, a profane amusement of the taste. In short, our sinful youth were fond of stage plays, and even wickedly enacted them, instead of resorting to singing-schools. Joseph Gales the younger had his boyish emulation of Roscius and Garrick, and performed "top parts" in a diversity of those sad comedies and merry tragedies which boys are apt to make, when they get into buskins. But it must be said that, as a theatric star, he presently waxed dim before a very handsome youth, a little his senior, who just then had entered his father's office. He was not only a printer, but had already been twice an editor,—last,

in the late North Carolina capital, Halifax; previously, in the great town of Petersburg,—and was bred in what seemed to Raleigh a mighty city, Richmond; in addition to all which strong points of reputation, he came of an F. F. V., and had been taught by the celebrated Ogilvie, of whom more anon. He was familiar with theatres, and had not only seen, but even criticised the great actors. He outshone his very brother-in-law and colleague that was to be. For this young gentleman was William Seaton.

Meantime, Joseph, too, had learnt the paternal art,—how well will appear from a single fact. About this time his father's office was destroyed by fire, and with it the unfinished printing of the legislative Journals and Acts of the year. Time did not allow waiting for new material from Philadelphia. Just in this strait he that had of old been so inauspicious, Dick Davison, came once more into play, but this time not as a marplot. He, strange to say, was at hand and helpful. For after his political exploit, abandoning England in disgust at the consequences of his gunpowder plot, he, too, had not only come to America, but had chanced to set up his "type-stick" in the neighboring town of Warrenton, where having flourished, he was now the master of a printing-office and the conductor of a newspaper. Thither, then, young Joseph was despatched, "copy" in hand. Richard—really a worthy man after all—gladly atoned for his ancient hurtfulness by lending his type and presses; and falling to work with great vigor, our young Faust, with his own hands put into type and printed off the needful edition of the Laws.

He had also by this time, as an important instrument of his intended profession, attained the art of stenography. When, soon after, he began to employ it, he rapidly became an excellent reporter; and eventually, when he had grown thoroughly versed in public affairs, confessedly the best reporter that we ever had.

He was now well prepared to join in the manly strife of business or politics. His father chose, therefore, at once to commit him to himself. He judged him mature enough in principles, strong enough in sense; and feared lest, by being kept too long under guidance and the easy life of home, he should fall into inertness. He first sent him to Philadelphia, therefore, to serve as a workman with Birch & Small; after which he made for him an engagement on the *National Intelligencer*, as a reporter, and sent him to Washington in October, 1807.

To that place, changing its name to the one just mentioned, the father's former paper, the *Gazetteer*, had been transferred by his old associate, Samuel Harrison Smith. Its first issue there (triweekly) was on the 31st of October, 1800, under the double title of *The National Intelligencer and*

Washington Advertiser. The latter half of the title seems to have been dropped in 1810, when its present senior came, for a time, into its sole proprietorship.

More than twice the age of any other journal now extant there,—for the *Globe* came some thirty, the *Union* some forty-five years later,—the *Intelligencer* has long stood, in every worthy sense, the patriarch of our metropolitan press. It has witnessed the rise and fall around it of full a hundred competitors, many of them declared enemies; not a few, what was more dangerous far, professed friends. Yet in the face of all enmity and of such friendship, it has ever held on its calm way, never deserting the public cause, as little extreme in its opposition as in its support of those in power; so that its foes never forgot it, when they prevailed, but its friends repeatedly. To estimate the value of its influence, during its long career, would be impossible, so much of right has it brought about, so much of wrong defeated.

Though it came hither with our Congress, a newspaper had once before been set up here, either upon the expectation created by the laying of certain corner-stones, in 1792, that the government would fix itself at this spot, or through an odd local faith in the dreams of some ancient visionary dwelling hard by, who had, many years before, foretold this as the destined site of a great imperial city, a second Rome, and so had bestowed upon Goose Creek the name of Tiber, long before this was Washington. The founder of this preadamite journal was Mr. Benjamin Moore, its name, *The Washington Gazette*, its issue, semi-weekly, its annual price, four dollars, and the two leading principles which, in that day of the infancy of political "platforms," his salutatory announced, were, first, "to obtain a living for himself," and secondly, "to amuse and inform his fellow-mortals." How long this day-star of our journalism shone before night again swallowed up the premature dawn, cannot now be stated. It must have been published at what was then expected to be our city, but is our penitentiary, Greenleaf's Point.

To the *Intelligencer* young Mr. Gales brought such vigor, such talent, and such skill in every department, that within two years, in 1809, he was admitted by Mr. Smith into partnership; within less than a year from which date, that gentleman, grown weary of the laborious life of the press, was content to withdraw, and leave him sole proprietor, editor, and reporter. An enormous worker, however, it mattered little to him what tasks were to be assumed; he could multiply himself among them and suffice for all.

In thus assuming the undivided charge of the paper, the young editor thought it becoming to set forth one main principle that has, beyond a question, been admirably the guide of his public life. He said to his readers,

"It is the dearest right and ought to be cherished as the proudest prerogative of a freeman, to be guided by the unbiassed convictions of his own judgment. This right it is my firm purpose to maintain, and to preserve inviolate the independence of the print now committed into my hands." Never was pledge more universally made or more rarely kept than this.

It was towards the close of Mr. Jefferson's presidency that Mr. Gales had entered the office of the *Intelligencer*, and it was during Mr. Madison's first year that he became joint editor of that paper. Of these administrations it had been the supporter, only following, in that regard, the transmitted politics of its original, the *Gazetteer*, derived from the elder Mr. Gales. Bred in these, the son had learnt them of his sire, just as he had adopted his religion or his morals. Sprung from one who had been persecuted in England as a republican, it was natural that the son should love the faith for which an honored parent had suffered.

The high qualities and the strong abilities of the young editor did not fail to strike the discerning eye of President Madison, who speedily gave him his affection and confidence. To that administration the *Intelligencer* stood in the most intimate and faithful relations, sustaining its policy as a necessity where it might not have been a choice. During the entire course of the war, the *Intelligencer* sustained most vigorously all the measures needful for carrying it on with efficiency; and it did equally good service in reanimating, whenever it had slackened at any disaster, the drooping spirit of our people. Nor did its editors, when there were two, stop at these proofs of sincerity, nor shrink when danger drew near from that hazard of their own persons to which they had stirred up the country. When invasion came, they at once took to arms as volunteer common soldiers, went to meet the enemy, and remained in the field until he had fallen back to the coast; and during the invasion of Washington, moreover, their establishment was attacked and partially destroyed, through an unmanly spirit of revenge on the part of the British forces.

In October, 1812, proposing to himself the change of his paper into a daily one (as was accordingly brought about on the first of January ensuing), Mr. Gales invited Mr. Seaton, who had by this time become his brother-in-law, to come and join him. He did so; and the early tie of youthful friendship which had grown between them at Raleigh, and which the new relation had drawn still closer, gradually matured into that more than friendship or brotherhood, that oneness and identity of all purposes, opinions, and interests which has ever since existed between them without a moment's interruption, and has long been to those who understood it a rare spectacle of

that concord and affection so seldom witnessed, and could never have come about except between men of singular virtues.

The same year that brought Gales and Seaton together as partners in business, witnessed an alliance of a more interesting character; for it was in 1813 that Mr. Gales married the accomplished daughter of Theodorick Lee, younger brother of that brilliant soldier of the Revolution, the "Legionary Harry."

But at this point the writer must go back for a while, in order to bring down the story of William Seaton to where, uniting with his associates, the two thus flow on in a single stream.

He was born Jan. 11, 1785, on the paternal estate in King William County, Virginia, one of a family of four sons and three daughters. At the good old mansion passed his childhood; there, too, according to what was then the wont in Virginia, he trod the first steps of learning, under the guidance of a domestic tutor, a decayed gentleman, old and bedridden, for the only part left him of a genteel inheritance was the gout. But when it became necessary to send his riper progeny abroad for more advanced studies, Mr. Seaton very justly bethought him of going along with them; and so betook himself with his whole family to Richmond, where he was the possessor of houses enough to afford him a good habitation and a genteel income. Here, then, along with his brothers and sisters, William was taught through an ascending series of schools, until at last he arrived at what was the wonder of that day, the academy of Ogilvie, the Scotchman. He, be it noted, had an earldom, that of Finlater, which slept while its heir was playing pedagogue in America,—a strange mixture of the ancient rhapsodist with the modern strolling actor, of the lord with him who lives by his wits. Scot as he was, he was better fitted to teach anything rather than common-sense. The writer must not give the idea, however, that there was in Lord Finlater anything but eccentricity to derogate from the honors of either his lineage or his learning. A very solid teacher he was not. A great enthusiast by nature, and a master of the whole art of discoursing finely of even those things which he knew not well, he dazzled much, pleased greatly, and obtained a high reputation; so that, if he did not regularly inform or discipline the minds of his pupils, he probably made them, to an unusual degree, amends on another side. He infused into them, by the glitter of his accomplishments, a high admiration for learning and for letters. Certainly the number of his scholars who arrived at distinction was remarkably; and this is, of course, a fact conclusive of great merit of some sort as a teacher, where, as in his case, the pupils were not many. Without pausing to mention others of them who arrived at honor, it may be well enough to refer to

Winfield Scott, William Campbell Preston, B. Watkins Leigh, William S. Archer, and William C. Rives.

The writer does not know if it had ever been designed that young Seaton should proceed from Ogilvie's classes to the more systematic courses of a college. Possibly not. Even among the wealthy, at that time, home education was often employed. The children of both sexes were committed to the care of private tutors, usually young Scotchmen, the graduates of Glasgow, Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, sent over to the planter, upon order, along with his yearly supply of goods, by his merchant abroad; or else the sons were sent to select private schools, like that of Ogilvie, set up by men of such abilities and scholarship as were supposed capable of performing the whole work of institutions.

At any rate, our youth, without further preparation, at the age of eighteen, entered earnestly upon the duties of life. He fell at once into his vocation; impelled to it, no doubt, by the ambition for letters and public affairs which the lessons of Ogilvie usually produced. Party ran high. Virginia politics, flushed with recent success, had added to the usual passions of the contest those of victory.

Into the novelties of the day our student accordingly plunged, in common with nearly all others of a like age and condition. He became, in short, a politician. Though talent of every other sort abounded, that of writing promptly and pleasingly did not. Young Seaton was found to possess this, and therefore soon obtained leave to exercise it as assistant editor of one of the Richmond journals. He had already made himself acquainted with the art of printing, in an office where he became the companion and friend of the late Thomas Ritchie, and it is more than probable that many of his youthful "editorials" were "set up" by his own hands. Attaining by degrees a youthful reputation, he received an invitation to take the sole charge of a respectable paper in Petersburg, the *Republican*, the editor and proprietor of which, Mr. Thomas Field, was about to leave the country for some months. Acquitting himself here with great approval, he won an invitation to a still better position,—that of the proprietary editorship of the *North Carolina Journal*, published at Halifax, the former capital of that State, and the only newspaper there. He accepted the offer, and became the master of his own independent journal. Of its being so he proceeded at once to give his patrons a somewhat decisive token. They were chiefly Federalists; it was a region strongly Federal; and the gazette itself had always maintained the purest Federalism but he forthwith changed its politics to Republican.

There can be no doubt that he who made a change so manly conducted his paper with spirit. Yet he must have done it also with that wise and

winning moderation and fairness which have since distinguished him and his associate. William Seaton could never have fallen into anything of the temper or the taste, the morals or the manners, which are now so widely the shame of the American press; he could never have written in the ill spirit of mere party, so as to wound or even offend the good men of an opposite way of thinking. The inference is a sure one from his character, and is confirmed by what we know to have happened during his editorial career among the Federalists of Halifax. Instead of his paper's losing ground under the circumstances just mentioned, it really gained so largely and won so much the esteem of both sides, that, when he desired to dispose of it, in order to seek a higher theatre, he easily sold the property for double what it had cost him.

It was now that he made his way to Raleigh, the new State capital, and became connected with the *Register*. Nor was it long before this connection was drawn yet closer by his happy marriage with the lady whose virtues and accomplishments have so long been the modest yet shining ornament and charm of his household and of the society of Washington. After this union, he continued his previous relationship with the *Register*, until, as already mentioned, he came to the metropolis to join his fortunes with those of his brother-in-law. From this point, of course, their stories, like their lives, become united, and merge, with a rare concord, into one. They have had no bickerings, no misunderstanding, no difference of view which a consultation did not at once reconcile; they have never known a division of interests; from their common coffer each has always drawn whatever he chose; and, down to this day, there has never been a settlement of accounts between them. What facts could better attest, not merely a singular harmony of character, but an admirable conformity of virtues?

The history of the *Intelligencer* has, as to all its leading particulars, been for fifty years spread before thousands of readers, in its continuous diary. To re-chronicle any part of what is so well known would be idle in the extreme. Of the editors personally, their lives, since they became mature and settled, have presented few events such as are not common to all men,—little of vicissitude, beyond that of pockets now full and now empty,—nothing but a steady performance of duty, an exertion, whenever necessary, of high ability, and the gradual accumulation through these of a deeply felt esteem among all the best and wisest of the land. Amidst the many popular passions with which nearly all have, in our country, run wild, they have maintained a perpetual and sage moderation; amidst incessant variations of doctrine, they have preserved a memory and a conscience; in the frequent fluctuations of power, they have steadily checked the alternate excesses of both parties; and

they have never given to either a factious opposition or a merely partisan support. Of their journal it may be said, that there has, in all our times, shone no such continual light on public affairs, there has stood no such sure defence of whatever was needful to be upheld. Tempering the heats of both sides; re-nationalizing all spirit of section; combating our propensity to lawlessness at home and aggression abroad; spreading constantly on each question of the day a mass of sound information,—the venerable editors have been, all the while, a power and a safety in the land, no matter who were the rulers. Neither party could have spared an opposition so just or a support so well measured. Thus it cannot be deemed an American exaggeration to declare the opinion as to the influence of the *Intelligencer* over our public counsels, that its value is not easily to be overrated.

Never, meantime, was authority wielded with less assumption. The *Intelligencer* could not, of course, help being aware of the weight which its opinions always carried among the thinking; but it has never betrayed any consciousness of its influence, unless in a ceaseless care to deserve respect. Its modesty and candor, its fairness and courtesy, have been invariable; nor less so, its observance of that decorum and those charities which constitute the very grace of all public life. On the score of dignity it has never had a superior and seldom an equal in any country, and numerous instances might be cited, attesting the fact that no sums of money ever had the power to make them publish insincere opinions or admit to their columns improper advertisements.

From the time of their coming together down to the year 1820, Gales and Seaton were the exclusive reporters, as well as editors, of their journal; one of them devoting himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. Generally speaking, they published only running reports; on special occasions, however, giving the speeches and proceedings entire. In those days they had seats of honor assigned to them directly by the side of the presiding officers, and over the snuff-box, in a quiet and familiar manner, the topics of the day were often discussed. To the privileges they then enjoyed, but more especially to their sagacity and industry, are we now indebted, as a country, for their "Register of Debates," which, with the *Intelligencer*, has become a most important part of our national history. As in their journal nearly all the most eminent of American statesmen have discussed the affairs of the country, so have they been the direct means of preserving many of the speeches which are now the acknowledged ornaments of our political literature. Had it not been for Mr. Gales, the great intellectual combat between Hayne and Webster, for example, would have passed into a vague tradition, perhaps. The original notes of Mr. Webster's

speech, now in Mr. Gales's library, form a volume of several hundred pages, and, having been corrected and interlined by the statesman's own hand, present a treasure that might be envied. At the period just alluded to, Mr. Gales had given up the practice of reporting any speeches, and it was a mere accident that led him to pay Mr. Webster the compliment in question. That it was appreciated was proven by many reciprocal acts of kindness and the long and happy intimacy that existed between the two gentlemen, ending only with the life of the statesman. It was Mr. Webster's opinion, that the abilities of Mr. Gales were of the highest order; and yet the writer has heard of one instance in which even the editor could not get along without a helping hand. Mr. Gales had for some days been engaged upon the grand jury, and, with his head full of technicalities, entered upon the duty of preparing a certain editorial. In doing this, he unconsciously employed a number of legal phrases; and when about half through, found it necessary to come to a halt. At this juncture he dropped a note to Mr. Webster, transmitting the unfinished article and explaining his difficulty. Mr. Webster took it in hand, finished it to the satisfaction of Mr. Gales, and it was published as editorial.

But the writer is trespassing upon private ground, and it is with great reluctance that he refrains from recording a long list of incidents which have come to his knowledge, calculated to illustrate the manifold virtues of his distinguished friends. That they are universally respected and beloved by those who know them; that their opinions on public matters have been solicited by Secretaries of State and even by Presidents opposed to them in politics; that their journal has done more than any other in the country to promote a healthy tone in polite literature; that their home-life has been made happy by the influences of refinement and taste; and that they have given away to the poor money enough almost to build a city, and to the unfortunate spoken kind words enough to fill a library,—are all assertions which none can truthfully deny. If, therefore, to look back upon a long life *not uselessly spent* is what will give us peace at last, then will the evening of their days be all that they could desire; and their "silver hairs," the most appropriate crown of true patriotism,

> "Will purchase them a good opinion,
> And buy men's voices to commend their deeds."

P. S. As a kind of sequel to the foregoing article which was written shortly before the death of Mr. Joseph Gales, in 1860, the writer submits the subjoined in *memoriam* paragraphs respecting the *National Intelligencer* and its famous editors:—

Joseph Gales died in Washington, July 21, 1860, and William W. Seaton also departed this life on the 16th of June, 1866, in the same city. On the 31st of December, 1864, appeared the last number of the *National Intelligencer* under the auspices of its then surviving editor, who, on that day, and when within one month of his eightieth year, retired to private life. In other hands the paper, though bearing the old name, became a new affair. Its brilliant sun went down behind the horizon while yet the sky of our country was obscured with the clouds of civil war; but its fame will ever be gloriously identified with the honor and happiness of the American Union. From every part of the land—from the North and the South, the East and the West—went forth a loving benison for the prosperity and peaceful decline of the surviving patriarch of the American press. But before eighteen months had passed away, the retirement to private life was followed by the death of the veteran editor, and thus ended the remarkable career of Gales and Seaton.

Between the years 1825 and 1859, both inclusive, the monthly expenses of the *National Intelligencer* averaged $4,000, or $1,680,000 for the whole period. The amount drawn out by Mr. Gales during that time for his personal expenses was $617,270, and by Mr. Seaton, $219,371; making together $836,642, or a grand total of moneys disbursed by the office in thirty-five years, $2,516,641. Of course these were not the earnings of the *Intelligencer* alone, but were greatly enhanced by the various Congressional publications which bore the imprint of Gales & Seaton. After the death of Mr. Gales, the office was found indebted to Mr. Seaton in the sum of $70,000, which claim was presented by him to the widow of his late partner and brother-in-law.

The chief business man and bookkeeper of the *Intelligencer* establishment, and the warm personal friend of the editors, was Mr. Thomas Donoho. He was born in Maryland, and was connected with the journal for about fifty years, and during all that time made but one visit to the Capitol. Like Gales and Seaton, he won and commanded the highest respect of all those who had business with them, and the devotion of the former to the welfare of their country has only been equalled by the faithfulness of the latter to the interests of his distinguished friends. When the *Intelligencer* office had been sold, and an entire change made in its affairs, Mr. Donoho was asked to continue there on duty, to which request he made this characteristic reply: “No, I cannot be happy over the grave of the *Intelligencer*.” Nor has he, as we understand, ever had the heart even to make a visit to the old quarters. He asked one boon of the new proprietors, however, which was that they would give him the old sign-board of the

office, under which so many famous men in the olden times had passed into the sanctums of the editors. The request was granted, and, true to his character, Mr. Donoho deposited it in a safe place at the shop of a cabinet-maker, with the injunction that it should form a part of his coffin when he came to die.[1]

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[1] His request was complied with.

While it is true that the heavier political work of the *Intelligencer* was performed by Mr. Gales, it is also true that many very able articles emanated from the pen of Mr. Seaton. The former made it his business to manage the artillery guns, while the latter chose rather to devote himself to infantry tactics. During the greater part of their long partnership they occupied adjoining rooms, and met at least once every day for consultation. The office dress of Mr. Gales was commonly a loose morning-gown, while that of Mr. Seaton was a dark flannel roundabout. A perennial courtesy prevailed throughout their establishment; they received their visitors with equal urbanity and kindness, and the friends of the one editor were also the friends of the other. In recalling Mr. Gales's room, as I knew it, three features come out in bold relief: at one end of it were some wooden cases, tilled with carefully arranged letters and manuscripts, confidential communications addressed to the editors on public affairs, from all the leading statesmen and politicians of the country, and of which Mr. Gales was wont to speak as invaluable materials for history; another thing that I remember was a mammoth tumbler, from which the editor enjoyed a daily drink of cool soda water; and finally a single oil painting, which hung upon the wall directly in front of the editorial chair. This picture represented a storm at sea, with one poor little steamer fighting its way against the wind and tide and blinding rain; and once, when I was looking upon it with special attention, Mr. Gales suddenly dropped a letter that he was reading, and made this comment: "I keep that picture there for my daily comfort. It is not valuable as a work of art, but its teachings are precious to me. I know that the little steamer will reach its destined haven in spite of the storm, and so, when I am in trouble and in want of money, I have but to look upon this picture, brace my courage anew, do the best I can, and be happy, for the storm cannot last forever."

On entering Mr. Seaton's room, the first object which invariably attracted the visitor's attention was a noble pointer dog, lying by the side of his master's chair. Here, as in the adjoining room, were packed away many

autographic treasures; but the books scattered about were more numerous, and the walls were literally covered with maps and charts, as if the occupant loved to let his fancy roam, while smoking his cigar, to the remotest corners of the earth; and in their appropriate places might be seen a newly invented gun, a case or two of stuffed game birds, and a few engravings of English hunting scenes. Holding, as Mr. Seaton did for many years, the offices of Mayor of Washington, and treasurer of the Smithsonian Institution, as well as many others of equal responsibility, it was natural that his visitors should be more numerous and multifarious than those who usually had business with Mr. Gales, and it was because of his pressing official duties that he was unable to do as much writing for his journal as he desired and the public expected. The very last time I visited his sanctum before the old office building was replaced by the new one, his splendid old dog still lay upon the rug at his feet, and in answer to some casual allusion which I made to woodcock shooting, he remarked, "Oh! yes, I know that game is abundant, but the old dog and the old man, I fear, will never hunt any more."

As already intimated, the statesmen who have occasionally contributed to the *National Intelligencer* comprise a large proportion of the more famous men of the country, including such giants as Webster, Clay, and Calhoun; but the list of purely literary men who have from time to time made it the medium of communicating with the public is also very large. Of all its regular European correspondents, Mr. Robert M. Walsh was undoubtedly the most able, and his contributions extended through a series of many years; and the man who gave it the highest literary tone was Mr. Edward William Johnston, who was a man of rare scholarship and ability, and his collected writings would make a volume of very superior excellence. At a subsequent period the reviews and political editorials of James C. Welling did much to keep up the reputation of the old journal.

Eckington was the name by which the country seat of Mr. Gales was known, and it was situated just on the northeastern border of the city of Washington. It was named by him after the native town of his father in England, and I remember that he once pronounced Johnston's "Universal Gazetteer" the best work extant, of its kind, because it was the only one which had mentioned the town of Eckington. The house was unpretending in its architecture, though truly elegant. All its appointments and surroundings were home-like, and a number of huge oak-trees extended their limbs over the roof, from one of which, during a summer night that I once spent there, a venerable owl amused itself with melancholy hootings.

The visit here alluded to was made at a time when Mr. Gales was in excellent health, and the delightful impressions which it left upon me can

never be forgotten. The wines which sparkled in our glasses at the dinner-table were rich and rare; but the wit and wisdom and numerous anecdotes of the great men of the time, which the host condescended to utter for my gratification, were far more exhilarating than the product of any vintage. And then when Mr. Gales piloted me from room to room, and brought out the treasures of his extensive library, among which was the original manuscript of Webster's Reply to Hayne, which he had reported, and scores of illustrated books by Gavarni and other famous French artists, for whose productions he had a special fondness, it seemed to me that I had never before enjoyed such a splendid collection of intellectual luxuries. When his hour for retiring arrived, and he found that I was not disposed to waste any time by sleeping, he fixed me in a large arm-chair under a brilliant light, piled up quarto and folio volumes of rarest value on the carpet around me, and then bade me good night. And in what a wonder-world did I then revel! Nor was it strange that, after I had sought my pillow, I heard the hootings of the guardian owl until the dawn. I left my bed as early as four o'clock in the morning, and on entering the private study of the great editor, I found him hard at work upon one of those political leaders which were the foundation of his fame.

As Mr. Gales had his Eckington, where he quietly resided during all the vernal months, so did Mr. Seaton have his shooting-box, where he was wont annually to spend a few weeks in the enjoyment of wild life, when anxious to get away from the cares of business. This spot was called "The Mountain Retreat," and consisted of a plain farm-house, planted in the midst of several hundred acres of land on the top of the Alleghany Mountains in Virginia. When he went there to be free and happy he invariably took with him a few chosen friends; and then it was that deer hunting and trout fishing were engaged in to their greatest perfection; as well as midnight suppers, with game from the wilderness, washed down with wines all the way from the Rhine; and the countless stories of wild adventure which were first told at the Mountain Retreat became household words among his friends in their city homes during the ensuing winter. The intensity of Mr. Seaton's love of nature was something rare, and was the precious gift, undoubtedly, that kept his physical and mental qualities in perfect trim until he had passed his three-score years and ten, and preserved his mind as clear as a diamond until the close of life. The wild scenery and the bracing air of the mountains were among his greatest blessings.

I do not remember when it was, exactly, that Mr. Seaton gave up the use of the shot-gun, but I do know that as late as the autumn of 1863 he bagged a fair proportion of birds. At that time he was looking almost as hale and

hearty as a young man of twenty. Even during the coldest weather of that season he occasionally left his bed before dawn, roused his splendid dog, and, accompanied by a single servant, drove off some fifteen or twenty miles to parts unknown, returning home with one or two dozen birds in time for a late dinner, having taken exercise enough to keep him in good condition until again tempted to make another foray "on the moors."

On one occasion when Mr. Webster was in the Senate, he had, in company with a brother senator, waited upon the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, and when the interview terminated and the visitors were about entering their carriage, Mr. Webster was heard to make this remark: "Those, sir, are two of the wisest and best heads in this country; as to Mr. Gales, he knows more about the history of this government than all the political writers of the day put together."

Mr. Seaton had a special fondness for horticulture; and for a great many years he cultivated an extensive garden, which was acknowledged to be the most elegant affair of the kind in Washington; and in this delightful taste he enjoyed the hearty sympathy and co-operation of his accomplished wife. Indeed, his love of nature in all its aspects, combined with a fondness for sporting, constituted a leading feature of his character.

That he left not a stone unturned to make this garden interesting is proven by the fact that where he expended dollars he reaped only pennies, and also by the following circumstance: During one of his visits to New England, he tarried a day in Hartford for the sole purpose of obtaining a few acorns from the Charter Oak, and having been successful, planted and nourished them with care; and one or two years before his death he had the pleasure of presenting to his friends a number of saplings from the famous tree. He was always fond of making little presents to those whom he esteemed, and his delicate manner of making them invariably enhanced their value.

Although the intimacy which existed between the editors of the *Intelligencer* and Mr. Webster was most cordial and of long standing, there was something like brotherly affection in that between Mr. Seaton and the great statesman. They sympathized with each other in all their pleasures; read the same books, cherished the same friends, recalled to a great extent the same memories connected with public men and events, had their sporting moods in common, and probably enjoyed as many good dinners together as any other men of their time. During the twenty or thirty years of Mr. Webster's residence in Washington, there was no private individual there with whom his relations of intimacy were so close as those with Mr. Seaton. It might be added, too, that there was no person, out of his family, to

whom he was so much attached. A part of almost every evening, when not engaged at home or elsewhere, he spent in the drawing-room of Mr. Seaton, with the ladies of his family, or *tête-à-tête* with him in winter at the fireside, or in evening strolls in summer.

The evening preceding the delivery of the speech in reply to Colonel Hayne by Mr. Webster, he spent with Mr. Seaton at his residence. When, near midnight, the former was about to leave, the latter took his arm, and they had a pleasant walk to Louisiana Avenue. On arriving at his home Mr. Webster took Mr. Seaton's arm, and insisted upon seeing him home. The scene was amusing, but Mr. Webster's object seemed to be to take exercise, enjoy the conversation of his friend, and look upon the star-studded sky, now descanting upon the wonders of astronomy and then repeating passages from the Bible, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton, while not an allusion was made to the impending event of the morrow.

But as I am not writing a book, I must put a curb upon my memory, and bring these personal recollections to a close. As Gales and Seaton spent their lives in writing for the public welfare, they had but little time to indulge in the pleasures of letter-writing, and yet a collection of their letters to personal friends would be read with great gratification; but when the correspondence addressed to them, on all sorts of subjects, by men of distinction from every part of the country, shall be collected and published, as it should and probably will be, the historical lore of the Republic will be enriched to a rare degree.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I was a lover of this famous man, even in my boyhood, and he was my friend and counsellor in later years when I had the audacity to follow his footsteps in the world of literature. A day that I once spent with him in Washington City I remember as one of the most delightful of my whole life. In a private letter which I wrote to my friend, Peter Force, I gave him an account of my experiences, and several years afterwards he printed the letter in the *National Intelligencer*, under the heading of "A Day with Washington Irving," as follows:—

Washington, Feb. 20, 1853.

My dear Sir,—Washington Irving has been, as you are aware, the lion of the metropolis for more than a week, and it has been my rare good fortune to

see much of him. He came here for the purpose of examining the Washington papers in the Department of State, and he is the guest of his friend, Hon. John P. Kennedy. My official position in the department has made it my duty to treat him with attention there. I have met him also in company, I have had a long talk with him in my quiet little library, and I have been his guide and companion in a visit to Arlington. That my head should, therefore, be full of ideas gathered from his delightful conversation is quite natural; and the fact that he once wrote to a friend a personal letter about Sir Walter Scott, would seem to sanction my recording for your gratification a few paragraphs bearing upon his own private habits and opinions. The title of his essay was "Abbotsford," and the subject of mine shall be "A Day with Washington Irving," for I propose to confine myself in this letter to what I obtained while on our visit to Arlington.

Hardly had our carriage ceased rattling over the stony streets and reached the long bridge across the Potomac, before his conversation became so interesting that I involuntarily seized my note-book. At this professional movement he smiled, and as he did not demur, I proceeded to question him in regard to his literary career and other kindred matters, the substance of his replies being as follows:

He was born in Williams Street, New York, and was first sent to school in his fourth year. The first books he ever read were "Robinson Crusoe," "Sindbad, the Sailor," and an old serial called the "World Displayed." His first attempts with the pen were made in his thirteenth year, and consisted of rhymes, which were soon followed by a dramatic sketch. In his sixteenth year he stopped going to school and became a lawyer's clerk.

William Jerdan, of the London *Literary Gazette*, was one of his earliest and best friends. He was the first to republish some of the stray papers of the "Sketch-Book," and, if you will pardon my egotism, I will here fix the fact that the first and several of the most friendly reviews ever published in England, of my own productions, were written by the same distinguished critic. At the time alluded to, Mr. Irving was afloat in the world, and depended upon his pen for a living. After several of the essays had appeared in the *Gazette*, the editor recommended that the whole collection should be printed in a book; and this, after some delay, was accomplished. The book was offered to John Murray, but was declined. Walter Scott recommended it to Archibald Constable, of Edinburgh, and he was ready to take it, but in the mean time Mr. Irving had it published upon his own venture. That effort proved a failure; but the work was subsequently successful with the imprint upon it of John Murray.

At this success no man was more astonished than himself; and when an American critic spoke of the story of "Rip Van Winkle" as a futile attempt at humor, he said he was more than half willing to believe his judgment correct. Indifference to censure and applause had never been and is not now a trait in his character.

On questioning Mr. Irving in regard to "Knickerbocker's History of New York," he told me that it had cost him more hard work than any other of his writings, though he considered it decidedly the most original. He was often greatly perplexed to fix the boundary between the purely historical and the imaginative. The facts of history had given him great trouble.

As to his "Life of Washington," which has been so long expected by the public, and which was announced contrary to his wishes and had given him great annoyance, he said he hardly believed he would ever send it to press. He loved the subject, and thought first of writing such a work twenty years ago; but so many able men had written upon it, he did not believe he could say anything new. Many people had told him he ought to write it, but why should he? Ten years ago he had the work all written in chapters to the inauguration of Washington as President, and he could finish it now in a few days. But he did not like it; it did not suit him, and he really expected to put it in the fire some of these days. He ought to have commenced it forty years ago. All that he could hope to do, that would be new, was to weave into his narrative what incidents he could obtain of a private and personal character. He supposed some people thought it very foolish for him to be writing any book at his time of life, now that he was seventy years old, but the subject was intensely interesting to him, and he wished to write it for his own gratification. He might not live to complete it, but he would try what he could do. He must be doing something; he could not be idle.[2] His mother was an admirer of General Washington, and hence the name she gave her son.

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[2] The first volume of the "Life of Washington" was published in the summer of 1855, and the fifth and last in 1859.

With regard to the Washington papers in the Department of State, he said he had found very little in them worth printing which had not already been published.

Mr. Irving's main object in visiting Arlington was to gather items of personal information about Washington. Mount Vernon he was already

familiar with, and counting much upon an interview with Mr. Custis, he was not disappointed. The name and character of Washington he seems to love and admire with intensity; he looks upon him as a special gift from God to this country, and I have not heard our great author speak of our great general without emotion. He says that every American should be proud of the memory of Washington, and should make his example and his wonderful character a continual study.

Our mutual friend of Arlington House, with his wife, received Mr. Irving with every manifestation of regard, and after the true open-handed and open-hearted Virginia fashion. The pictures, the books, and the furniture, relics from Mount Vernon, were all exhibited; and it seemed to me that Mr. Custis was particularly happy in expressing his "recollections of the chief," which, you will remember, is a pet phrase with our friend. But Mr. Irving himself had seen General Washington. He said that there was some celebration going on in New York, and the general was there to participate in the ceremony. "My nurse," continued Mr. Irving, "a good old Scotch woman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop, she seized my hand, and darting in exclaimed in her bland Scotch, 'Please, your Excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye!' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing; which," added Mr. Irving, earnestly, "I have reason to believe, has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand upon my head even now."

Of all the pleasant reminiscences which Mr. Irving brought from Arlington House, the most agreeable one was that he had noticed a striking resemblance between Mrs. Custis and his own mother. The latter had been dead for nearly forty years, and he had been a very extensive traveller, but he had never seen a face toward which his heart seemed to yearn so strongly. I noticed the fact that he could hardly keep his eyes off her, and he thought proper to apologize for his apparent rudeness by alluding to the emotions which her presence excited in his breast. He subsequently accounted to me for the resemblance by analyzing the peculiar expression of the eyes, caused by unusually long eyelashes, all of which seemed to be confirmed, in my opinion, by the dreamy expression of his own eyes. From the tone of his conversation it was apparent that his admiration for a true woman was unbounded. He said that he never tired looking at them. It had always been his custom, when travelling over the world, to take particular notice of the women whom he met, especially if they were beautiful, and amuse himself

by composing stories, purely imaginary, of course, in which they conspicuously figured.

When questioned as to his manner of writing, Mr. Irving gave me the following particulars: He usually wrote with great rapidity. Some of the most popular passages in his books were written with the utmost ease, and the more uninteresting ones were those which had cost him the most trouble; at one time he had to labor very hard to bring up one part of an essay to the level of another. He never allowed a thing to go to press, however, without writing it or overlooking it a second time; he was always careful about that. Several of the papers in the "Sketch-Book" were written before breakfast; one he remembered especially, "The Wife." At one time, when in England, Thomas Moore called upon him when deeply engaged in writing a story, and, as the poet saw page after page of Mr. Irving's manuscript thrown aside, he stepped quietly into the room and did not speak a word until the task was ended, when he said he thought it a pity to disturb a man under such circumstances. The first things he ever printed were school compositions, which he was in the habit of sending to the *Weekly Museum*, a little quarto journal published in New York, when he was a boy twelve or fourteen years old. Many papers that he sent to the printer were rejected, but those assaults upon his pride did not make him unhappy. At no period of his life had he ever attempted to make a grand sentence; his chief object had been to utter his thoughts in the fewest possible words, as simple and plain as language would allow. The only poetry he had ever attempted was a piece entitled "Lines to the Passaic." These verses were written in an album for the amusement of a party of ladies and gentlemen at the falls, which he had joined. He said they ought never to have been printed, for in his opinion they were very poor, very poor stuff.

In 1802, when nineteen years of age, he published in a paper called the *Chronicle*, edited by his brother, a series of letters over the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," but these productions he never acknowledged. In consequence of ill health he went to Europe in 1804, and after his return to New York, in 1807, he took the chief part in Salmagundi, was assisted by his friend Paulding, and all that he ever received for his labors was one hundred dollars, while the publisher pocketed not less than fifteen thousand dollars. "Knickerbocker's New York" was published in 1809, some of the early editions having been illustrated by the pencils of Allston and Leslie, and in 1813 he edited the "Analectic Magazine," at which time he became a staff officer and was called Colonel Irving. The years in which his succeeding books made their appearance, as near as he could remember, were as follows: "The Sketch-Book" in 1818; "Bracebridge Hall" in 1822; "Tales of

a Traveller," 1824; "Columbus," 1828; "Conquest of Granada," 1829; "Alhambra," 1832; "Crayon Miscellany," 1835; "Astoria," 1836; "Bonneville's Adventures," 1837; "Oliver Goldsmith," 1849; and "Mahomet," 1859. The University of Oxford made him an LL. D. in 1831, when he was secretary of legation in London; and the date of his appointment as minister to Spain was 1842, the same having been conferred without his solicitation. The fifty-guinea gold medal conferred upon him by George IV. was for historical composition; and the person who received the other medal of the same year (1831) was Henry Hallam.

He touched upon literary men generally, and a bit of criticism on Thackeray seemed to me full of meaning. He liked the novelist as a lecturer and a man, and his books were capital. Of his novels he liked "Pendennis" most; "Vanity Fair" was full of talent, but many passages hurt his feelings; "Esmond" he thought a queer affair, but deeply interesting. Thackeray had quite as great talents as Dickens; but Dickens was genial and warm, and that suited him.

On looking at a picturesque group of children by the roadside, he was reminded of Wilkie. He knew the painter well. Returning from Italy, Wilkie had heard of his being in Spain, and went all the way to Madrid to spend a couple of months or more. He spoke of the artist as an honest, blunt man, a capital painter, but in a few of his Spanish pictures had committed the error of introducing Scotch accessories. When in Madrid they walked a great deal together, went into all sorts of places, and the painter was constantly taking sketches. "On one occasion," said Mr. Irving, "when my attention had been attracted by a gaudily dressed group of soldiers and women, I turned to him and said, 'There, Wilkie, there's something very fine!' He looked attentively for a moment, and shaking his head, hastily replied, 'Too costumy, too costumy.' The fact was he delighted more in the rich brown of old rags, than he did in the bright colors of new lace and new cloth."

Speaking to Mr. Irving of a headache with which I was suffering, he remarked that was a thing which he had never experienced. Indeed, he thought that no man had ever lived so long a life as he had with fewer aches and pains. He mentioned the singular fact that for a period of twenty years, from 1822 to 1842, he had not been conscious of the least bodily suffering. A good dinner was a thing he had always enjoyed, but he liked it plain and well cooked. In early life he was very fond of walking, but owing to a cutaneous affection which came upon him when in Spain, his ankles were somewhat weakened, and he had since that time taken most of his exercise on horseback. This last remark was made in reply to the surprise which Mr. Custis expressed on seeing him skip up a flight of stairs three steps at a time,

and for which he apologized by saying that he frequently forgot himself. While alluding to his habits, he remarked that a quiet, sedentary life agreed with him, and that he often sat at his writing-table, when at work, from four to six hours, without ever rising from his chair. He also avowed himself a great lover of sleep. When at home he always took a nap after dinner, but somehow, of late years, he could not sleep well at night. He frequently spent more than half the night wakeful, and at such times he was in the habit of reading a great deal. He said he really envied the man who could sleep soundly.

I had a short talk with Mr. Irving about the copyright treaty, which was drawn up by Messrs. Webster and Crampton, and is now in the hands of Mr. Everett. He did not believe it would be ratified by the Senate, and spoke in rather severe terms of the want of intelligence, on purely literary matters, of that distinguished body; and also of the conduct of certain publishers, who are doing all they can to prevent the ratification of the treaty.

An incident related by Mr. Irving, going to illustrate the character of Andrew Jackson, was to this effect:—

When secretary of legation at St. James, in 1831, he was left by Mr. McLane to represent the country in the capacity of *chargé d'affaires* for a period of three months. During that time the coronation of William the Fourth took place, and his expenses were unusually heavy. When he came home he presented a claim for one hundred pounds, which was a smaller sum than he had expended. The President said there was no law providing for such claims, but ordered the pay of a *chargé* for the time employed. And he did receive it,—a sum amounting to more than twice what had been prayed for.

Mr. Irving's feelings have recently been very much hurt by discovering a note attached to one of his letters from Madrid to the Department of State, to the effect that Mr. McLane told Mr. Trist, that he (Mr. I.) originated the idea of Spain's offering to mediate between the governments of the United States and Mexico during the war of 1846. The letter in question states explicitly that General Saunders, who succeeded Mr. Irving as minister to Spain, asked him to speak to the Spanish government on the subject. He agreed with General Saunders, and thought it a good opportunity for Spain to do something handsome, but the idea did not originate with him. The pencil note on the letter contradicts this, and Mr. Irving has been further grieved by finding that General Saunders, in his despatches, makes no acknowledgment of the fact that he requested Mr. Irving, as then a private citizen, to suggest the idea unofficially to the Spanish government.

During our morning's conversation we touched upon the city of Washington, and in speaking of its "magnificent distances," Mr. Irving was both amusing and severe upon those who laid it out. Dining-out here, which business had been near killing him, was very disagreeable; large parties particularly so. "You generally have to take your seat," said he, "at six o'clock, and as you are sure to be seated by the side of some one whom you never saw or heard of, with whom you must keep up a constant talk for three hours, the time thus wasted is annoying in the extreme, and the ostentatious courses were so regular." By watching the dishes he could tell exactly how far the entertainment had advanced. And everywhere the food was cooked in precisely one manner. He thought that one man did the cooking for the entire town; that one vintage supplied the wine, and one confectioner the fancy articles in that line, for they were always stamped with one name.

But enough. Though not afraid to tire you with pleasant reminiscences of a man universally honored and beloved, my selfishness and modesty prompt me to reserve a portion of my notes of Mr. Irving's conversation for future consideration. A few of his statements bearing upon the truth of history were full of interest.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES LANMAN.

PETER FORCE, Esq., Washington.

The subjoined correspondence is intended chiefly for my personal friends, and for those who feel so great an interest in Washington Irving that they read everything from his pen with pleasure. Should my modesty be questioned for printing it in this place, I can only reply that it was the "Sketch-Book" which originally incited me to venture upon the pleasures and the dangers of authorship; and that, next to doing some little good, my limited ambition has been to please my readers; and having succeeded in pleasing the Father of American Literature, I have a right to be gratified and thankful. But the letters which follow, exhibiting the writer as a friend, bring out here and there a few interesting points of character which I consider the rightful property of the public, and I submit them precisely as they were written and without any comments of my own:—

SUNNYSIDE Oct. 15, 1847,

My dear Sir,—I would not reply to your very obliging letter of Sept. 10, until I had time to read the volumes which accompanied it. This, from the pressure of various engagements, I have but just been able to do; and I now return you thanks for the delightful entertainment which your summer

rambles have afforded me. I do not see that I have any literary advice to give you, excepting to keep on as you have begun. You seem to have the happy, enjoyable humor of old Izaak Walton. I anticipate great success, therefore, in your "Essays on our American Fishes," and on "Angling," which I trust will give us still further scenes and adventures on our great internal waters, depicted with the freshness and graphic skill of your present volumes. In fact, the adventurous life of the angler, amidst our wild scenery, on our vast lakes and rivers, must furnish a striking contrast to the quiet loiterings of the English angler along the Trent or Dove, with country milkmaids to sing madrigals to him, and a snug, decent country inn at night, where he may sleep in sheets that have been laid in lavender.

With best wishes for your success, I am, my dear sir,

Very truly, your obliged,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, Dec. 21, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I have delayed answering your letter until I could acknowledge the receipt of the work which was to have accompanied it, and which has just come to hand, having been lying in the office of my nephew in New York.

I have been reading it with great interest and satisfaction. The peculiar features which it gives, of Mr. Webster in domestic life and at his rural home, are extremely endearing and calculated to enhance the admiration caused by his great talents, and eminent services in his public career.

Accept my sincere thanks for the work, and for the kind expressions of your letter, and believe me,

Very respectfully,

Your obliged friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, Jan. 23, 1853.

My dear Sir,—I am glad to learn that you intend to publish your narrative and descriptive writings in a collected form. I have read parts of them as they were published separately, and the great pleasure derived from the perusal makes me desirous of having the whole in my possession. They carry us into the fastnesses of our mountains, the depths of our forests, the

watery wilderness of our lakes and rivers, giving us pictures of savage life and savage tribes, Indian legends, fishing and hunting anecdotes, the adventures of trappers and backwoodsmen; our whole arcanum, in short, of indigenous poetry and romance; to use a favorite phrase of the old discoverers, "they lay open the secrets of the country to us."

I cannot but believe your work will be well received, and meet with the wide circulation which it assuredly merits.

With best wishes for your success, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 24, 1855.

My dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for your kind offer to borrow for me the newspapers containing accounts of the death and funeral of Washington, but will not task your kindness in that respect, as I have at hand copious details of those events in the volumes of contemporary newspapers in the New York libraries.

I shall be most happy to see Mrs. Lanman and yourself at Sunnyside, should your excursions bring you into these parts.

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, March 2, 1857.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—I am suffering a long time to elapse without acknowledging the receipt of a copy of your work which you have had the kindness to send me, and expressing to you the great delight I take in the perusal of it. But when I remind you that I am approaching my seventy-fourth birthday, that I am laboring to launch the fourth volume of my "Life of Washington," and that my table is loaded with a continually increasing multitude of unanswered letters, which I vainly endeavor to cope with, I am sure you will excuse the tardiness of my correspondence.

I hope the success of your work has been equal to its merits. To me, your "Adventures in the Wilds" is a continual refreshment of the spirits. I take a volume of your work to bed with me, after fagging with my pen, and then ramble with you among the mountains and by the streams, in the boundless interior of our fresh, unhackneyed country, and only regret that I can but do

so in idea, and that I am not young enough to be your companion in reality. I have taken great interest of late in your expeditions among the Alleghany Mountains; having been campaigning *in my work* in the upper part of the Carolinas, especially in the Catawba country, about which you give such graphic sketchings. Really, I look upon your work as a *vade mecum* to the American lover of the picturesque and romantic, unfolding to him the wilderness of beauties and the varieties of adventurous life to be found in our great chains of mountains and systems of lakes and rivers. You are, in fact, the *picturesque explorer of our country*.

With great regard, my dear Mr. Lanman,

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, May 9, 1857.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—I have been too thoroughly occupied in getting a volume of my work through the press to acknowledge at an earlier date your letter of March 24.

Respecting your letter, which has found its way into the *Intelligencer*, I can only say that I wish you had had a worthier subject for your biographic pen, or that I had known our conversation was likely to be recorded. I should then have tasked myself to say some wise or witty things to be given as specimens of my off-hand table talk. Men should always know when they are sitting for a portrait, that they may endeavor to look handsomer than themselves, and attitudinize.

I am scrawling this in great haste, merely that your letter may not remain longer unacknowledged, and am very truly,

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, Aug. 24, 1858.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—I have no intention of being absent from home early in September, and will be most happy to receive a visit from you at Sunnyside.

I will procure the information you desire respecting my brother William, from his son, Mr. Pierre M. Irving, when he returns from an excursion he is making.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, March 28, 1859.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Accept my thanks for the copy of your "Dictionary of Congress," which you have had the kindness to send me. Both the conception and the execution of the work do you great credit. It will remain a valuable book of reference.

With regard to my brother William, I requested his son, Pierre M. Irving, to send you some particulars concerning him; but I find he forgot to do so. Your notice of him, notwithstanding, is quite satisfactory.

With great regard,

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GEORGE PERKINS MARSH.

MY acquaintance with this eminent scholar and statesman began in 1844 during one of my summer tours through Vermont; and soon afterwards I had the pleasure of publishing a brief notice of him in one of my books.

From the first, and probably because he had known some of my family in Connecticut, he took an interest in my literary plans, gave me much sound advice in regard to the study of the English language, and also on matters connected with art; and when I removed to Washington in 1848, and he was in Congress, his house became to me one of the most agreeable and profitable resorts in the metropolis. Indeed, his treatment of me was so uniformly kind, that I consulted him in regard to all my personal as well as literary affairs; and as I continued to enjoy his friendship, often found it difficult to decide whether his great learning, his sound practical common-sense, rare integrity, or his warm-hearted nature was the predominating element of his character. His knowledge of art, in all its phases, and especially the history of engraving, was most complete; and there was a time when his collection of proofs, after the great masters in that branch of art, was the most complete and valuable one in this country; and it has always seemed to me since then that there was a special propriety in his being permitted to spend so many years of his life in Italy as it was his privilege,

and where his services were eminently honorable and valuable to his country. As a linguist,—for he could write and speak all the leading ancient and modern languages,—and especially as a Scandinavian scholar, his fame has reached the cultivated people of all climes; but it is not so generally known that his library of Scandinavian literature was at one time quite unique. To what extent that collection has been scattered I cannot tell; but a portion of it at least was presented by himself to the University of Vermont, and it will be my privilege presently to give an idea of its character as it existed before its owner entered the diplomatic service. Another portion of his rare library consisted of several thousand volumes, and was also presented to the University through the liberality of Frederick Billings, of Woodstock.

For more than thirty years after 1833, Mr. Marsh kept up a constant correspondence with the secretary of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquarians at Copenhagen,—Prof. C. C. Rafn. His first letter was written in English, but all his subsequent letters were in Danish; and the professor once remarked that he had discovered but one error in Mr. Marsh's letters, and that was a mistake in the gender of a noun. He was one of those rare men whose books do not fully represent the man; in his gifts and character he was above them all; and it was the general opinion of his friends that he possessed one of the broadest minds and a most absorptive memory. It is also said of him that men of science, army and navy men, skilled mechanics, naturalists, and farmers have all expressed surprise at his knowledge of the affairs to which their lives were devoted. During his residence in Greece, he was authorized by his government to defend Dr. Jonas King from the unjust restrictions put upon him by the Eastern authorities; and when he delivered a certain speech in modern Greek, in Athens, the people were astounded, and his knowledge of their language added greatly to his influence.

His sympathies were so completely with the Goths that he traced to their presence whatever was great and peculiar in the character of the founders of New England. In his work on the Goths he contrasted the Gothic and Roman characters, which he regarded as the great antagonistic principles of society at the present day. He was not only a lover of Scandinavian history, but the legends and myths and weird mythology of Northern Europe, as well as its ocean, coast, and mountain scenery, had a strange fascination to his mind, and he was entirely familiar with them all. Very few men have exercised so great and important an influence on American literature as Mr. Marsh; and when we add to his character as an author what he has accomplished in the field of diplomacy, we may safely class him with the very best and most useful public men of his time. As minister to Turkey and Greece, to which

posts he was appointed by Presidents Taylor and Fillmore, and to Italy, he served his country with rare success for more than twenty-four years, rendering essential service to the cause of religious toleration in the Turkish Empire.

One of the best appointments made by President Lincoln was that of Mr. Marsh as minister to Italy, in 1861. When he came to Washington to receive his credentials, I met him frequently, and was honored by receiving again from him much valuable literary advice. Many hints that he gave me about my "Dictionary of Congress" were especially important. I very well remember his advice in regard to style in writing, to the effect that I should study, without ceasing, the books on English synonymes by Crabb, Blair, Whately, Mackenzie, and others; and, if it had been published at the time, he might have added the great work on the English Language by himself. His kind interest in my welfare continued without ceasing, and on the day preceding his final departure from Washington he wrote of his own accord an earnest letter to the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, recommending my appointment as librarian of the Department of State.

At the time of his death, which occurred at Vallambrosa, Rome, on the 24th of July, 1882, he was in the eighty-second year of his age, having been born in Woodstock, Vt., March 15, 1801. He graduated at Dartmouth College in 1820; adopted the profession of law, but paid more attention to books than to the practice of his profession, which he might have made lucrative; entered the State Legislature in 1825, and Congress, as a representative, in 1842; first went abroad as minister to Turkey in 1849; went to Greece on a special mission in 1852; and represented the United States as a diplomat for a longer period—continuously—than any other man, not excepting Benjamin Franklin; and while the heroic State of Vermont may well be proud of such names as Allen, Bradley, Collamer, Everett, Foot, Hall, Lyon, Phelps, and Edmunds, the name of Marsh will do more to perpetuate her literary fame than those of all her other children combined.

My correspondence with Mr. Marsh was quite extensive, and from the many letters in my possession I submit the following, which contains a description of his Scandinavian library; and although it may not interest the average reader, as a catalogue written out at one heat, from memory, it is to my mind a most remarkable production:—

BURLINGTON, Aug. 11, 1844.

Dear Sir,—Since I had the pleasure of meeting you at Danville, I have spent but three days at home, and have not had time to comply with your

request in regard to a description of my little collection of books and engravings. I have never made a catalogue of either, and must, therefore, in the hurried account I now give, rely upon memory, especially as my engravings are chiefly at Washington. My library consists of something less than five thousand volumes, and is such a heterogeneous collection as of course so small a one, if suited at all to the purposes of a scholar of rather multifarious than profound reading, necessarily must be. It is meagre in all departments except that of Scandinavian literature, in which I suppose it to be more complete than any collection out of the northern kingdoms. In old northern literature it contains all the Arna-Magnæan editions of the Icelandic Sagas, all those of Suhum, all those of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, and, in fact, all those printed at Copenhagen and Stockholm, as well as in Iceland, with scarcely an exception. I possess also the great editions of "Heimskringla," the two "Eddas," "Kongs-Skugg-Sjo," "Konunga Styrilse," the "Scriptores Rerum Danicarum," "Scriptores Rerum Svecicarum," "Dansk Magasin," the two complete editions of "Olaus Magnus Saxo Grammaticus," the works of Barsholinus [Tormod] Torfæus, Schöning, Suhum, Pontoppidan, Grundtvig, Petersen, Rask, the "Atlantica" of Rudbeck, the great works of Sjöborg Siljegren, Geijer, Cronholm, and Strinnholm, all the collections of old Icelandic, Danish, and Swedish laws, and almost all the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated of the language, literature, or history of the ancient Scandinavian race. In modern Danish literature I have the works of Holberg, Ewald, Hejberg, Baggesen, Ochlenschlæger, Ingemaun, Nyerup, with other celebrated authors; in Swedish, those of Leopold, Oxenstjerna, Bellmann, Franzen, Atterborn, Tegner, Frederika Bremer, and indeed almost all the *belles-lettres* authors of Sweden, the translations of the Royal Academy of Science (more than one hundred volumes), those of the Swedish Academy, and of the Royal Academy of Literature, and many collections in documentary history, besides numerous other works. In Spanish and Portuguese, besides many modern authors, I have numerous old chronicles, such as the Madrid collection of old "Spanish Chronicles" in 7 vols. 4to, the "Portuguese Livros ineditas da Historia Portugueza," 5 vols. folio, Ternam Lopez, de Brito Duarte Nunez do Liam, Damiam de Goes, de Barros and Conto, Albuquerque, Castenheda, Resende, Andrada, Osorio, also de Menezes, Mariana, Powz Viage de España, Navarrette and others; in Italian, most of the best authors who have acquired a European reputation; several hundred volumes of French works, including many of the old Chroniclers; a respectable collection in German, including many editions of "Reyneke de Vos," the "Nibelungen," and other works of the Middle Ages; in classical literature, good editions of the most celebrated Greek and Latin authors; and

in English, a respectable collection of the best authors, among which I may notice, as rare in this country, many of the old Chroniclers (including Lord Berner's "Froissart"), Roger Ascham, the works of King James I., John Smith's "Virginia" (edition of 1624), Amadis de Gaul, and Palmerian of England. In lexicography, I have the best dictionaries and grammars in all the languages of Western Europe, and many biographical dictionaries and other works of reference in various languages. I have also many works on astrology, alchemy, witchcraft, and magic, and a considerable collection of works on the situation of Plato's "Atlantic" and the "Elysian Fields," such as Rudbeck's "Atlantica," "Goropius Becanus," "De Grave Republique des Champs Ulysées," "Ramus Ulysses et Othinus unus et idem," and others.

In the department of art, I have the "Musée Français," "Musée Royal" (proof before letters), "Liber Veritatis," "Houghton Gallery," "Florence Gallery," "Publications of Dilettanti Society," and many other illustrated works and collections of engravings; the works of Bartsch, Ottley, Mengs, most of those of Visconti, Winckelmann, with numerous other writers on the history and theory of art; old illustrated works, among which I may mention "Leuerdanck" (original edition), and "Der Weiss Runíg"; and many thousand steel engravings, including many originals by Albert Dürer, Luke of Leyden, Cranach, Aldegreuer, Wierx, the Sadelers, Nautenil (among others a *first impression* of the celebrated "Louis XIV.," of the size of life), Nasson, and among these a *first impression* of the famous "Courte d'Harcourt," or *Cadet a la Perle*, Edelink, Drenet, Marc Antonio, and other old engravers of the Italian school; Callot, Ostade, Rembrandt (including a most superb impression of the "Christ Healing the Sick," or the hundred-guilder piece, the "Goldeneigher," and the portrait of "Renier Ansloo"), Waterloo, Woolett, Sharp, Schmidt, Longhi, and Morghen; in short, more or less of the works of all the greatest masters in chaleography, from the time of Albert Dürer to the present day.

The above is a very imperfect account, but I really have not time to make out a more complete one.

Mrs. Peck desired to retain a few days the volume you left with her, and I am sorry to say has not yet sent it home, and, of course, I have not seen it. As soon as I can get time to look it over, I will write you on the subject. The pictures Mr. Peck took appear to me, though not highly finished, to indicate much artistic talent; and I trust you will pursue your profession with an ardor as inexhaustible as Nature herself. A little study of natural history, particularly of botany, on the natural system, geology (read Lyell's "Principles"), and meteorology (see the works of Luke Howard, late editions), would prove of the greatest service to you, and as an aid to the

cultivation of the eye would be beyond all price. Don't be led astray by Hazlitt, who was but a coxcomb in matters of art, after all. No Englishman ever had, or can have, a true idea on the theory of art.

Mrs. Marsh, who has travelled with me some eight hundred miles in an open wagon without benefit to her eyes, sends her compliments. I shall at all times be glad to hear from you, and to be of use to you in any way in my power. I hope I may be more at leisure when I next have occasion to write. Keep in mind the distinction between the art of seeing and the faculty of sight, for herein lies the difference between the artist and the man.

I am, dear sir, truly yours,

GEORGE P. MARSH.

P. S. My Icelandic grammar is a 12mo of one hundred and fifty pages, partly original, partly compiled from the works of Rask, and was printed about six years since, but never published.

With regard to the final disposition of his library and proof engravings, a part of them was secured by the Smithsonian Institution, at the time he went to Europe to reside, but the largest and most valuable part, I believe, was retained in his possession.

The allusion to Danville, in the foregoing letter, recalls to my mind one of the most delightful mountain trips of my long experience in such matters. It was inaugurated by Mr. Marsh himself, who was accompanied by his wife and her sister, and also by Senator S. S. Phelps, and the grateful deponent. With all his natural sedateness, Mr. Marsh was the life of the party, but the famous senatorial orator said many things which were enjoyable in the extreme. The scenery that we passed through, made up of views along the Connecticut valley, and of the Green and White Mountains, was very beautiful, and every locality of special interest, like Danville itself, was made doubly interesting by some historical fact or story or personal incident related by Mr. Marsh. Everything in nature attracted his attention,—hills, rivers, trees, wayside plants and flowers, the birds, and even the butterflies that flitted in the sunbeams; and when not talking after the manner of an artist, his comments were those of a philosopher. When, as was sometimes the case, the senator made an allusion to public men and affairs, he would expatiate upon the doings of Congress; and when he mentioned certain prominent names, I wondered, in my boyish simplicity, whether Senator Phelps was an average specimen of the great men of America, not knowing that very few of them were his equal in intellect and character; and it now seems to me like a dream that it should have been my fate, in process of

time, to "take the lives" of at least five thousand of those wonderful congressmen, before the class had degenerated to what we see it in these demagogue days.

In the way of art criticism, the following letter, with its amusing parentheses, may be deemed interesting, and is certainly instructive:—

BURLINGTON, April 21, 1847.

Dear Sir,—You will find a daguerreotype of Weir's Pilgrim picture at Anthony's rooms, Broadway, next square above the Astor House. This will give you a good idea of the picture, and, what is fortunate, covers the great and fatal errors, not of coloring, but of arrangement of colors, in the picture itself.

Healy's excellences are manifold. I have only seen his portraits. In these he is successful far above any living American artist in seizing and portraying the best characteristic expression of his sitter. With apparent (only apparent) carelessness of outline and finish, he is the only living American painter known to me who gives to the skin the semi-transparency, the partial permeability to light, which all untanned (I don't mean un-*sun*-tanned, but un-*oak-bark*-tanned) human skins more or less possess. Look at one of his faces; you see therein a skin, not of painted tin, but organized with cuticle *rete mucosum* veins (not varicose, neither), and the Devil and all, just as in life. What is more, under that same skin there is flesh, muscle; more yet, beneath the integuments is a skull, and that not of plaster, but real bone made of phosphate of lime (I believe it is), and what not. His portrait of myself (the greater the subject the greater the work) is his *opus magnum*[3] (that's Latin for *chef d'œuvre*, and that is French for masterpiece, which, again, is as one should say in your vernacular, Pottawattamie—no-gum-go-qua. Perhaps that isn't the word; I am not quite sure. If not, I am liberal, make it right), or thereabouts. A good anatomist shall take that portrait and draw (supposing him a draughtsman) a skull therefrom, which shall be a true counterfeit presentment of mine own hereafter, at some late day (not, I hope, before A. D. 1947), to be exhibited, like Oliver Cromwell's, in some cranial museum. More things I have to say, but not time. Wait until I write you again from Boston, on Thursday (may be Friday), this day eight days (my wife will be there), when I will rewrite and expand (I'll keep a copy and perhaps spoil, as Charles Lamb did when he extended his letter about the pig to the essay on Roast Pig) this letter. One thing more. Speaking of guns, don't forget to say that an anonymous gentleman (videlicet myself), being asked to visit Leutze's libellous picture of the Iconoclast Puritans, refused, saying, he had read so many *printed* lies about the Puritans that he did not

care to see a *painted* one. When I write again, I shall say more of Weir as well as of Healy.

Yours truly,

GEORGE P. MARSH.

P. S. I thank you prospectively for the book; also, don't get too strongly committed for Clay.

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[3] NOTE.—You are a young writer. Learn to profit by the example of your seniors. Observe how skilfully, after having spoken somewhat boastfully, perhaps, of myself, I suddenly draw the attention of my correspondent away, and prevent him from dwelling on this little outburst of vanity,—shall I call it?—by imputing to him some very recondite and valuable philological information. If you work on art, I . . . should tempt you to speak all too flatteringly of Lanman, late landscape painter. My own example herein may at the least furnish you valuable hints as to the mode of doing yourself (what perhaps others won't) justice in an inoffensive way.

In the following letter he continues his criticisms on art:—

FITCHBURG, May 6, 1847.

Dear Sir,—When I sent you that hurried scrawl from Burlington, I faithfully purposed to write you more at length from Boston, where I hoped to meet both Healy and his works; and truly I had done so, but the cares of this world sprung up and prevented me.

I saw at Boston neither Healy nor any of his pictures, nor have I much to add to what I wrote before, except that his friends agree in saying that he is rapidly improving. You know, I suppose, that he is engaged upon a great picture, "Webster Replying to Hayne," for gentlemen in Boston. I have seen the sketch, which seems to promise much for the picture, as well as many of the portraits painted as studies, and have no doubt that as a strictly historical (not imaginative, which, from the nature of the subject and the nearness of the period of the action, it can be to but a very limited extent) picture, it will rank above anything American art has produced. The locality—the Senate Chamber—is not a very picturesque one, but the draperies of the ladies' shawls and other feminine gear may be so used as to break the stiffness of the gallery; and there is room for much variety in the arrangement and

grouping of the audience, as well as in the management of light and shade. The study of Webster himself is much the best likeness of that wonderful head yet painted.

One of his best things is his Jackson, painted during the last four days of the old man's life. Painful it is, of course, as any truthful representation of a dying man must be, but it is of rare excellence. It is a front view, one side of the face in shade, most capitally transparent, and in coloring, expression, attitude, drapery, most admirably harmonious. You may see a good miniature copy at Dubourjal's room, Broadway. The original, as well as many others of his best portraits, was painted for King Louis Philippe, who has been a very liberal patron to Healy.

You have by this time seen the daguerreotype copy of Weir's picture, and I need say nothing of the drawing or composition. It was at first placed in the worst light in the Rotunda, but a very judicious exchange was made last spring between Weir's painting, and that poor bald daub of Chapman's, by which both were great gainers,—Weir's being seen to much better advantage, and Chapman's no longer in danger of being seen at all. The principal criticism on this picture, which the daguerreotype will not suggest to you, is the extremely faulty arrangement of the colors, the centre of the piece and of the action, which should also be the focus of attraction, being colored in one almost uniform stone dead, dark, gloomy, repulsive tone, and all the warm and pleasing colors thrown to the extremities, the circumference of the canvas. If this capital error had been avoided, and the stiff attitude and awkward pose of the head of one of the kneeling male figures (I have forgotten the name) corrected, I think the picture would have been universally allowed to possess merit of a very high order.

I am now on my way to Burlington, and hope to find your book there on my arrival.

Yours truly,

George P. Marsh.

Having sent a copy, soon after its appearance, of Mr. Marsh's book on the "Camel," to the London "Athenæum," and the review which followed having been sent by me to the author, he returned the following reply:—

Burlington, Sept. 21, 1856.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for sending me the "Athenæum," more still for writing the review of my little book, if indeed you did write it. The probability that you might have done so struck me at first; but upon reperusing the article, it seemed to me so English in its tone that I hardly

thought it could be the work of a brother Yankee. I believe it has been favorably mentioned in the critical notices in the "North American Review," but that I have not seen. With that exception, none of the critiques upon it, except this in the "Athenæum" (though some of them have been complimentary enough), have shown any intelligent appreciation of the character of the book. It is odd that nobody *here* had the wit to perceive that I was quoting myself in my extracts. Now that it has an English mark of appreciation, it may sell better. Hitherto there has been no demand for it.

I am glad you are collecting your works in a more permanent form. I suppose you don't spare the labor of revision and improvement. Not that your writings particularly need it, but as Widow Bedott says, "Us are all, poor creatures," and perhaps you may have nodded sometimes, as well as the blind old heathen Homer.

Well, Fremont will be elected, won't he? Fine stampede at Washington about the 4th of March next! How the rats will come and go!

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE P. MARSH.

When, in 1858, I was preparing for publication the first edition of my "Dictionary of Congress," I appealed to Mr. Marsh for some facts about certain Vermont men, and he sent me the following reply:—

22 UNIVERSITY PLACE, NEW YORK,
Dec. 14, 1858.

Dear Lanman,—Yours of the 3d did not reach me till four or five days after its date, and the eyesight which an inflammation of the eye has left at my disposal has been so completely absorbed in the preparation of my lectures, that I have been unable to reply till now.

The two Heman Allens were remotely connected with each other, and both, I believe (H. Allen, of *Colchester*, minister to Chili, who died at Highgate, certainly), with the Ethan Allen family, but I have at hand *nothing* to which I can refer to fix any fact, in relation, with precision. Heman Allen, of Colchester, was U. S. marshal, member of Congress, and minister to Chili, but never distinguished for anything. Heman Allen, of *Milton* (afterwards of Bennington), was an eminent lawyer, elected to Congress in 1832, on the *eleventh* ballot (the law then requiring a full majority). He was a very useful member of the Committee of Claims, and commenced the investigation of the famous Virginia claim, so successfully continued by Mr. Hall, of Vermont, at a later period. I am ashamed to say, I can, without

reference to documents to which I have not now access, add nothing to these meagre facts.

Let me advise you to consult George F. Houghton, Esq., of St. Albans, Vt., who will give you *full* information on all points connected with the lives of these gentlemen.

I shall be very glad to afford you the aid you desire. My engagements and the state of my eyes would not allow me to correct printed proof; but if you desire me to go over your manuscript, I will do so, unless you wish it read more rapidly than I could go through it, with my present occupations.

Yours truly,

GEORGE P. MARSH.

As a man, a citizen, and a husband, aside from his intellectual acquirements, Mr. Marsh was all that could be desired. He was liberal with his means, too much of a nobleman to be narrow-minded and selfish, and always ready to do his utmost to promote the welfare of his fellow-men. When he took an interest in politics, it was as a statesman, and the hem of his garment was never stained by contact with the debasing demagogism of the times; and, although he had no children, he was thrice blessed in the possession of a most noble wife. Her maiden name was Caroline Crane, and she was his faithful helpmate for forty-four years. That she was capable of sympathizing with him in his intellectual pursuits is abundantly proven by the fact that she translated a novel from the German, called "The Hallig," which was successful, and also published a volume of poems. For many years her health was exceedingly delicate, and I very well remember that, on a certain day prior to their leaving Washington for Europe, she was brought by her husband, in his arms, into the drawing-room; and it was chiefly owing to his long-continued and tender care that her subsequent life was comfortable and happy. During her long residence in Italy, she spent very much of her time and thoughts and money in the cause of charity, and often administered to the needy by proxy, when too ill to leave her own bed.

Having noticed that some curious errors have crept into the papers in regard to the books published by Mr. Marsh, I submit a list of them which I presume will be found accurate: His Icelandic grammar was printed in 1838, but never published; "The Camel, etc.," appeared in 1856; "Lectures on the English Language" and "Wedgwood's Etymology, Annotated," in 1861; "Origin and History of the English Language," 1862; "Man and Nature," 1864; and it was this last production which the author amplified and published, in 1874, under the title of "The Earth as Modified by Human Actions," and which was translated into Italian. But the reviews, essays, and

speeches which were published in pamphlet form would make many additional volumes; and there are reasons for believing that other valuable productions from his pen will hereafter be given to the world. A course of lectures that he delivered before the post-graduates of Columbia College have been commented upon as unequalled by any others ever delivered in this country, and yet he used to say that his audiences on those occasions were almost invisible,—a sad commentary on the intellectual tastes of our people.

Among the many warm personal friends of Mr. Marsh, there was not one who remained more devoted than Senator George F. Edmunds. It was partly through his influence, undoubtedly, that the diplomatic scholar was permitted to spend so many years in foreign countries. And thereby hangs this little story: As Mr. Marsh was not a political partisan, but known to have a contempt for all demagogues, repeated efforts were made to have him recalled, but his faithful senatorial friend always squelched the unworthy efforts. This feeling of animosity, it is said, at one time permeated the Department of State. In one of his despatches from Italy the minister thought proper to append in cipher his very decided and unfavorable opinions in regard to the Italian government, which were, of course, intended to be confidential; but when this despatch made its appearance in the regular volume of published correspondence, it was found that the cipher despatch alluded to had been translated and published. From every point of view this conduct was improper; but the motive at the bottom of the whole business (and selfish motives are very common in Washington) was, that the Italian government would be angry and naturally insist upon the recall of Mr. Marsh; the excuse given for this improper publication having been that it was a mistake. It was a mistake, and of the sort allied to a crime. In the mean time, however, Mr. Marsh continued to perform his diplomatic duties without fear or favor, and after the manner of a true man.

When I recall the career of this eminent scholar, I am impressed with the harmony of his life as well as of its ending. He left college fired with a desire to acquire knowledge from the study both of books and nature, and, whether following the profession of law, or serving his country as a statesman or diplomat, he never varied from his original purpose. He first saw the light in one of the beautiful valleys of Vermont, and he died in an equally beautiful valley among the Apennines, almost within the shadow of the most ancient seats of learning. In his early prime, his mind revelled among the historical records and wild scenery of Scandinavia; it was then his privilege to travel extensively through the countries bordering on the Mediterranean; and when the shadows of his life were lengthening,

Providence gave him a pleasant home under Italian skies, where he died, and where his grave is certain to be visited with love and veneration by thousands of his countrymen in future years.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

I FIRST became acquainted with this celebrated poet and noble gentleman in the year 1838, and the affection I felt for his writings as a boy has ever remained unchanged. Many of his poems are so pure and true to nature, that the old and young, and especially the thoughtful in every sphere of life, have acquired a regard for them allied to their love of flowers and bright skies, the woods and mountains, and the various charms which characterize the seasons of the year. But he also attained the highest rank as a writer of prose, whether giving his impressions as a tourist, delivering addresses on subjects connected with literature and art, or commenting upon the politics of the day, in the journal which he conducted, with unsurpassed judgment and ability. The fact that he should have been the editor of a single newspaper, the *Evening Post*, for about half a century, is unparalleled in the history of journalism in this country, excepting in the case of Joseph Gales and the *National Intelligencer*; and when we remember that, during all this period, his sincerity of purpose in advocating his political opinions, and his integrity, were never questioned, it is not to be wondered at that his name should have become a household word throughout his native land. And as to his well-known love for the fine arts, it was only on a par with the affection which the artists of the country always entertained for him as one of their best friends.

Soon after the appearance, early in 1846, of a work called "Altowan," written by an Englishman and edited by J. Watson Webb, I happened to be in the office of the *Evening Post* when the book came up for discussion. I hinted to the editor that the work and the anonymous author deserved a lashing, and after giving my reasons, with which he was impressed, he asked me to take the work in hand, for his journal. I told him I should be too severe, and he would not print my opinions, but he replied that he would publish every word. I thanked him for the compliment; reviewed the book, forthwith, as it deserved; and, whatever may have been the cause, it was never heard of any more. Indeed there never was a time, since its foundation, when the *Evening Post* was not a power in the land. From that time forward I had a free passport to its columns; and during my residence in New York I not only enjoyed the privilege of consulting Mr. Bryant on

matters literary and artistic, but received from him many favors, and was afterwards an occasional contributor to his journal.

In the summer of 1846 I met Mr. Bryant at the Sault St. Marie, on my return from a trip to the head-waters of the Mississippi River, and in one of his letters to the *Post* he honored me with this notice:—

"Among these copper-hunters came, passenger from Lake Superior, a hunter of the picturesque, Mr. Charles Lanman, whose name I hope I mention without impropriety, since I am only anticipating the booksellers in a piece of literary intelligence. He has been wandering for a year past in the wilds of the West; during the present summer he has traversed the country in which rise the springs of the Mississippi and the streams that flow into Lake Superior, and intends to publish a sketch of his journey soon after his arrival in New York. If I may judge from what I learned in a brief conversation, he will give us a book well worth reading. He is an artist as well as an author, and sketched all the more remarkable places he saw in his travels, for the illustration of his volume. On the river St. Louis, which falls into the western extremity of Lake Superior, he visited a stupendous waterfall, not described by any traveller or geographer. The volume of water was very great and the perpendicular descent a hundred and fifty feet. He describes it as second only to Niagara."

When the "Letters of a Traveller" were published in book form, in 1851, the foregoing paragraph was omitted. I was surprised to notice this, but, suspecting the cause, wrote to Mr. Bryant on the subject. He frankly told me, in a kind letter, that discredit had been thrown upon my story, in his mind, by a savage assault upon me printed in the "North American Review"; but, with my explanation before him, he regretted that he had manifested a want of confidence in my narrative. On seeing it announced in 1869 that a new edition of the "Letters of a Traveller" was about to appear, I wrote again to Mr. Bryant, and after reminding him of the old trouble, took the pains to prove to him, by reference to certain geological reports, that, in the main, my statements about the *Cascades* on the river St. Louis were true. To that letter I received a friendly reply, and when the new edition of the book came out the excluded paragraph was restored to its proper place, and my position was thus fully vindicated. And this is only another instance of that integrity of purpose which always characterized the conduct of the distinguished poet and journalist, in his dealings with his fellow-men.

As to the attack in the "Review," it was written *to order* by Francis Bowen, of *moral* philosophy fame, and *paid for* by the "American Fur

Company," for the sole reason that I had deemed it my duty to expose some of the outrageous dealings of that company with the Indians of the Northwest.

Long before the days of photography, or before it had become common for artists to make elaborate sketches of American scenery, I used to exhibit my portfolios to Mr. Bryant, and my unpretending productions seemed to afford him pleasure. In my boyish ambition, and while yet a Pearl Street clerk, I painted a small picture in illustration of one of his own poems, and presented it to him, when he sent me the following note, which ought to have encouraged me to become an artist by profession:—

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1874.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your picture, which appears to possess great merit and give high promise of your future success as a landscape painter. It has the quality of individuality both in the general effect and in the details. Your trees are real trees, of the different kinds which we see in our forests.

I am a very deficient connoisseur, but I shall always be happy to look at any of the productions of your pencil; and though my opinion cannot be of any value, I shall be willing to express it.

In haste, yours truly,

W. C. BRYANT.

The other letters which it was my privilege to receive from Mr. Bryant were all in keeping with the above, and here is one in which he alludes to the omission in the first edition of his "Letters of a Traveller."

CUMMINGTON, MASS., Aug. 2, 1869.

My dear Sir,—I hardly think that any bookseller will think it worth his while to bring out a new edition of my "Letters of a Traveller," though I see it stated in the *Evening Post* that Mr. Putnam proposes to do so. Nothing had been said to me about it.

I do not remember the circumstance to which you refer, but take it for granted that you are accurate in your recollection. If you will let me know what the passage was which I omitted, and where it came in, I will consider whether it ought to be restored, in case a new edition should be published.

I am, sir, very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

During the twenty-eight years between 1843 and 1871 my time was occupied in writing for the press, in looking after the custody of books or in writing them, and in painting an occasional picture for my amusement; and when, in the latter year, William W. Corcoran asked me if I would like to become the director of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, and told me to place credentials before the trustees of that institution, giving me reason to believe by this voluntary mention of the subject that he would use his personal influence in my behalf, I wished him to be fortified with a few testimonials, and I mentioned the matter to several prominent friends, including Mr. Bryant, and his letter to the trustees was as follows:—

New York, March 20, 1871.

To the Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art.

Gentlemen,—I take this method of adding my testimony to that of others in favor of appointing Mr. Charles Lanman to the superintendence of the Corcoran Gallery. Mr. Lanman has various qualifications for that charge. He has for the last thirty years occupied a portion of his time with the study of art, in which he has always taken a special interest. He has written of artists in various publications, and criticised their works, and in different ways has acquired the knowledge and taste which would make his services valuable in the direction of a public gallery of the fine arts.

Respectfully,

W. C. Bryant.

In Mr. Bryant the reader will see a specimen of that class of friends who have been among the leading comforts of my life, and I need not the advice of Shakespeare, to "grapple them to my soul with hooks of steel"; nor is there any danger of my ever mentioning their names without a feeling of gratitude. By way of showing what my feelings towards Mr. Bryant were, twenty years prior to the date of the preceding letter, I submit the following which appeared as the Dedication of my book entitled "Records of a Tourist," first published in 1850:—

To

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, ESQ.,

in whom are blended
All the more exalted attributes of the Poet and the Man,
this volume
Is affectionately Inscribed.

When, in the early part of 1874, it was announced that Mr. Bryant would superintend the publication of a new "History of the United States," as he had done the work entitled "Picturesque America," I sent him two or three volumes of my own, which I thought might be of use to him, and I took occasion to speak of the treatment which I had received in the publication last named, in which my account of the French Broad River had been printed without credit, and this was his reply:—

NEW YORK, April 14, 1874.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for the volumes which you were so obliging as to send me. They will be of real use in compiling the history. I shall put them in the hands of Mr. Gay, on whom I devolve most of the *work*.

I never heard of the plagiarism of which you speak. It was of course the offence of some person employed by Mr. Bunce to write an account of the region to which you refer, and Mr. Bunce doubtless knew nothing of it till you informed the Appletons of it. It was inexcusable.

I am, very truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT.

A few months after the above date (in the month of June) I had occasion to write a letter to the distinguished poet, in which I informed him that my Japanese ward, Ume Tsuda, then a child of less than ten years, had been winning many honors, at the private school which she attended; that she was fond of poetry and had recited before a large audience the poem of the "White-footed Deer," in a most effective manner and without making a single mistake, and that she permitted me to send her card picture to the great man she had learned to love. To that letter I received the following beautiful reply:—

ROSLYN, LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for the pleasant little anecdote related in your letter. Please give my best thanks to Miss Ume Tsuda for the likeness of herself which she allowed you to send me. I shall preserve it carefully as the portrait of one who has won by her amiable qualities the love of the household in which she lives.

If there is any merit in my poem of the "White-footed Deer," it consists in the spirit of humanity towards the inferior animals which it inculcates. She may forget the poetry, such as it is; but the lesson, I hope, will not be forgotten.

Yours truly,

Soon after Mr. Bryant had attained his eightieth year, and when thousands of people were manifesting their regard for him in a variety of ways, I sent him, with a small painting of my own, a letter which contained this paragraph:—

"I cannot resist the promptings of my heart. I desire to be numbered with the multitude, who have, for a week past, been commemorating with loving words the pure and splendid life of fourscore years, which will ever be a leading landmark in the history of American literature. More than a third of a century has passed away since it was first my privilege to grasp your hand. At that time I was a boy, a Pearl Street clerk, and an amateur artist; it was one of your poems which inspired my first picture composition, and which you accepted as a token of my admiration. I am now far advanced on the road to 'The Future Life,' and one of my last productions was a little picture illustrating a line in your poem of 'Autumn Woods,' and which picture, all unpretending as it is, I wish you to accept as a token of my long-continued, grateful, and affectionate regard."

A reply to my letter was soon returned; and while the penmanship was as careful and beautiful as that which came from the same hand half a century before, the sentiment was as follows:—

Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y., Nov. 12, 1874.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for the kind words which you say in regard to my birthday. To count eighty years of one's life with the feeling that there cannot be many more of them is rather a melancholy task, but its sadness may be somewhat mitigated by cheerful greetings.

I thank you also for the picture which came with your letter. There is a grave and quiet grace about it,—though with much richness of coloring, which suits the autumnal season of the year as well as the autumn of life. It is creditable to your pencil, and I accept it as emblematic of your kind estimate of my old age.

I am, sir, truly yours,

W. C. Bryant.

The printed tributes of regard which heralded Mr. Bryant's eightieth birthday were very numerous and eloquent, but among them all there was not one which covered the whole ground more completely in few words,

than the following from the New York *Observer*, written, I presume, by my old friend, Dr. Prime:—

"Mr. Bryant's career is one that may be wisely commended to the admiration of those who are looking upward with anxious eyes as to their future in the race of life. Born in a retired village of Massachusetts, educated at Williams College, dependent upon his own industry and genius, with strong moral convictions; temperate, systematic, and persevering; a poet and yet practical; not given to visions and dreams, but realizing that life is 'real and earnest,' he has steadily, quietly, and nobly wrought out for himself a character that is to-day more enviable, perhaps, than that of any other citizen of the United States. Without ever having held office, which would have been thrust upon him had he been willing to receive it, in the pursuit of the most laborious and responsible of all secular professions, by his pen employed solely for the improvement, elevation, and delight of the world of readers, he has won fame, love, reverence, and that measure of wealth which makes old age comfortable, graceful, and happy. And crowned with the peaceful hopes of the Christian, which add an eternal future of enjoyment to the pleasure of the present, the measure is full, and we have a right to count him blessed among men. May his example be a blessing also to those who come after him."

In a note addressed to Mr. Bryant, in 1876, I mentioned the fact that I had seen a poem in a school book, attributed to him, on the subject of "Immortality," and had been greatly puzzled about it, as I thought it could not have come from his pen. In his reply he wrote as follows:—

"The poem on 'Immortality' is an old affair. It appeared some fifteen or twenty years since, under my name, and after a while I was obliged, in self-defence, to disclaim its authorship, as it was not written by me."

In the death of Mr. Bryant our country lost one of its purest and most gifted citizens; the literary world, one of its best poets; and the press, one of its brightest and most influential ornaments. As if in answer to one of his poetic prayers, he died in the month of "flowery June"; the tributes to his memory, which were published immediately after his departure, were quite unparalleled in their number, their affectionate spirit and high character; and I can now fancy that all the characters in Leutze's exquisite illustration of "The Catterskill Falls," as they mournfully sweep in circles around their moonlit and icy home, are forever singing the praises of the poet who called them into being. The fact that, as "time and chance determined," he was in

the habit of attending both the Unitarian and Presbyterian churches, is to my mind only an evidence of his sincerity and rare liberality as a true Christian, and yet it is one which has led some people to doubt his orthodoxy. On that point I have only this to say, that I want no better evidence of his soundness on the subject of religion than what is found in his two poems entitled "He hath put all Things under His Feet," and "Receive Thy Light," and in the "Prayer" which he and his betrothed wife uttered together in 1821, which was so touchingly recalled by the poem in memory of his wife found among his papers after his own death. But more important than all was the Preface he wrote for the work entitled "The Religious Life," by his friend Joseph Alden, the beauty and value of which cannot be overrated; and yet in the authorized "Biography of the Poet" there is not one allusion to this priceless bit of autobiography, nor to the clergyman in Roslyn, who was the friend and pastor of Mr. Bryant. Indeed, taking Mr. Bryant's writings as a whole, in connection with the religious manifestoes of his old age, his purpose would seem to have been, not only to purify the human heart, but to make his fellow-beings happy, both in this world and that beyond the grave. With the materials that were placed in the hands of Parke Godwin, it would have been impossible for him to make an uninteresting book, but it was unfortunate that he should have proven himself in this, as in his preceding publications, to be without the more delicate sympathies of the human heart, and incapable of being just when discussing the religious position of the man he was anxious to honor.

HENRY CLAY.

I HAVE never been a politician, but in 1844 I had a terrible attack of the Whig fever in the city of New York; it lasted for perhaps six weeks, and then it was that I cast my first and only vote in a Presidential election, and, of course, my ideal was Henry Clay. My father and grandfather had both been attached to him as personal friends, and I did not then, and never wished to be, less devoted than they were. I first saw Mr. Clay in New York in 1835, on the occasion of one of his visits to that city, and I remember that there was not much dignity in the manner in which the enthusiastic people literally carried him over their heads from Broadway into the Astor House. I afterwards heard him speak in the Senate, visited him frequently at his hotel in Washington, and at the time of his last sickness had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Webster, at his own table, speak of his great rival in these terms:

—

"Mr. Clay is a great man; beyond all question, a true patriot. He has done much for his country. He ought long ago to have been elected President. I think, however, he was never a man of books, a hard student, but he has displayed remarkable genius. I never could imagine him sitting comfortably in his library and reading quietly out of the great books of the past. He has been too fond of the world to enjoy anything like that. He has been too fond of excitement; he has lived upon it. He has been too fond of company, not enough alone, and has had few resources within himself. Now a man who cannot, to some extent, depend upon himself for happiness is, to my mind, one of the unfortunates. But Clay is a great man, and if he ever had animosities against me, I forgive him and forget them."

If in the case of Mr. Clay I cannot recall any incident within my personal knowledge illustrative of his character, it so happens, however, that I can lay before the reader a few of his letters. The first in the order of date, and addressed to my father, in 1817, will explain itself, and is as follows:—

WASHINGTON CITY, 28th October, 1817.

Sir,—I have received the letter which you addressed to me on the 16th instant, requesting information relative to the prospects which a young man of good education would have of being employed in Kentucky as a tutor in a private family, or in the profession of law.

During my residence in Kentucky I successively employed two young gentlemen as tutors in my family (one from New England and the other from New Jersey), to each of whom I gave $300 per annum and boarded him in my family. I think it probable that on similar terms, with proper recommendations, you could obtain immediate employment in Kentucky. Our system of education not being so good as that which prevails with you, gentlemen who have large families and can afford the expense are frequently desirous of engaging private tutors.

Success in the profession of the law depends upon so many circumstances that it is almost impossible to pronounce *a priori* what degree of it will attend the exertions of any particular candidate. One may, however, safely assert with respect to the pursuit of it in Kentucky, that even a moderate share of talents, accompanied by probity, industry, patience, and economy, will be—and in a period much shorter than in older countries—rewarded with a competency and respectability. With the qualifications suggested, I do not think it material in what part of the State a location is made. There is room anywhere, though there may be some difference as to the period in which one would realize his hopes in the several places that

might present themselves. Should you determine upon the pursuit of that profession in Kentucky, or, indeed, in any part of the Western States, my advice would be that you should go out, reconnoitre, and determine for yourself. Terms of admission to the bar, with us, are upon the most easy and liberal footing. No previous residence is required, and the license to practise what the law prescribes is usually granted after very slight examinations of the applicant.

Partnerships in the profession are extremely rare with us, and perhaps desirable to neither party. The business of the counsellor and attorney is not separated as it is in New York and some other parts.

I have not considered myself a practitioner for several years.

I shall be happy, sir, if this letter may, in any manner, be useful to you, and it will give me great pleasure to communicate to you any further information, or to render you any aid in the prosecution of your object, in my power.

I am your obedient servant,

H. Clay.

Charles James Lanman, Esq.,
Norwich, Conn.

A letter which Mr. Clay wrote to my grandfather in 1820, who as a senator had voted for the admission of Missouri as a State, is also in my possession. Mr. Clay was at that time in Kentucky, and his correspondent in Washington, and the object of the letter was to introduce the two newly elected senators from the new State of Missouri, David Barton and Thomas H. Benton, and the letter was as follows:—

Lexington, 31st October, 1820.

Dear Sir,—I am quite sure you will not consider me as trespassing too much upon the small acquaintance which I have with you, in introducing to you Messrs. Barton and Benton, the senators from Missouri. The liberality which marked your course on that interesting question to which their State has given rise, independent of other considerations, makes them anxious to know a gentleman who, considering the Constitution and the tranquillity of the Union alone, has boldly done, at all hazards, what he conscientiously believed his duty.

I am persuaded that you will see, in the contribution of talent, of information, and of patriotism which these gentlemen will make to the national councils, additional cause of fortification to your disinterested course. I cannot but hope you will be spared the renewal of a discussion

which threatened so much, and which was, I think, so happily terminated. With great respect, I am,

Your obedient servant,

H. Clay.

The Hon. James Lanman, etc.

When in 1850 I first met Mr. Benton in Washington, he forthwith began to talk in very pleasant terms about my grandfather, telling me that he remembered his knee-breeches and powdered hair; that he was an admirable horseman, and daily took an airing in the saddle. With regard to Mr. Benton himself, he had a similar passion for a fine horse; and while I do not class him with such men as Mr. Clay, he had many of the characteristics of a grand old Roman senator, and was a distinguished honor to his country. His place of residence in Washington I remember as the perfection of a *home*. Nor do I wonder at this when I recollect that, according to a promise he made to his mother when a mere boy, he never participated in a game of chance, nor indulged in the use of tobacco and spirituous beverages. That he was, however, sometimes a little intemperate is proven by the public records. When Mr. Clay wrote the above letter of introduction, little did he imagine that thirty years afterward he would be falsely charged by Mr. Benton with writing a calumnious letter; and that in repelling the charge on the floor of the Senate, he would be forced to use the language which caused him, for the only time in his life, to be called to order by the President of the Senate.

With regard to the subjoined letters addressed to myself, I print them with this one remark, that at the time they were received, excepting one, I was connected with the New York *Daily Express*.

Ashland, Sept. 28, 1844.

My dear Sir,—I have only time, through an amanuensis who writes upon my dictation, to make a brief acknowledgment of the receipt of your friendly letter, and to thank you for the kind sentiments towards me which it expresses. I most sincerely hope that the prospect which you present of the enthusiasm which prevails in the Whig cause may terminate in its successful issue, less on my own account than that of our common country. I believe that such will be the result, if the Whigs put forth their earnest exertions, undismayed by the boasting and bragging of their opponents.

I am greatly obliged by the offer, which you kindly make, of the two volumes which you have composed, and I should be most happy to receive

them. At present, I know of no opportunity by which they can be conveyed. Perhaps some one may shortly present itself. I am with great respect,

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. Clay.

Ashland, 14th April, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your kind letter on the melancholy occasion of the death of my beloved son. My life has been full of domestic afflictions, but this last is one of the severest among them. I derive some consolation from knowing that he died where he would have chosen, and where, if I must lose him, I should have preferred, on the battle-field in the service of his country. I am, respectfully,

Your obliged friend and obedient servant,

H. Clay.

Ashland, 22d April, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I received to-day your friendly letter, and a number of the *Express*, to which it refers, containing an account of the proceedings on the occasion of the celebration of my birthday in the city of New York, with which I was honored by my young Whig friends. Filled as my heart is with grief for the loss of my lamented and beloved son, I cannot but feel profoundly grateful for the enthusiastic compliment which has been thus rendered to me. I wish that I was more conscious of deserving it than I am, and that I did not feel that of all our countrymen, Washington only merits the anniversary of his birthday to be commemorated.

I thank you for the interesting details attending the celebration, which you have done me the favor to communicate.

Be pleased to give my best regards to Mr. James Brooks, your associate. I remain truly,

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. Clay.

Ashland, 1st December, 1847.

Dear Sir,—I thank you for your friendly letter of the 24th ulto., with a copy of my late speech, on the Mexican war, delivered at Lexington, on the 13th ulto., as published in the *Express*, the constant kindness of which towards me I have always felt and duly appreciated.

The important point of the speech was that which asserts the power of Congress to decide on the objects of any war, and calls upon it to proclaim what shall be those of a further prosecution of the existing war. If Congress will act, I cannot doubt that peace will speedily ensue. May God grant us that great blessing.

With great respect, I am truly yours,

H. Clay.

Ashland, 6th December, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your favor of the 30th ulto., with the highly interesting pamphlet from the pen of Mr. Gallatin, and which, although received only to-day, I have already perused with great satisfaction. It is distinguished by strong facts strikingly arrayed, and strong arguments, which always characterize the productions of that eminent and venerable citizen. It cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence in behalf of the cause of peace. Will he also be accused of seeking the Presidency because he has counselled his country against the further prosecution of an unjust war?

With great and constant regard,

H. Clay.

Among the volumes in my library upon which I place a special value is one containing the private correspondence of Mr. Clay, presented to me by William W. Seaton, and the mention of his name recalls an interesting incident which occurred at his own table. During the period when William Gaston and Henry Clay were both in Congress, they had an oratorical contest, which was not satisfactory to the latter, and resulted in a prolonged alienation between the two statesmen. Forty years after the aforesaid debate these two men met at the table of Mr. Seaton. At first, they were both disposed to be very dignified towards each other, and the moment Mr. Seaton observed this, he remembered the long-forgotten difficulty between the champions of North Carolina and Kentucky, and at once propounded this sentiment, “Friendship in marble, enmities in dust”; and from that hour Gaston and Clay were warm friends until they were parted by death.

Another incident in the life of Henry Clay, which came to my knowledge from the Rev. Dr. J. T. Wheat, a man himself of very superior abilities, it seems to be my duty to preserve in this place. It was long ago, and the reverend gentleman just named had visited Washington, his native city, on a begging expedition in behalf of a church in Ohio, and among his letters of introduction was one to Mr. Clay. On visiting the reception-room at the Senate, Mr. Wheat sent his card to the senator, and after he had delivered the letter he was told by Mr. Clay that he was about to participate in a debate, and that he would be very happy if Mr. Wheat would call at his house in the evening and take tea with his family, when they would discuss the pending business. The invitation was accepted, and the result, to use Mr. Wheat's own language, was as follows:—

"When I arrived, the servant took me to the family sitting-room, and without announcing me, left me standing at the open door. Mr. Clay was seated at a table on which a lamp was burning, and so absorbed in reading a little book that I had advanced quite near to him and spoken before he was aware of my presence. He received me in his usual courteous manner, and I took a seat by the side of the table with him. At a pause in the conversation which followed, my curiosity to know what was the little book in which Mr. Clay was so deeply interested prompted me to take it up, and I was greatly surprised to find it a child's Sunday-school book. Seeing this, Mr. Clay remarked, 'You are no doubt surprised at your discovery, but I often read the books the children bring home from the Sunday school.' And, while the smile gave place to a tender gravity in his noble countenance, he continued, 'My life, you must know, my dear sir, has been a very worldly, irreligious one. It is only of late years that I have begun to give earnest heed to those things which concern me most nearly; and I really need the instruction which I get from these Sunday-school books. I also receive some encouragement to hope that I have at least the beginning of a new nature and life in me, because I can understand somewhat, and sympathize with what I read in these books about the church, and the character and life of a Christian. You know,' he continued, 'when we read a work of fiction, we sometimes say of a character or scene, that the description is true to life and nature. We verify it by our own consciousness and experience.' Then, with increased earnestness, he asked, 'Do you think, my dear sir, that I am presumptuous in hoping that there may be in myself the new nature, the divine life, since I really find pleasure in reading religious books, and receive much needed assistance from them in my poor endeavors to lead a godly and a Christian life?'

"What could I answer, but to assent most heartily to this meek inquiry so unexpected and so touching? I went very fully into the Scriptural grounds of his faith and hope in Christ, and was deeply moved at finding myself so patiently listened to by one, intellectually, so far above me. That the great statesman, on whose eloquence a listening Senate hung, should show such humility, forcibly recalled the declaration of Christ, 'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' "

Mr. Wheat not only enjoyed his cup of tea, and obtained a handsome donation from his host, but before leaving the house heard one of the children make the remark, "We do not have a chance to read our Sunday-school books, because grandpa is always taking them away from us for his own pleasure."

That Henry Clay was a great man—as orator, statesman, and patriot—is the universal tribute of his countrymen; but that there was much in his character calculated to win the affection of those who knew him, is conclusively proven by the fact, that, among the latest words uttered by him, when dying, were these, "My mother, my dear wife," showing that, while passing through the dark valley, his heart was cheered by the memory of those whom he had tenderly loved, and were awaiting him in the better land. As I recall the splendid tributes that he paid to religion, and how his two great rivals, Calhoun and Webster, uttered similar sentiments, my thoughts naturally revert to the crowning neglect of Macaulay in that particular, and I feel, in a far higher sense than Shakespeare intended, "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child." The great essayist may have been a lover of children, but it often seemed as if he failed to recognize a Father in the Creator of the world.

EDWARD EVERETT.

My intercourse with this eminent man was one of the many pleasant results of my connection with Daniel Webster as his private secretary. That he honored me with his confidence and friendship is a fact which I fully appreciated, and his kindness to me is proven by the following selection from his correspondence.

Cambridge, 29th September, 1851.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Webster has sent me your letter of the 25th, kindly proposing to furnish a sketch of his birthplace, to be engraved for the new edition of his works. I should think such an illustration would form a very pleasing addition to the interest of the work; and if you will have the goodness to forward the drawing to me, I will immediately propose to Messrs. Little & Brown to have it engraved.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

CAMBRIDGE, 4th November, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I ought long since to have acknowledged the receipt of the interesting drawing of Mr. Webster's birthplace. It was immediately placed in the hands of the engraver, and will adorn one of the volumes of the new edition of his works.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

In view of the foregoing, and of the letter from Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, about to follow, a brief statement must here be made. The engraving alluded to did not make its appearance in Mr. Webster's works, but in the place of it the view of a farm-house *adjoining the birthplace*. The genuine picture was published in the "Private Life," and also in Putnam's "Homes of American Statesmen"; and when the original drawing was made, Mr. Webster sat by the side of the author and sanctioned it on the spot. Shortly afterward the house was demolished. When the farm-house view made its appearance, Mr. Webster pronounced it a "miserable mistake."

Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett.

MARSHFIELD, Oct. 8, 1851.

My dear Sir,—The house delineated in Mr. Lanman's sketch is the very house in which I was born. Some of my older brothers and sisters were born in the first house erected by my father, which was a log-cabin. Before my birth he had become able to build a small frame house, which some persons now living will remember, and which is accurately depicted by Mr. Lanman. This house, in its turn, gave way to a much larger one, which now stands on the spot, and which was built by those who purchased the property of my father. I have recently repurchased the spot. I will look for Mr. Marston's

note, but I thought you had it. I will revise the several dedications, and enclose them by this mail or the next.

Yours always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BOSTON, 30th October, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I have yours of yesterday. The only letter of Mr. Webster on which I can lay my hand in time to forward you, as you request, by return of mail, is a very short one which you copied, I presume, last summer. Having myself quoted a part of it in a speech in Faneuil Hall last Wednesday, there is the less impropriety in sending the rest; although I wish I could send you one in which there is no allusion to myself. Most of the letters which I receive from Mr. Webster are of too confidential a nature to be published for a long time.

I remain, with much regard, yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S. I have a letter from Mr. Webster in which you are spoken of, which I will send you if it can be got at in season. The letter of the 21st of July was in answer to an invitation to attend the dinner of the Alumni at Cambridge.

The Enclosure.

BOSTON, July 21, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I go to Nahant this morning, and if that of to-morrow shall open with the same prospect of a burning day as this has done, I shall remain in the Swallows' Cave, or other shelves of the rocks. But if the weather be cooler, I shall hope to be with you at dinner at Cambridge. It will be delightful to me to meet so many as will be there, not yet starred in the catalogue, and to recollect others who are.

But a main pleasure, my dear sir, will be to hear you, to whose voice I have not listened, either in the public assembly or at the head of the table, for a very long time. We now and then see stretching across the heavens a long streak of clear, blue, cerulean sky, without cloud or mist or haze; and such appears to me our acquaintance, from the time when I heard you for a week recite your lessons in the little schoolhouse in Short Street to the date hereof.

Yours always truly,

The above was intended for the first edition of the "Private Life," but was omitted out of regard for the opinion which Mr. Everett subsequently expressed, that "it would be out of taste" for him to permit its publication at that time. There were other reasons also, which soon afterward transpired, calculated to keep back from the printer certain other letters, already in the possession of the author; and the two following letters from Mr. Everett, touching their disposition, are not without interest:

Boston, 2d November, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I heard yesterday, what I did not know before, that I was named in Mr. Webster's will as his literary executor.

This has led me to reflect seriously upon the subject of the publication of his letters. They will form the most interesting and valuable part of his unpublished writings. If judiciously collected and edited, they will add, if possible, to his fame; and they will have a great pecuniary value for his family. It is highly desirable, therefore, that they should not be published in detail, but that they should be returned to the family for the purpose of publication *en masse*. Your example, from your known connection with Mr. Webster, and attachment to his person and memory, will be apt to give encouragement to others who have his letters in their possession, to send them to the press. Would it not be better for you to withhold them? Legally, I believe, the property of letters is in the writer, except for the purposes for which they were written. I do not throw out this last suggestion with a view to influence you, as I know you will give all due heed to the other views of the subject. When I wrote to you last Saturday, it was in the haste of the moment, without time for reflection (as you wished an answer by return of mail), and without knowing that Mr. Webster had imposed upon me any duty in reference to his literary remains.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

Edward Everett.

Boston, 21st December, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I have yours of the 19th, with a copy of the "Personal Memorials" of Mr. Webster. I have had time to glance only at a few pages of it, but they are enough to satisfy me that it will not only be read with great interest by Mr. Webster's personal friends, but render good service in

promoting his political interests. I think very favorably of your suggestion as to appending Mr. Choate's late speech to a new edition of your "Memorials."

I am very glad you found the anecdote I sent you worth your collection. I thought it very interesting.

I will look at such of Mr. Webster's letters as I have preserved, and if I find one which I think can be published with propriety and advantage, you shall have it. This, however, is not very likely to be the case; inasmuch as the very circumstances which give interest to such letters render them also confidential.

I enclose you a cutting from a newspaper which states some things a little more fully than I have seen them before, although others are given inaccurately.

The name of the historian of Norway, at the bottom of page 34 of your pamphlet, should be Pontoppidan. There is a little over-statement in that anecdote. Page 37th, line 7th, "diplomatique corps" would look better if printed *corps diplomatique*. As both the words are French, they would look better arranged in French order and printed in italics.

There was a dinner given at Salem to Mr. Webster in 1834. In a toast at that dinner this sentiment was given in addition to his name, "The highest honors of the Constitution to its ablest defender." I believe that this is the first occasion on which such an allusion was distinctly made.

Yours, dear sir, very truly,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S. Page 35, in the anecdote relative to the Washington medals, line 7th, there is a proper name spelt wrong. I enclose a scrap giving an extract from some speech of Mr. Rantoul. I suppose it is from his recent eulogy on Judge Woodbury; I do not know whether it is accurately given.

BOSTON, Dec. 26, 1851.

Dear Sir,—I enclose you a printed article by Hon. Charles Miner, formerly M. C., a very ingenious, excellent person, author of a "History of Wyoming." The article contains one or two personal anecdotes of Mr. Webster.

In preparing a new edition of the "Personal Memorials," there is a slight inaccuracy on page 13th which might be corrected, viz.: "*In addition to the*

Latin classics, he studied with interest both Cicero and Virgil," etc. In the next paragraph, I suppose Mr. Webster had the diploma in common with all his class. Page 9, Mr. Abbott will point out to you a slight inaccuracy in your reference to Mr. Buckminster. Page 23, the article in "The North American Review" was written by Mr. Ticknor. Page 26, Mr. Otis might be named among the eminent lawyers of the Boston bar.

What I said in my former letter about the sea serpent might embarrass you, without further explanation. I think the naturalists of Boston could not have pronounced the small serpent alluded to, and called by them *Scolisphis*, to be *exactly corresponding* with that described in Bishop Pontoppidan's work, which is a terrific monster, rising up from the sea nearly as high as the mast. You might say a "miniature resemblance."

Page 47, Tautaug is misprinted Taubang. Captain Crocker transmitted from Buzzard's Bay to Massachusetts Bay a large number of these fish, a subscription having been raised by gentlemen of Boston to defray the expense. This is the origin of the black fish in Massachusetts Bay. I had this from Captain Crocker at New Bedford in 1836.

I remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 8th November, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I have your note of this morning with fourteen letters of Mr. Webster's, which I shall lose no time in transmitting to my associates in Boston. I shall be happy, when it is convenient to you, to receive the other letters to which you allude.

Yours, dear sir, very truly,

EDWARD EVERETT.

A letter which the writer happens to have in his possession, written by Mr. Everett to Mr. Webster, gives such a pleasing insight into the editorial labors of the former, that no apology is needed for preserving it in this place: —

CAMBRIDGE, 25th August, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I received yours of the 23d yesterday, and was much relieved by it. I should not only have been very sorry to omit the tariff speech in question, but should have been perplexed from not knowing the principle of exclusion. I enclose you the list of speeches to go with the fifth volume, as

drawn out by Mr. Abbott. The pencil marks record what he understood you to say when he read the list to you. He may have read it to you at a moment of uneasiness or preoccupation. The indications of the subjects of the speeches may sometimes be too brief to recall them distinctly to your memory. You can, if you please, run it over, and mark with your pencil what is to be inserted or what omitted. If you do not recollect sufficiently to decide, I will do my best. I ought to have the paper back, if possible, by return of mail.

I sincerely hope that your native air and comparative repose will protect you from your unwelcome annual visitant. It is not without compunction that I invade your retreat. I would not with any business which could be done by any one else.

Yours, ever sincerely,

EDWARD EVERETT.

P. S. Mr. Abbott gave me to understand that, in the speech in vindication of the treaty of Washington, you wished Mr. C. J. Ingersoll to be let off more gently than he is in the speech as delivered by you. It is not very easy to make a trip hammer strike a little more softly, but I will do what I can.

With regard to the great mass of letters addressed by Mr. Webster to Mr. Everett, it may here be stated that the largest proportion of them are to be found in the "Private Correspondence" of the former, published in 1857. And now, by way of showing how Mr. Everett never omitted to do a kind action when in his power, and more especially when it was in any way connected with Mr. Webster, the following note is appended. It should be stated, by way of explanation, that when Mr. Everett was Secretary of State the writer had charge of the Copyright Bureau in that department; that there was a messenger in the same department who had been devotedly attached to Mr. Webster; that he was eminently qualified to perform the duties of a copying clerk, and was exceedingly anxious for promotion; and when the writer set forth these facts in a note to Mr. Everett, in connection with an existing vacancy, the following was his reply:—

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, 3d December, 1852.

Dear Sir,—I was very happy to comply with your recommendation in the appointment of Mr. George Bartle. I had already given the place to a nephew, who is on his way to Washington, as I was desirous of having a relative near me whom I could occasionally employ in matters of personal

confidence. But as soon as I heard that Mr. Bartle had earned the place by faithful service in a subordinate capacity, I determined he should have it.

I remain, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

The letter which follows will speak for itself:—

WASHINGTON, 19th February, 1853.

Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for the copy of the English edition of your life of Mr. Webster, kindly sent with your note of yesterday.

I fully concur with the opinions expressed by Mr. Irving, on the subject of a collective edition of your narrative and descriptive writings. Having, during all the time since they began to appear, been engaged on official duties which have left me but little time for general reading, I am not familiar with all of them; but from what I have read of them and from Mr. Irving's emphatic and discriminating commendation, I am confident the series would be welcomed by a large class of readers.

You have explored nooks in our scenery seldom visited, and described forms of life and manners of which the greater part of our busy population are wholly ignorant. Topics of this kind, though briefly sketched, are or ought to be, in this country, of far greater interest than the attempted descriptions of fashionable life in Europe, which form the staple of those trashy works of fiction constantly poured in upon us from abroad.

Wishing you much success in your proposed undertaking,

I remain, very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

When the collected writings, mentioned above, were published, I sent Mr. Everett a copy, and he returned the following:—

BOSTON, 2d January, 1857.

Dear Sir,—I duly received your letter of the 30th, and this day the promised volumes came to hand. I am much obliged to you for your kindness in sending them. A hasty glance at their contents convinces me that, in the novelty and variety of the topics treated, I shall find a rich treat for more than one leisure hour.

I remain, dear sir, with the friendly salutations of the year,

Very truly yours,

EDWARD EVERETT.

His opinion of my "Dictionary of Congress," a copy of which I sent him in March, 1859, was as follows: "I am much obliged to you for the present of a copy of this valuable publication. It must prove an extremely convenient and useful book of reference. You will be pleased to accept my thanks for your friendly notice of myself."

I have many other letters from Mr. Everett, but they do not come within the limits of my present plan.

PARK BENJAMIN.

AMONG those who, by their profession and genius, have exerted an extensive and a happy influence on the literature of the United States, and especially the weekly press, Park Benjamin must always be numbered. His family came originally from Wales, and was of the highest respectability. His father, whose name he inherited, was a leading merchant in Demerara, British Guiana; but as a branch of his house was located in New England, he was wont to spend much of his time in Boston or New Haven; and it was while making a voyage to South America, in one of his own ships, that he was lost at sea, no tidings having ever been heard from the vessel or her princely owner. His mother, while residing in Boston, and after a prolonged widowhood, became the second wife of the Hon. James Lanman, and settled in Norwich, Conn., where, while a widow for the second time, she died from the effects of her clothes taking fire when she was alone in her chamber. Park had one brother younger than himself, and possessing rare accomplishments, who, in the enjoyment of a handsome patrimony, spent the most of his life in Europe, and died in Italy. He left behind him two sisters, one of whom lost her husband, a gentleman of superior culture and many virtues, named Louis Stackpole, by a railway accident; while the other sister became the wife of the eminent historian, John L. Motley.

The birthplace of Park Benjamin was Demerara, and the year of his birth, 1809; and although he only spent his childhood in Guiana, he brought away to New England one recollection which followed him to the grave. The physician who had him in charge, while yet a babe, subjected him to an injudicious and baneful process of bathing, thereby bringing upon him a permanent lameness. When quite young, that is, in 1825, he entered Harvard University, but on account of his health was obliged to leave it before the close of his second year; but soon regaining it, he entered Washington College at Hartford, and after graduating with the highest honors in 1829, he went through a course of legal studies at Cambridge, and also at New

Haven, and was admitted to the bar both in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Among his intimate associates while in college at Hartford was no less noted a personage than N. P. Willis, at that time a student at Yale College. These birds of a feather, on the score of genius, were quite intimate, but at a certain dinner party in New Haven a quarrel sprung up between them which resulted in a life-long alienation. An opinion had been expressed by Willis which Benjamin thought outrageous, and, as a lady was involved in the affair, the latter felt it to be his duty to destroy the matrimonial aspirations of the former, and so for a time the trouble seemed to have been forgotten by all the parties concerned. Many years afterwards, however, and while yet rankling under the supposed wrong which he had endured, Willis thought proper to revenge himself in a manner that would be likely to quiet his animosity forever. He did this by writing and printing a dramatic poem entitled "Don Pedro and his Two Sisters," in which he so far forgot himself as to ridicule the lameness of his old enemy, and by that act, in my opinion, he greatly injured his own fair fame. Should any of those who have since then suffered from the critical pen of Park Benjamin make the retort that he was justly served by Willis, they ought to remember that while it is excusable in a critic to condemn a stupid or unworthy book, it is against the laws of nature and of civilized society for any one to make sport of the physical misfortunes of a fellow-man.

Prompted by his tastes, and perhaps by his inability to move about like other men, Mr. Benjamin early determined to devote himself to literary pursuits, not so much for the purpose of making money, for he inherited a handsome fortune, but for his own personal amusement. In 1835 he purchased the *New England Magazine* of its able and distinguished founder, Joseph T. Buckingham, and during the closing year of its existence, edited it with discretion and ability. It was at that time that he formed the acquaintance of such men as Charles Sprague, Richard H. Dana, Henry W. Longfellow, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, and I happen to know that all these gifted poets always commanded his veneration and esteem. The touching lyrics of the first, he knew by heart; the "Buccaneer" was his particular friend; the "Voices of the Night" sank deeply into his soul, and he had a yearning affection for "The Last Leaf," and was wont to shout like a wild boy as "The Old Ironsides" passed across his vision.

In 1836 the *New England Magazine* was joined to the *American Monthly Magazine*, published in New York, of which periodical he was the chief editor for two years, although receiving valuable aid from its preceding editor, Charles F. Hoffman. He also acted for a time as reader for the house of Dearborn & Co. From that time he became a resident of New York, and

continued to make his home there during nearly all the remainder of his life. In 1838 he joined Horace Greeley in the editorship of the *New Yorker*, a weekly journal devoted to politics and literature. They remained together only about two years, when the paper, though ably conducted, died for the want of profitable support, and Mr. Greeley turned his mind upon the *Daily Tribune*, and Mr. Benjamin, with the old publisher of the *New Yorker* to help him,—Mr. J. Winchester,—proceeded to establish a mammoth weekly called *The New World*. This journal he conducted for five years with an enterprise, a gusto, and an ability which greatly extended his reputation as an editor, and gave the American people some new ideas in regard to periodical literature. He gathered about himself a host of the best writers of the day, paid them handsomely, and, for the time being, ruled the town as its "guide, counsellor, and friend" in all matters appertaining to popular literature. Among those whose productions he published were such men as John O. and Epes Sargent, James Aldrich, Wm. M. Evarts, H. C. Deming, Edgar A. Poe, H. W. Herbert, Rufus W. Griswold, John Neal, I. D. Hammond, W. A. Duer, E. S. Gould, Charles Eames, H. W. Longfellow, Oliver W. Holmes, and many others. He also originated the plan of republishing in cheap form the most popular books issued in England, and thereby made a decided inroad for a time upon the book-publishing business of several leading firms. The idea of being in constant communication with the great reading multitude throughout the land, instead of a select literary public, as had hitherto been his fortune, haunted him for a time like a passion. He carried his enterprise so far as to issue an edition of the valuable but almost forgotten "Chronicles of Froissart," and employed the ablest writers he could command to supply him with early translations of Eugene Sue and other popular French authors. The five years during which he wielded the sceptre of the *World* were the busiest of his life. He was a bachelor at the time, and lived in handsome style. When at his office he worked without ceasing, and very hard, but the moment he emancipated himself from business, off he started in his gig to enjoy fresh air and amuse himself with the novelties of the town. He was fond of a handsome horse, and was expert in driving; he also loved a good dog, and always had one for a companion. He knew everybody, and was fond of entertaining his friends, and his little dinner parties were delightful in the extreme. His house was filled with books and pictures, and all the fresh publications of the world were constantly deposited in his home library, as if by magic. He was an admirable reader, and talked magnificently; and when in the mood, after a repast that could not well be excelled, and he happened to have some special friends at table, one of whom was the rising lawyer, William M. Evarts, he would wheel his chair into his favorite position and pour forth a flood of wit

and poetry, selected and original, which always seemed to be inexhaustible, and not likely ever to be forgotten by those who listened to him. On one occasion that I remember—a Sunday evening—while he was cutting the leaves of a new edition of Coleridge's poems, three gentlemen called in, merely to make a momentary visit. One of them was a clergyman, and engaged to preach a sermon at St. Paul's in about an hour; another was a lawyer who had promised to take a lady to hear the preacher; and the other was a young gentleman who had a special engagement with his lady-love. Not one of them, it so happened, was familiar with "The Ancient Mariner," and when Mr. Benjamin found this out by accident, he directed his visitors to be quiet, and said that he would read it to them. They remonstrated and pleaded their several excuses, but his "glittering eye" fixed them in their seats, and they were silent. He read with a power that was as marvellous as the poem itself; he "had his will," and the guests all listened, oblivious of everything but the weird form of "The Ancient Mariner." Of course the programme at St. Paul's was changed, and a dozen years thereafter the aforesaid clergyman was wont to speak of Mr. Benjamin as "that rascally Park."

With the winding up of the *New World* terminated the only really successful business career which he ever experienced. Those who knew him best were astonished that he had continued in it for even five years. He subsequently made one or two other ventures in the periodical line, but was not successful. His last effort was made in Baltimore. Then it was that he had the good sense to take unto himself a wife, and from that time until his death he occupied his time in a quiet manner, with the pleasures of literature, with the education of his children (all of whom inherited a goodly portion of his rare talents), and with the congenial employment of delivering an occasional lecture or poem. He died at his residence in New York, Sept. 12, 1864.

As a man he commanded the respect of all who knew him. Though impulsive and somewhat domineering in his manners, he delighted in doing good with kind words and with his purse. He respected religious men, but despised the hypocrite and pretender. He was, indeed, quite popular with the clergy; and once, when Henry Ward Beecher asked him why he did not come and hear him preach, he replied, "I do not visit places of amusement on Sunday." As a scholar his acquirements were very extensive, but he was too impulsive by nature to make the best use of them. As a critic he was disposed to be severe; he did not always spare even his friends when an opportunity offered to say a smart thing at their expense; and when he

thought an author really unworthy, he took pleasure in covering him with ridicule.

In all this there was no real malice, for it resulted chiefly from a love of fun. In the epigrammatic style of his prose, he resembled William Hazlitt. That he was a decided wit was universally conceded by his friends and acquaintance; and as a public speaker, whether delivering an ordinary lecture, or reciting one of his satirical poems, he was sometimes exceedingly eloquent. His personal appearance, when seated, was imposing. His head was large, eyes of a light hazel, and his bust massive; but his lameness was of such a character as to make the use of two crutches constantly necessary. He had a ringing but musical voice, and when he felt well, and was on the "high horse" of excitement, he used it very much after the manner of a stalwart mariner in a gale of wind, and oftentimes to the great amusement of his friends. He died after a brief illness, of an inflammatory disease, deeply lamented by a large circle of personal and literary friends.

The ruling traits of Mr. Benjamin's character are to be found in his poetry. While it may be true that a greater part of his critical writings were thrown off upon compulsion, and in obedience to the printer's cry for "copy," his poetry was generally the offspring of his heart. No collection of his poetical writings was ever made by himself, and hitherto they have been enjoyed by those only who had the opportunity to consult the files of the *New England Magazine*, the *American Monthly*, the *Knickerbocker*, the *Democratic Review*, the *New Yorker*, the *New World*, the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and also several leading daily journals of the day. It is true, that R. W. Griswold, in his compilation of "American Poetry," gives us about twenty of his pieces, but they do not begin to do him justice.

A poem entitled "The Meditation of Nature," which he delivered before the Alumni of Washington College, in 1832, stamped him from the start as a man of genius and a poet. His next elaborate poem was a satire on the subject of "Poetry," which he delivered before the Mercantile Library, of New York, in 1842, which was received with great applause, and had an extensive circulation in pamphlet form. In 1845 he appeared before a Boston audience with a poem on "Infatuation." This was also a satire, and an improvement, perhaps, on his previous effort in the same style.

But the lyrical writings of Park Benjamin occupy a higher ground than his satires, and they are, at the same time, much more extensive. It is through them, moreover, that we gain the best insight into his character. The sentiment of love inspired many of his shorter poems, but, in the great majority of his effusions, he could not help giving expression to a love which embraced the whole of human kind. Although it was not his fortune

to see much of the ocean, in his maturity, the fact that he had voyaged on the Atlantic when a child inspired him with a love of the sea, and it made him happy to sing of the "Nautilus," the "Stormy Petrel," and the "Mariners," whose homes were on the deep. With wit and fun his nature was overflowing, and his satires give us a taste of his quality in those particulars; in his lyrics he seldom ventured beyond the bounds of quiet humor; but in efforts of this kind he was always happy. When the Rebellion of 1861 broke out, his sympathies flew at once to the Union cause, and some of his poems, bearing upon the war, are full of spirit and nobly patriotic. But, after all, he was most at home when dealing with the beautiful in nature, and especially with the holier emotions of the heart. While I think that he did well in all that he wrote, and much better than many of his competitors, in some particulars I do not hesitate to say that he excelled all his American rivals as a writer of sonnets. He had a special fondness for this peculiar branch of the poetic art, and was never more happy than when rolling out, in his winning and flexible tones, to willing auditors, some of the masterly sonnets of Shakespeare or Milton, Sydney, Bowles, or Wordsworth. In what he attempted to do he generally succeeded. He wielded the critic's pen for the public weal, and accomplished much good undoubtedly, but when his efforts in that line are all forgotten, his poetry will have found a permanent resting-place in the minds and hearts of all those who can appreciate the productions of true genius. He left a son bearing his own name, who seems to have inherited much of his father's literary ability.

Of the many letters sent to me by Mr. Benjamin, I submit only the following, the first containing an allusion to my connection with the Cincinnati *Chronicle*, and when he was conducting *The American Continent*: —

BALTIMORE, April 4, 1846.

My dear Charles,—So you are once more seated in the chair editorial. I was very glad to see it, and I trust you will not soon desert your present position,—it is a highly favorable and honorable one,—and you may rely upon this, if you stick to your seat, persevere, labor, never give up, you will attain all the success your ambition pictures. I feel truly obliged by your smashing of Lester; I shall give him this week a finishing stroke in the shape of a letter from Powers, of which I will send you an early copy, so that you may transfer it to your columns, with such comments as you deem proper.

You will soon see in the *Continent* such a notice of yourself, in your present connection, as will please you. Our enterprise here has been quite successful, though I cannot say I am particularly in love with Baltimore as a

residence. The women are beautiful as Hebes, but the men are a sleepy set, though capital good fellows socially. There is no place for me like New York, and I shouldn't wonder if we should take up our whole printing establishment and walk back there one of these warm summer mornings. We intend nothing of the sort at present, but we shall see. There is probably no city in the country in which there is so little literary taste as here. It is neither North nor South. But I shall have effected *all* the object I had in coming here, and that is a comfort. Our concern, William Taylor & Co., has a house in New York and one in Philadelphia. If you will say a word in our favor, as publishers and clever fellows for Western folks to deal with, you will confer a favor on me.

I suppose you often hear from home. They were all well and flourishing when I last heard from Norwich. I trust we shall meet there this summer.

Affectionately and truly yours,

PARK BENJAMIN.

My dear Charley,—Addressing you thus, with the familiarity of "Auld Lang Syne," I ask of you a special favor. You are, I presume, *personally* acquainted with Welles, the Secretary of the Navy. Will you speak a word to him *personally*, if you can possibly create the opportunity, in favor of the nomination of my son, Park, as midshipman in the Naval Academy? Mr. Secretary has power to nominate to all vacancies; and there are just now a good many, the *Southern* districts being unapplied for. I think Mr. Welles most favorably disposed towards me, and I feel sure that a word "spoken in *season*" to him will be effectual. Will you now take or make occasion to say to the Secretary that necessary word in behalf of the child of your ancient friend? Park is a fine boy, considerably above the usual size of lads of fourteen, in good health and very well educated. He has all the requisites of the printed regulations, and would, I am sure, pass a most satisfactory examination. I am not aware that this administration, except barely in the appointment of my brother-in-law, Motley, to Austria, has done anything to reward or even recognize the services of *literary* men to the country. Perhaps you might hint something of the sort to Mr. Welles. Of one thing I am confident, my son's appointment to the Academy would be most favorably received by my *confreres* of the newspaper press. Such *un*political appointments—when politics create poor generals and poor custom-house tide-waiters—are always, as you know, cordially commended by the press and the public. Do what you can, my old friend, in behalf of my son.

We are living here at No. 75 West 45th Street, near neighbors to your sister Julia, who is at 86 West 43d Street. She has been most neighborly and kind.

I am indebted to you for a couple of introductory epistles to "parties," as the English say, in Canada. I had no occasion to use them, as I went no farther than Toronto, but I am grateful for the favor, nevertheless, and especially gratified since it was conferred by you.

I pray you help me, if you can, by a few words to the Secretary of the Navy, and believe me, as of yore,

Truly yours,

PARK BENJAMIN.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1863.

NEW YORK, Nov. 17, 1863.

My dear Charley,—I am engaged to lecture in Washington on Friday, Dec. 4, by a Mr. Wolf, of Wolf & Hart, attorneys. Is he "good" and to be relied on? Terms, $100 and hotel expenses. I expect, accompanied by my son George, to be in Washington on the 3d or 4th. Do you want us to come and make you a small visit? As I abominate hotels, I would willingly save Mr. Wolf the expense, especially as my doing so might induce him to give the same money for one or two more lectures, this and following. Now write me candidly in reply how you are at present situated, whether *perfectly* convenient and so forth.

The probability is that I shall not remain except for a day; but I may for some days, in which case I suppose I could find some quiet abiding-place, and not be compelled to go to one of those huge caravansaries whose stairs I can't get up and down. Do you know Mr. Wolf? If not, can't you see and confer with him as to engaging for me a quiet apartment low down-stairs somewhere. There used to be in Washington some good lodgings, kept by "contrabands," that would suit me exactly. But I can't go up to a sky-parlor in a hotel.

Let me hear from you as soon as convenient, and tell me of a *good*, first-rate place, *not* a hotel, if you know of one.

Affectionately,

PARK BENJAMIN.

P. S. I did not, as I think I explained to you, propose to visit you (in acceptance of your invitation) on the score of economy. Mr. Wolf's bargain

is to pay me $100 and my expenses at hotel in Washington. I hope he will conclude to have a second lecture on the Monday evening following, namely, on Monday, Dec. 7; I think it would pay him, and it certainly would pay me better for coming so far. Pray try and use your influence to have him do so.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1863.

My dear Charles,—I find your letter on getting home to-night. I fully appreciate your kindness. I should not have thought of coming to your house at all, had you not so particularly invited me when you were in New York, but I suppose the staircases were differently constructed at that time; but, seriously speaking, I feel truly obliged to you, and shall be very grateful for all that you can say in the *Intelligencer*, or elsewhere, about my lectures.

I hope you are not going out of Washington on purpose, so as not to be bored with going to the lectures.

I shall be sorry to be denied the pleasure of a sight of your dear, familiar visage.

Mr. Wolf wrote me, there is somewhere in Washington a *Mrs. Patten*, who used to board me in New York. She keeps house, and I wish she could be discovered, she would be glad to give me her best room. But I have not her address.

Is Donald Macleod in the Treasury Department? See him and ask him why he did not answer my letters, please.

George, my son, will come with me. I dare say you and Mr. Wolf will find me some quiet lodging.

Affectionately,

PARK BENJAMIN.

There is, in Professor Longfellow's "Outre Mer," an affecting incident, beautifully told, of the death of a young Irishman, who had come to Italy to study at the Jesuit College in Rome, and had taken the orders of a Capuchin friar. The original draft of a poem written by Mr. Benjamin on this subject, entitled "The Capuchin Friar," was presented to me, and I print it with great pleasure.

While dying, the Friar knew of his situation, but would not give up the hope of reaching his own home before his decease. He spoke of his return to his native land with childish delight. This hope had not deserted him. It seemed never to have entered his mind that even this consolation would be

denied him, and that death would thwart even these fond anticipations. “I shall soon be well enough,” said he.

“Oh, I shall soon be well; I shall not die
Beneath the glories of this melting sky,—
These soft, deep hues that bathe the classic land
Of Italy. These gales that are so bland,
So balmy, and so cool, upon my grave
Shall not, at vesper’s chiming, rest and wave!
Tell me not I am dying; for I feel
New blood nectarian through my arteries steal,
And blest Hygeia fans me with her wings
Laved in the source of Life’s perennial springs.
But a few days will pass, and I shall be
Upon my home-return, dear friend, with thee.
With thee I’ll leave each hoary Apennine,
Cross the high Alps, and sail adown the Rhine,
Pass England’s vales, where joy and plenty smile,
And greet thy shore, my own bright emerald isle!
Then, mother, sisters! your soft hands shall stray
O’er my flushed cheeks and cool the heat away;
And when the death-dew beads my stony brow,
Mark with what truth I kept my holy vow,—
My vow to heaven, to live untouched by love,
Save that of earthly saints for saints above,—
The love our Saviour knew, could he have died
Nor in his anguish on his mother cried!”

He ceased and turned his forehead to the air
That came from flowery banks to visit there
The sick man’s couch; the twilight shadows fell
In deeper lines—I breathed my sad farewell;
But going, turned once more that face to view,
Once more to see that cheek’s carnation hue.
His eyes were closed, a smile of beauty slept
On his thin lips: I turned away and wept!
When breathless I arose, he had not stirred
And quiet lay, until an evening bird,
Hidden among the leaves of some near tree,
Poured sudden forth a flood of melody!
“I know that strain!” he cried, “I know that strain;
Sing me to sleep, sweet sister, sing again!”
He sank to sleep—to sleep, to dream that he
Had crossed the billows of the far, wide sea;
That in his mother’s cottage door he stood
And gazed on each familiar stream and wood.
Alas! ’t was all in dreams; few evenings passed
Ere the self-exiled stranger sighed his last;
And that young heart was free as air to roam
Not to his earthly but his heavenly home.

PARK BENJAMIN.

NORWICH, Aug. 14, 1837.

HORACE GREELEY.

To use the language of Wordsworth in regard to another, the soul of Horace Greeley "was like a star, and dwelt apart," but his star passed into a cloud, and the temporary eclipse saddened the entire nation which his life had honored. I first became acquainted with him when he was publishing the *New Yorker* and before he had started the *Tribune*, for both of which journals I wrote some of my first newspaper paragraphs. I used to meet him at the house of my kinsman, Park Benjamin, and the impressions that I then received of his high character and rare benevolence, from personal observation, steadily followed me through life down to the time of his lamented death. I never agreed with him in his religious views and all his various schemes of reform and benevolence, nor could I always agree with him in politics; but, as a man of mind and of the strictest honor, he commanded my admiration, and I loved him as a friend.

His first letter to me was written in 1846, and the last in 1872; and it was in the former year that he recommended me in a most flattering manner for the librarianship of the Mercantile Library in New York. In 1863, after my friend, Emerson Etheridge, had written a political letter which attracted much attention, Mr. Greeley reviewed it in severe terms, and I was induced to defend the motives of my friend, if not his argument. To that letter he sent me the following reply, which shows with what fearlessness and earnestness he was always ready to battle for what he considered right:—

OFFICE OF THE TRIBUNE, N. Y., Oct. 2, 1863.

My dear Sir,—I have received yours of yesterday. If Mr. Etheridge had been a nullifier, or even a pro-slavery fanatic, his letter to Memphis would have been explicable, if not excusable; but I know him to have been nothing of the kind in other days. I think, quite as earnestly as he does, that the President has treated Tennessee badly, but it was by exempting her from the operation of his proclamation of freedom. Had he not done this, she would ere this have been a free, therefore a loyal and tranquil State, on the high road to peace and prosperity. But Emerson Etheridge did not assail him for what he had done ill, but for what he had done well.

In 1860, I insisted that Mr. Etheridge should be made clerk of the House of Representatives. When I did so his name had not been suggested, and I do

not believe he had himself thought of the office. I knew he was not a Republican; but I supposed he had eyes. His blow at the President and his policy in the Memphis letter was unfairly dealt; it was a parricidal stroke in the back, and it cannot be forgiven. It proves him false-hearted and ungrateful, and the Breckenridge Democrats with Andy Johnson have perceived the truth that henceforth the Union and slavery cannot coexist. It was too late for such a letter to have proceeded from an intelligent conviction; its spirit was bad and its terms insulting.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

On two occasions I took the liberty of consulting Mr. Greeley in regard to my "Dictionary of Congress," and the two following letters were the result:—

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1865.

Friend Lanman,—The publication of a "Dictionary of Congress," extended and corrected from year to year, so as to keep it fresh and authentic, is a wise and profitable enterprise, whereby the author ought to make a good living. You can make one by it, if you will. But I see no more reason for making this a job, than for doing the like with Burke's or any other "Peerage." If you will first cut loose from Congress, and make it a work for the people, giving the election returns, with the rules and parliamentary companion, I shall be glad to commend it, and feel sure that you will do well by it. I do not see how any book that Congress patronizes can be good for anything, since it cannot afford to tell unpleasant truths.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

NEW YORK, May 11, 1868.

Dear Sir,—I learn with pleasure that you are about to revise your "Dictionary of Congress," enlarge its scope, and separate it altogether from any connection with or hope of official patronage. I beg you to speak without reserve, and with entire candor of every person who shall be deemed worth speaking of at all. A work composed of solid biographical facts, shorn alike of praise and blame, but unimpeachably accurate in all points, is needed and will be readily appreciated.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

In a friendly letter which I addressed to Mr. Greeley, about the time of his nomination for the Presidency, I alluded to the old times in New York—about one third of a century before—when we first became acquainted, and in view of his position and popularity, I made the remark that "the people knew an honest man when they saw him," and this was Mr. Greeley's reply:—

NEW YORK, June 27, 1872.

Friend Lanman,—Thanks for yours of the 25th inst. I have all my life been doing what people called vastly foolish, impolitic acts, and I did not dispute their judgment. I only said that what I did seemed to me the right thing. If I should die before election, or be beaten therein, please testify for me that I do not regret having braved public opinion, when I thought it wrong and knew it to be merciless.

Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

A few weeks after Mr. Greeley's nomination for the Presidency, one of his political supporters, who knew my friendship for him personally, but who also knew that I was nothing of a politician, asked me to give him a batch of reasons why he should be elected, and this was my reply:—

"He is a man of thought. His instincts and habits are those of a gentleman. He is a true patriot, and in his knowledge of statesmanship has no superior among living Americans. He was not the creature of accident, but is a first-class specimen of a self-made man. He has always manifested a regard for religion, but could never wear the garb of righteousness for selfish purposes. He is a lover of his fellow-men, and has done quite as much as any other to elevate the average standard of the American character. His reputation as an editor is well-nigh unequalled. He has schooled an entire generation in the ways of political knowledge. He is a man of the rarest charity, both in his heart and with his hand.

"As a politician his motives have never been impeached. He has never been an office-seeker, but has habitually made war upon demagogues. As a husband and father, he is without reproach. As a friend, he has always been as true as steel. While wielding power and possessing his honestly acquired wealth, he has never taken upon himself the airs of an aristocrat. Elevated and earnest in his aspirations, he has been a follower of truth, not only for its own sake, but for the comfort and happiness of his fellow-men. His honor and sense of justice have always been without reproach. His labors as a writer have given him a world-wide reputation.

"At the head of a great establishment, he has always been considerate of the feelings of those in his employ. He came from the heart of the people, and has always been a representative friend of their interests and welfare. While aggressive in his character in the cause of truth, his impulses have been to forgive the erring. Although a determined politician, he has recognized the merit or good intentions of those who were not of his party. He has never sold his influence for money. His boldness and self-reliance have been manifested by his manner of addressing public assemblies on the issues of the day. Always a hard-working man himself, he has entertained the greatest respect for those who have to toil for a living.

"He is in all respects a man of temperance in his appetites. His personal associations are not with the low and the depraved, but with the moral and cultivated classes. He is not the victim of any debasing indulgences. His knowledge and wisdom are not circumscribed by the profession which he has done so much to elevate. The farmers of the United States have never had a better friend; and there is no class of the industrial population for whose prosperity he has not labored with zeal and effect. Whenever he has held a public position, he has always acquitted himself with ability and credit. His ideas of private and public economy have always been wise, rigid without meanness. He has been, by his writings, a teacher of statesmen, and fully deserves the honor of occupying the position of President of the United States."

In the way of coincidences the following are a little curious: It was Mr. Greeley who virtually nominated Emerson Etheridge for the position of clerk of the House of Representatives; it was Mr. Etheridge who, at the request of fifty congressmen, appointed me librarian of the House of Representatives; and the man who succeeded me as librarian was Whitelaw Reid, who subsequently became the editor of the *Tribune*.

PETER FORCE.

THE AMERICAN historian whose library was for many years to the bookworm the sunniest spot in Washington was born in New Jersey, Nov. 26, 1790. When a child he was removed to New York City, where he acquired the art of a printer, and practised it until his twenty-fifth year. While yet an apprentice, his love for books was so strong that all his weekly earnings were regularly expended at the book auctions of Robert McMenome, who kept a shop on Water Street, near the Tontine coffee-

house, and who, in the kindness of his heart, was wont to knock down a book to his youthful patron, when he knew that the boy had expended his last penny. When the second edition of "Knickerbocker's History of New York" was printed, young Force was foreman of the office where the work was done. One morning, while reading a lot of proofs before sending them to Mr. Irving, he came to the list of old Dutch names, and by way of a joke, he added some half-dozen other authentic names, that the author had probably forgotten or never heard of; and the proofs were returned to the office by Mr. Irving with these words, "Very good, let them go in"; and they have all been retained in the subsequent editions of the work.

In 1815, Mr. Force removed to the city of Washington, with whose prosperity, and the history of the general government, he was long and honorably identified. In 1820 he became the compiler as well as printer of the "Biennial Register," commenced by act of Congress in 1816, and this work he continued to edit and print until 1828; for his services as compiler he received nothing, while the same work is now performed by a clerk in the Department of the Interior, who receives extra compensation. The term "Blue Book," as applied to the "Biennial Register," was not recognized until 1820, the new title having been suggested by Mr. Force, since which period the work has invariably been bound in blue leather. His idea was to have something different from the English books of similar character, which were bound in red, and called "Red Books"; and it is worthy of remark that, within the last twenty or thirty years, the English government has borrowed the American idea, and now publish what they call a "Blue Book." At the time that he took charge of the "Register," in 1820, Mr. Force began the publication, as editor, of a "National Calendar," which was issued on the first day of every year, until 1836, and was pronounced by the best men of the country a work of great utility. In 1823 he also became the proprietor of a daily paper, called the *National Journal*, which he published and edited until 1830, the same having been the official paper during the administration of John Quincy Adams; from 1836 to 1840 he was mayor of Washington; and for many years he was the honored president of the National Institute, located in the metropolis. He was also for many years a leading officer of the district militia.

In 1836, prompted by a desire to extend the knowledge of American history, Mr. Force published, in four volumes, a series of "Tracts and other Papers" relating to the origin, settlement, and progress of the North American Colonies. The original material from which this work was compiled was widely scattered, very rare, and of intense interest to all those who take pleasure in tracing, step by step, the progress of the Colonies in

population, wealth, and power, from the landing of the first white man to the establishment of a free and independent government; and the work has ever been considered an invaluable addition to our historic lore.

But the great work with which Mr. Force is identified is the publication known as "American Archives: a Documentary History of the English Colonies in North America," from 1774 to the Declaration of Independence. The idea originated with him, was compiled by him, and published by him in conjunction with Matthew St. Clair Clarke, under the authority of Congress and at the expense of the general government. The act of Congress was passed in 1833, and the first volume of the work, which is a large folio, was printed in 1837; and, up to the present time, nine volumes have been published, at a cost of twenty thousand dollars per volume, or one hundred and eighty thousand dollars for the set thus far completed. In the prosecution of his labors the compiler began by making a personal examination of the public archives in the thirteen original States of the Union; and, in carrying out his great design, he spared no pains nor research nor money in obtaining such printed and original documents and such correspondence as would form a perfectly consecutive history of the vital period in our national life. What the compiler claimed for the work was strictly due, and it unfolds and develops the whole foundation of American principles, and exhibits to the world the most conclusive evidence that they were, without exception, grounded in strict right, based upon constitutional law, and upon the well-settled doctrines of the English government; the practical truth deducible from these premises being that, if such be the foundations, they must ever constitute the support of our institutions. When completed, according to the plan of the compiler, the "Archives" would make twenty volumes, and the material for the unpublished eleven volumes is all in the possession of his family, awaiting the further action of the government.

And this brings us to the consideration of Mr. Force's library. It contained about fifty thousand titles, and was unquestionably the most valuable collection of books bearing upon American history in existence. It was arranged in seven rooms of an old, dingy brick building, adjoining the owner's residence, in the central portion of Washington, and the few volumes which formed its nucleus were purchased more than fifty years ago. Excepting when visited by the friends of its proprietor, members of Congress addicted to historical pursuits, or literary pilgrims from abroad, its silence was only broken by the presence of an assortment of dogs and cats, which enjoyed the full range of the establishment, and whose characters seemed to have been influenced by the solemn wisdom of the tomes among which they lived. If you chanced to see a mouse gnawing at a volume three

hundred years old, and worth fifty times its weight in gold, you had but to speak to one of the feline creatures, and it would rush to the rescue. If you happened to take up an old folio covered with the dust of years, and make a little too much fuss in trying to blow it off, perhaps one of the dogs would rub against your knee, as if to say, "Not too much of that, sir. We have respect in this place for everything that is old." Nor were these nooks and corners without guardians which were beyond the reach of the cats and dogs. In every direction, almost, might be found happy colonies of spiders, and

"Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore"

did they spread their network of protection; and they not unfrequently frightened away, by their manœuvres, the more timid hunters of knowledge who trespassed on their domain. No catalogue of this vast collection was ever attempted, but the precise location of each particular volume was known to its fortunate proprietor, who was always willing to assist those who wished to obtain information, and approached him in a proper manner, but who naturally had not much patience with those who visited him out of mere curiosity. If De Maistre could make a delightful book about a "Journey Round his Room," what a book could have been made out of a journey through this splendid library! In one obscure corner, for example, might be seen no less than fifty volumes of original manuscripts, with scores upon scores of intensely interesting letters from such men as Washington and the other patriots of the Revolution; all of which material was to be published for the first time in the future volumes of the "American Archives." In another place were eleven volumes devoted to the correspondence of such a man as Paul Jones; as many more to the letters of John Fitch, of steamboat memory; and hundreds of odd volumes devoted to the correspondence of other men who have made their mark in the history of their country. While standing before one set of shelves, filled with thin volumes of every size and shape, but decked out in substantial bindings, we might have taken one at random, and find it to be "Carvjal's Oration," containing the first printed notice of the discovery of America by Columbus to be found in any language, and printed in 1493. If one had a fancy for Arctic literature, one might have found there everything almost that was ever published in regard to the northern regions; and it is worthy of note that there was not a man in the country better posted than Mr. Force in this particular department of knowledge, nor any one who, as a scholar, rendered greater assistance to the more recent navigators in the far north. If there are any who doubt the statement that one hundred newspapers have been born and died in the city of Washington, they could have been satisfied by consulting the files

collected in this library; and there they came also who would have the pleasure of looking over the New York and Philadelphia and Boston journals published during the Revolution. Among the treasures to be found there was the identical copy of the Federal Constitution which was submitted to the committee on the revisal of its language. It was printed in folio, and contains all the alterations in manuscript which were made by the very able and distinguished chairman of that committee, William S. Johnson, of Connecticut. Another treasure, not yet alluded to, was a manuscript volume from the pen of Washington, containing his plan for Sullivan's expedition, together with numerous queries that he sent to his correspondents, and their replies, whereby he fully posted himself in regard to the Indian country. And directly by the side of this volume was another from the same pen, consisting of a private diary, not a syllable of which has ever yet appeared in print. Among the foreigners who travelled through this country for their amusement during the Revolution was one Count Memin, from France. He was a good engraver, and employed himself by taking profile portraits of all such persons as were willing to remunerate him for his trouble. The only complete collection of these portraits ever made was made by the artist himself, and this was one of the attractions of Mr. Force's library. They numbered no less than three hundred and fifty, are admirably executed, and among them are many of the fathers of the Republic. The *black-letter* volumes in this library numbered several hundred; but those here alluded to refer to African slavery in America. Everything calculated to throw light on the subject was here collected. A most important feature of this library also was its *pamphlets relating to America*. The titles may be counted by the thousand, and there were gathered together extensive collections made by such men as William Hazzard, William Duane, Jonathan Smith, Oliver Wolcott, Israel Thorndike, John Bailey, I. B. Moore, James Madison, as well as Mr. Force himself, and among these volumes were to be found many highly interesting autographs.

Another, and the last representative item to be mentioned in this connection, is a set of ten volumes of hand-bills, printed in the leading cities during the Revolution. In those days newspapers were published not more frequently than once a week, and these printed bills fill up the gaps in the history of the time, and are, of course, very valuable. In looking over these old papers, one fact came to the knowledge of the writer, which is of special interest to the New-Yorkers of the present day. When the news of the repeal of the Stamp Act arrived in New York, in their great joy the people dismantled a ship and planted her largest mast on a conspicuous plot of ground, and at the top of this mast they affixed a wooden bust of the king

and of Pitt, and between the two a liberty cap. It was not long before the effigies of the two Englishmen were taken down, while the emblem of the goddess was left alone in its glory. And this was the origin of that truly American institution—the liberty pole.

With the remark that the works of art to be found in Mr. Force's library were quite as valuable and unique in their way as the books themselves, we shall conclude our brief account with an allusion to one other very decided novelty associated therewith. The back windows of the library building all opened upon rather an extensive yard, which the proprietor called his *wilderness*. This spot of ground was not for many years touched by the hand of improvement, and was as perfect a specimen of vegetation run wild as could anywhere be found. Its area was insignificant, but a walk in its tangled paths could not fail to recall all those fresh emotions which we are wont to experience in the lonely woods. Though the roar of business tumbled in upon it from every quarter, it was just such a place as would delight an imaginative writer like Alphonse Karr, and enable him to write a new book quite as charming as his famous "Tour Round my Garden." With almost a religious zeal Mr. Force protected his "wilderness" from sacrilegious hands; and, after an hour's ramble among the treasures of the library, enlivened with the many agreeable reminiscences of his experiences in this intellectual world of his own creation, a walk with him in the "wilderness" was a pleasure not soon to be forgotten.

In 1867 the collection of books and manuscripts belonging to Mr. Force was purchased by the government for one hundred thousand dollars and added to the library of Congress; and for several months after their removal, as if loath to part with his old familiar volumes, he was in the habit of making a daily visit to the Capitol, for the purpose of offering suggestions as to their arrangement in their new home. He died in Washington, Jan. 23, 1868, universally lamented as a sterling patriot, a learned scholar, and one of the best and purest of men.

WILLIAM S. MOUNT.

I WOULD submit to the public a few words of affection in honor of this gifted and distinguished painter. He was my friend and correspondent for more than twenty-five years, and I feel that I have a right to join his admirers in their regretful recollections. He was the last of a trio of brothers, all of whom were painters and men of ability, all identified with the city of New York, and honored students and officers of the National Academy of

Design. The first, Henry S., died in January, 1841; the second, Shepard A., in September, 1867; and the third, William S., at Setauket, Long Island, on the 19th of the present month, November, 1868. They were the sons of a substantial yeoman, who died in the prime of life, and the incidents of their lives were very much alike,—in their experiences as youthful farmers, their early struggles with fortune, their high character as men and citizens, and in their success as artists in the city of New York.

William S. Mount was born in Setauket, Long Island, Nov. 20, 1807, and his education was chiefly obtained from common schools. While yet a mere boy, he dabbled with the colors of a sign-painter in New York for his amusement; but having stumbled into the gallery of the old American Academy, he was fascinated by the pictures of Benjamin West and John Trumbull, and fired with the impulse to become a painter. His first picture was a portrait of himself, painted in his twenty-first year; and his first composition, painted in the year following, represented the "Daughter of Jairus"; and by the time he had attained his twenty-fourth year he had produced a sufficient number of portraits and composition pictures to call forth from Washington Allston the commendation that he exhibited great power of expression, had a firm, decided pencil, and that if he would apply himself to the study of such men as Ostade and Jan Steen, nothing would prevent him from becoming a great artist. After profiting by models from the antique, and the few good pictures to which he had access, as well as by the friendly advice of John Trumbull, he began to look to Nature alone for his inspiration; and from that time until the day of his death she was his only guide and teacher. He was unquestionably one of the most original artists of his day, and exerted a happy influence on the public taste. He was the pioneer, and continued the unequalled master in his special department; and he accomplished, to some extent, for American country life what David Wilkie did for the country life of Great Britain, or David Teniers for his fatherland. In a few instances, the mere execution of his pictures was quite equal to that of the famous Scotchman; but he contented himself with a single humorous thought, instead of touching the heart with the elevating sentiments born of rustic life. Unlike the Flemish painter, he was never vulgar, and we can only regret that he did not pay more respect to the higher and better feelings of our nature. By many, his coloring was considered cold, but he counted upon the warming and softening influences of time; in accurate drawing, however, and the delineation of character, he was emphatically a man of rare powers. He was an enthusiastic American in his feelings, and a lover of fun and humor, and these qualities were almost invariably visible in his productions. He never visited Europe, and while

touching on this subject in one of his letters to me, written at a time when he was without a rival, he said: “I have always had a desire to do something before I went abroad. Originality is not confined to one place or country, which is very consoling to us Yankees. The late Luman Reed, of New York, desired me to visit Europe at his expense; Jonathan Sturges, Esq., has also made me an offer of friendship if I desired to visit Europe; and the firm of Goupil, Vibert & Co. have offered to supply me with ample funds if I would spend one year in Paris and paint them four pictures. I have a plenty of orders, and I am contented to remain awhile longer in our own great country.”

With regard to the number of his productions I cannot speak positively, but in 1850, as he told me himself, they numbered fifty compositions, with an equal number of portraits, at least. He was frequently paid a much larger sum for his pictures than he had asked; and I had it from his own lips that he had spent days and weeks, and even months, without painting, and that in his opinion there was a time to think and a time to labor. In a brief paper like the present I cannot pretend to describe the pictures which have given him an enviable fame, but the following list will convey to the uninitiated an idea of his style and what he accomplished, namely, “Husking Corn,” “Cider-making,” “Raffling for a Goose,” “The Tough Yarn,” “Fortune-telling,” “Bargaining for a Horse,” “Gamesters Surprised in a Barn,” “Winding Up,” “Ringing Hogs,” “Artist’s Studio,” “The Last Clam,” “Hoeing Corn,” “Rustic Dance,” “Rabbit Catching,” “Farmers Nooning,” “Turning the Grindstone,” “The Power of Music,” “Dance of Haymakers,” “Turning the Leaf,” “Farmer Sharpening his Scythe,” “The Well by the Wayside,” “Just in Tune,” and “The Berry-Hunter.” Of these pictures, more than one half of them have been engraved; and among the men who have honored themselves by giving the artist orders were Luman Reed, Jonathan Sturges, James Lenox, Edward C. Carey, Marshall O. Roberts, Gideon Lee, Charles M. Leupp, A. M. Cozzens, and the art publishers of Paris, Goupil, Vibert & Co. Of William Mount’s portraits I can only say that many of them were of a high order of merit, and of distinguished persons; but he had no love for this branch of the art, and he seldom painted portraits excepting for his friends, or to oblige those for whom he had a special regard. In this connection I have two or three anecdotes. His first commission in this department came from a Long Island shoemaker, who gave him a pair of brogans for a likeness of himself, size of life and painted in oil. On one occasion he painted the portrait of a distinguished member of the moneyed aristocracy, and during its execution he was the invited guest of the would-be nobleman. The picture was a decided hit, and universally admired. When Mount was

about to leave, the patron called him into his office and remarked, in a quiet way, that he thought at least fifty dollars ought to be deducted from the original stipulated price, as he (the artist) had been treated with elegant hospitality. To this insult Mount replied, "I thank you, sir, for your hospitality, but, as I have but one price for my portraits, if you cannot afford to pay me what was agreed upon, I will make you a present of the picture." This reprimand cut the upstart patron to the quick, and he at once drew a check for the full amount. To give an idea of the facility with which Mount sometimes painted, I may mention the fact that in my own collection of pictures is an admirable portrait of a lady which he painted in two hours, and with a palette that he had never seen until the moment when he commenced his task.

For many years it was whispered among those who knew him not that William Mount was something of an idler, and did not make the best use of his talents. The charge was most unjust. His whole life was a continuous battle against the encroachments of delicate health; and while standing guard, for months at a time, over a body all alive with quivering nerves and harassed with the pains of indigestion, it was quite impossible for him to execute the pictures he was always designing. If we are to judge the productions of the poet and painter by the yardstick, he may have been delinquent; but if we depend upon ideas and the beauty of their expression, then must we give Mount the credit of having accomplished his full share of honors. His time for work was limited, and so, also, were his means, and hence the necessity of his devoting a portion of his strength to the drudgery of portrait painting. Some of his efforts in this line were of a very high order, especially those of Bishops Onderdonk and Seabury, but there was something almost comical in the demands made upon him by persons bereaved of their friends, to depict the dead in the fresh colors of life. Such appeals were commonly respected, and it verily seemed at times that he delighted in thus attempting the apparently impossible. This class of portraits did not add to his fame, perhaps, but they were always successful, and greatly extended his circle of devoted friends. If it be true that he did not paint as many composition pictures as he might, it is also true, and the fact is a telling tribute to his genius, that he has been more popular with the engravers than any other American of the same exalted rank in art. Among the publishers of our earlier gift books his name was considered a trump card, and the very best engravers on steel were employed to reproduce his conceptions of rural character. As time progressed his pictures were sought out and reproduced on steel in the best possible manner, and in larger styles for circulation among print collectors and for the adornment of our drawing-

rooms; and when he produced his original and unsurpassed delineations of negro character, the noted Paris house of Goupil & Co. reproduced a number of them in lithograph, and circulated them very extensively in Europe and this country. Judging his pictures, therefore, by their popularity and quality, rather than by their numbers, it would appear that the lamented Mount was not only a faithful worker but eminently successful.

While Mount was never married, he was a lover of home and domestic life, and he found much of his happiness in loving intercourse with his mother and sisters. During his whole life, the paternal mansion at Stony Brook, Long Island, was his dwelling-place. It was his affection for this quiet retreat that probably influenced him more than anything else to quit New York, where he once attempted to settle; but while the country was his home, he found pleasure in frequently visiting the great city, where he had many devoted friends, and where he came in direct contact with the world of art. He was a creature of impulse, and loved to wander about into out-of-the-way places, studying character and amusing himself with the novelties of the town. In these prowlings he always had a companion with whom he could talk freely, and on many days and nights it was my rare privilege to be that companion. On one occasion that I remember, after spending the day at some of the private picture galleries, where he was always freely admitted, we had a quiet dinner at Delmonico's, where he sketched a funny waiter; at seven o'clock we attended a wedding at St. Thomas's Church, where he took an outline of the bride's sweet face; from eight to ten we lounged in the exhibition-room of the National Academy of Design; from ten to twelve we enjoyed the music and the dancing at a large and fashionable party; and wound up the round of entertainment by visiting a terrible place, within a stone's throw of the City Hall, where we passed ourselves off as "roughs," for the purpose of witnessing in safety the spectacle of a bear baiting, and where poor humanity could be studied in many of its most melancholy phases. Mount's visits to the city, excepting when professionally engaged, seldom lasted more than two or three days, for he very well knew that they were not calculated to improve his health; and the same rusty old sloop which, in the days of our frolicking, brought him to town from Stony Brook, was the one to take him back again. There were many places in the city where a bed and a seat at table were always at his service, but he liked to be free and independent, and usually occupied lodgings at the Tammany Hall Hotel, in the olden times. Accident originally took him there, but as it was the grand headquarters of the Democracy, and he was a strong Democrat in politics, he continued a patron of that hotel to the last. Although an uncommonly practical man in his habits of thought and acting, he never

tired of talking about art and artists, about music and musicians, and about the characteristics of individual men and the beauties of inanimate nature. He looked upon all his fellow-artists with established reputations as his superiors, and took great pleasure in fostering the talents of the young. In looking at a picture he always pointed out and talked about its beauties, leaving the defects to themselves. His abilities as a player on the violin were remarkable; he composed much fine music, and a piece entitled "The Babes in the Wood," which he was wont to execute on his violin in some strange way with an ordinary door key, seldom failed a bring a tear into the eyes of his listeners. Though not a religious man by profession, he had a high sense of honor, and venerated the Bible and respected its expounders, and possessed a charity and love for his fellow-men allied to that which his warm friend Bryant has so eloquently attributed to Schiller. He was a true man, a full-blooded American, and an artist whose name must always be mentioned with honor in the annals of American painting.

Without taking time just now to recall and record the many traits of William Mount's beautiful character as a man, his habits as an artist, and especially his novel adventures, modes of studying nature, and rare powers as a player on the violin, I have thought that the following disconnected extracts from his many letters to me might be read with pleasure. I give them merely as a taste of his quality.

Artistic Hints.—"I never paint on a picture unless I feel in the right spirit. When I go into a painter's studio, I never turn his canvases round without a permit from the artist. I always pay my debts, and now and then play a tune upon the violin. I am not fond, like some artists, of talking about my difficulties. I try to be happy and wish to see others so; and I think more of health than fame. Work upon your pictures up to the last hour before sending them to the academy. If you see anything that wants correcting, dash it out and paint anew. Again, keep down every part of your picture except that part which you wish to interest. Your eye will govern you. When your picture is finished and you wish to take off the effect of the paint and at the same time give a sunny warmth, go over the whole with raw sienna, mixed with drying oil. Use a rag in putting it on. You can use blue, red, and yellow or any other compound in the same way. In glazing, if you wish to cool your warm shadows, use blue or any cool, transparent color. I sometimes pick up very fine ochres along the country roads, and the grapevine, when burnt to a coal, makes the best black I know."

Painting the Dead.—"I have just finished the portrait of a young lady, from a sketch taken after death. I put a bunch of flowers in her hand, and the

friends were perfectly satisfied. The mother was so struck with the likeness that she turned aside and wept. She has so much confidence in my drawing, that she wants me to raise up her husband. I have other invitations to bring to light the departed. If artists were called upon in time, it would save many bitter reflections. I am pleased to know there is one thing that can soften the heart of a *miser*, and that is death. He makes poets and painters respected."

A Few Personal Opinions.—"Elliot has a soul; there is nothing small about him. I admire his strength and color.

"With regard to Edmonds, his artistic talents fairly light up Wall Street.

"Vanderlyn is an artist of great talents and close observation, and the New York councils ought to pay him one thousand dollars, instead of half that sum, for his portrait of General Taylor. What a poor compliment to the author of 'Caius Marius'!

"I agree with you that Huntington is a man of great abilities. In landscape he is often truly delightful. If he were to apply himself to that branch he might excel even Cole and Durand, great as they are.

"Cole hardly ever fails to win my admiration.

"I am sorry to hear of Durand's ill health. His landscapes afford me great pleasure. I wish him health and prosperity.

"Grey is a queer fellow, but has bottom.

"Ranney is a glorious fellow.

"Allston was great, but wanted pluck. He ought never to have been frightened from Belshazzar's Hall by Martin.

"Bonfield paints a capital sea view.

"Morse ought never to have given up painting.

"Kensett's sketches from nature are exquisite.

"Casilear's pictures make me love the man.

"Page, in his portraits, is sometimes magnificent, but that twilight landscape of his was a disgrace.

"Weir is a big Indian in art.

"Grignoux's winter scenes cannot be beaten.

"Church is tremendous, and deserves his wonderful success.

"Leutze is a perfect war horse of a painter."

His Mother.—"You did right in breaking that engagement to go and see a sick mother. Never forget your parents, and there will be nothing to darken your mind in after years. I never shall forget the warm pressure of my mother's hand when she was dying. It was the last pressure of approbation."

Concerning a Critic.—"I have come off quite as well as I expected from under the quill of the 'Broadway' critic. It is singular that he will not admit that I can paint a portrait. It may be that the truth of one of my heads may have brought to his mind recollections of mercantile memory. He seems to fancy that no man must attempt to paint a map but neighbor Page, nor a landscape, because neighbor Page was never gifted in that line. The fact is, he is the mere echo of his favorite, but I thank him for his good intentions."

City and Country Life.—"I often ask myself this question, Am I to stay in old Suffolk County as long as the children of Israel did in the wilderness? I hope not without visiting the city occasionally,—a little oftener than I have done for the last twelve months. The loneliness and stillness here are getting to be painful to me. The reason is, I stay at home too much. I must visit the ladies more frequently,—go to apple-peelings and quiltings. After all, the city is the place for an artist to live in. Reynolds considered that the three years he spent in the country were so much time lost."

About a Violin.—"I have lately made a violin, having concavity on the back as well as the sides. The tone is powerful and soft, and it has the mellowness of the ordinary violin fifty years old. It is an American fiddle for Brother Jonathan to play upon. I have sent it to Washington, and wish you would step into the Patent Office and see if it has arrived; then do what you can to secure the patent."

A Webster Portrait.—"A friend of ours wants me to paint a full-length portrait of your late and noble friend, Mr. Webster, in the attitude of speaking. I now regret that I did not accept the invitation to Marshfield, last summer. I never saw him but twice,—at the Cooper Festival, and at the City Hall in New York; but I remember him distinctly. Tell me if he exposed his upper or lower teeth, or both, while talking or speaking; also whether they were large or small. You know that when a man speaks, he moves his under jaw, the upper remaining quite firm. The same when he laughs. Let me know his height, the color of his skin, eyes, hair, dress, style of shoes or boots, his manner of standing while making a speech, and whether he used his hands and arms extensively. When I saw him in the court-room of the City Hall he appeared uneasy, and was walking back and forth like a mad bull. Speaking of Webster reminds me of Washington. How comes on his monument? I do not fancy the design. It looks like a hundred-legged bug running away with a pillar, or a bunch of candles hanging down, or a whitewash brush standing ready for some giant to take up by the handle and sweep the streets of the metropolis."

During several of the later years of his life William Mount was a visionary, and some of his conceits bordered closely upon spiritualism. But this blight upon his intellect was the result, undoubtedly, of his long-continued bad health. He is now a disembodied spirit, and it will not become any of us, who are still grovelling here below, to sit in judgment upon his weaknesses and motives.

JAMES BROOKS.

He was my friend, and I sincerely mourn his untimely departure from among the living. I first became acquainted with him in 1847, when he gave me a position in his editorial office, as an assistant writer for the *Express*. One of my duties, under his direction, was to look after the interests of the poor of the city; and a series of descriptions that I printed about life in the old Bowery and its vicinity caused many donations to be sent to Mr. Brooks for distribution among the inmates of that house of woe, and subsequently resulted in an entire reformation of its character. Another line of observation that I prosecuted was among the medical fraternity; and as it was my privilege to know all the doctors and surgeons (for whom I have always had a fancy), and to chronicle their exploits, I succeeded in making the *Express* their pet newspaper. But the particular department, which I worked up with a special gusto, was that of the fine arts. I chronicled all the doings of the artists; and it was in the *Express* and at that time that the custom was commenced, in this country, of criticising and minutely describing the pictures of the artists, prior to their public exhibition. The credit of doing this, whether deserved or not, was given to me by Mr. Brooks, in his journal and in private letters.

Early in the year 1848, Mr. Brooks called me to his writing-table, and asked me if I had ever visited Washington. I replied that I had not. "Would you like to go?" he continued. I answered, "Yes." "When?" "At once," I said. Whereupon he added, "You may go to-night, if you please. Public affairs are taking an interesting turn down there, and you must send us some good letters; but one thing I wish you to remember, don't believe anything that you hear, and not more than one half that you see." I obeyed orders, wrote a series of "Waifs from Washington," which I concluded with a letter of resignation, and then joined the *National Intelligencer*, and became permanently settled in the District of Columbia. It would seem, therefore, that Mr. Brooks was the unconscious instrument in shaping my destiny at the most important period of my humble life. Is it not therefore natural that,

during all the following years, I should have cherished a warm regard for my distinguished friend?

My personal intercourse with Mr. Brooks, taken in connection with his public career, has given me an exalted opinion of his character. He was a man of culture, and in all his intercourse with his fellow-men, whether of high or low degree, deported himself like a true gentleman; as a politician, he cherished an earnest desire to promote the broadest liberty for all men; as a journalist, his career was long, brilliant, and successful; and as a member of Congress, he served his constituents with fidelity, took an active part in general legislation, and was the leader or representative man of his party. He also used the pen with remarkable facility and power, and was an eloquent speaker. He was in his tastes very much of a cosmopolite, and his experiences as a traveller were somewhat remarkable. After seeing nearly everything in his own country that was worth seeing, he travelled through Europe with a knapsack, and at a subsequent period he visited Egypt and the Holy Land, and less than ten years before his death made the circuit of the globe for the benefit of his health; and his descriptive writings, if brought together and republished as a whole, would probably prove that he was not surpassed by any other writer in that particular department of literature. Upon his whole career as a public man there rested but one single shadow, and that, in my own opinion, was nothing but the natural result of associating with the demagogues of this notoriously corrupt age; and it must ever be a source of regret, that the one assault that was made upon his integrity was made when he was in reality a dying man; but though his chief desire for prolonged life—so that he might answer his accusers—was not granted, peace and hope were at his bedside at the final hour.

In looking over the letters which I have received from Mr. Brooks, I find only one, and the copy of one addressed to the trustees of the Corcoran Art Gallery, which I desire to produce in this place; the first exhibits him as a friend, and the second simply gives me credit for inaugurating a style of art criticism in New York, which is associated with many pleasant recollections.

ALBANY, March 23, 1848.

My dear Sir,—Your letter reached me last evening, and I have but time to write a word.

I cannot make the contract for the future which you wish; because I contemplate some changes in business, the nature and order of which I do not yet know, but I see no reason—unless some extraordinary circumstances prevent—that would forbid the arrangement we had prior to your departure

for Washington. I much, value your industry, activity, and peculiar tastes, and should always be glad to avail myself of them.

I thank you warmly for the interest you have taken in the *Express*, and can assure you I am not unmindful of your services.

Yours truly,

JAMES BROOKS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 29, 1870.

Gentlemen,—Charles Lanman, Esq., was an art writer for the New York *Express* more than twenty years ago, and was the first writer and critic who, through the New York *Express*, etc., made that a department and science. He showed himself in all these articles to be both an artist and critic, and in these won much reputation.

I should think him admirably fitted to preside over your art gallery.

Yours respectfully,

JAMES BROOKS.

To the Trustees Corcoran Art Gallery,
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Brooks was born in Portland, Me., in 1810; in the eleventh year of his age became a clerk in a store; was a school-teacher when sixteen; and at the age of twenty-one graduated at Waterville College. He served in the Legislatures of Maine and New York, and was a representative in Congress from the latter State. Established the New York *Express* in 1836; and he died at Washington in April, 1873. A blessing on the memory of my departed friend.

LEWIS CASS.

IT was about the year 1828 that I first saw General Cass in Detroit; and the last time was at his house in Washington, in 1860, just before he resigned the office of Secretary of State. In that early time, as it was to the end, his home was on the Detroit River, just without the limits of the city of Detroit, and adjoining the estate of William Woodbridge. I had been sent up from the river Raisin to make a visit at the Woodbridges', and was thus enabled, during my visit, and while playing with the sons of the two big men, to see and know the "great governor." He had for many years before been a warm,

personal friend of my father, and so continued until his own death. Like that of Mr. Woodbridge, his home was surrounded with every comfort, and many of the elegances of life, but they were as unlike in character as were the modes of thinking and the habits of the two men. In the house of the governor, the eye was attracted by numerous things connected with the Indians and the wilderness; but in the house of the lawyer, the various evidences of literary culture predominated. The former was military, official, and political; the latter, peaceful, legal, and scholarly.

As one or two elaborate lives of General Cass have been published, it cannot be expected that I should give any freshness to an outline sketch of his career; but as he was the friend of three generations of my family, and is lovingly remembered by the survivors, I must be indulged to the following extent: He was born in Exeter, N. H., Oct. 9, 1782. Having received a limited education in his native place, at the early age of seventeen he crossed the Alleghany Mountains on foot, to seek a home in the Great West, then an almost unexplored wilderness. He settled at Marietta, O., studied law, and was successful. Elected at twenty-five to the Legislature of Ohio, he originated the bill which arrested the proceedings of Aaron Burr, and, as stated by President Jefferson, was the first blow given to what is known as Burr's conspiracy. In 1807 he was appointed by Mr. Jefferson marshal of the State, and held the office till the latter part of 1811, when he volunteered to repel Indian aggressions on the frontier. He was elected colonel of the Third Regiment of Ohio Volunteers, and entered the military service of the United States at the commencement of the War of 1812. Having by a difficult march reached Detroit, he urged the immediate invasion of Canada, and was the author of the proclamation of that event. He was the first to land in arms on the enemy's shore, and, with a small detachment of troops, fought and won the first battle, that of the Tarontoe. At the subsequent capitulation of Detroit he was absent on important service, and regretted that his command and himself had been included in that capitulation. Liberated on parole, he repaired to the seat of government to report the causes of the disaster and the failure of the campaign. He was immediately appointed a colonel in the regular army, and soon after promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, having in the mean time been elected major-general of the Ohio volunteers. On being exchanged and released from parole, he again repaired to the frontier, and joined the army for the recovery of Michigan. Being at that time without a command, he served and distinguished himself as a volunteer aide-de-camp to General Harrison at the battle of the Thames. He was appointed by President Madison, in October, 1813, governor of Michigan. His position combined, with the ordinary duties of chief magistrate of a

civilized community, the immediate management and control, as superintendent, of the relations with the numerous and powerful Indian tribes in that region of country. He conducted with success the affairs of the Territory under embarrassing circumstances. Under his sway peace was preserved between the whites and the treacherous and disaffected Indians, law and order established, and the Territory rapidly advanced in population, resources, and prosperity. He held this position till July, 1831, when he was, by President Jackson, made Secretary of War. In the latter part of 1836, President Jackson appointed him minister to France, where he remained until 1842, when he requested his recall, and returned to this country. In January, 1845, he was elected to the Senate of the United States; which place he resigned on his nomination, in May, 1848, as a candidate for the Presidency by the political party to which he belonged. After the election of his opponent (General Taylor) to that office, the Legislature of his State, in 1849, re-elected him to the Senate for the unexpired portion of his original term of six years. When Mr. Buchanan became President, he invited General Cass to the head of the Department of State, which position he resigned in December, 1860. He devoted some attention to literary pursuits, and his writings, speeches, and state papers would make several volumes; among which is one entitled "France; its King, Court, and Government," published in 1840. He died in Detroit, June 17, 1866, and will long be remembered as the most eminent and successful statesman of Michigan.

As it is my intention, in all my notices of the public men I have known, to give the reader some particulars which could not be given by another, I now proceed to submit what little I have in regard to General Cass; and, as on many other occasions, I shall draw upon the private correspondence which happens to be in my possession.

When my grandfather, James Lanman, was in the United States Senate, it was his pleasure, as well as privilege, to do all in his power to promote the prosperity of the Northwest, and especially of the Territory of Michigan. From the numerous letters which passed between himself and the governor, I have selected one, written by the latter to the former, which, if nothing more, will give the reader an idea of the writer's graceful and interesting style. It is dated Detroit, March 24, 1821, and is as follows:—

"I am happy that a favorable opportunity has occurred for addressing you. I have intended to do it for some time. Not that I had anything worthy of communication, but that I was anxious to express to you my gratitude for the favorable consideration which you have given to every question pending before Congress which affected our local interest. I had the pleasure of

learning from Judge Ruggles (B.), a few days since, that you intended to visit this country during the course of the ensuing season, and to attend the treaty about to be held with the Indians. I sincerely hope that you will suffer nothing to divert you from this resolution. Certainly an acquaintance with Indians and Indian affairs must be a great desideratum in the national legislature. It can only be acquired by personal observation, and by a free intercourse with them. I have no hesitation in saying that a few days spent among them will give more information respecting their character, situation, wants, and feelings, than can be acquired during a long life in any other manner.

"In the multitude of questions upon the subject of Indian affairs, which require the decision of Congress, practical knowledge must be very important to the possessor, and highly useful to the body of which he may be a member. The contrariety of opinions which have appeared upon this topic, and the crude speculations which have met the public eye, conclusively prove that practical information is not brought to a consideration of the subject.

"From Buffalo to this place, a passage in the steamboat is pleasant and expeditious. From here, to the place of holding the treaty, I will procure, with pleasure, the necessary conveyance, and will take charge of everything which relates to our personal convenience. It is not probable that the treaty will continue more than eight or ten days; and I may venture to assure you that our jaunt will be perfectly pleasant. I do not know that there are any other lands in this quarter which it can be important for the government to procure, and consequently this is the last opportunity of the kind which can occur near here. The treaty will be held in July, August, or September; but the particular time will depend, in a great measure, upon the convenience of yourself, and of the other gentlemen of the Senate, who propose to attend. If you have any wish upon the subject, be good enough to communicate it to me. You will of course come to my house, and remain with me until our departure.

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing your son (C. J. Lanman) since I received Judge Ruggles's letter; but I shall request him to accompany us, and I have no doubt but he will do so. As soon as the time is definitely settled, I shall write to you again, in order that you may arrive at Buffalo in time to take passage in the steamboat without being delayed. With much respect, I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS."

The treaty here alluded to was made at Chicago, and was one of about twenty which were negotiated by General Cass. The kind invitation which he extended in the above letter could not be accepted, but several of like character were accepted by my father, and often described to strangers at his fireside. The jurisdiction of General Cass, while he was governor, extended over thirteen tribes of Indians, numbering in all more than forty thousand souls; and few Americans have done as much as he did to enrich the government at the expense of the poor aborigines; but, to the extent of his ability, he always treated them with kindness. After an experience of seven or eight years in dealing with them, his views in regard to the policy which should be adopted by the United States were fully matured, and then it was that he addressed a letter to my father on the subject; it is long, but historically valuable, was written from Detroit, Jan. 19, 1820, and is as follows:—

DETROIT, Jan. 19, 1820.

C. J. LANMAN, Esq.

My dear Sir,—Various projects have been submitted to Congress, within a few years, for the regulation of Indian affairs. But such objections appear to have existed against all of them as to prevent their adoption. This ought not to excite surprise, if we consider the nature of the subject and the persons who are to be affected by these regulations.

Our intercourse, political and commercial, with the Indians can only be known by those who are practically acquainted with it. It is a business of minute and extensive detail, involving an intimate knowledge of the Indians, their habits, customs, wants, and feelings. Changes under such circumstances are dangerous; it is difficult to foresee the effect they will produce. Without ammunition and clothing, the Indians must perish. They are wholly dependent for their existence upon the supplies they procure from us.

If the trade with them be seriously affected, these supplies may be withheld, and incalculable mischief ensue. It is therefore best that Congress should proceed in the investigation of this subject slowly and cautiously, and should regard attentively the consequences of every proposition.

It is doubtful however whether any change, which may be made in the laws regulating trade and intercourse with the Indians, will improve the system. The present act has existed nearly twenty years, and it is itself merely the modification of a law which had existed nearly as long. No practical evil has attended its operation which requires any change in the law itself. The whole subject of the trade is left open to executive regulation.

Licenses are to be granted, in such manner and upon such terms as the President may direct. If it be thought practicable to interdict the introduction of whiskey into the Indian country, to confine the trade to one place, or to enforce any other regulation which may be deemed salutary, the President has only, by the existing law, so to direct; and the details of the subject had better be thus left than introduced into the law itself. A mode of trade which may suit one place or tribe may not suit another; and regulations which are thought beneficial to-day may to-morrow be found injurious. An attentive examination of the present law will lead to the conclusion that it has been cautiously and wisely drawn, and that it contains provisions amply sufficient to attain all practical and useful objects.

It has however been proposed that a superintendent of Indian affairs should be appointed at Washington, and that all licenses for Indian trade should be granted at that place.

Such an officer in the present state of things can scarcely be deemed necessary. Our military establishment is greatly reduced, and the duties of the head of the department are much less multifarious than they were. The appropriation for Indian affairs was about one hundred thousand dollars for the last year, and the accounts of the disbursing officers for the expenditure of this sum are settled in the second auditor's office. There is no complaint that the business in that office is too great to be executed there, everything is done and promptly done; nor is there any application for an increase of means. By the constitution of the Treasury, every account must be first examined by one of the auditors and finally passed by one of the comptrollers; as therefore every voucher must take the same course, which is now given to it, there can be no necessity for the creation of an office in which some new incipient proceeding shall take place. The checks are now amply sufficient, and if they are not, the same objections will apply to all other accounts, and there will be some reasons for instituting another branch of the treaty department for their examination. One clerk is charged with the execution of this duty in the auditor's office, and it is readily and correctly done.

If then there exists no necessity for the creation of such an office, in order to insure a prompt and accurate adjustment of the accounts, it will be difficult to determine what other duties would justify such a measure. The Secretary of War is the head of the department, and consequently every measure would be submitted for his decision. What would be gained by the creation of an office, with its additional train of expense, to have merely as an intermediate agent between the Secretary and those who are to execute his decisions? Would it not be much more proper to create an independent

officer for the Land Bounty Office, for the Pension Office, and for every branch of duty which devolves upon the War Department. The duty of all these sections of the department are much greater than those which relate to Indian affairs, and in fact, one would suppose that the correspondence on this subject was comparatively small and unimportant.

The details of the business are and must be managed by the agents in the Indian country; and it is difficult to conceive that any important incident can often occur requiring a reference to the War Department; claims for injuries by our citizens and by the Indians must form the larger class of cases, and these are transmitted to the auditor; surely the duty of a superintendent could not occupy one month in the year, except in what relates to business merely clerical; and this, under any circumstances, would be executed by very subordinate officers. When it is found that the duties of his department press too heavily upon the very able and intelligent officer at the head of it, it will be time to institute an inquiry into the expediency of establishing the office in question.

It has also been proposed that all licenses for the Indian trade should be granted at Washington. But how is it possible for the traders to make their application at that place? and, if they could, what practical advantages would result from it,—would it serve to prevent abuses in the first instance, or to correct or punish them afterwards? The character, conduct, and pretensions of the applicants cannot be known at Washington, and any attempt to discriminate between them would degenerate into an idle ceremony, or would result in personal favoritism; and equally difficult would it be to investigate at Washington the conduct of the traders in the Indian country. Breaches of the law, or of the bonds which may be given, can be known only where the whole course of the trade is known. And the seat of the general government is too far removed from the scene of this trade to allow any officer, however vigilant, stationed at the former place, to ascertain the abuse to which the trade is liable, or the conduct of the traders themselves.

The plan of establishing a superintendent at St. Louis is liable to all the objections which may be urged against his establishment at Washington, and to some which are peculiar to itself.

St. Louis is not and cannot be a central point for the management of Indian affairs. From Florida, from Georgia, Alabama, the Red River country, the Lower Mississippi, the State of Ohio, the whole lake country, and the State of New York, the communication is much more easy and direct with Washington than with St. Louis. The only Indians who have any natural connection with that place are those upon the Missouri and a portion of those upon the Mississippi.

What possible advantage would ensue to the public by sending a communication from Pensacola, Natchitoches, or Michillimachinac to St. Louis, in order that an officer at that place may forward it to Washington, and that the answer and instructions may travel the same circuitous route? The Indians at these places never visit St. Louis. Nor is there any connection which would lead them there. If an agent to manage Indian affairs at St. Louis is wanting, then let him be appointed. But let not his jurisdiction extend over persons and places remotely situated, of which he can know nothing.

An important part of the duty of a superintendent is the distribution of the necessary funds to the respective agents. But St. Louis is very inconveniently situated for this purpose; its circulating medium cannot pass the boundaries of the State; it would be wholly useless in the southern, southwestern, and northwestern parts of the country. Remittances for these expenditures can be made from the treasury with much more ease than from St. Louis.

It is the duty of an agent to license the traders, and to take care that the laws respecting them are faithfully executed; to pay the Indians their annuities, and to perform the various treaty stipulations which exist to protect them in their persons and property, to prevent any persons from trespassing upon their lands, to examine and to redress all complaints, as well from them as from our own citizens, to carry into effect the regulations and instructions of the government; and generally, by mild, firm, and prudent conduct, to conciliate their esteem, and to attach them to the people and government of the United States.

In the execution of these various duties it may readily be conceived how useless it would be to station an office at St. Louis with any power to control these agents and to report to the War Department. It will be much easier for the agent to report directly to the seat of government; and the proper authority there can answer them as well as a superintendent.

In fact, it is difficult to discover one solitary reason for the location of such an office at that place. It is farcical to think of vesting in him authority to issue licenses through the whole extent of Indian country. No traders embarked in this business pass St. Louis, except those destined up the Missouri. Can they travel from the northern and southern extreme of the Union to that place annually for the necessary authority to prosecute their trades? And when they arrive there, what is known of them? Why send them one thousand miles from their route to a person ignorant of their character and standing, unacquainted with the trade, and knowing little of its details, except in that quarter within his own observation? Nothing is gained by this

process to the government, the commissioner, or the Indians. Frauds will neither be prevented nor punished. And the only result will be the establishment of a useless and expensive office, which will serve merely as a channel of communication between the government and the agents; which in all cases will increase and in many will double the distance and the time of communication; which will embarrass and delay the public service; which will send the traders, at a great expense, from where they are known to where they are unknown for licenses, and which will introduce confusion and insubordination into the whole department.

But why is St. Louis selected as the seat of this office? The Indian trade at that place has been greatly overrated. The exportation of furs from Michillimachinac is treble in quantity and still greater in value. Is this trade to be turned from its natural and accustomed channel to gratify any particular section of the country? Are the Indians between the lakes and the Mississippi, exceeding forty thousand in number, to be sent to St. Louis for the transaction of all their business? Such an effort may be made, but cannot succeed. Their local situation and their habits equally forbid it.

The agents, by one of the bills, are required to make monthly reports; and this requisition being impracticable, in consequence of the exclusion of some of the agencies by the winter, it is impossible to discover what is to be reported. The agent can only say, I sat by my fire to-day and will to-morrow. The Indians at the approach of winter separate for their hunting camps. These they do not leave till spring; until then there is little to be done, and it is seldom that anything occurs worthy of notice.

It has also been proposed that each trader shall support a blacksmith, provide iron, coal, cattle, farming utensils, and seed corn.

In the name of all that is serious, at whose expense is this to be done? The trader must charge it on the goods, and the poor Indians must ultimately pay it. Merchandise in the Indian country is already sufficiently high, from the nature of the trade, and it is with great difficulty that the Indians can purchase enough for their support. But if the traders are to be loaded with these requisitions, it will soon be found that the most necessary articles will be placed beyond the reach of the Indians. How is it possible, even at almost any expense, that anvils, bellows, blacksmith's tools generally, iron, etc., can be transported in birch canoes or carried over the numerous portages upon men's shoulders? Who would undertake at any price to drive cattle to the Rocky Mountains, to the head of the Mississippi, or to the extremity of Lake Superior? And supposing all this to be practicable and within the means of every trader, still it would be useless to the Indians. The animals would be killed, the seed corn consumed, and the fire of the blacksmith seldom

kindled. The remote Indians cannot be brought immediately to adopt a system of agriculture. It is incompatible with their education and habits. The first impression must be made upon the Indians near our own border. They must see and feel the advantages which are offered to them. And these Indians can procure all the necessary articles much cheaper within our settlements, than from the traders. In fact, all the iron work which they require is made at the public shops.

Of the factories I have nothing to say. But whether they are continued or not, it is certain that no power which can be applied will prevent private traders from entering the Indian country. Our settlements are so extended that adventurers will embark in this business, and sound policy will dictate that what cannot be prevented should be tolerated and regulated.

The governors of Territories are ex-officio superintendents of Indian affairs within their respective Territories. Whether a general superintending office be created or not, this duty should remain. If the office be created, the territorial governor would be subordinate to the superintendent. The United States thus receives the service of respectable and highly responsible officers in an important department, and this as a general branch of their duty. The governors are, in fact, agents, and conduct the Indian affairs at the seat of their government, and have a general superintendence over subordinate affairs. It is difficult to conceive how the executive duties in a Territory can be performed without the exercise of this power. The Territories are of course at the outskirts of the Union. Here our citizens and the Indians meet. Collisions are perpetually occurring, which demand the interference of some controlling authority. Injuries are committed and redress is claimed. There must be some power to wield and direct the physical force of the country, and this power must be authorized to hear and decide upon these subjects. In places so remote, it is also highly important that these questions should be investigated and decided by an officer whose station would give dignity and effect to his representations. The Indians too, under all circumstances, are desirous of appealing to the highest authority, and the representative of their great Father should be the point of union between them and their white brethren. This duty has existed ever since the existence of Territories, and will be found in the ordinance of July, 1878. At the seat of government of Arkansas, at Pensacola, and at Detroit, some officer must be charged with these duties, and the public would gain nothing by taking from the governors their authority and vesting it in subordinate officers.

It may be asked, What can be done to aid the Indians? I answer, distribute gratuitously, to such of them as wish it, farming utensils, cattle,

and seed corn; begin with those upon our borders. Employ good men to teach them; insure a mild, firm, and even policy; give them occasionally goods, ammunition, and provisions; let not their prejudices be shocked unnecessarily. Nor must we be too sanguine with respect to an immediate result; time and experience will do much, but all will be hazarded by a precipitate and injudicious policy.

Very truly,

LEWIS CASS.

When, in 1821, the question was discussed about establishing a land office in the Territory of Michigan, General Cass took an active part in designating the proper persons for the new offices of register and receiver. His candidate for the former position was Charles Noble, of whom, in letters addressed to Martin Van Buren and Benjamin Ruggles, he said, "He is a young man of handsome talents, natural and acquired, and with the fairest character and best principles." The letters in question were borne to Washington by my father, who also threw his influence in the same direction, but without avail, for an ex-member of Congress, and a most excellent man, Robert Clark, received the appointment. As my grandfather had frequently consulted the wishes of General Cass in regard to the affairs of Michigan, he took it upon himself to recommend my father for the office of receiver, and surely no true-hearted reader will rebuke me for printing the following letter:—

DETROIT, Dec. 23, 1821.

To WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD, *Secretary of the Treasury*.

Sir,—I had the honor, during the last session of Congress, to recommend to you Colonel Charles J. Lanman, of the county of Monroe in this Territory, as a gentleman every way qualified to fill one of the land offices, which it was then expected would be established in that quarter. The proposition for their establishment was postponed in the Senate, but, as there is reason for believing that the subject will be now more favorably received, I take the liberty of renewing the application then made.

I have very seldom offered any testimonial of mine in favor of any individual with more interest than in this case, nor is there any person within my knowledge upon whom the office could be better bestowed, or who would discharge its duties with more zeal, fidelity, or ability. I know him well, and do not fear to pledge myself for his capacity and integrity. No young man has ever arrived among us giving fairer promise of an honorable

and useful course of life, and of that reputation and standing which are its invariable and necessary results. Very respectfully sir, I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

This letter, which was supported by another on the same subject from William Woodbridge, had the intended effect, and my father was duly appointed, holding the office eight years. During the period of nearly fifty years, the friendship which existed between him and General Cass was unbroken, and of course, a large number of letters were exchanged between them, but what have already been presented will suffice as specimens.

The letters which it was my privilege to receive from General Cass were also numerous, but they were mostly upon passing topics, and in looking over them, I find few passages which are either characteristic or of public interest. One or two of them, however, may be quoted perhaps as coming within the plan of the personal recollections which form the staple of the present volume. In acknowledging the receipt of a copy of my "Adventures in the Wilds of America," this friend of my early days sent me the following note:—

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1857.

Dear Sir,—I return you my sincere thanks for the interesting volumes you have been good enough to send me. I have read them with much pleasure. They are graphic and faithful in description, and powerful in narration; the reader follows the traveller with unflagging interest. Reviewing many of the scenes in your pages, which, years ago, I surveyed in the wildness of nature, I have recalled with vivid recollections the impression they then made upon me, and I thank you for the gratification which this retrospect has afforded me. I am, dear sir,

Truly yours,

LEWIS CASS.

When my "Dictionary of Congress" was published, among the friends to whom I sent copies was General Cass, and he very much more than paid me for the volume by sending me the following:—

WASHINGTON, Feb. 4, 1859.

My dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for the present of your interesting Congressional biography. I have looked it over with much gratification, and shall hereafter peruse it with more. It was a good thought,

that of preparing such a work, and well has it been executed. I have been greatly struck with the fortunate manner in which you have avoided that sameness which is almost necessarily incident to such an undertaking, by spirited sketches, true while characteristic. I congratulate you upon the successful accomplishment of your task.

Accept my thanks for the kind terms in which you have been pleased to speak of me. I am, dear sir, with great regard,

Truly yours.

LEWIS CASS.

This friend of departed years was an honor to his native country, and, as the leading landmark in the history of my native Michigan, he must always be remembered by me with pride and affection.

MANTON EASTBURN.

NOW that this good man has passed away into the land of peace, the spirit moves me to give the public a single glimpse of his character from my own humble standpoint. He was an honored bishop for thirty years; and yet I knew him before his promotion. During my Pearl Street days in New York, I had a habit of attending the Church of the Ascension on Sunday evenings; and some of the wise and loving sermons which I there heard can never be forgotten. One of them, especially, made a very deep impression on my mind; and it was from this text, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." Among the congregation, but not one of the listeners, on that occasion, was one of the students of the General Theological Seminary. He was accompanied by a lady, occupied a conspicuous seat in the gallery, near the pulpit, and, by his talking and laughing, conducted himself after the manner of a very foolish boy; so improper was his conduct indeed, that one of the congregation spoke of him afterwards as "a disgraceful sprig of divinity." But the dancing days of that young man and poet came to an end; and he is, to-day, a bishop of the Episcopal church. The sermon alluded to had a power in it I could not resist; and, although my leanings, both as boy and man, have been towards the Presbyterian form of worship, I wrote a letter to Mr. Eastburn on the subject of religion, and it is his reply which I now wish to print. Whatever may be thought of the late bishop's imperious manners, or of his independence and church prejudices, his sermons prove him to have been an eloquent preacher, his books display scholarship of a high order, his personal friends will

always sing his praises because of his kind heart and his fidelity, and the following letter will exhibit him as an earnest Bible Christian:—

New York, March 2, 1837.

My dear young Friend,—I hope you will not suppose me to be merely trying to make out an apology when I say to you that a succession of interruptions has hindered me from sooner addressing you on the interesting subject of your spiritual welfare. Such, however, is the fact; and one reason of my wishing to see you was that I could have expressed to you in less time my thoughts and feelings, and probably with more definiteness, by a personal interview than by any written communication. It gives me sincere joy, however, to speak to you in any way; but I must beg that, if you find need of any further counsel, you will lay aside all restraint and timidity, and come to me as you would to the most intimate friend and brother.

It has pleased God to touch your heart with a sense of the vanity of the world, your own sinfulness, and your need of Christ. This is the first dawning of religious impression in your heart. Here let me impress upon you the great danger lest these feelings should be merely transient, like "the morning cloud and the early dew." Such they will certainly be, unless followed up by the means of grace. Make it your earnest prayer, therefore, to God that he will bring you to a deep lasting sense of your past sins, and that he would bring you in gratitude and faith to lay hold immediately upon the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ as the way of eternal life and salvation. In addition to this, take up the Bible and read it regularly, accompanying your reading with prayer for a divine blessing on its perusal. You will find, in this way, that your convictions will ripen into settled principles, and that you will grow in happiness, in knowledge, in strength to obey God's commandments, and in the ability to pursue steadily the *despised* but *certain* road "which leadeth unto life."

Allow me to suggest to you, my dear sir, the expediency of your cultivating the acquaintance of one or more pious friends. Nothing is more calculated to encourage and strengthen religious feelings than this. If you find that you increase in your interest in the great subject of religion, and that your knowledge becomes greater, I should recommend that you should commence some part in the duties of a Sunday school. Perhaps you may feel yourself unfitted for this; but there are various departments in the duty of a teacher, and you might begin with the more easy. The reason for my mentioning this is that it would bring you into acquaintance with some young gentlemen of decided Christian character, whose fraternal interest in

you would be of great service, and whose occasional society would prove interesting.

Another thing I would urge on you is this, to have as little to do *as possible* with irreligious, worldly companions. To a certain extent a Christian is compelled to mix with the world in the daily business of life. Seek to preserve yourself from the contagion, however, of evil example and conversation, even though you cannot avoid witnessing it. And, if you have been for some time on intimate terms with a few who are living altogether for this world, do not shake them off harshly, but so manage matters that you may appear before them in an aspect of love. If your own views continue, these persons will, by degrees, drop off *as a matter of course*; for "how can two walk together except they be agreed?" Of course I need not say to you that, in no respect, should you comply with them in anything inconsistent with your present convictions and with the light of conscience. Do not have any compromise with worldly men. This will destroy your character at once, and will prevent God's blessing. Boldly and firmly, but *modestly* and *humbly*, take your own course and yield to nothing.

I should recommend you to have some religious book constantly in reading. When one is finished, take up another. This will elevate your mind and warm your heart.

I have, perhaps, not been at all to the point in what I have said; but you will easily perceive that, from my entire unacquaintance with your character and habits, I must speak to you a good deal in the dark. If what I have said does not meet your case, I beg, affectionately, that you will excuse me, and accept the purpose and intention of my heart. It is my earnest wish to see you; for I could say more in five minutes, in a conversation with you, than in whole sheets of letters.

That God may be pleased to lead you on to an entire consecration of yourself to his service, and may at last give you a place in his kingdom of happiness and glory, is the prayer of

Your affectionate friend,

MANTON EASTBURN.

That I subsequently became personally acquainted with the writer of this noble letter, and, prior to his removal to Boston, was privileged to enjoy his friendship, were a natural result. In his manners and air of authority he always seemed to me to be a model bishop and Christian gentleman; and my affections were with him in all his public life. In the early part of 1866, while endeavoring to have a clerical friend of mine transferred from a Southern parish to one in Massachusetts, I wrote the bishop a letter on the

subject. In his reply, which was very kind and minute, he promised to do what he could for my friend, and concluded the business part of it with these words:—

"But you know that bishops of dioceses are not always consulted in these matters."

Another paragraph of the same letter was as follows:—

"I have been very much gratified to hear from you after the lapse of so many years, and feel grateful that you have not forgotten me. I remember you well; and allow me to express the hope that, as my ministrations were the humble instrument of leading you into our beloved church, you still remain attached to those evangelical and Protestant truths which are the glory of our Prayer-Book. I say this because, since I saw you, *views and practices have arisen in our communion at utter variance with the principles of the Reformation, and tending toward the doctrines and ceremonies of that* IDOLATROUS PAPAL CHURCH from whose dominion we came out. Build all your hopes, my dear friend, upon Jesus, received in your soul by faith. With great regard, I am, sincerely and affectionately, yours as of old."

The last time I saw Bishop Eastburn was in 1871, when he attended the general convention at Baltimore, and came over from that city to preach in Georgetown, on which occasion he spent a night under my roof, and greatly delighted me with a long talk about the olden times in New York, and with anecdotes of his several visits to England, the land of his nativity. As I recall the manly presence and exalted character of the departed bishop, the words of Thomas Fuller come into my mind, when speaking of the faithful minister: "He was moderate in his tenets and opinions; and, lying on his death-bed, he bequeathed to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy."

LOUIS LEGRAND NOBLE.

WHILE my sympathies have always been with the Presbyterians, several of my most intimate friends have been clergymen of the Episcopal church. Their number corresponds with that of the "seven golden candlesticks" of the Bible; and they will all be remembered as shining lights, each one a blessing in the community where he resided.

The familiar letters which these men have written to me during the last forty years are very numerous, and chiefly associated with literature and art, the works of nature and religion. Indeed, it has occurred to me that, under the title of "My Seven Friends," I could publish a very valuable and delightful volume, composed of their correspondence, as they were and are all men of genius and high culture. The names of these goodly friends are: Louis L. Noble; John S. Kedney, author, and professor at Faribault, Minn.; A. Frank Olmstead, clergyman at Hyde Park, N. Y.; A. Beach Carter, clergyman in New York City; Johannes A. Oertel, artist, and clergyman of North Carolina; John H. C. Boute, clergyman, and secretary of the University of California; and Octavius Perenchief, who died at Bridgeport, Penn., in April, 1877.

I first met Mr. Noble in the city of New York, in 1839, at the house of Park Benjamin, when he was a student at the General Theological Seminary, and I a Pearl Street clerk. As he had spent a part of his boyhood in the wilds of my native State, Michigan (although born in New York, in 1812), we became intimate from the start. I frequently visited him at the seminary, where I formed the acquaintance of his fellow-students, Kedney and Olmstead; and the night discussions, sustained by moderate feasting, which we were wont to enjoy, did much to direct me into the path of literature, which I have since pursued in spite of my want of a college education. In one of his first letters, written to me from the seminary to Pearl Street, he said: "We drink cocoa Friday eve, at nine of the time-teller. Do come and drink with us. You are the only one in Babylon who could be admitted to come."

After his admission to orders, he was settled over parishes in Albany, Elizabeth City, N. C., Catskill, Chicago, Glen's Falls, Fredonia, and Hudson City, N. J., after which he became a professor of English literature at St. Stephen's College, Annandale, New York. He was born a poet, and when he began to publish in the magazines, and especially in the old "American Monthly," I prophesied for him, in one of my earliest essays, a very brilliant career; but devotion to his sacred profession, and a perverse habit of pruning his writings to excess, combined to prevent him, in my opinion, from attaining the position as a poet which he deserved. His only volume of verse, entitled "The Lady Angeline," etc., was published in 1856, and, although abounding in beautiful passages, I think it will be found that several of the poems are not as perfect in their revised shape as when originally published. His poems of "Nimahmin," "Pewatem," and "Home" will always be read with pleasure. By the public generally, however, he is better known as a prose writer; and his "Life of Thomas Cole" and "After Icebergs with a

Painter" were both successful productions. To have been the intimate friend —the executor and biographer—of Thomas Cole, and the travelling companion of Frederick E. Church, aside from all other considerations, are quite sufficient to give him a lasting reputation among men of culture. His love of nature was a kind of passion, which he had the good fortune to indulge to a degree uncommon with men of his profession; and one of the pleasantest summer tours that I remember was made with him into the wilds of Canada, when we were accompanied by our wives, and an account of which he published in *The Literary World*. As a writer of familiar letters, judging from the large number that I have received, I think him uncommonly brilliant. They illustrate the many sides of his character in a most charming manner; and the facility with which he runs from bathos to pathos, and from the broadest fun to the higher regions of thought, give his letters an unspeakable charm. In those addressed to me there are, of course, many things which it would not be proper for me to publish; but the following disconnected extracts will give the reader an idea of my friend's qualities.

The first letter he sent me after his arrival in North Carolina contained a description of Harvey's Neck, in November, 1840, and here is a single paragraph:—

"Woods? A small rhapsody on timber. Eternal and dark, around the wide prairie-plantations do they *stand*; they *move* also; and yet, when they have trooped it around the thousand corn and cotton acres, all the dead long night with the wind, they stand all still in the morning. They have a character, too. They *roar* when you go into them, as much as to say, 'Kneel, mortal!' And their light green, unfading mistletoe they shake in your eye; their moss, their long, long, very long silvery moss, of the olden time, they shake in your face. Hast seen the moss of a Southern dismal? It hangs from the chins of the kingly trees like beard borrowed from the departed Cyclops, or from their crests, like mane from a stallion behemoth. Only think of a deep woodland, all dripping, weeping! and that don't express it, for moss is neither butter nor tears. Jupiter may have poured an old gray cloud down upon them; and the shreds of the wrack *hang* on the woods, dripping in their cloud-bath. Glorious old woods! Yonder comes a cypress. He moves into my mind like the memory of a mountain. Old Monarch of the Dismal, why, he was born in the days of Cato; he roared in the storms of the Cæsars. His court dress, like the laws of the Persian, alters not. It is made of the rags of antiquity, it is so gray and time-stained. It is no *coat*, or flowing *robe*, but scarfs and girdles and tresses and beard, and sashes as gray as ashes hanging

straight, and hanging *down* from finger-twig and crown. He'll stand here in his brandy-pond, as he *is*, if they'll let him, till the final fire shall singe him naked; for surely the tempest will never strip him of a ribbon. And see! the courtier underwood trees are in livery in the same antediluvian fabric."

On another occasion, after mentioning the fact that he had just received letters from his heart-friends, Olmstead, Kedney, and myself, he thus exclaims:—

"Heaven's softest, holiest blessings fall like dew upon ye, dear, *dear boys*, as ye are in very deed, and I hope will be forever. Yes, I pray that ye may flourish pure and beautiful in mind and feeling, as ye have been created. . . . We are, my Charles, in the movement of a life that will brighten, ay, *must* brighten, until the smoky air of this world thins away into the atmosphere of realms eternal! Yes, ever so. *Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.* Amen. And when we meet in that higher and cloudless region, where not even so sinless and evanescent a thing as sleep can part us, oh, how will we live together, and discourse of time as of a shadowy, last-night's dream! Oh, how will we live and love together, and by the power of thought and love weave combinations of bliss out of the rich deeps of eternity, until we weep (if there be tears in heaven) with ecstasy; and because the ecstasy is immortal!"

During the time that he was located in North Carolina, Mr. Noble made two or three summer visits to the Catskill Mountains; and in one of his letters from that region, where he was sojourning with Kedney and Olmstead, he gives this glowing description:—

"We are just from High Peak; this afternoon we got home. We left our long room here yesterday, at half past eight, A. M. We dined just below the peak itself,—say fifteen hundred feet, at least, from the summit; and cleared up that suddenly, you may be sure, after we had smoked our usual cigar. You remember our smoke under the Perilous Fall, where you hurt your knee? where I bathed in the fall itself? where we made tea? from whence you went around the corner of the cliff, with some little fear? and then went up the Gray Chasm—the Devil's Chamber—and then got up a wonderment at nature's stone walls and cellars, and laughed like a villain at my up-slip, come-down-slam? You remember all, then, do you, in connection with that memorable dinner? Well, after just such another, we toiled our way up to that splendid peak of the Catskills. Some rare climbing we had of it, I tell you. When nearly up, we came to a belt of gray rock, which was more than

our match. We contented ourselves with getting up half-way, and backing into some deep, narrow caverns, and putting our faces out into the clean, deep-down air, for the sake of that half-creation view which lay beneath and before us. We then came meekly down again, and went around to a place where thunder and lightning usually come down, I guess; and there we scrambled up. It was all as of old, away up in that still, solemn, and serene world. The sound, the almost eternal sound of winds in the lofty fir-tops, above, around, below you, like the murmur of the surf, went on, as if we had never been away or had never come. We flew around, at first, for a good place for wood and water. We encamped near there, down on the west side of a height, in a delightful fir grove. Moss, like the richest carpet, covered the rock upon which we built our fir-bough house. There we ate, cracked our jokes, and smoked; talked of our own dear friends, the past and future, life and death, poetry and immortality; there we united in our full, rich service, with none to look down upon us but the solemn stars. Once, we essayed with torch to ascend the summit and see the moon rise, but we had to go back; torches, to see the moon rise on the very scalp-lock of the chief of all the Catskills, were not the thing. You see, the fir forest makes an everlasting night up there, at any time; and the exceeding chaos of the surface, although all covered with a living carpet, would not allow of our undertaking by torchlights an excursion of even a thousand feet . . . We would see the *sun rise*, at any rate. We climbed up the loftiest of those steeple trees, the fir, and saw all creation. *You* should have been there to witness the scene, and then fainted, and have fallen down headlong in despair of ever seeing such another. To the east, it was a calm, summery ocean; to the west, it was a Pacific of most exquisite mountains; and we seemed to be in the very centre of the world, with a boundless panorama all around the horizon."

In 1843, Mr. Noble's life in the lowlands of North Carolina seemed to be injuring his health, and in a letter, headed "Durant's Neck Creation," occurs this great mixture in a little space:—

"I am going to quit this sickly lowland. It is killing my youth. O Charley, our youth! We must keep it around the heart. I am *here* for a week. This is a point of land in the golden-watered, golden-skied Albemarle. I am quite alone; the wind blows; the waves rip and tear their ruffled shirts all to rags. I have just come in from a long cedar point. It is a camping out of *old* cedars. They have concluded to stay there to all eternity. They have made themselves into a big church, and hung things with long, silvery, solemn moss. Such moss! clouds of it, down the green boughs. They can scarcely

breathe or rustle; it holds all still, while Nature goes on with her ceaseless grace over the dew, ever sparkling upon the undying green below."

In July, 1843, Mr. Noble left the sea-coast of North Carolina, and with his friends, Kedney and Olmstead, visited the mountains in the western part of that State; and the following is from one of his first letters from that region, which he subsequently celebrated in his poem entitled "Angeline," and which it was my own privilege to visit and describe about five years afterwards:—

"I have now ridden close on to one thousand miles in the saddle since July. You have no idea what an immense business it is to go over all I have gone over. Day after day to jog on in a weary motion. How tired and warm you get! But oh, the magnificence of these green, rich Alleghanies! For weeks, now, have we been winding from dark and shadowy vale, to vale dark and shadowy. Now we walk side by side. Now we trot cheerfully along the vine-curtained banks of crystal rivers small; then we toil up and up and far, far up among the trees, 'the high, airy-top' trees of heaviest, glossiest polish, and see through the boughs the big earth, blue and wide as the ocean, mingling with clouds and sky. Such, and a thousand things more of mountain kind, have been our life so long that I wish to go away to some miserable, sandy, sunny, pine-barren flat. O Charley! you should go through this land. Here the solemn cloud-heights assemble in one still, eternal dance upon the vast plain between the Atlantic and the Mississippi. And while you stretch away to the dim peaks that spectre the vast airiness beyond the immense circle, of which your summit is the centre, the eye always at last falls into the line of march where the Blue Ridge goes darkly trooping from the countless assembly of pinnacles away, away, like giant camels with their load of thunder-bags, to other zones. And then, too, such horrid precipices as one can sicken himself upon, are a sight rugged and rare for painter and for poet. Sunny vales, too, from the chamber windows of the close forests, pour upon the eye big hours of quiet beauty. Shady, whispery waterfalls fill your ears, ever and anon, and dipped in every hour of the day, from dawn to golden eve, from eve to blackest night, and round to dawn again, curtain the elders of the multitude evermore."

In the latter part of 1844 I took it upon myself to give Mr. Noble some of my ideas on the growing follies, if not evils, of the Episcopal church, and the tone of his reply may be gathered from the following extract, written from Catskill:—

"Yours is a good letter, you incorrigible little Presbyterian, you. If you had some one to guide you into the claims of the church, you would inevitably fall into all its beauty and truth. But I give you over. Unless you will *read* and examine our standard and high authorities for yourself, without prejudice, and without a determination to stick to *men* because you happen to love them, you will, of course, never move a hair from where you are. You are making a mistake, Charley, *all* unworthy of your heart, saying nothing of your head. That *you*, with your appreciation of truth and beauty, should be content to settle down behind your prejudices and not be *happy* to follow truth where it leads you, though it led to Rome itself, I could not have dreamed. But amen. Your *mind* will only be the sufferer by staying in the barren region of dissent. I say, Amen, and *feel* a little mad."

This theological breeze lasted through several letters, and one of my good friend's last onslaughts was to this effect: "You know nothing, nothing about Puseyism. Do *not* join the hue and the cry of the many, lest you be found in company with those of whom you may be ashamed one day, when you see yourself on the side *opposite* to splendid genius, learning, and holiness. I know *deeply* some of Dr. Pusey's and most of Mr. Newman's writings. We shall not look upon more wondrous pages, very soon, than those of Mr. Newman. Bishop Onderdonk is a good old man. He has been imprudent, but not guilty. The church will yet *destroy* the power of your popular heresies. You may live to see it. I wish you would do me the favor to read Mr. Newman's 'Sermons' and the 'Oxford Tracts.' The first especially. They will add lustre to your mind, though they should settle your heresies deeper in your soul." And again: "If you ever expect to make a *great* painter, you will have to renounce your crude, new-born dissent, and embrace the old church. There's where you belong. I claim you."

When the above was written, I entertained a deep and true affection for the Episcopal church, and have been a communicant therein for more than thirty years; but I grieve to say that, since it has partially leagued itself with foreign heresies, I have frequently been tempted to bid farewell to all its goodness. With regard to Newman's "Parochial Sermons," I have read them with pleasure and profit, and can only wonder how *such a man* could have wandered from his earlier beliefs.

The one man who did more than any other to make Noble a rabid churchman was the then Professor Whittingham, and he was earnestly engaged in that line of business, as a bishop, through all the intervening years.

In the old days alluded to above, I used to write a good deal about the artists; and, because of some opinions that I published about Thomas Cole, my friend Noble wrote to me as follows: "You do Cole real injustice. He is a man of the most delicate feelings imaginable,—a singular man in many things. I think I never knew so modest a man in my life, who has his right to be immodest. He moves much in a world of his own; meditates sublime things, which, once in a while, he uncovers for a moment; looks forward to some great picture which will live in after ages, but which there is not love of art to appreciate now. He seems not at all pleased by usual newspaper criticisms. He has his faults, I know; but they are as little understood as his virtues. As to his not painting a great picture, you will see. He may not paint as popularly as heretofore; but that will arise from his painting *above* the popular power of judging. All true genius is ever beyond the eyes and the minds of the many. Cole, if he never touches pencil again, cannot cease to be what he is,—a poet of a very sublime cast. I know him better than any other man. I do flatter myself; and I do know that he is a greater painter, *to-day*, than he ever was before. You will all see this to be the truth. I am only more and more delighted the more I see and know of him."

I was never one whit behind Noble in my admiration for Cole, as a man and an artist; and his "Life," from the pen of my friend, I consider a very charming volume indeed, highly creditable both to the artist and author.

A few months before my marriage, in 1849, Mr. Noble wrote a beautiful letter to my intended wife, and about that time he sent me the following little prayer, which he said was for a good man at any time:—

"Father,
Thy Providential finger point his way,
And blessings drop with each returning day:
Thy pardon, Lord, for Jesus' sake! but most,
Give him the guidance of the Holy Ghost.
Amen."

After skipping over a host of very charming letters, which I find cannot be mutilated, and are too personal in their character, I submit the following written by Mr. Noble in 1852:—

"Oh, I tell you, I am changing about things of time as I grow old! It may be, and doubtless is, because my ministry has forced me into its fields, and out of that alluring field of poetic letters for which I seemed to be made almost. Duties have carried me away like a river stream from the flowery banks of my inclinations. They are changing me into something else than what I should have been without them. It will no doubt be my joy, my thankfullest thoughts, in eternity. How religion crucifies those who are going

to be saved! How it makes them do what they secretly do not want to do! How it makes them give up poesy, when it is the great passion of the soul! How it separates them from those they would most like to live by and labor with! How it sets them down among the uncongenial, and makes them write on paper if they would even *talk* to those whose bosoms beat in harmony! O religion! O crucifixion of man! Christ himself on the cross; man on the crosses of religious duty; religious self-denials! . . . But you cannot imagine how the passion for writing poems never dies in me. The more I don't write, the more I want to. I have the most complete faith of success, should I turn my whole soul to it. From childhood that faith has grown. I never feed it. I have no ambition *scarcely*, or else a vast ambition. Can you see how that is? I can. I pray to God to give me *this*,—yes, this is the gift I ask for, the grandest gift of heaven,—perfect conquest over myself. How I hope for old age. I want to sail into that antique sea, and enjoy the quiet of its grand and solemn scenery. Ancient forms are there, deep waters, calms, shadows, heavens whose reflections have, in the depths below, some substantiality about them. God give us old age, with its own views of human life and human suffering."

The following, taken from a letter written at Catskill, in April, 1852, is charming for its variety: "The clock is beating twelve, and Thedy Cole will soon come into his Latin; then comes dinner; and then footsteps forth among my parishioners. My measure is heaped up, daily, with like business. So let it be till I die. I ask not to be a man of leisure. I can afford to wait for the leisure of heaven. I would rather be a saint of leisure in paradise, than a gentleman of leisure on earth.

"Still I have and love my pleasures. They are among my books and in nature mainly. Now and then social, as now in this interchange of thought with you. There is, I see, a strong savor of egotism in the talk above. How we love to show ourselves! I now see why I always admire monkeys and peacocks. In their antics and parade I see much of my own nature. Here comes the lad of Latin! The lad of Latin has gone. So has the *day, such* a day! Such *days*! Yea, such *weeks*, months almost! Oh! I concentrate a hearty groan in that oh! I repeat it, oh! what a spring! Why, sir, the allied powers of snow, rain, tempest, cold, and clouds have met the hosts of spring on the Catskills, and are having fierce, hard fights. They are the Waterloo of the elements. This hour sees them the scene of cold white winter. Such have they been since last year. My little Mary was looking out of the window very thoughtfully the other day, when she said to her mother, 'Mother, I remember there were leaves *once* on the trees.' Poor child, how long it

seems! I hope 'spring will come quickly up this way.' I am tired of burying people in the storm. Oh, for sunshine! Last Saturday was a day escaped from paradise. I rushed out, took off my coat, went to work with hoe, spade, and pruning knife, got into a sweat, got completely tired out, and preached on Sunday (which was a day convicted of crime and put in a prison of clouds, judging from its gloom), like a very poor preacher. I must now, for a time, turn to my sermon. Now I turn *from* that sermon, in which I have been laboring to say much in little. That is hard work, you know. Little in much is easy. How forcible are right words!"

Having invited Noble to go with me upon a little tour to Lake George, he thus touched upon the programme that we were to follow: "And now about that delightful jaunt up to Lake George. It has set us on fire; my wife is kindled. Yes, we will go, Providence giving leave and freedom. . . . We will stop and see Kedney, at Saratoga, where he is now the rector of the church. Won't we use him up? We will camp out in his parlor and fish in his cistern. We will tap his vinegar, and eat up his sourcrout. Oh, we'll have a season, and then quit him for Hamilton's,—is that the name of your friend on the lake? It's Alexander Hamilton, I suppose. He has gone into the dairy business up there since he wrote Washington's papers all up. I shall be glad to see him,—Sandy was always a good fellow. . . . But if we are well carried and companioned on our way by good angels, shall we not have a nice time? We'll have some *fun* too. We'll go back to boy-and-girl times. No harm in being children, I guess; more in not being. Bag me up that man or woman for the Bosphorus, right straight off, who has lost out of life's pockets all the popcorn of childhood."

In one of his letters, written from Glen's Falls in 1856, and when in one of his more serious moods, he thus exclaims: "The world narrows as we grow older, socially, and widens as a place of pilgrimage and trouble and disappointment. I imagine the rationale of this is, that we carry along with us all our sad recollections and the remembrances of sorrow and suffering, the sense of injured feelings and wounded pride. But our life speeds. We go. The cars of life *fly* along the track! By faith we are getting glimpses now and then, through the thinning forests of eternity. Let us, let us live like men, not like fools, as the crowd are living. What scenes of desperate folly and crime are now being enacted in our country! My God, save us from ourselves! A war flaming and thundering on our borders seems almost the only thing to save us from the sin and crime and fierceness of ourselves!"

From a letter written in 1857, at Fredonia, I cull the following: "I am truly thankful for your free expression as to the unprofitableness of my

artistic and poetic tastes. They have been the evil genius of my life. But I am less in the ways of art and poesy than you suppose, and far more a plain, plodding workman in the field of God. I am no more, practically, a poet; I have scarcely written poetry for years. I shall most likely write no more. I read a little Spenser and Milton. I read some of Spenser to a Buffalo clergyman the other evening, 'Una and her Lamb,' and he went to sleep and *snored*. He was right. . . . The poetic, artistic life is behind me; a more simple work-life is around and before me. I am in heart for the great work of God,—over which I have nodded as the clergyman did over the poetry. . . . As you say, in your letter, we have been friends nearly twenty years. Long time in this brief and changing world. Let us, by all means, now cherish this friendship to the end. Be true to each other,—loving to the last. I am, I trust, wiser and better than in the beginning of our days. And so are you. We cannot well afford to part, at this advanced point of our journey. It would be poor economy."

The above was written in 1857, and I am writing this in 1882, so that our friendship lasted forty-four years.

Soon after the war for the Union had fairly commenced in 1861, Mr. Noble, who had spent so many happy days in the South, wrote to me in a most desponding mood. On one occasion he says: "I have just come home from the baptism of a dying child. Would I had died in childhood also. Not that I am particularly unhappy; but I would rather have had each of my passing years in heaven than on earth. Who would go back for the few straws of happiness that have dropped upon his path? Who would reverse his life and walk right back on the same old track, meeting nothing but his old experience until he tumbled into his cradle? I have seen about enough of this, my native planet. Hard times make a lean salary and an anxious spirit. Let me go forward."

I give the above for its originality, and not because I sanction any such unmanly philosophy. My friend here forgot himself, and, as I probably answered at the time, no honest Christian man has any business to talk after this manner.

In 1866 he made a summer tour through New Brunswick and Canada, over one of my own beaten routes, and this was his first report on reaching home: "Had a fine time. Went the complete round. Came out on the St. Lawrence at Metis. There is a fine road now from Frazer's, along the Matapedia. We caught salmon and trout in the Nepisiquit, at the chain of rocks and the Grand Falls. Had your old canoe-men,—the Chamberlains. They all remember you,—said you were a splendid fisherman. To throw a fly for salmon well is the art of few fishermen. I cannot do it. We came

home by Quebec and the White Mountains. Had a splendid sunset and sunrise on Mount Washington. But, after all, you must have had the best of it. I prefer a more quiet life than the one we have had. Black flies, rain, leaky tents, and all that; a great deal of rain. That kills one's pleasure."

In 1867 he wanted me to make him a visit in New Jersey, and this was his way of tempting me: "Hold a council of war; have a long talk; light your pipes at your weekwaum's flame, and resolve. Paint up your faces; sing your big war song, and dance your most complicated dance. Shake all the scalps and trophies of past conquests, achieved on the bloodless path of travel, and decide. And look ye,—decide on a visit to the lodge of this Chemokeman, with your squaw. This here Ne-she-nam-bam and his squaw desire to minister their biggest bowl of succotash to their brother and sister of the Great Potomac."

Here is a bit of nonsense, bearing upon a solemn truth:—

"I do not know what to say more. Suppose I write a 'composition' on nails. Nails are good. You can hang up smoked beef on nails. They are good to build houses with. They put them in the heels of boots. We could not live without nails. Some people have long nails, and dig into their heads and other things. I once got a nail into my foot. A woman once killed a man with a nail, in the Bible. He was a general. Therefore nails are good. Look over the papers. I'll be bound if nineteen twentieths of what you see there is not about as weighty as this nail composition."

In 1869, Mr. Noble's daughter made us a visit in Georgetown. She was a beautiful, bright, and good girl, and fond of a little gayety. Fearing that she was going to too many parties, he became troubled, and wrote a savage letter on the subject of fashionable life, from which I copy the following: "But a round of nightly routs is miserable. All nonsense, this perpetual dancing; and all wrong, these fops and beaux. A man needs a purse as long as a hose, and filled, too, with money to keep a young Miss Silly in rig for tomfool flatterers. We know there is not the virtue of air in the talk and praise of young fellows. I do believe women are half idiots. I like fun and frolic; but just look at the solemn, and often distressed faces of these decorated asses while dancing. See their red pig-visages, as they whirl in waltzes and get dizzy. Bah! No wonder the nation is going to the dogs, when fashion, folly, and extravagance reign. I have no respect for such a government and country as ours. I would get out of it, if I could, and live in Turkey among grave people. Pretty women for wives,—these dancing trollops. Nice men for husbands,—these whirling, money-spending

monkeys! Humbug this boasted American people. Africa will give as many saints to heaven as the United States of America. Well, I mean to spend my days in abusing such a land, and will find a deal of satisfaction in doing it."

In 1871, Mr. Noble lost his lovely daughter, and his letters on that sad event, though very beautiful, are too sacred to submit to stranger eyes. He had lost his only son many years before, and he was nearly overwhelmed by his great sorrow. The burden of his prayer was, "God help us home to heaven."

As time passed on, my friend and I arranged to visit the Centennial Exhibition together in 1876, but we were disappointed. His letters, written to me in 1877, had not the snap of the old time; and the feeling seems to have settled upon our souls that we were both passing into the evening of our lives. In the summer of that year I paid him a visit at Annandale, N. Y., with my wife and Japanese ward, and we ran over again the story of our lives, and enjoyed ourselves as only men can who appreciate the beauties of this world and hope to live together in a happier world in the presence of their Redeemer.

In February, 1878, he communicated to me the sad news that his wife—a most charming Christian lady—was ill; and then he proceeds: "I should be delighted to have you close by me. We are of those who never grow old in spirit. Just as young and as frolicsome as ever. We are more, because we carry the jovial soul into the shade of life, and make loud merriment on those slopes of time where most men grow sour and spiritless. Thus let youth go hand in hand with age to the solemn end." Also, in the same letter, after alluding to the death of one of my own friends, he says:—

"I am sorry that you have lost a dear friend and relative. These partings of company with the dear ones are sad for those who still linger in the stormy paths of earth. One sorrows to find the count grow smaller as the group toils on. Alone we go down into the sepulchre; glorious if, with Peter, we find the raiment of our Lord to lie down upon."

During the month of April, Mrs. Noble was taken to New York City and went through the trial of a surgical operation. In a note, written to me a few hours afterwards, describing what had happened and expressing his anxious hopes, Mr. Noble says: "On the whole, 'life is thorny' for man or woman. Death is the last and the long thorn that pierces quite through. After that no more thorns. What a strange experience is this human life here! What does it all mean? What are the purposes of God,—all wise and all good? He will himself tell by and by." But Mrs. Noble did not recover, and in one of her

husband's subsequent letters he wrote these words: "My dear wife's remains sleep by the side of Louis and Mary in the graveyard of Catskill, and her spirit is in the blessed rest of God, rejoicing in eternal light. . . . All has been to me like wandering through a strange dark dream. . . . I am out in a driving snowstorm and very poorly clad."

In that last sentence, we see the evidences of a broken heart; and it were better, for many reasons, that the curtain should now fall upon the life of my long-loved friend. He subsequently re-entered the pulpit, was settled at Ionia, in Michigan, the region where he had spent his boyhood. He died, at that place, in February, 1882, and was buried by the side of his wife and children at Catskill, in the shadow of the mountains he so dearly loved.

WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE.

A GOOD and a great man! Born in 1795, and died in 1876, leaving to his country a spotless name. His "Lectures to Young People" was one of the first books that led me to think of the importance of true religion; and from the year 1836 until his death, I followed his splendid career with interest, and ever felt for him a sincere affection.

In 1865, for some reason that I have now forgotten, I sent him an article which I had written about the charming village of Stratford in Connecticut; and the following note came to me in return:—

ALBANY, 11 November, 1865.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your kind note, and for the accompanying very interesting sketch of Stratford, which I shall add to a pretty large collection of materials for some future historian of our country.

I am gratified, of course, by your kind remembrances of me, and especially by the intimation that anything I have ever said or written has been of the least service to you. I take it for granted you are the author of the Congressional biographies, and until this time I supposed you were my contemporary in college, having graduated in 1814; but, on referring to your letter and the book, I find that your name is without the *J.* which belonged to the Mr. Lanman whom I knew. He was from Norwich, and the son of a very eminent lawyer. I am, my dear sir, with great regard,

Very sincerely yours,

W. B. SPRAGUE.

The persons here alluded to were my father and grandfather.

The collection of autographs which was made by this eminent man was perhaps unsurpassed by any other in the country; and its historical value was probably greatly enhanced by his acquisitions during the time that he was writing his "Annals of the American Pulpit." In 1867 he made an appeal to me to help him in filling up some gaps in his "List of Letters by Prominent Politicians"; and I forthwith forwarded to him those he wanted, when he acknowledged their receipt as follows:—

ALBANY, 1 July, 1867.

My dear Sir,—I am greatly obliged to you for the autograph letter of Secretary Browning, as well as the hope which your kindness awakens that you may possibly, at some future time, send me a letter of the attorney-general. From what you say of having been in a Bible class under Mr. Butler, in Dr. Skinner's church, I infer that I have misjudged in supposing that you were identical with the person of your name who was one year before me in Yale College. I doubt not, however, that you are of the same family; and, if so, I have had the pleasure of knowing several of your relatives. With great regard,

I am very truly yours,

W. B. SPRAGUE.

These are mere trifles, I know; but any memento of such a man has a value of its own; and this paragraph will not have been written in vain if the reader (who has not seen it) will only obtain and read the tribute to the memory of William B. Sprague which was printed in the New York *Observer*, by the devoted friend of the departed, S. Irenæus Prime.

WILLIAM JERDAN AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

ANY event that has a tendency to recall the presence and charming character of Washington Irving ought not to be unheeded; and the death of William Jerdan is particularly suggestive on that score. The latter was born in Scotland, in 1782, one year before the former, and died in London, in 1869, aged eighty-seven years. His career of thirty-five years as editor of the *Literary Gazette*, his long-continued and intimate association with the literature of England for more than half a century, and his highly interesting autobiography, are quite sufficient to give him a high rank among the men of the time; but we Americans must always venerate his memory for having

been the first to introduce the papers of the "Sketch Book" to the public. The writer of this notice had it from Mr. Irving's own lips, that such was the case; that the idea of collecting them in a volume came from the same source, and that he always remembered the editor as one of his earliest and best friends. And here is what he says on the subject in the revised edition of the "Sketch Book" itself:—

"Some attention had been called to it by the extracts which had previously appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and by the kind word spoken by the editor of that periodical, and it was getting into fair circulation when my worthy bookseller failed."

In a note to Mr. Jerdan himself, he also wrote as follows:—

"The author of the 'Sketch Book' cannot but feel highly flattered that his essays should be deemed worthy of insertion in so elegant and polite a miscellany as the *Literary Gazette*. A corrected and modified edition of the work is about to be republished in this country, which he barely mentions, and leaves it to the more experienced judgment of the editor to determine how far the extracts may be made without anticipating and injuring the collective republication of the work. At the same time, he begs leave to add his conviction, that he could not have had a better introduction to fashionable notice than the favorable countenance of the *Literary Gazette*."

In his autobiography, Mr. Jerdan, after speaking of Mr. Irving as the most charming of American authors, proceeds as follows:—

"Such things belong to the most grateful incidents of my literary life. No doubt, without my aid, the beautiful American canoe would soon have been safely launched on the British waters; but, as it was, I had the pleasure and honor to launch it at once, fill the sails, and send it on its prosperous voyage. I never enjoyed so much of Irving's society as I wished; but have had the gratification of seeing him at my table, with such associates as the Bulwers, Edward and Henry H. Ellis, Moore, and others of the same proud literary rank."

Many years ago, while upon a salmon expedition through Northern New Brunswick, I stumbled upon a very interesting and curious character, named Robert Egar, whom I described at the time as "The Hermit of Aroostook." He was the brother-in-law of William Jerdan, who had married his sister. As the noted editor had been very kind in reviewing one or two volumes from

my pen, I sent him a copy of the "Hermit" article, with inquiries respecting some other matters; and, in due time, I received the subjoined letter:—

LONDON, 27 September, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I was much gratified by yours of the 26th of July, and have been very much gratified by the perusal of your new book, which would have been reviewed in the *Gazette* three weeks ago, but for my having gone into a continuation of "Papers on the Red Indian Mythology," and wishing yours to wind up with *éclat*. It will appear next Saturday or Saturday after.

I will with pleasure negotiate an arrangement with a London publisher for your next production. I hope the notice of the last will facilitate that process, and be to your advantage.

A friend of mine, Mr. Granby Calcraft, has been appointed H. B. M. packet agent for New York; and, if you will call upon him in my name, I am sure he will expedite any intercourse between us. I shall write to him by the same post, so that you may probably see him.

I shall always be happy to hear from you.

Robert Egar is a strange bit of character, and I hardly knew what had become of him. He once bought me an allotment of land in New Brunswick, and I don't know what became of that!

I shall feel much obliged by anything you can do to promote the *Literary Gazette* in the States, and will, as you say, "reciprocate" in the cause of the *Express*.

Assuring you of my kind regards, I am, my dear sir,

Yours faithfully,

W. JERDAN.

From the above note, my good friends of the *Express* will perceive that, in the good old times when I was connected with their office, very many years ago, I was not unmindful of their interests. And what wonderful changes have taken place in New York during that period! Its noble citizens, who laid deep and broad the foundations of its prosperity, have passed away by the hundred; and the story of its success, as a commercial mart, is allied to those visionary tales of industry and opulence which have come to us from the far East. The manner in which the city of New York has fostered the fourth estate must ever be remembered with peculiar satisfaction; and the Gothamite of to-day may point to the *Express*, the *Evening Post*, the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Herald*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *Tribune*, and the *Times*, in spite of their multifarious and useless politics, and safely assert

that no other seven journals in the world have exerted such a widespread influence throughout all its borders. If, however, we were called upon to mention the one particular man who, by his pen, has done more than all others to give New York its brilliant reputation, we should be compelled, and all men would acquiesce, to write the name of Washington Irving.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

WHEN the poet of "Sweet Home" was sojourning in Washington, after his recall as consul-general to Tunis, and before his reappointment to the same position, it was my privilege to see him frequently. He had been badly treated by Mr. Marcy and Mr. Clayton, both of whom had promised their influence for his reinstatement; and it remained for Mr. Webster, in 1851, to recognize his high character, and secure his return to Tunis. The eras of his strange life, upon which I mostly desired to hear him converse, were those connected with his "boyhood's home," where his father had been a schoolmaster, at East Hampton, Long Island, and his adventures among the Indians of North Carolina. For the former place he manifested the warmest affection, but he left it while yet a mere child and returned to New York City, where he was born. One incident connected with his life, which, I believe, has never been published, was to this effect: He went to the South, in a semi-official capacity, when there was much excitement in regard to the removal of the Cherokees, and as might have been expected, he espoused the cause of the Indians, so far, at least, as his sympathies could go. The result was, that he gave great offence to a squad of roaming "Georgia crackers," who had declared their hostility to the Indians. They arrested him, and kept him for several days as a prisoner; and, one night, when housed in a log-cabin, they held a carouse and amused themselves by singing songs. One of the songs they sang was "Sweet Home," and when they had finished it, they asked the prisoner what he thought of the music. He said, in reply, that when he wrote that song he never expected to hear it sung under such peculiar circumstances. The "crackers" were astonished, and seemed inclined to doubt his words; but they soon became convinced of the asserted fact, and with great gusto applauded the unknown poet, and forthwith told him that he was a free man, and that they would forever be his friends through thick and thin, and that if he should happen to get into trouble, he might count upon their sympathy and help.

When Mr. Payne was last in Washington, I was a frequent writer for the *National Intelligencer*, and that fact will explain the following letter which I

received:—

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26, 1850.

My dear Sir,—Enclosed are the lines which I spoke of, with a rough caption, which your genius may lick into presentable shape. It is essential that it appear as editorial. Miss Lynch was in a great hurry when she gave me the paper, and she made one or two corrections. She desired me to examine the lines and the proof carefully, and to see to the pointing and any further blunders which she might have overlooked. I am uncertain about the line,

"My tomb! then from its door erelong,"

whether

"My tomb! *when* from its door erelong,"

has not been intended. I leave this to your sagacity.

Will you have the goodness, when the piece appears, to send me one copy, and *six* to Miss Lynch; for all of which I will pay you when we meet, which I hope may be speedily?

Yours most truly,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

The subject of the poem here mentioned had entirely escaped my memory; but I subsequently heard from Mrs. Anna C. L. Botta that it was entitled "Nightfall in Hungary," and was published in 1851 instead of 1850. The interest manifested by Mr. Payne for Miss Lynch was interesting, and for one reason seemed to me especially well deserved. I had formed the acquaintance of this lady during my residence in New York, and a note which she sent to me, in 1847, was to this effect:—

SUNDAY MORN.

Mr. Lanman,—Will you announce through the *Express* and *Post*, to-morrow morning, that Mr. Giles's lecture takes place in the evening? His first lecture was really admirable. I regretted that you were not there to hear it. There were not many there, and he really should have a hearing, which is all he requires to be appreciated. You editors, who have the important mission of telling the public what to like and what not to, must do your duty. Excuse this liberty. I hope to see you next Saturday evening. I expect some pleasant people here.

ANNE C. LYNCH.

The lectures delivered by Mr. Giles, in New York (if I may wander out of my way a little), were truly admirable; but one that he had previously delivered in St. Louis, *for my special benefit*, was beyond all praise, and this was the way it happened: It was in 1846, and while on my way to the Upper Mississippi, I had made a halt at the Planters' Hotel in St. Louis. It was Sunday evening, and near the hotel stood a church, into which I strolled to hear a sermon. The preacher was Henry Giles, and having caught my eye, when he stepped down from the pulpit, he came forward to speak to me, introduced me to some pleasant ladies, who had accompanied him to church, and then went with me to the hotel. Over a glass of wine we commenced a quiet conversation, which was soon conducted entirely by himself; and then was delivered the lecture already mentioned. It was on every possible topic, from the religion of the Bible to those of Mahomet and Joe Smith, and from the poetry of Shakespeare down to that of George P. Morris, and lasted until near daybreak, and, taken as a whole, was the most wonderful talk I ever enjoyed.

But to return to my poet friend.

Mr. Payne's style of conversation was less weird and fascinating than that of Mr. Giles, but it was delightful and instructive. Some additional facts bearing on his own life, which I remember, were as follows: That when a clerk in his native city, and only thirteen years of age, he wrote for the papers, and conceived the idea of editing a literary journal, which was partially successful; that his reception as an actor in New York was simply astounding to himself and friends, but that the people of Boston were even more enthusiastic; that he was only twenty years of age when he went to seek his fortune in Europe as a tragedian in 1813; that his tragedy of "Brutus" was written for Edmund Kean, and produced in London in 1818; that while this play really saved Drury Lane Theatre from a collapse, the amount of his compensation from that source was less than one thousand dollars; that Charles Lamb was not only one of his best friends, while in London, but frequently sent him a spicy letter, in one of which he said that his booksellers were constantly cheating him; that while other actors were making money in London, he was on the borders of starvation; that for a book he wrote on "The Neglected Geniuses of America," he could never obtain a publisher; that the song of "Sweet Home" was suggested to him by an air which he had heard from the lips of an Italian peasant-girl; that it had always seemed a great mystery to him that while he had done all he could to make pleasant the homes of other people, he had never been able to have a home for himself; that it had always been a source of gratification to him, that such men as Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Edwin Forrest, and J. W.

Wallack had all represented some of his characters on the stage; and that no man had ever been blessed with better or more devoted friends. And here, for the benefit of those who can appreciate an incident which seems almost unique in its pathos, I submit the following: One winter night in London, Payne was without money or credit, had not where to lay his head. He tried to quiet the pangs of hunger and homelessness by looking in at the windows, and from the areas scenting good cheer. It was Christmas eve, the snow fell fast, the wind was sharp and keen. At one luxurious house the hungry man stopped and watched the lighting of the Christmas tree. Its candles streamed brightly on the pavement, and among the evergreens he could see the red berries of holly, the toys and garlands, and the pretty heads of children. They danced and clapped their hands while the presents were being distributed, and the air rang with shouts of laughter and screams of delight. When the merriment had spent itself a little, one young girl went to the piano and warbled "Sweet Home," while the family joined in a rousing chorus. And what a story! John Howard Payne—"Home, Sweet Home"—not a penny in the world—a lonely grave overlooking the ruins of Carthage—a death journey of several thousand miles—and a monument in the metropolis of his native land!

It was Daniel Webster who sent Payne as a consul to Tunis, and who subsequently appointed R. S. Chilton to a clerkship in the Department of State; and it is an interesting incident that the touching words which were formerly on the tombstone at Tunis were written by Chilton, and were as follows:—

"Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said,
'Welcome to heaven's Home, Sweet Home.' "

In 1882, a movement was made by William W. Corcoran, for the removal of Payne's remains from Tunis to the Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington; and an account of that rare act of kindness I have recorded in an unpublished biographical sketch of Mr. Corcoran. The following coincidence, however, may be mentioned here: It was an air that Payne heard in Italy which inspired his song of "Sweet Home"; and it was the music of this song, heard by Mr. Corcoran, in Washington, which suggested the thought of having the remains of the poet removed from Carthage to the American metropolis, where, with special honors, they were duly deposited, on the 9th of June, 1883. That the motive of Mr. Corcoran was creditable, on the score of liberality, and the idea poetical, none can deny. But the parade which attended the second burial was out of place and unfortunate. The

manner in which an injudicious choir, in singing the song of "Sweet Home," substituted for the original music some insipid variations of their own, was a sickening mistake to me, and threw a shadow over all the proceedings. The two beautiful thoughts, mentioned to me by Mr. Corcoran himself, that the ashes of the poet were to find a final resting-place under a beautiful tree in his native land, and that his famous song should be sung over his grave, to the dear old tune which the poet loved, were both ignored by meddlesome friends. More than that, what should have been a beautiful commemoration, was marred by an inappropriate military parade. It is a pleasure to know, however, that when the follies of this occasion are forgotten, the people will be glad to remember Mr. Corcoran's liberality, the funeral oration of Mr. Leigh Robinson, and the commemorative poem written by the author of the Tunis epitaph, and from which I quote two verses that are in every way worthy of the author of "Sweet Home," as follows:—

"Here, where his own loved skies o'erarch the spot,
And where familiar trees their branches wave,
Where the dear, home-born flowers he ne'er forgot
Shall bloom and shed their dews upon his grave.
Will not the wood-thrush, pausing in her flight,
Carol more sweetly o'er this place of rest?
Here linger longest in the fading light
Before she seeks her solitary nest?"

It was the poor and unhappy Payne who wrote, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home"; and I have thought that if he could have had a voice in regard to his final burial, and had known that none were to be admitted to the ceremonies excepting those who were invited, he would have said, "Not so; no matter how poor and humble, let the common people come freely, through the iron gates, to my burial." But let his ashes rest in peace; he is at *home* now, and the windows are all closed forevermore.

EDWARD N. KIRK.

THE unexpected death, in Boston, of this distinguished and eloquent clergyman revived in my mind two or three recollections which are worth mentioning. I met him for the first time in the good old days, when the Mercer Street Church in New York was under the care of Thomas H. Skinner. I was a member of that congregation, and it was there that Mr. Kirk preached a series of sermons which attracted immense crowds, exerted a very remarkable influence, and gave him a position in the front ranks of the Presbyterian church as an orator. His dignity and learning, his rare command

of language and power of illustration, his knowledge of human nature, and his sincerity placed him very far in advance of the great herd of the so-called revival preachers who have caught the public ear in later days. Some of the stories connected with his early life are especially interesting. For example, when, in 1828, he was suddenly expelled from a church in Albany, because he would not submit to the dictation of certain rich men, and when he heard that a part of the congregation had determined to stand by him and build a new church, he said, "I would go to the gates of hell with such a band of followers." At a later period, when settled over another church, his popularity was so great that the patroon Van Renssalaer declared that Mr. Kirk had doubled the value of his property in Albany. After he had fairly made his mark as a revival preacher, he became unpopular with the reprobate classes, and for that reason, and because the steeple of his church was rather queer in shape, he was called the "Pepper-box preacher." And one of the stories related of him, connected with the cause of temperance, was this: He had met a man on a country road, who was going home in a state of gross intoxication. He reasoned with the poor drunkard in such earnest and pathetic terms that he became sober under the influence of his feelings, and consented to fall upon his knees, with Mr. Kirk, in the corner of a fence, while the latter uttered an earnest prayer for restoration of the poor man to a happier condition in life.

By way of illustrating the persuasive character of his eloquence, the following incident may be related: On one occasion, Mr. Kirk made an appeal to the people in behalf of some benevolent institution, the effect of which was to secure, in a few moments, a large amount of money. Among those who had no money at hand, but who had been deeply impressed, was a charming lady whom I had accompanied to church, and when the plate reached our pew, my astonishment knew no bounds, as I saw her put into it all the valuables that happened to be on her person. I remonstrated with her for her folly, but she was obdurate. In due time, however, she reconsidered the matter, and on the next day permitted her father to redeem the pledges of her liberality, which he was only too glad to do.

The effect of Mr. Kirk's eloquence upon my mind and feelings was probably quite as great as upon any other person; and I am thankful that even the third of a century has not been able to efface it from my memory. My Sunday-school days, even at that time, were linked with a more remote period of my life, but I took a class in the Mercer Street Church, and made a desperate attempt to teach a dozen rosy little boys. I soon found, however, that I could not answer one half of their innocent but exceedingly wise questions (and which I find the great divines of the world cannot answer to-

day), and so I resigned my position as teacher and entered the Bible class. The man at whose feet I now sat as a pupil was Benjamin F. Butler, the Ex-Attorney-General of the United States, who had been one of Mr. Kirk's supporters in Albany. He was very amiable and gentlemanly in his manners; and when I subsequently became acquainted with his history, I was filled with amazement that such a man should have been so famous a politician. Whatever became of the young people who listened to Mr. Butler's religious teachings I cannot tell; but at the time in question there was a young man in his law office who was talked about a great deal, and who became a famous general, killed a fellow-being in cold blood, and obtained the position of minister plenipotentiary.

The last time that I had the privilege of hearing Mr. Kirk preach was in 1852, and at the little church in Duxbury, Mass. He had been invited to come down from Boston for that purpose; and when it was ascertained that he would accept, the news was sent to Marshfield, and at the appointed time Mr. Webster, and all the friends who were there visiting him, were present in the Duxbury church. The sermon, to quote from my "Private Life of Daniel Webster," was on the efficacy of prayer, and was distinguished not only for its eloquence but for its arguments. It dealt in nothing but pure Bible doctrines, as understood by the Orthodox church. Mr. Webster listened with marked attention to the whole discourse, and, after the service was closed, went up and congratulated the preacher. On our return home, his conversation turned upon the sermon, and he said it was remarkable, a great effort. He said the arguments adduced were unanswerable, and that if a man would only live according to the lessons of such preaching, he would be a happy man, both in this world and the world to come. He said, moreover, "There is not a single sentiment in that discourse with which I do not fully concur." And this remark, when appended, as it ought to be, to the sermon when hereafter published, will serve to convince the world that his views of religion were most satisfactory. During the whole of our drive home, he conversed upon matters contained in or suggested by the discourse, and I deeply regret that I did not take more ample notes of what he said on the occasion.

A short time after Mr. Webster's death, I wrote Mr. Kirk about the Duxbury meeting, giving him some particulars, and asking for the privilege of reading the sermon on the death of Webster he had just delivered in Boston, and which I thought might be gratifying, and the following reply was the result:—

"Is it possible I had the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel to that noble spirit the last time he ever heard it from the pulpit? I should like at some time to say some things about it in conversation, which are not worth putting on paper. The situation was full of temptation to me. I never so revered any human intellect. I never felt so conscious of my own intellectual weakness before any human hearer. And yet I felt great delight in communing with such a mind about those lofty themes. For months had Mr. Webster been the subject of my prayer, and I received from God the opportunity of preaching to him as a favor; because I loved him, and knew some avenues to his heart, to introduce Christ's precious Gospel to it.

"The little book I send you contains the sermon on Prayer, which you heard in Duxbury. It is not prepared for the press. Therefore I commit it to your friendly care and literary taste, to defend it at least from a shabby appearance before the world. The other sermon I send, as you request. But that is likewise unfinished. The closing part is from an old sermon. The other part was written after nine o'clock on Saturday evening, and therefore must be crude. Webster's death was not my subject, but the occasion of its salvation; and it made the solemn atmosphere which predisposed the audience to a very favorable reception of it.

"You will see, in the close of the sermon on Prayer, Mr. Webster's name. It was striking to me to have his name on the face of my sermon, and the man himself before me. Of course, I could make, on that occasion, only the most vague allusions to him. But my scene was that of 'the reply to Hayne.' Please take care of my poor manuscripts. They are a clergyman's stock in trade.

"Boston, Oct. 29, 1852.

"P. S. I confess to an enthusiasm, that has reached the weakness of envy, when I thought of your privilege in enjoying such a friendship. Pardon the wrong."

Mr. Kirk, who honored the title of doctor of divinity, was born in New York, graduated at Princeton, was the author of five books and a large number of sermons published in pamphlet form, had at heart for many years the cause of the Evangelical Society, was for a time a regular preacher in the city of Paris, and died at the good old age of seventy-two.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Elisha Kent Kane was unquestionably one of the most remarkable men of his age. Having published a review or synopsis of his later and more important discoveries,[4] I have thought that a few particulars about the man himself, and a short account of his earlier exploits, might be acceptable to my readers. What little I have to say is uttered in a spirit of patriotic satisfaction, and yet I cannot divest myself of the thought that our Arctic hero has gone abroad (this was written while the doctor was still living) for the restoration of his health, which has been pronounced exceedingly precarious. Indeed it is thought by some that he may never again be permitted to see his native land. Such a fate would be most deeply lamented, and I must cherish the hope that he will not only return, but live to spend many happy and peaceful years in the land where his name has become a much-loved household word.

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[4] See Evenings in my Library.

Dr. Kane was born in Philadelphia, on the 3d of February, 1820, and graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, in 1843, first in the collegiate and subsequently in the medical department; and when he started upon his active career of adventure he was esteemed a good classical scholar and a good chemist, mineralogist, astronomer, and surgeon. His frame, even from boyhood, was delicate; and with a view of strengthening his constitution, he solicited an appointment in the navy as surgeon, and obtained it, and was attached to the first American embassy to China. This position gave him opportunity to explore the Philippine Islands, which he effected mainly on foot. He was the first man who descended into the crater of Tael, lowered more than a hundred feet by a bamboo rope from the overhanging cliff, and, clambering down some seven hundred more through the scoriæ, he made a topographical sketch of the interior of this great volcano, collected a bottle of sulphurous acid from the very mouth of the crater; and, although he was drawn up almost senseless, he brought with him a sketch of this hideous cavern and the wonders which it contained. Before returning home from this remote expedition, he had ascended the Himalayas and triangulated Greece on foot; he had visited Ceylon, the Upper Nile, and all the mythologic region of Egypt; traversing the route, and making the acquaintance of the learned Lepsius, who was then prosecuting his archæological researches. He also traversed Greece on foot, and returned to the United States through Europe. Soon after his arrival he was again ordered on duty, this time to the

western coast of Africa. He now attempted to visit the slave marts of Whydah; but, having taken the African fever, he was sent home in a precarious state of health. He recovered, however, and we next find him a volunteer in the Mexican war. His adventures in Mexico proved him to be the possessor of lion-like courage, and of a most generous and noble heart; but he fell a victim to one of the fevers of the country, and was very near dying. When he recovered and returned, he was employed in the Coast Survey Department, from which he was transferred by the Secretary of the Navy to the post of surgeon on the Grinnell Arctic expedition. His history of that expedition gave him a high position as an author. Not yet satisfied, however, he scarcely gave himself time to recover from the hardships of that cruise before he set on foot the second Grinnell or Kane expedition; the results of which have been pronounced by the highest European authorities as among the wonders of the present century. That Dr. Kane has accomplished much for the honor of his country is acknowledged by all men of all parties; and, at the last session of Congress, the House of Representatives passed a resolution for the purchase of fifteen thousand copies of his valuable work, the Secretary of the Navy having investigated the whole subject, and suggested the propriety of passing the resolution. That resolution is now before the Senate, and we are pleased to learn that, in spite of their ideas of retrenchment, many senators think Dr. Kane's appeal a peculiar one, and it is quite probable a large majority of them are in favor of the resolution.[5] Contrary to an opinion that we have seen expressed, we are glad to be able to state that very much the largest proportion of the profits of the work will go into the hands of the explorer. When we remember the character of his great discoveries, and the fame he has so justly acquired, and then think of him worn to a skeleton by diseases contracted while heroically serving his country; yesterday, as it were, quitting his home to find health in England, and to-day sailing for a more genial clime in the same pursuit,—we cannot but believe that it would rejoice his heart, and do much towards restoring his health, to learn that the government of his country had recognized his services in some substantial manner, whereby the remainder of his life might be spent in pleasantness and peace. Numerous learned societies, says a contemporary, and the whole body of savants, with Humboldt at their head, and all the commercial nations, with the English admiralty in the van, have loudly declared their generous appreciation of Dr. Kane's labors, and by flattering testimonials have sought to do honor to the gallant American explorer.

[5] NOTE.—The book resolution did not pass, but another was adopted awarding a medal to the explorer.

When I penned the foregoing, the heroic Dr. Kane was on his way from England to Cuba; and, in the city of Havana, on the 16th of February, 1857, he breathed his last. His mother was with him, and he died a Christian. The Spanish authorities manifested their sorrow by every suitable demonstration, and his remains were brought to his native city, through the Gulf of Mexico, up the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and over the mountains; the inhabitants of every city on the route doing all in their power to honor his memory. His remains arrived in Philadelphia on the 11th of March, and the obsequies took place on the following day. The entire city was in mourning, and there were many distinguished men from all parts of the country who participated in the sad ceremony.

The funeral car was surmounted by a canopy and dome, having the flags of England, France, Spain, and the United States at the corners. The prominent gentlemen who attended it as pall-bearers were, of course, objects of interest; but no persons in the line excited more general attention than the surviving comrades of Dr. Kane, who followed immediately after the remains of their late commander, bearing among them the weatherbeaten flag of the "Advance."

This party was led by William Morton, a name which will be familiar to all who have read the account of the last Arctic expedition, under the command of the lamented Kane. Mr. Morton was born in Ireland, but left his native land at a very early age, and has now been in America about seventeen years. He first became acquainted with Dr. Kane in California, and after one voyage to the Polar Seas, joined the Arctic expedition under the doctor, and on the ill-fated "Advance." Mr. Morton was the one who volunteered with the Esquimaux boy to go north in search of the open sea; and after a circuitous and fatiguing route of three hundred miles, dragging their sledges over the icebergs, the great Polar Sea was discovered. He is the only living white man who has ever seen the great open Polar Sea, whose waters wash the icebergs of the far-distant north. He is now but thirty-five years of age, and has the appearance of one who could well undergo the fatigues of an Arctic winter.

The religious services took place at the Second Presbyterian Church. They were preceded by the singing of a hymn; and the prayer was pronounced by the Rev. C. W. Shields, after which the remains were conveyed to Laurel Hill for interment.

Shortly after my review was printed, and just before Dr. Kane took his departure for Europe, I was honored and much gratified by receiving a handsomely bound autograph copy of the "Explorations," accompanied by the following note:—

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 27, 1856.

My dear Sir,—I beg that you will accept these volumes simply as indications of my personal kind feeling and respect.

The obligations under which your able pen has placed me I fully acknowledge; and I sincerely hope that you will give me an opportunity of reciprocating them.

Very truly and sincerely yours,

E. K. KANE.

On the very day that the foregoing letter was written, Mr. George W. Childs wrote me as follows: "Dr. Kane has just returned home, and is completely broken down in health. He says, 'his book, poor as it is, has been his coffin.' He is nervously awaiting your review, and will write you after he has seen it. He comes in this morning to put your name in one of Ashmead's copies. As a last resort, to build up his health, he leaves for Europe in a week or two. He is suffering from scurvy."

As the success of Dr. Kane's book was something remarkable, even for these days of remarkable events, the following letter from his publishers, addressed to the writer, may be worth printing as a fragment of literary history:—

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14, 1856.

My dear Sir,—Dr. Kane left for Europe on Saturday, and we hardly expect to see him again, as his health seems almost past recovery. Nothing has ever given him more pleasure than your kind review. He spoke of it feelingly the last night he spent in this country; he only thought you had given him too much credit. Indeed, the review could not possibly be better, and will be of *immense* influence in regard to the reputation and sale of the work. It will *tone* the press everywhere. We ordered five hundred copies of the *Intelligencer*; and the review has gone to all the Arctic scholars of Europe, and will be read and copied everywhere.

In great haste,

Truly your obliged friends,

CHILDS & PETERSON.

In another letter which Mr. G. W. Childs sent me, he informed me that Dr. Kane had left directions that one of the guns which he had used in the Arctic seas should be presented to me; but I never received it, which, of course, was a great disappointment.

In another letter, alluding to a notice I had published in London, Mr. Childs wrote me as follows: "The review in the *Athenæum* is of great moment, as it will tone a certain portion of the press here." On the 29th of September he sent me the following:—

"Your kind note and review were duly received. Dr. Kane has just read it, and is exceedingly gratified; he will write you on the subject. He has handed me a letter, which he wrote you before reading the review. I will send it to-morrow, together with your autograph copy of his work. I send two copies, and if you want more let me know.

"We feel deeply indebted for your great kindness, and hope you will let me serve you in some way. The review is all and even more than we could possibly expect. In a literary point of view it is excellent, and the doctor thinks you have given him too much credit.

"Where are the five hundred copies? We are very much in want of them.

"With many thanks,

"Truly your friend,

GEORGE W. CHILDS."

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

IT is with rare pleasure, indeed, that I remember the occasional sermons which I was wont to hear from the lips of this eloquent divine; but it was not my good fortune to know him personally. I record the circumstance with thankfulness, however, that he recognized my friendship by presenting me with a copy of his published sermons; and when, in 1847, he was preparing for the press a second edition of his "Walton," he requested me to furnish him with a paper on fly-fishing in America, but which, on account of my newspaper duties on the New York *Express* at that time, I could not prepare. Out of that circumstance grew the following very beautiful letter:—

PHILADELPHIA, March 30, 1847.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for your kind note, but am truly sorry that you cannot give a paper—not to me, but to the "Walton." The truth is, I am very

modest as an angler, but have exerted myself to the utmost in the literary illustration of our father's delightful book. As I wrote to Mr. Duycknick, it is impossible to make a *fishing* book, especially an American fishing book, of "Walton." Permit me also to say that, though I am far from being ashamed of the gentle art, I do not wish to have my name formally associated with the book, as it will not appear on the title-page; and whatever comments are made on the American edition (particularly as to my part of it), I should like them confined to the literary character. You will understand my reason for this.

My library is very good; piscatorially, the best in the country; and my notes have been accumulating for years.

I wish very much to get a few papers for the appendix, on several distinct branches of angling: *salmon fishing in this country* is one; *striped bass fishing* is another; *bluefish fishing* deserves a paper, short but to the point; any hints upon flies would be acceptable. Now cannot you possibly, my good brother of the rod, do something on one or other of these points?

I thank you for your kindness in sending me the sheets of your new work, and have no doubt, from the peep I took into them at dinner, to the great damage of the mutton, that I shall be highly delighted with them.

A copy of the sermons you were so kind as to speak of is sent, with my compliments. Permit me to instance that on "The Gospel preached to the Poor," as an attempt to illustrate the republican system evangelically. If I had by me a copy of "Fruits of the Spirit," I would make bold to send it with the other, as my better work; but my copies are all gone.

I cannot meet you at Lake George. The friend who was always my companion there, the man whom I loved best, and as whom I can never love man again, is sleeping in sacred rest, till the illustrious morning breaks. He is associated with every nook and island of Lake George, and I can fish there no more. If you go there, let me recommend you to lodge at *Huling's* on the east side of the lake, just below the Narrows, where the bass fishing, now nowhere very good, is best.

I was among the Thousand Isles of the St. Lawrence last summer. When you visit that river, go by all means to *Alexandria Bay*, and enjoy two days of fishing, one for *pickerel* with the *spoon*. Conroy can tell you what it is, and the fishermen there (Griffin, though a sadly profane dog, is the best) will supply you; only take with you a couple of strong, *thick* trolling hand-lines. For the bass, another day will hardly suffice. Use for them a fly on the ordinary-sized lake bass-hook, made with *scarlet* cloth, wings and body, fastening on a bit of *forked* pickerel's tongue, by passing through the hook

until it will hang lightly from the bend. Play it among the rapid currents, round the points of islands, with about thirty to forty yards of silk line, from a twelve-foot stiff rod; and you will say that even trout fishing can hardly excel it. You are no doubt aware that in August the bass run close to shore on rocky bottom. Perhaps such advice to you is like carrying coals to Newcastle; but I give it as new to myself last summer. There is also a good trouting ground at the head of Salmon River, Richfield, Oswego County, about thirty miles from Rome, on the road to Ogdensburg. If the streams are well up, it is worth a visit.

My pen has run on in the quiet midnight until it threatens to make you weary; so, thanking you, I will only add, as I heard an old preacher once bring up an interminably long sermon of his by saying, *finally, and to conclude*, I will say no more.

Very sincerely yours,

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

The departed friend alluded to in the above letter was the writer's brother-in-law, John Williams; and a more beautiful tribute to a good man's memory is not often met with. The piscatorial library which Dr. Bethune collected and cherished numbered about seven hundred volumes, and was thought to be the largest in the world; and his edition of "Walton" is conceded, in England, to be the best one ever issued, so far as the notes are concerned. From what we know of this good man, we gather that he followed the art of angling because of his intense love of nature, and with a view of fortifying his health for the sedentary duties of his sacred profession. Although a genial man, and fond of a good joke, he was always the true Christian gentleman, and seems never to have omitted any opportunities to do good. A noble illustration of this fact we find in the mission church which he originated at Alexandria Bay, which he loved to speak of as his "pet child of the Thousand Islands," and in which a mural tablet was erected to his memory, by loving friends who had there heard his musical voice preaching the precious truths of the Bible.

EMANUEL LEUTZE.

THOSE of us who knew Leutze in the full vigor of manhood, and are familiar with the brilliant creations of his brain, find it difficult to realize his death. He died on Saturday last, the 18th inst. (July, 1868), in a room which looked out upon the national Capitol, where his painting of "Westward Ho!"

is a leading attraction; and the only member of his family who attended his death-bed was his youngest daughter. His remains were deposited on Tuesday last in a vault in Greenwood Cemetery, with a view to their ultimate removal to some other locality. My acquaintance with this accomplished man commenced in 1851, in Washington City, where it was my privilege to dine with him at Mr. Webster's table, and who, by the way, entertained a very high opinion of the artist. The last time I saw him was on Pennsylvania Avenue, near the Treasury Department. While we were chatting together, Walt Whitman, the eccentric writer, passed by; and I remarked, "Do you know that man?" He said no; and when I told him who he was, he replied, "Is that so? I am anxious to have a look at him," and, excusing himself, hurried off; and, in a moment, I saw him adroitly scanning the features of the author as they both passed into the department building.

The business which called him to Washington in 1851 was to look after the exhibition of his "Washington Crossing the Delaware," and to paint one or two portraits for Mr. George W. Riggs, who afterward ordered for his gallery the picture of "The Venetian Maskers." It was then, also, that he received orders from Mr. W. W. Corcoran for two of the best pictures in his gallery, viz., "Milton entertaining Cromwell" and "The Amazon and her Children"; and, at the same time, he painted for the writer of this letter "A Mounted Pioneer," which was the original of the leading figure in the national painting of "Westward Ho!"

At the time in question I asked Mr. Leutze for the leading events of his life, partly for my own gratification and partly with a view of eventually printing them; and, from the notes then taken, I submit, with a few later facts, the following particulars: He was born in Gmund, Würtemberg, May 24, 1816; and, when a mere child, his parents emigrated to this country, settling in Philadelphia. During his boyhood he bore the name of Emanuel Gottleib, but subsequently abandoned the second name. In that city he received the rudiments of a good education, and acquired the preliminary knowledge of an art which he fancied from his earliest boyhood. It was while attending at the bed of his sick father that he first began to draw, by way of beguiling his leisure moments. In his fifteenth year he produced a portrait, which was his first effort in oil; and his first composition piece was the figure of an Indian contemplating the setting sun, which won for him the friendship of Edward S. Carey, and eventually resulted in his illustrations of the poems of William C. Bryant, one of which, "The Catterskill Falls," is, in my opinion, unsurpassed for its exquisite beauty and sentiment among the productions of that class. In 1836 he visited Washington, under orders from a Philadelphia publisher, for the purpose of painting portraits of certain

famous men; but, as the project failed, he bolted for the interior of Virginia, where, as a wandering painter of portraits, he remained until 1841. In the early part of that year, assisted by his friend E. L. Carey, he went to Europe, studied for a time as a pupil of the famous Lessing, in Dusseldorf, visited the most celebrated galleries of art between London and Constantinople, won and married a German wife, and finally settled down to hard work in Dusseldorf. The kindness of the German heart to strangers, and especially to Americans, and the German blood in his veins, naturally caused him to fraternize with the artists and people of Dusseldorf, so that he immediately felt at home; and, during his several lengthened sojourns in Europe, that city was always his home. With the types of national character in Europe he became sufficiently well acquainted to grapple successfully with any idea that suggested itself to his mind; and among the European subjects which he depicted with rare skill and power may be mentioned the following: "Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn," "The Court of Queen Elizabeth," "The Puritan and his Daughter," "The Iconoclasts," "The Amazon and her Children," "The Image Breaker," "Columbus before the Council of Salamanca," "Columbus in Chains," "Columbus before Ferdinand and Isabella," "John Knox and Queen Mary," "Landing of the Northmen in America," "Cromwell and his Daughter," "Knight of Syme," "Frederick the Great entreating his Father's Pardon," "Milton before Cromwell," "Raleigh in Prison," and "Venetian Maskers," together with a variety of purely imaginative illustrations of the poets. Many of the above pictures were purchased by patrons of art in this country; but, while the artist's American friends were pleased to know that he was accomplishing so many admirable things illustrative of European history, many of them publicly expressed their regret that he should have so completely exiled his pencil as well as his person from the land where he spent his boyhood.

But in thus censuring the young artist, those who knew him not were doing him a wrong. The truth was, at that very period, instead of forgetting his adopted country, Leutze was studying almost nothing but its history and characteristics, animated by the noble and the single hope that he would yet be able to portray, in a worthy manner, upon his canvas, some of the more splendid events of its history. After making two or three prolonged visits to this country, he finally settled in New York in 1859, where he continued to reside until a few months before his death, when he came to Washington to carry out, in a quiet studio, certain extensive plans in regard to one or two pictures connected with our Pacific possessions. Several years before he entered upon the execution of his American pictures, he identified himself, in a most creditable manner, with the history of South America, by

producing his "Attack on the Temple of the Aztecs by Cortez." Although, when true to himself, his power of drawing and knowledge of color were well-nigh consummate, he had one great difficulty to contend with, which was the want of a *type* of American character, especially a type that would help him to delineate the men whose characters were moulded by the Revolution. While all the more prominent countries of the world were old enough in civilization to be characterized by a type, he saw that the United States, though marching on to immense power and greatness, was without this symbol of distinction. He discovered the type for which he was seeking in a peculiar contraction of the brow and a brilliant eye, and a mouth which denoted indomitable perseverance, industry, energy, and fearlessness. No sooner had he made this discovery than it appeared to him as plain as a solved riddle. This type was, indeed, the enigma of his life, and absorbed his thoughts for a period of six years. In less than nine months after his mind had settled itself upon his new ideas, he painted his first American picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware." This was followed by "Washington rallying his Troops at Monmouth," "Washington at Princeton," "Washington at Monongahela," "News from Lexington," "Sergeant Jasper," "Battle of Yorktown," by a number of full-length historical portraits, by Hester Prynne and Little Pearl, from Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and finally by his great picture of "Westward Ho!" painted for the general government. While it is true that his purely American pictures are sufficiently numerous and meritorious to give him a lasting reputation, it is also true that what he accomplished in that direction was only the beginning of what he hoped to perform. But a full account of Leutze's productions cannot even be catalogued in this brief letter, and of course this is not the time nor place to enter upon an analysis of his exalted genius. That he was an artist of very superior ability has been acknowledged by the best European and American critics; and that he was remarkably industrious is proven by the large number of his pictures extant, a majority of which are owned in this country. His personal appearance and nervous manner denoted him a man of genius, and his attainments as a scholar were decidedly creditable; but, gifted as he was in intellect, he was also a man of rare physical courage and endurance, as the following incidents will illustrate: He once accomplished, within the limits of a single day and unattended by a guide, the ascent of one of the highest mountains of Switzerland; and, although he suffered exceedingly from fatigue and cold and thirst, he returned to his lodgings in the valley without the least injury. On another occasion, when about to journey down the Rhine, the little boat in which he was to sail went off without him; whereupon, as the case was urgent, he recklessly jumped into the water and attempted to swim to the boat. It was in the month of October, the water was

bitter cold, and that portion of the Rhine was a continual whirlpool or rapid. The result was that the current obtained the mastery over him, and swept him down the stream a distance of *five* miles, when he regained the boat, which had been detained by an accident, and was taken on board in safety. My present object, however, is not to indite a biography of the lamented Leutze, but simply to throw a wreath of "sorrowing rue" upon his grave, betokening my admiration and love for one who, as an artist, was without a superior, in many particulars, either in this or any other country.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

THIS is the name of the only well-known poet identified with Canada, and he is one whose intellect, in some particulars, is not surpassed in North America. In 1860 the writer of this paper prepared a notice of him for the New York *Evening Post*, which was the first recognition of him published in this country, although, through Nathaniel Hawthorne (then in England), a criticism on his poetry had appeared in the "North British Review," two years before. In the "Atlantic Monthly" there subsequently appeared another review of the new poet, written by Bayard Taylor. The tone of this criticism was kind, manly, and appreciative, but in regard to matters of fact connected with the personal history of the poet it contains a few errors, which I think proper to correct. For doing this I have two reasons: the poet has honored me with his correspondence for several years past, and my admiration of his ability borders on enthusiasm.

He resides in Montreal. By the people generally of that goodly city he is spoken of as a cabinet-maker, but until recently he has been in reality a carver of wood; by men of cultivation who know him, or have read his works, he is recognized as a true poet. He was born in the county of Yorkshire, England, in 1816; was reared by a religious mother; received a limited education, and, from the age of nine years until quite recently, it has been his lot to labor at his trade, usually from ten to thirteen hours daily, and with few intervals of relaxation. In 1843 he was married; in 1853 he emigrated to Canada and settled in Montreal, and is at the present time, 1870, connected with the daily press of that city.

Though always a close observer of man and nature, and ever feeling the strivings of poetry within, he has been deprived almost entirely of those opportunities derived from leisure and books which are deemed indispensable to the moulding or nourishment of the intellect. What time he had to spare has been devoted to the study of the Bible and Shakespeare. In

a literary sense, fortune has hitherto been to him only a step-mother; but his skies are now brightening, and it must be that the time is at hand when he is to be everywhere acknowledged as a poet. In speaking of his most elaborate production, the "North British Review" says that "it is indubitably one of the most remarkable English poems ever written out of Great Britain," and one of its characters is said to be "depicted with an imaginative veracity which has not been equalled in our language by any but the creator of Caliban and Ariel." Nor is the "Atlantic Monthly" less complimentary, for it says, in regard to his last production, "Much of it might have been written by a contemporary of Shakespeare"; and, in view of his ability, that "never was so much genuine power so long silent."

The first poem published by Mr. Heavysege was a juvenile effort, entitled "The Revolt of Tartarus," which long ago disappeared from public view. His second appearance was as the author of fifty sonnets, published, like the foregoing, anonymously. The subjects thereof are high toned and various, and their style subtle, tasteful, and vigorous. The glimpses they give us of the poet's heart are calculated to win our affection; and, while none of them can be pronounced perfect, and evidently are not as highly finished as they might be, yet they abound in fine ideas (such as Lamb claimed for the sonnets of Sydney), and in expressions of great beauty and power. Hear, for example, how the heart of the poet speaks of celestial music:—

"Thou hast a spirit, and it shall not sleep
  Beneath the burial clod,
But shall ascend into yon azure deep,
  Never by mortal trod.
Thou shalt divest thee of this ponderous clay,
  And soar thy passage to those distant spheres,
And have, along the splendor of the way,
  Their music in thine ears."

And again, when looking sadly into the darkness of a starless night, the poet himself says:—

"Upward, around, and downward I explore,
  Even to the frontiers of the ebon air;
But cannot, though I strive, discover more
  Than what seems one huge cavern of despair."

But mere flights of fancy are not all that we find good in these sonnets, for, after an allusion to the dawning day, we have the following:—

"So opens, lovely, human life:
The infant at the breast
The counterpart is of that ray
Now breaking in the east.
So many a project opens fair;
So many a fair intent;
So each has in his life's career
One bright occasion sent;
But none can in the night of age
Retrieve a life misspent."

It is due to the author, however, that we should give one or two of his sonnets entire, and we therefore select one on "Death" and another on "Night":—

"Why should I die, and leave the ethereal night,
Moonlit, star-sprent; this canopy of blue
Blotted forever from my cancelled sight,
Its lofty grandeur, and its peerless hue!
Why should I die, and leave the glorious day,
Sun-bathed, and flaming in the boundless sky?
Why shall some morrow to the living say,
'His ear is stopped, and ever closed his eye'?
Tell me, oh! sadness, speak, and tell me why.
Ever to sleep, and hear no more the sound
Of rival nations marching to their goal;
To be condemned beneath the stolid ground
To rest unconscious while new eras roll:
Oh! art thou mocked not? tell me, tell me, soul."

"The stars are glittering in the frosty sky,
Rank as the pebbles on a broad sea-coast;
And o'er the vault the cloud-like galaxy
Has marshalled its innumerable host:
Alive all heaven seems! with wondrous glow
Tenfold refulgent every star appears;
As if some wide, celestial gale did blow
And thrice illume the ever-kindled spheres.
How awful is the night when thus it comes!
How terrible the grandeur of its gloom,
When, in one visit, recklessly it sums
Glory a whole dull age could scarce consume.
Methinks in heaven there's revelry to-night,
And solemn orgies of unknown delight."

The third and far more important of our poet's productions was "Saul: A Drama in three Parts." As the title indicates, it is founded upon the career of the great Hebrew king, occupies no less than fourteen acts, and makes a volume of three hundred and twenty-eight octavo pages. It was first

published in Montreal in 1857, and a second edition in 1859. Though very long, no lover of genius can read the first act of the drama without reading to the last page; and numerous as are the scenes and characters portrayed, the unity of its purpose will be apparent, and the artistic yet simple management of the whole cannot but elicit admiration. Many passages remind me of the older English dramatists, and since the appearance of "Philip Van Artevelde" and "Ion," I have met with nothing in modern dramatic literature which has afforded me the real enjoyment I have derived from "Saul." It is not wanting in dramatic effect, though some conventional critics might find fault with certain passages on this score, and it is remarkably free from the mannerism and egotism so common in similar productions. The author displays a most delicate appreciation of inanimate nature, has a strong sympathy for the ordinary feelings of humanity; and there is no sameness or monotony in his delineations of human character. He seems to have emulated the master minds of the past, and gives us lessons of deepest import without sanctimonious pretensions on his part.

To a messenger who had expressed the hope that Saul would not fail his people in battle, he gives utterance to these clarion words:—

> "Let the morn fail to break; I will not break
> My word. Haste! or I'm there before you. Fail!
> Let the morn fail the east; I'll not fail you,
> But, swift and silent as the streaming wind,
> Unseen, approach; then, gathering up my force
> At dawning, sweep on Ammon, as night's blast
> Sweeps down from Carmel on the dusky sea."

Before a battle the king thus moralizes:—

> "Boy, bring my arms! not now we'll moralize,
> Although to fight it needs that some must fall.
> When this day's work is done, and serious night
> Disposes to reflection and gives leisure,
> We will review the hours of the past slaughter;
> And, while around, to heaven ascends a dew
> Distilled from blood now throbbing through its veins,
> Sorrow for whom we must."

And when flushed with victory, with what a splendid thought does he compliment the valor of his people:—

> "But let us sheathe these trenchant ministers;
> For, by the souls for whom they have hewn a passage
> Unto some far, mysterious gehenna,
> Or to the troubled sepulchre of the air,
> They have well done."

Further on, after commenting upon the bravery of Jonathan, Saul thus speaks:—

> "The vulgar, to whom courage is not native,
> And who have not acquired, by proud traditions,
> The fear of shame and dainty sense of honor,
> Must by religion's rites obtain the valor
> Which best is carried ready in the heart."

The fortunes of war have turned against the king; and, in the following how like the broken-hearted Lear does he bewail his fate:—

> "Home, home, let us, dishonored—home, if there
> Be yet for us a home, and the Philistines
> Drive us not forth to miserable exile.
> Will they allow us, like to a breathed hare
> Spent, to return and repossess our form?
> Will they endure us in Gibeah? or must we
> Discover some dark den on Lebanon,
> And dwell with lions? or must we with foxes
> Burrow, and depend on cunning for our food?
> Better with lions and with foxes mating,
> Than be companions of the brood of Israel;
> Yea, better with the hill wolf famishing,
> Than battening with the drove that forms the world."

The general scope of this drama is in keeping with the Bible history of Saul and the leading personages associated with him; but of course the filling up, as it might be termed, is all original. The boldest attempt of our poet, perhaps, is that of introducing supernatural characters; and in one or two of his evil spirits he has been eminently successful. Indeed we fully concur with the "North British Review" when it says that "seldom has art so well performed the office of handmaiden to religion as in the extraordinary character of Malzah, in whom we have the disembodiment of the soul of the faithless, sophistical, brave, and generously disposed king of Israel, and a most impressive poetical exposition of the awful truth, that he who is not wholly for God is against him."

Soon after the horrible death of Agag, two demons make their appearance in the drama, when one of them, satisfied with what he had witnessed, suggests to his companion that they should return to hell, when the other replies as follows:—

"Stay! for the road thereto is yet encumbered
With the descending spectres of the killed.
'Tis said they choke hell's gates, and stretch from thence
Out like a tongue upon the silent gulf
Wherein our spirits—even as terrestrial ships
That are detained by foul winds in an offing—
Linger, perforce, and feel broad gusts of sighs,
That swing them on the dark and billowless waste,
O'er which come sounds more dismal than the boom,
At midnight, of the salt flood's foaming surf,
Even dead Amalek's moan and lamentation."

In keeping with the above, which would be a fit subject for the pencil of Doré, on the score of horror, is the subjoined soliloquy, uttered by Saul when first fully possessed by his evil spirit, Malzah:—

"What ails me? what impels me on until
The big drops fall from off my brow? Whence comes
This strange affliction? Oh, thus to be driven
About! I will stand still: now move me aught
That can. Ah, shake me, thing; shake me again,
Like an old thorn i' th' blast! 'Tis leaving me;
Oh, that it were forever! Oh, how long
Shall this fierce malady continue these
Dread visitations? See, 'tis here again!
What's here again? or who? Here's none save I;
And yet there's some one here. 'Tis here, 'tis here,
Within my brain: no, it is in my heart—
Within my soul, where rise again black thoughts
And horrible conceptions, that from hell
Might have come up. All blasphemies that my ears
Ever heard; my horridest ideas in dreams;
And impious conceits, that even a fiend
Methinks could scarcely muster, swarm within
Me, rank and black as summer flies on ordure.

Oh, what a den this moment is my breast!
How cold I feel, how cruel and invidious!
Now let no child of mine approach me; neither
Do thou come near to me, Ahinoam,
The mother and the wife I dearly love;
For now the universe appears one field
On which to spend my rancor. Oh, disperse,
Fit, nor return with thy o'erwhelming shadows!
Oh, that it would be gone, and leave me in
My sorrow! Surely 'tis enough to live
In lone despair. To reign is care enough,
Even in rude health; but to be harassed thus
By an unnamed affection—and why harassed?
Oh, why am I thus harassed? I have heard
Of wretches raging under sharp remorse;
Of cruel monarchs, in their latter days,
Falling a prey to an accusing conscience;
But why should I, whose faults smite but myself,
Be thus tormented?"

A few pages further on, and after Saul has recovered from one of his dreadful paroxysms, he has an interview with his physician, and a part of that dialogue is too pathetic to omit in this compilation:—

PHYSICIAN. Time is the skilfullest
Physician, and tenderest nurse.
SAUL. But memory is time's defiler.
PHYSICIAN. To know is not to suffer
Always; for wrongs, like men, grow weak when old—
But I'm too bold, your majesty.
SAUL. I have heard say
That, toward the west, a people live believing
There is a river that can wash the past
From out the memory.
PHYSICIAN. I've travelled 'mongst them:
But they believe 'tis only after death
That those dark waters can avail the spirit;
Which, losing the remembrance of past evil,
Resigns therewith the memory of past good.
SAUL. I ask not such oblivion! But hast nothing
That can avail a mortal whilst he lives!
What are the dead to thee?
PHYSICIAN. Your majesty,
Here I cannot help you; I have no opiate
That can assuage the anguish of the spirit;
Nor subtle, fine astringent is there known
Can bind the wanderings of a lawless fancy;
No soft, insinuating balsam that
Can through the body reach the sickly soul.
SAUL. Hast naught, then, in thy dispensatory?
PHYSICIAN. I've sedatives, narcotics, tonics, too—
SAUL. Give me a tonic for the heart.

As I have mentioned the name of Malzah, it is proper that I should give the reader a taste of his qualities. With the following words, for example, does he conclude one of his infernal songs:—

> "Here comes my royal maniac in my chains,
> I'm here, yet riding in his brains."

Again does he exclaim in devilish delight:—

> "His mind's defences are blown down by passion."

And again:—

> "I never knew a devil that fared better:
> I feed on a king's sighs, do drink queen's tears,
> Am clothed with half a nation's maledictions."

And how vivid is this description of the poor king as he lies asleep upon a bed at midnight:—

"He is now sleeping, but his fervent brow
Is all meandered o'er by swollen veins,
Across his temple one appears nigh bursting.
He breathes, too, heavily, and a feeble moan
I hear within him; showing that his soul,
(Like to a child that's wept itself to sleep,)
Even in slumber doth retain its trouble.
I am loath again to rack him; but I will,
For I am desperate to escape from slavery.
I will breathe hotly on his countenance,
And when he awakes and doth cry out for water—
Which I will make his servants slow in bringing—
I'll enter him 'midst his vociferations,
And goad him back to madness."

Leaving this demon to carry on his warfare against the monarch of Israel, we run over the pages hastily to pick out such brief sentences as are particularly striking and need no explanation, concluding with one more quotation from the hero of the drama. Read the following:—

"Music
Moves but that portion of us which is good."

"He's great who's happy everywhere."

"He with his spear, which is like a weaver's beam,
Would stop the dancing shuttle of thy life."

"Oh, for a woman's shriek to cut the cords
That bind my woe down on my swelling heart
Until I suffocate! Oh, let me weep!"

"Water flees
From fire; so now, perforce, gush forth my tears
Out of my heart fierce burning."

"For we have conscience here, and what can we
Have worse hereafter?"

"That last, worst state—despair combined with fear."

"Yes, presently there'll be a sleep
With time enough to dream in."

Let us listen to the poor king sighing for sleep, and then, after enduring many troubles more, see him sink into that sleep that knows no waking:—

"There was a time when Sleep
Was wont to approach me with her soundless feet,
And take me by surprise. I called her not,
And yet she'd come; but I even woo her,
And court her by the cunning use of drugs,
But still she will not turn to me her steps;
Not even to approach, and, looking down,
Drop on these temples one oblivious tear.
I that am called a king, whose word is law,—
Awake I lie and toss, while the poor slave,
Whom I have taken prisoner in my wars,
Sleeps soundly; and he who had sold himself to service,
Although his cabin rock beneath the gale,
Hears not the uproar of the night, but smiling,
Dreams of the year of jubilee. I would that I
Could sleep at night; for then I should not hear
Ahinoam, poor grieved one, sighing near."

He has been mortally wounded in battle, and these are his last words:—

"Now let me die, for I indeed was slain
With my three sons. Where are ye, sons! Oh, let me
Find ye, that I may perish with you; dying,
Cover you with my form, as doth the fowl
Cover her chickens! Oh, Philistia,
Thou now art compensated; now art getting
Rich with this crimson, hot, and molten tide;
That waits not patient to be coined in drops,
But rushes, in an ingot-forming stream,
Out of the mine and mintage of my heart!
Oh, my three poor dead sons, where are you? Ye
Have gone before me into the hereafter
Upon such innocency-flighted steps,
That I, with feet cumbered with clots of blood,
Shall lose of you all glimpse, and then my soul
Shall drop to the abyss. Gush faster, blood,
And gallop with my soul towards Hades,
That yawns obscure."

The next production printed by Mr. Heavysege was a drama in five acts, entitled "Count Filippo; or, The Unequal Marriage." The scenery and personages are Italian, though very different in character from the other works of the author, but is nevertheless well worthy of his gifted pen. The plot is painful and somewhat overstrained, but the story, and the manner of telling it, have a strange power over the reader. It was not until after he had published this poem that the press of Canada condescended to recognize the poet as of sufficient capacity to furnish them with an occasional communication on the topics of the day. While filling their papers with

fulsome praise of snobby lordlings from England, they have not, for the most part, had time to recognize the fact that the wood-carver of Montreal was the leading intellect of their Dominion. And as to encouragement from the United States, I have never seen a single copy of his writings in any library in this country, excepting my own.

After "Filippo," Mr. Heavysege published an "Ode on Shakespeare." It is in blank verse, contains nearly eight hundred lines, but is hardly worthy of the author of "Saul." His last production, published in Montreal in 1865, is a sacred idyl of fourteen hundred lines, entitled "Jephthah's Daughter." As in the case of "Saul," the poet here follows the narrative of the Bible. By many this poem will be considered the greatest and most perfect of his productions; but I have read "Saul" so many times, and with so much pleasure, that I am loath as yet to yield the palm to the new-comer. If I had not already exceeded my limits, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to give my readers a score or two of splendid passages from this poem; but I must be content with submitting a single extract, in which I find the unhappy daughter pleading with her more unhappy mother:—

"Let me not need now disobey you, mother,
But give me leave to knock at Death's pale gate,
Whereat, indeed, I must by duty drawn,
By nature shown the sacred way to yield.
Behold, the coasting cloud obeys the breeze;
The slanting smoke, the invisible, sweet air;
The towering tree its leafy limbs resigns
To the embraces of the wilful wind;
Shall I, then, wrong, resist the hand of Heaven?
Take me, my father! take, accept me, Heaven!
Slay me, or save, even as you will!
Light, light, I leave thee! yet am I a lamp,
Extinguished now to be relit forever.
Life dies; but in its stead, death lives."

If the fragments here submitted from the pen of Charles Heavysege do not win for him a host of friends from the intellectual circles of this country, then, indeed, shall I be surprised and disappointed.

After writing the above, a new edition of "Saul" was published in Boston, and, in 1876, this most gifted poet died in Montreal. From the correspondence with which he has honored me, I submit the following:—

MONTREAL, Oct. 12, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I must beg pardon for my delay in answering your generous letter, which was *six weeks* old before I got it from our post-office; and since that time various circumstances have conspired to delay my reply. Your good

opinion of what I have written gratifies me much; and I gladly attempt to give you the sketch of my history which you require. I was born in England, as I believe you are aware; my ancestors on the paternal side being of Yorkshire (whence Mr. Gales of the *Intelligencer*). I was what is usually styled religiously brought up, and, though my works are dramatic, taught to consider not only the theatre itself, but dramatic literature, even in its best examples, as forbidden things. Hence, when a boy, it was only by dint of great persuasion that I covertly obtained from my mother some few pence weekly for a cheap edition of Shakespeare that was then being issued in parts. From the age of nine until the present time, except a short period spent at school, it has been my lot to labor, usually from ten to thirteen hours daily, and with few or no intervals of relaxation. But I was always thoughtful and observant of man and nature, and, from childhood, felt the stirrings of poetry within me. These were cherished in secret for many years; and, being of a rather retired and, perhaps, solitary disposition, I, until lately, wrote unknown to any except those of my own family.

The first recognition I met with was from the "North British" and "Saturday Reviews," and I believe some others in England that I have not yet seen. "Count Filippo" received a most flattering notice in the New York *Albion*; and Mr. S. Stephens, who is just returned from Boston, tells me that he heard me very favorably spoken of by Emerson, Longfellow, and Mr. Fields (of the firm Ticknor & Fields). Still, I am at present unknown, and my writing, hitherto, has been under inconveniences that might surprise the author who is accustomed to retire into the quiet of his study when engaged in composition. That I have often repined that it should be so, I will not deny. In a literary sense, fortune has hitherto been but a step-mother to me, but I trust that better days are in store, when I may have that leisure to see, study, and write, which is all that I crave. Again thanking you for your kind intention toward me, believe me, with best regards to Mrs. Lanman,

Yours truly,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

P. S. Out of "Saul" I have just finished condensing an *acting* play for a New York manager. If justice be done to it in the performance, I think it will succeed; anyhow, it is a beginning, and may lead to something further. I should be happy indeed to do anything to elevate and refine the stage. Should you hereafter honor me with a letter, you shall find that I appreciate it by answering promptly. Could you post me a copy of the article which you may write, or inform me when and in what paper to look for it?

C. H.

MONTREAL, Feb. 11, 1861.

Dear Sir,—Although so long deferred, allow me to perform a duty as well as a pleasure by expressing my sincere thanks to you for your able and judicious notice of me and mine in the New York *Evening Post*. I cannot imagine your selections to have been better made, for the limited space at your command (a remark which has also been made by others). I fear that in the States these are scarcely times to pay attention to literary performances, but your kind notice cannot but have effected its purpose; indeed, immediately upon its appearance, I received a communication from one of its readers.

Once more, then, permit me to thank you, and also to hope that the political tempest in which, I suppose, you at present live, move, and have your being, may not to your ears entirely drown this breath of acknowledgment, so that it pass by you as the idle wind that you regard not. With respects to yourself and Mrs. Lanman, and hoping to be continued amongst your correspondents, believe me,

Yours truly,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

MONTREAL, L. C., Oct. 2, 1865.

My dear Sir,—If it is pleasant to make new friends, it is still more agreeable to find that we yet retain the old ones.

Such a pleasure you have just afforded me in offering to follow up in the "Round Table" the article in the "Atlantic," entitled "The Author of 'Saul.' " To that end I have great pleasure in presenting you with a copy of "Jephthah's Daughter" and of the "Shakespeare Ode." Of course the idea of remitting me the money for these is a jest. I must, indeed, ask your pardon for my having neglected to send you a copy of them at the time of their publication.

You ask me to tell you all about myself. Believe me, sir, there is no one to whom I would sooner do so. Yet what I could with propriety communicate might not, at present, so much interest the public. What they would wish to learn is something about my works, and of course your aim would be to make them acquainted with them, according as you think these labors deserve.

The few facts of a biographical nature given in the "Atlantic" are generally correct, and I well remember the writer calling upon me one morning for a few minutes as he states. You will not have quite forgotten my accidental interview with yourself at the house of Mr. Stephens. What I have throughout my life had most to regret has been, and now is, a want of leisure to devote to practical pursuits. You will know that to be the reporter and local editor of a daily newspaper does not permit of the seizing of those inspired moods, which come we know not how, and leave us we know not wherefore. I have been for the last five years engaged in the daily press of this city, with the exception of one brief interval when I returned to my original calling. It was during that short interval that "Jephthah's Daughter" was written. The Ode was composed to be delivered on the occasion of the Shakespeare tercentenary celebration, in Montreal. It was undertaken at the request of a few gentlemen, the principal one of whom was, by the by, an American resident here. What the "Atlantic" says is true. Longfellow, Emerson, and Americans here and at home have been the earliest and fullest to confess that they saw something of promise, and even of performance, in your present correspondent; and I fancy it will be on your side of the lines that I shall first obtain (if ever I do obtain it) a decided recognition, as being one amongst those who in the present day have written something which gives them a slight title to the name of poet. Canada has not a large cultivated class, and what of such there is amongst us not only misdoubts its own judgment, but has generally no literary faith in sons of the soil, native or adopted. I often think that if fortune had guided my steps towards the States, say Boston, when I left England, the literary course of my life would have been influenced for the better. But it is too late to regret. If you should prove instrumental in some degree in introducing me to the American public during the reading season that is now about to commence, I shall be glad. I should likewise feel obliged if you would refrain from making allusion to any narrowness of circumstances, either of myself or parents. Of course you know that I have been, and am now, one of what is called the working class, a circumstance of which I am rather proud than otherwise; but my father was the heir to a patrimony which, from a romantic idea of justice, he, on coming of age, sold, and divided the proceeds amongst his relatives, and so reduced himself from the condition of a yeoman to that of one dependent upon the labor of his own hands. My maternal grandfather, too, wasted a small fortune in the indulgence of a too gay and hospitable disposition, which eventually brought him to end his days in an inferior position.

Forgive me for giving you this, perhaps superfluous, caution, but for so doing I have family reasons which you can readily understand. For the rest,

you can make what use you please of these latter items of information, if you think they will confer any interest or grace on your promised notice. This will be the second time you have kindly striven to serve me, and if you would send me a copy of the "Round Table" containing what you shall think fit to write, it will give me another occasion of acknowledging my obligation to you. With best respects to Mrs. Lanman, believe me.

Respectfully,

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.

LAFAYETTE S. FOSTER.

HE was my friend, good and true; and I only obey the impulse of my heart when I speak a loving word in his memory. He was a pure, gifted, high-toned, and noble Christian gentleman; and I am proud to record the fact that, by the ties of marriage, he was allied to my father's family, having married one of his sisters. He was born in Franklin, New London County, Conn., Nov. 22, 1806, and died at Norwich, Sept. 19, 1880. His father, Daniel Foster, served with honor as a captain in the Revolutionary war, and was a direct descendant of Miles Standish. His mother was a woman of rare excellence, and worthy of her noted son; and it is a pleasant recollection that, before removing into the elegant house in which he died, he provided for that mother and a sister a comfortable home wherein to spend their days in peace. While preparing himself for college, he taught in one of the schools of Norwich; graduated at Brown University in 1828; and, while preparing himself for the life of a lawyer, taught in an academy in the State of Maryland, in which State he was admitted to the bar, and afterwards admitted to that of Connecticut. In 1835 he had the editorial charge of a newspaper in Norwich; but the employment was not congenial, and he soon relinquished the position. In 1837, after a long intimacy with the family, he married Joanna Boylston Lanman, daughter of the Hon. James Lanman, by whom he had three children, all of whom died at an early age; and his wife also died in 1859. She was a most accomplished and amiable woman,—for several years my own especial guardian,—and did much to promote her husband's interests and happiness, not only in Connecticut, but, also, while he was a resident of Washington. The calamities which befell his domestic circle, however, notwithstanding his marked Christian character, had a depressing effect on his subsequent life. In 1839 he was elected to the State Legislature, to which he was six times re-elected, and was Speaker for three years. In 1846 he visited Europe, and in 1851 was made a doctor of laws by

Brown University. In 1854 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he was a recognized leader for twelve years, serving on the most important committees, and two years as President *pro tem* and acting Vice-President. Before the Rebellion, he was ready to make many concessions; but after the war had commenced, he was a most earnest defender of the Union, though never bitter in his feelings. He was present at the battle of Bull Run, but only as a spectator; and it is not yet a settled question whether he, Zachariah Chandler, and Alfred Ely returned to Washington all on the same horse, or on foot with rare rapidity. From what subsequently happened, that little affair at Bull Run would seem to have inspired a regular spirit of adventure; for, a few years afterwards, as the head of a Senate committee, he went on an expedition among the Indians, and actually hunted the Buffalo bulls on the Western prairies; and the stories which Senator Doolittle used to tell of their exploits, for he was on the same committee, were amusing in the extreme.

In 1870, Mr. Foster was again elected to the State Legislature, and soon afterwards was made a justice of the Supreme Court of the State, having retired in 1876. After the close of his first term as a judge, he visited Europe; and so careful was he not to neglect his duties that he came home to sit out a second term of the court, and then went back to finish his European tour. He was offered a professorship in Yale College; and, though he declined the honor, he subsequently delivered a series of law lectures before the students of the college, and by his will endowed a professorship on English law in that institution. He took a special interest in all the local affairs of his native county, bequeathed his law library for the benefit of the public, and the valuable property which was his home to the Free Academy of Norwich. He took an active part in many religious organizations; did not think it beneath his dignity to teach a Bible class in the church to which he belonged; and the last of his addresses to the public was delivered on the 6th of September, 1880, at the Fort Griswold celebration, only thirteen days before his death.

The collected speeches, orations, and lectures delivered by this model statesman and lawyer would be a great acquisition to our national literature; and it is to be hoped they will be published in due time. He was one of those who never went out of his way to gain popularity, and though cautious in all his public acts and sayings, he was always honest and independent.

My acquaintance with Mr. Foster began in the year 1833, when I frequently met him in Norwich, at the Saturday family dinners of my grandfather, James Lanman, one of whose daughters, as already stated, subsequently became his wife, and under whose loving protection it was my lot, as a boy, to live for two or three years. His early career as a lawyer was

most satisfactory, and he rose with rapidity to the position of a leader at the Norwich bar. He was chiefly engaged in the higher class of cases, in the whole of Eastern Connecticut; and his habit was to prosecute them with the utmost energy. As a pleader he was argumentative and serious; and, while his fees with rich men were highly remunerative, he was always ready to protect or assist a poor client without remuneration.

His prolonged services as a State legislator were of such a character that his transition, without passing through the national House of Representatives, to the Senate of the United States was the most natural of events; and how he conducted himself, both as a senator and as President of the Senate, is a part of our honorable national history; and it was according to the fitness of things, that he should have passed from the Senate to a seat on the bench of his native State.

It was while he resided in Washington, however, that I met him most frequently, and had the best opportunities to study his character. As a senator he was industrious, conscientious, and never left any of his public duties undone, as is the almost universal and very pernicious habit of the average senator and representative of the present day. He was proud of the State which he represented, and its humblest citizens, who might visit the metropolis, were treated with the utmost consideration. His habits were those of the scholar and man of culture, but he always had a pleasant word for those who occupied more humble spheres in society. As a presiding officer he was dignified, quick, fully posted in regard to all parliamentary rules, and strictly impartial in his decisions. For the high-living customs of Washington, which have so frequently brought disgrace upon men in high positions, he had a perfect abhorrence. As a party man he was true to principle, and had the boldness and the integrity, when necessary, to condemn what he thought wrong in the conduct of his own party; and I very well remember his scathing rebuke of a certain official of the Senate, whom he had discovered to be directly interested in a measure which had passed into a law ostensibly for the public welfare. He never made any sanctimonious professions, but he was a practical believer in the religion of the Bible. With men of thought, on suitable occasions, he delighted to converse upon all those themes which naturally attract the true statesman. On the other hand, when in the company of ladies, and the occasion was suitable, nothing delighted him more than to have a frolic in the way of repartee, when his pleasantries and harmless wit were sure to surprise and delight all who happened to be present. Generally speaking, his conversation was sedate, however, and in the seat of the Vice-President often cold and solemn; but his enjoyment of a good laugh was something almost unique,

convulsive in its character, and magnetic in its effects upon others. When in a frolicsome mood he did not wait for something ridiculous to give him a start, and a description which I once heard him recite of a truly fearful railroad accident in one of the Southern States, when he came within an ace of being killed, was as good as a comedy. In all particulars, he was an exalted and well-balanced character, and his death was a national calamity.

The correspondence with which Mr. Foster honored me during our long acquaintance was quite frequent; but in looking over his letters, I find that they would not interest the public, or throw any light upon his character, as they are all connected with business or family affairs. I regret this circumstance most sincerely; but I have no doubt that there is ample correspondence in other hands, which will be utilized in any memorial of his life which may be prepared hereafter, a volume for private circulation having already been printed by his second and surviving wife.

CHARLES DICKENS AND WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE friendship which existed between these two distinguished authors was intimate and long continued, and as free from the alloy of selfishness as anything of the kind recorded in literary history. What little I happen to know concerning their kindly feelings for each other, and now propose to submit to the public, may be considered as a happy conclusion to the story of their intimacy as contained in their correspondence, hitherto published.

The intercourse between them commenced in 1841, when Mr. Irving was in his fifty-eighth year, and Mr. Dickens had attained precisely half that number of years, twenty-nine. The American took the lead and wrote a letter expressing his heartfelt delight with the writings of the Englishman, and his yearnings toward him. The reply was minute, impetuously kind, and eminently characteristic. “There is no man in the world,” said Mr. Dickens, “who would have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have. . . . There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it, as I hope you will be, faintly guessing at the warmth of the hand I *autobiographically* hold out to you over the broad Atlantic. . . . I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall, as it were naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into

your open arms. . . . I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me."

In the winter of 1842, and while the literary public of New York was congratulating Mr. Irving on his appointment as minister to Spain, the tide of excitement suddenly turned toward Mr. Dickens, who just then arrived in the city of Boston. Then it was that the two lions first met face to face; and for a few weeks, at Sunnyside, and in the delightful literary society which was a striking feature of New York life at that time, they saw as much of each other as circumstances would allow. Professor C. C. Felton, in his remarks on the death of Mr. Irving, before the Historical Society of Massachusetts, gave us some interesting recollections of this winter in New York. Among other things, he said: "I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens; and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his fervid genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said, in his frank, hearty manner, that from his childhood he had known the works of Irving; and that before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the story of Little Nell."

But the crowning event of the winter in question was the great dinner given to Mr. Dickens by his admirers at the old City Hotel. I was a mere boy at the time, a Pearl Street clerk, but through the kindness of certain friends the honor was granted to me of taking a look from a side door at the august array of gifted authors before they were summoned to the sumptuous table. It was only a glimpse that I enjoyed; but while Mr. Irving, as presiding host, was sacrificing his sensitive nature for the gratification of his friend, and was, by breaking down in his speech of welcome, committing the only failure of his life, I retired to the quiet of my attic room, and spent nearly the whole of that night with "Little Nell," the "Broken Heart," and "Marco Bozzaris," and drinking in the beauty and the comforting philosophy of "Thanatopsis," all of them the matchless creations of authors whom it had just been my privilege to see. The little speech which Mr. Dickens delivered on that occasion was happy in the extreme, proving not only that he was familiar with the writings of Mr. Irving, but that he placed the highest value upon them; and before taking his seat he submitted the following toast: "*The Literature of America*: She well knows how to honor her own literature, to do honor to that of other lands, when she chooses Washington Irving as her representative in the country of Cervantes."

Soon after the New York dinner, business called Mr. Irving to Washington, and Mr. Dickens made his arrangements to be there at the same

time. At that place they renewed their friendly intercourse, laughed together at the follies of the politicians, enjoyed the companionship of the great triumvirs, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, and were of course victimized at the President's receptions. On one occasion the honors were certainly divided between the two authors; and while we know that Mr. Dickens had no reason to complain of any want of attention on the part of the people, it is pleasant to read his comments upon the conduct of the assembled company toward Mr. Irving. "I sincerely believe," said he in his "American Notes," "that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer; and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking, with a generous and honest impulse, around the man of quiet pursuits; proud in his promotion as reflected back upon their country, and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them." From Washington, Mr. Dickens went upon a trip to Richmond, and on his return he made a doubtful appointment to meet Mr. Irving in Baltimore, and to that meeting I shall presently recur. In the mean time I must quote a single paragraph from a letter that he wrote as a reminder to Mr. Irving: "What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give if we could have but a quiet week together! Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you ever have leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive,—leisure from listlessness I mean,—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure."

In 1853 it was my privilege to spend a day with Mr. Irving during his last visit to Washington, and in an account of it which I published in *Once a Week*, in London, occurs the following: "He touched upon literary men generally, and a bit of criticism on Thackeray seemed to me full of meaning. He liked the novelist as a lecturer and a man, and his books were capital. Of his novels he liked 'Pendennis,' most; 'Vanity Fair' was full of talent, but many passages hurt his feelings; 'Esmond' he thought a queer affair, but deeply interesting. Thackeray had quite as great genius as Dickens, but Dickens was *genial and warm, and that suited him*."

And now comes a letter addressed to me by Mr. Dickens, during his last visit to this country, and as introductory to which the preceding paragraphs have been written. In view of the allusion to myself, I must plead the saying

that "it is sometimes almost excusable for a man to commit a little sin for the purpose of securing a greater good."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5, 1868.

My dear Sir,—Allow me to thank you most cordially for your kind letter and for its accompanying books. I have a particular love for books of travel, and shall wander into the "Wilds of America" with great interest. I have also received your charming sketch with great pleasure and admiration. Let me thank you for it heartily. As a beautiful suggestion of nature, associated with this country, it shall have a quiet place on the walls of my house as long as I live.

Your reference to my dear friend, Washington Irving, renews the vivid impressions reawakened in my mind at Baltimore the other day. I saw his fine face for the last time in that city. He came there from New York, to pass a day or two with me before I went westward, and they were made among the most memorable of my life by his delightful fancy and genial humor. Some unknown admirer of his books and mine sent to the hotel a most enormous mint julep, wreathed with flowers. We sat, one on either side of it, with great solemnity (it filled a respectable sized round table), but the solemnity was of very short duration. It was quite an enchanted julep, and carried us among innumerable people and places that we both knew. The julep held out far into the night, and my memory never saw him afterward otherwise than as bending over it with his straw with an attempted gravity (after some anecdote involving some wonderfully droll and delicate observation of character), and then, as his eye caught mine, melting into that captivating laugh of his, which was the brightest and best I have ever heard.

Dear sir, with many thanks, faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in a pleasing comment on this letter, makes this remark: "The enchanted julep was a gift from the proprietor of Guy's Hotel, Baltimore, and, 'having held out far into the night,' must have been on a magnificent scale at first; large enough for Gog and Magog, were they alive, to have become mellow upon. George Cruikshank or H. L. Stevens, no inferior should dare attempt it, might win additional fame by sketching the two authors, so much akin in genius and geniality, imbibing the generous, mellifluous fluid from a pitcher which, like the magic purse of Fortunatus, seemed always full."

WILLIAM A. BUCKINGHAM.

I WOULD throw a single flower upon this good man's grave. I first heard of his illness about ten days before his death, and my first impulse was to write to him a sympathizing letter; and his reply, written in February, 1875, contained the following paragraph:—

"My nervous system has become very much prostrated; and, while I cherish the hope of being able to reach Washington before the close of the present session of Congress, yet the prospect is not very flattering."

In view of the present aspect of our national affairs, I look upon the death of such a man as a great calamity. He was an honest man, pure, unselfish, clear-minded, a lover of his fellow-men, charitable, ever influenced by lofty aspirations, a true Christian, an eminently useful citizen, and an honor to his State and country. My acquaintance with him began when I was a boy and attended a Sunday school in Norwich, Conn., of which he was for many years the superintendent. His winning manners as a speaker, his kind admonitions to the wayward boys, and his knowledge of the Bible, all made such a deep impression on my mind that I have never forgotten them during the intervening forty years. Long afterwards, when upon a trouting expedition among the hills of his native Lebanon, I chanced to meet him under the roof where he was born; and I well remember with what careful consideration he treated his aged parents, and, by his presence, filled their home with sunshine, which home, by the way, the lightning had a chronic habit of assaulting, but without ever doing any special harm.

During the days of the old Whig party, Mr. Buckingham took an interest in public affairs, and the speeches he was wont to utter always had the ring of pure metal; and his influence, which was paramount, caused him to be frequently elected mayor of Norwich. For a short time, when he kept the most extensive dry-goods store in Norwich, I was one of his clerks; and I remember that his careful and upright way of doing business was most influential, both within and without his establishment. When he subsequently became eminently successful as a manufacturer, he spent his money with marvellous liberality in promoting the cause of religion and education, and in secretly helping the deserving poor. As one of the "war governors" during the Rebellion, he had no superior; and he made his wisdom and patriotism felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. As a senator, he was dignified, kind, always anxious to be right, bold in following the line of duty, and in all his sympathies was far removed from the crowd of common partisans and demagogues.

The good deeds of this departed man might be counted by the hundred, but his negative qualities will be remembered to his credit. He was too unsuspecting in his nature to be useful in that extensive department of modern American legislation known as investigating committees; he never used his influence as a public man to put money in his own pockets or those of his family and friends; he was not one of those who could take pleasure in any kind of fashionable debauchery; nor was he one of those men who pretend to be what they are not, or to know about things of which they are ignorant; he never delivered speeches when he had nothing to say; and long, commonplace rigmaroles, permeated with the narrow spirit of the demagogue, were things for which he had a holy horror. It would seem as if, for the sake of our country, such men as Senator Buckingham "should be living at this hour"; and the conclusion of Wordsworth's sonnet on Milton was as applicable to the unpretending but highly honored American citizen, as it was to the great poet:—

> "So didst thou travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
> The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

JOHN F. T. CRAMPTON.

NUMEROUS and very pleasant are the recollections which I cherish of this accomplished man. He first came to Washington as *chargé d'affaires*, from England, in 1847; was subsequently made a full minister, received the honor of knighthood, and after an honorable career in Russia and in Spain, was retired upon a pension, and settled in his native Ireland for the balance of his days. His father, Philip Crampton, was an eminent surgeon in Ireland, and he had a brother who stood high as a clergyman in the Established Church of England.

I became acquainted with him in 1850, at Mr. Webster's table, and I was perhaps the last friend who shook his hand prior to his sudden departure from Washington. The fact that we were both fond of fishing and of painting drew us together from the start, and both of those pursuits we enjoyed in company during his entire sojourn in this country. If I could pilot him to the best pools in the Potomac for fly-fishing, he, on the other hand, had the power of rewarding me in a princely manner by his conversation on the fine arts; but as to the sketching grounds where we studied nature, I think our discoveries were about equal, for he was a famous explorer of retired and beautiful nooks in the local scenery. On many occasions, when the weather

was favorable, we visited the Little Falls before breakfast (and once, I remember, he captured not less than thirty rock-fish); on the afternoon of the same day we have taken a drive in his open carriage, and each produced a sketch; and in the evening would follow an elegant dinner at the legation, and a long and, to me, very instructive conversation upon art, illustrated with his treasures in the way of engravings, etchings, drawings, and paintings. His ability as an artist was remarkable, and he produced water-color drawings and oil paintings with equal facility, and that facility was great. He painted pictures chiefly for the pleasure the employment afforded, and I have seen him destroy his productions by the dozen; and among the pictures which I now possess, and which I rescued from the floor of his studio, I may mention a seaside and a view of Killarney in water colors, two market-women in the rain, and a portrait of himself in oil. The only things from his own pencil which he seemed to value were a series of effects in color which he had copied from the old masters in the leading galleries of Europe.

The state dinners which Mr. Crampton gave were grand affairs; big men, senators and foreign diplomats, attended them, and of course they were often stupid; but the private dinners were enjoyable. It was at one of these that I met young Bulwer, before he had blossomed into a poet as *Owen Meredith*; he was at that time an *attaché* to the legation, and when I afterwards read his first book of poetry, I was simply astonished, for I had not anticipated a mind of such strength in such a quiet little body as he had appeared to me; and when I afterwards saw him gazetted as the viceroy of India, and head and front of the Afghanistan war, my amazement knew no bounds. That all the world do not think him a great man is proven by the fact that the erratic poet, Swinburne, calls him "*Pretty little Lytton*, with his muse in muff and mitten." The two gentlemen who acted as Mr. Crampton's chief secretaries, during his residence in Washington, were John Savile Lumley and Philip Griffith, both of whom have since distinguished themselves in the diplomatic service. The first was an artist and an angler, and accompanied me in one of my fishing tours to New Brunswick. Mr. Griffith was a man of high culture and distinguished for his conversational powers.

Among the men of note whom I met at Mr. Crampton's table was Sir Edmund Head, whom I had seen before at Frederickton, New Brunswick, and from whom I had received some favors bearing upon the salmon streams of the Province. He was fond of art, and an adept with the pencil; and one day, after he had been looking over my sketches from nature, he joined Mr. Crampton in complimenting them, and told this truth,—that my finished pictures did not by any means equal my studies in the fields and

woods. Some of my autumn subjects he fancied in particular, and my vanity was such, at the moment, that I told him to help himself to all he wanted. He *promptly and cordially* complied with my request; and since then I have frequently had occasion to regret my fit of liberality, although glad that anything from my pencil should have been taken to England.

Among the hobbies that Mr. Crampton employed to gratify his taste, while in this country, was the forming of a collection of European caricatures; and when W. M. Thackeray was in Washington, two large boxes of these comical pictures were received by Mr. Crampton, and the novelist was present at the opening. Fresh as he was from London, Mr. Thackeray found many things in this collection which he had never before seen; and, for two days, he devoted almost his entire time to their examination. The result was, that at a subsequent dinner, given by Mr. Crampton, the deponent enjoyed a most learned and entertaining conversation, between the host and his distinguished guest, on the history of pictorial sarcasm; and, in a few months thereafter, an article made its appearance on the subject, in one of the British quarterlies, from the pen of the celebrated wit and novelist. Another thing which attracted the special attention of Mr. Thackeray, during his visit to the metropolis, was the residence itself of Mr. Crampton, on the Heights of Georgetown. The building was large, and had all the comforts of an old-fashioned mansion; and it stood in the midst of a grove of splendid oak-trees, commanding a superb view of Washington and the broad bosom of the Potomac. It was for many years the home of the late John Carter. After Mr. Crampton left it, it was occupied by the French ministers, Count Sartiges and M. Mercier, having been burned while in the possession of the latter, and the locality became the property of Henry D. Cooke, the governor of the District of Columbia.

The art treasures which Mr. Crampton delighted to gather around him consisted chiefly, as already intimated, of line engravings, etchings, and water-color drawings. His engravings were numerous, some of them exceedingly fine; but the entire collection was not equal to that which formerly belonged to George P. Marsh; his collection of etchings, however, was unsurpassed in this country, and was especially rich in Rembrandts; and in the way of water-colors, his collection was very valuable and rare. His favorites were David Cox and Copeley Fielding, and he owned some of their best productions. The arrival of a new picture from England, for he was constantly receiving them, was quite an important event at the legation, and connected with one of them I have this anecdote. On the day it was received, Mr. Crampton wrote me, “The David Cox is arrived, and my cook has discovered a live lobster, which I shall be glad if you will partake of in the

shape of a salad, at seven o'clock this evening." I went, and almost the first thing he told me was the story of the unpacking. At the moment the picture was taken out of the box at the front door, one of our stalwart Western senators made his appearance, rolling up in a splendid carriage with coachman in livery. He looked at the picture and was greatly pleased; he thought it the finest *colored engraving* he had ever seen, and as he presumed they could be obtained for about ten dollars each, he asked Mr. Crampton to order three or four of these pictures, as they would "look beautiful" in his wife's best parlor. Now the picture which had inspired this wonderful liberality from the "Yahoo," represented a lonely scene among the mountains of Wales, with two bulls about to meet in a combat; and the sum paid for it, by Mr. Crampton, was one thousand dollars. The fearful ignorance of that American senator would have been startling even in a flashy novel.

Mr. Crampton's admiration of that English master was most intense; the simplicity of his subjects and his bold handling were all that could be desired; and yet his love of Copeley Fielding was intense, and the second place of honor in his drawing-room was assigned to that artist, and to a magnificent coast scene with passing storm. Mr. Crampton's idea of pictures was that they should be so painted that they could be enjoyed from a distance, even from a chair in the centre of the room. He also admired the coarse brown paper upon which Cox painted, and he repeated some amusing comments uttered by a London tradesman, who had laughed at the idea of selling his trashy paper to the great artist.

The notes and letters which I received from Mr. Crampton were numerous; and, whilst I would not overstep the bounds of propriety, I will venture to submit in this place a few characteristic sentences.

"I have the honor to introduce a brother sportsman, inclosed." (This was in allusion to a splendid book on "Salmon Fishing in Ireland," written and printed for private circulation, by a friend of his named O'Gorman.)

"I send you the 'Calderon Cigars' and the rest of the books; and would be obliged if you would let me look at Harding's 'Elementary Art.' "

"Mr. Perley and his son dine with me to-day at seven o'clock; and I should be very glad if you would join the party, in order that we may have some 'fish talk.' "

"I should be delighted to go on any fishing or sketching excursion to-day. I can start at any time you like."

"I will be ready at four o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Give me the pleasure of your company to dinner at six o'clock, and I shall be happy to show you some more of the etchings. I caught six handsome rock-fish, last evening, with the fly."

"I have great pleasure in sending you a letter of introduction to Lord Elgin (the result of which is elsewhere recorded), who, I am sure, will do all he can to forward your views and proceedings, artistical and piscatorial, in Canada. I sincerely envy you your trip."

"I return you the manuscript, which I would correct by blotting out some of the too flattering expressions of the dedication; however, we have the authority of old Izaak Walton for the exaltation of anglers; for you recollect he says, after giving a receipt for cooking a fish, 'This is a dish of meat fit only for kings—or anglers.' Will you help me eat an English pheasant at seven o'clock?" etc.

Between Mr. Crampton and Mr. Webster there existed a most cordial intimacy, and I presume it is no secret that our secretary had much to do with the promotion of his friend to the rank of minister plenipotentiary. It was a letter which Mr. Webster wrote to Lord Palmerston that probably did the business; but, of course, the British government was quite aware of the fact that the honor was well merited.

During the summer preceding his death, Mr. Webster invited Mr. Crampton to visit Marshfield "with as many adjuncts as he pleased." The object of this meeting was to consult about the fishery questions which threatened trouble; and the minister and his secretary, Mr. Griffith, were prompt in accepting the invitation. It was my good fortune to be at Marshfield at the time; and, for about a fortnight, the twelfth sign of the zodiac was complete master of the situation. With Mr. Crampton, early on one particular morning, I caught trout in a neighboring stream. During the middle of the day, all the visitors joined Mr. Webster and Seth Peterson in a sail over the blue waters to the haddock or codfish grounds; and during the evening, at dinner, or on the piazza, fish stories and serious talk about the threatened troubles with Canada were the order of the time.

With Mr. Everett, during his brief service as Secretary of State, Mr. Crampton was also intimate; but between him and the next Secretary of State, Mr. Marcy, there was no intimacy and no friendship. With all his ability and knowledge of books, Mr. Marcy was really nothing but a politician; and this was proven by his official treatment of Mr. Crampton on account of the alleged enlistment of men in this country for the Crimean war. That Mr. Crampton left Washington suddenly and in disgust is not to be questioned; and the last thing that he did before his departure was to present

me with his whole stock of fishing tackle and much of his studio furniture. It was the opinion of Mr. George Ticknor that the British ministry was responsible for that enlistment business, not Mr. Crampton; and he has reported the following characteristic opinion, uttered by one of Mr. Crampton's particular friends: "Thackeray, who has a strong personal regard for him, was outrageous on the matter, and cursed the ministry, by all his gods, for making him, as he said, their scapegoat."

But my recollections of Mr. Crampton are so intimately associated with his two official friends, that I must allude to them again. Mr. Griffith first came to Washington as secretary of legation, had full charge for about one year, and was subsequently transferred to Brazil as *chargé d'affaires*. He was a most genial and accomplished man, and very fond of riding; and I remember that, during one of my rides in his company, he told me that if a man who was obliged to travel on horseback in the rain would carefully keep his knees covered with a leathern pad, it would greatly add to his comfort, and keep him from taking cold. A very beautiful bronze inkstand which he presented to me I have had in constant use for the third of a century.

With regard to Mr. Lumley, he also had charge of the Washington legation for a time, and was so rapidly promoted that he was the British envoy to Saxony, Switzerland, Belgium, and Spain. Having been interested in some of my salmon-fishing adventures, he proposed to accompany me on one of my expeditions to the Nepisiquit in New Brunswick. After we had been on the river for about a week, and domiciled in a log-camp which had been built for me during a previous summer, I was obliged to leave on account of sickness, and return home; and among the letters which he wrote to me from the wilderness soon afterwards were the following, preceded by one from Washington:—

WASHINGTON, June 22, 1853.

My dear Sir,—I have been absent for a few days, and on my return found your very kind letter, which will account for my not having answered it before. Unfortunately, it is out of my power to accept your most amiable invitation to pass a few days with you at Norwich; nothing could have given me greater pleasure, but Mr. Crampton's absence renders it impossible for me to leave till his return. I expect him here on Sunday, and on Monday, the 25th, shall take my departure for New York and Boston, where I shall be on the 27th, one day before the appointed time. I have been out fishing twice since I saw you, and the last time was unfortunate enough to break the top joint of my Georgetown rod. I shall try and get one for it in New York or

Boston. My bag and rods start to-morrow by Adams Express for Boston. I have fixed my paint box as nearly like yours as possible, only mine is lighter. Crampton, I find, is thinking of going to England, so that it is possible I may receive a telegraphic message at Bathurst, before our fishing excursion is over. I sincerely hope not, however. Pray present my best respects to Mrs. Lanman; and believe me, my dear sir,

Yours, very sincerely,

J. Savile Lumley.

Camp at Papineau Falls.

My dear Lanman,—I am very much obliged to you for your note and the despatch which it contained, as well for as my reel, which is capitally fixed. I greatly regret, however, that you should be obliged to leave just at the moment when the sport appears likely to be good and the mosquitoes less troublesome, and still more to be deprived of the pleasure of your society. We have succeeded in circumventing our worst enemies, the mosquitoes, by lighting an immense fire at the back of the camp and three others in front, and cleared them out so effectually that we were able to sleep without veils and smoke in the camp. This morning I went out, after a most perfect night's rest, and killed a grilse before breakfast; the day is, however, so wet that I shall remain for the rest of the day under my mosquito net.

Of course, as you have been obliged to quit the river so soon, I cannot allow you to pay for any portion of the provisions, etc.; but I shall be much obliged if you will let me know, by return of post, the exact arrangement that you made with Young,—how much a day, and whether he and his sons are engaged by the day or the month. I have paid Oliver and Joe Vino three dollars between them, which I suppose was your intention; the latter does not seem to be satisfied. I should also wish to know how much you agreed to pay the cook, and what the postman is to receive each time he comes up from Bathurst. I shall remain here probably till Thursday or Friday, and then go up to the Grand Falls with Mr. Rogers, stopping at the Chain of Rocks or Middle Landing on the way. I hear that Lilly's men—and the people who accompanied the other party up to the Falls—have fallen out and quarrelled, so that things are not likely to be improved by the arrival of seven men more; and I think we shall come back to the quiet enjoyment of the mosquitoes of Papineau Falls. Mr. Rogers wants to go to the Falls of St. John, by the Restigouche and the Tobique; and I shall probably accompany him, if not summoned to Washington. Mr. Boyd hooked two salmon, and

took both; so that, in fact, I have caught more than any one else, except yourself. With many thanks for all the information you have so kindly furnished me with, believe me, my dear Lanman,

Yours very truly,

J. S. Lumley.

Lanman's Camp, Papineau Falls,
July 10, 1855.

My dear Lanman,—A heavy rain has so filled the river that it has put a stop to all sport at present. I remain, however, in the same obstinate frame of mind as when you left, and am determined to remain here until the river is in proper state to give me a chance of winning some piscatorial laurels. The mosquitoes, after having given us one day's grace, have returned to the attack with greater violence than ever; what makes me, however, much more uncomfortable is the position in which I found myself towards Mr. Rogers. Of course, after your having welcomed him to the camp, the least I could do after you had given it, or willed it, as you said to me, I could do no less than give him the same welcome to it, and to our camp at the Falls. I now find, however, that he considers you to have made him a present of the camp; and, after having invited him to be my guest, I find he considers me to be his guest. We are on perfectly amicable terms, but it has produced an awkward feeling in my mind, which I cannot get over, until I hear from you the real state of the case. I suppose that you said he was welcome to the camp in the sense of a guest, but he evidently took it in another sense; and in such a sense that I fancy he would not be satisfied to the contrary, unless he saw, in black and white in your own writing, that you had given it to me, but had welcomed him to it, which I suppose was your real intention. Pray pardon me for troubling you on this head, which I should not do did I not feel myself in a false position. Pray remember me to Mrs. Lanman, and believe me, most sincerely, your very mosquito-bitten friend,

J. Savile Lumley.

Grand Falls, July 22, 1855.

My dear Lanman,—I arrived here last night, having killed one grilse before leaving the Papineau Falls in the morning, and one grilse, and one salmon of eleven pounds, at the Middle Landing. I broke my rod there, and pushed on to the chain of rocks, intending to pass the night there, but found

the mosquitoes so numerous, so large, and so hungry, that I was forced to beat a rapid retreat. I came through the rapids of the Middle Landing in the canoe, as I wanted to see how it behaved in rough water, and was delighted with it. I met Mr. Lilly, fishing at the chain of rocks, and he told me that they had not had a single good day's fishing till Monday last; that the pools had been so full that there was no doing anything; so that on the whole I was well pleased at remaining below, where I killed, all together, five salmon and six grilse, besides a host of fine trout.

This morning I left the camp at 7 A. M., and went straight to the Grand Falls, which I had all to myself; and, in little more than an hour, killed three fine salmon trout, and one salmon of thirteen pounds. The fish were not rising freely, and I laid my rod down and made a couple of sketches on the other side of the river, and was hard at work when Rogers's canoe came to tell me that an express had arrived with an important letter for me. Making certain that it was my recall, I could not help congratulating myself on having seen and sketched the Falls; but on arriving at the camp, I was most agreeably surprised at receiving from Sever your letter of the 14th inst. I was very sorry to hear that you are still suffering from the waters of the River of Foam; but I hope by this time that your native air will have restored you to perfect health. I am very much obliged to you for your kind invitation to pay you a visit on my return, and, if I am not sent for in a hurry, I will not fail to avail myself of it. The open camp at the Grand Falls is perfect,—fine air, rather cold at night, however, thanks to which we have scarcely any mosquitoes; so that I slept last night without mosquito curtain or any other protection than my shawl. The water is perfect, and there is a stillness and repose about the whole place which is charming; the river steals along in mysterious silence at the foot of the steep bank on which our camp is placed, contrasting strongly with the noisy rush of the waters of Papineau, where I could almost fancy I heard the bustle of a populous city. I am not going to the Restigouche, as Rogers starts on Tuesday; but if the flies are not too bad I may go up to the lakes at the head of the river, and down the Tobique to St. John's Falls alone. There is so much to draw, however, here, that if the flies continue as amicable as they now are, I may have a chance of painting a careful sketch of the Falls, in which case I should remain here a fortnight, and then start for the States. Believe me, dear Lanman,

Yours very truly,

J. S. LUMLEY.

Mr. Lumley's skill as an artist was perhaps not equal to that of Mr. Crampton; but many of his sketches from nature were really exquisite.

While regretting that the trio of noble British gentlemen, just mentioned, have long been beyond my ken, the many very happy days that I was privileged to spend in their society will long be treasured among my choicest memories.

SAMUEL TYLER.

HAVING been requested by the family of the late Samuel Tyler, of Maryland, to prepare his life and letters for publication, I cheerfully consented to do so; and all the available materials were placed in my hands. As to when that labor can be accomplished, it is impossible for me to say, because of the pressure of my ordinary duties. It has occurred to me, however, that I might, with propriety, give the public a foretaste of what they may hereafter expect, and hence the subjoined sketch of my friend's antecedents as a philosopher, a lawyer, and author.

He was born on the 22d of October, 1809, in Prince George's County, Maryland, on the estate where his father, Grafton Tyler, and his ancestors resided for several generations. His brother, Dr. Grafton Tyler, two years his junior, and long a distinguished physician in Georgetown, D. C., and he were the only children of their parents; and, until he was twelve years of age the twain attended school near the patrimonial home; after which they were sent to a school in Georgetown, D. C., kept by Dr. James Carnahan, who was soon afterwards elected president of Princeton College. The position vacated by Dr. Carnahan was filled by the Rev. James McVean, of the State of New York. It was to this excellent man that Mr. Tyler felt himself indebted for most of the instruction he ever received from a teacher, which was of any value; and he manifested his gratitude by joining his brother and other pupils in erecting a monument over the grave of their friend and teacher. Mr. Tyler thought him the best Latin and Greek scholar he had ever known, and said of him that, with fatherly pride and kindness, he labored to make his pupils scholars like himself. During the last eight months of his schooling in Georgetown, Mr. Tyler studied Greek at least fourteen hours of every day. The Greek modes of thought became his own; and he was far more familiar with Greek literature than with the English. The class to which he and his brother belonged was called "The Tenth Legion." Besides composition in English, Latin, and Greek, public speaking, and some mathematics, the classic languages were their chief study.

He remained in this school until October, 1827, when he was strangely persuaded to go to Middlebury College, in Vermont; but he remained there

only one quarter, having found the scholarship of the classes in the college very far below the private school of Georgetown. At Christmas he went out to Lake Champlain, to amuse himself by hunting, hoping that, after a while, he might feel like returning to the college; but he was out of his element, and soon returned to his home in Maryland.

Though conscious of his imperfect education, he had formed so low an estimate of the American colleges, that he determined to begin the study of law. His father placed him in the office of John Nelson, then a resident of Frederick, Maryland. He there began an extensive course of study to make amends for his defective education; and devoted himself to the study of law, history, political science, theology, the physical sciences, and all the branches of medicine. He was his own guide in all these studies, excepting the law.

His health having been impaired by overwork, he was advised to abandon his studies and devote himself to some active employment; but his reply was that he would die rather than give up an intellectual life. With great loss of time, from nervous prostration, he continued his studies, and was admitted to the bar in 1831.

Politics he eschewed from the beginning. His professional success was as great as it could well be, for one who mingled so little with the crowd. He had unusual facility for public speaking, his manners were those of a man of the world, and his appearance as far as possible from everything bookish; but his reputation for literary tastes did not do him the full measure of damage, professionally, which it has the power to do generally.

In the year 1836, a book on universal salvation, called “Balfour’s Inquiry,” was left at his office, with a request that he would read it, and record his opinion of its arguments. Whether the person who left it was, as indictments charge, “instigated by the devil,” he knew not, but certain it was that the Greek put into his head by James McVean baffled the devil, if indeed he had anything to do with the matter. Mr. Tyler wrote a notice of the book, which was published in the “Princeton Review” for July, 1836. Thus commenced his authorship, by fighting the arch heresy in religion.

He had now become engaged in the study of mental philosophy. Reid’s “Inquiry on the Principles of Common-Sense” had fallen into his hands while he was a student of law, and gave him the first glimpse of the philosophy of the human mind. He had never before read a word on the subject. The next work which he took up was Cousin’s “Introduction to the History of Philosophy,” which was put into his hands by a person who said, “he could make neither head nor tail of it.” He, however, was more

successful; for he "made tales of it," in a criticism contained in a letter to a friend, which was published in a Baltimore magazine.

In July, 1840, he published, in the "Princeton Review" an article on the "Baconian Philosophy"; and, in the same month and year, an article on Brougham's "Natural Theology," in the literary and religious magazine, edited by Rev. R. J. Breckenridge, in Baltimore. The doctrines of both these articles had been embraced in one, and sent by him to the New York "Review," then edited by Rev. C. S. Henry. Mr. Henry so deported himself in regard to the article, that he addressed to him a letter, which was published in "Breckenridge's Magazine" for March, 1840. The various papers from his pen, which followed, were as follows: "Lenhart, the Mathematician," "Princeton Review," July, 1841; "Rauch's Psychology," "Breckenridge's Magazine," August of the same year; "Psychology; or, Locke and Reid," "Princeton Review" for April 1843; "Influence of the Baconian Philosophy," "Princeton Review" for July; "Agricultural Chemistry," same journal, October, 1844; "Connection between Philosophy and Revelation," same journal, July, 1845; also "Bush on the Soul," July, 1846; and "Humboldt's Cosmos," July, 1852; and in the "American Quarterly Review," about that period, he published an article on "Whately's Logic." In speaking of the above, and other similar productions, he was wont to call them "withered leaves that strew the Vallombrosa of literature."

In 1844 he published the first edition of his "Discourse on the Baconian Philosophy," a second edition two years afterwards, and a third edition more recently. Soon after its first appearance, the *True Catholic*, a journal published in Baltimore, under the auspices of Bishop Whittingham, took such notice of it as to call forth a letter from Mr. Tyler to the bishop, which was far from being obsequious in its character. The bishop, in his reply, disavowed all responsibility for the article, but refused to make the disavowal through the journal itself, after which the correspondence between the parties was published in the newspapers. In this state of the affair, Hugh Davey Evans, of the Baltimore bar, addressed Mr. Tyler a letter, avowing himself the author of the notice. In answer to that letter, he published another communication, which induced Dr. Breckenridge to say that "he thanked his stars that it was not addressed to him"; while the "Princeton Review" was induced to speak of the bishop as a kind of Rip Van Winkle; and the "North American Review" to say that Mr. Tyler had given the Puseyite faction the greatest castigation they had ever received. Mr. Tyler's reputation was not at all damaged by "the apostolic blows and knocks" which he received; but, on the contrary, the highest praise was awarded to him by the first men of science in America for the book he had

published. Even Sir William Hamilton bore flattering testimony to its merits; and, as evidence of Mr. Tyler's capacity for philosophy, did him the honor to send him each edition of his "Discussions" as they issued from the press. In all candor, however, it should be stated that Mr. Tyler did not think the work worthy of so much commendation. It was written when he was very young, and in his own opinion its chief interest lay in its being the production of a person untutored in philosophy, and, therefore, furnishing only a favorable augury of better things in the future from the same mind.

In 1848, his work entitled "Burns as a Poet and a Man" was published in this country; and, in the following year, it was republished in Dublin and also in London. It was written at night, during the winter of 1848, at the suggestion of an excellent lady, who had asked Mr. Tyler why he did not write something about his favorite poet. In his criticism on "Death and Doctor Hornbook," a most ludicrous mistake occurred in regard to the Scotch word *gully*, he having made it mean, not a knife, but a cavity in the earth. The proof-reader allowed it to be so printed; and, strange to say, the European editions did not correct the blunder. When he discovered the mistake, it seemed to him such a good joke, that he at once divulged it.

It was perhaps this circumstance, I have supposed, which so sharpened Mr. Tyler's critical eyesight as to discover an error in a letter written by Daniel Webster. It was his letter written to Lord Campbell, about the chief justices of England, the original draft of which had been presented to me as a keepsake; and on showing it to Mr. Tyler, he pointed out the mistake which had been made in one paragraph, where, by the use of two negatives, Mr. Webster actually said the very reverse of what he intended.

In the year 1841, when the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company was almost in bankruptcy, and by a sudden turn in politics, the old officers, who had been in the company from the first, were displaced, and new ones put in their positions, it was found impossible for these officers to make their annual report to the Legislature. This was during the time of the construction of the canal, and while all the negotiations with the bankers of Europe, in the sale of these bonds, were unknown to the public, and the great question was to learn what loss had been sustained by the sale of these bonds. In this state of things, Mr. Tyler was called upon to undertake the task of putting the business of the company in order. The old officers thought none but themselves could do it. Doubtless many persons thought, that to go to Mr. Tyler to do such work was like going to Parnassus, instead of Wall Street, for a financier. As he had a partner in the practice of the law, he undertook the task, and went before the Legislature and explained, to the *satisfaction of*

all, the financial affairs, from first to last, of the company; and there was no further trouble.

When the convention assembled in 1850 to form a new constitution for the State of Maryland, Mr. Tyler addressed a letter to that body on the subject of law reform. The new constitution, which was already formed, required two commissions to be appointed: one, consisting of two persons, to digest the statutes of the State; and the other, consisting of three persons, to simplify the procedure in all the courts of the State. Mr. Tyler was elected by the Legislature one of the simplifiers. Their first report, on the general subject of law, law reform, and pleading, was prepared exclusively by Mr. Tyler.

In the mean time there was no abatement in Mr. Tyler's philosophical, scientific, and literary studies. Among the works that he then projected was one entitled "The Blossoms of Science"; but it was not published. Up to that period his attention had been so divided between law and science, that he really displeased two classes of his friends. The lawyers said, Give up science; the scientists said, Give up law; and so, as he was wont to say, he pleased neither class of friends.

Mr. Tyler's work entitled "The Progress of Philosophy in the Past and the Future" was first published in 1859, and a second edition in 1868; in 1872 appeared "The Memoir of Roger B. Taney"; and, two or three years afterwards, his "Theory of the Beautiful." Among his legal writings, all of which are held in high repute by the profession, are "A Treatise on Pleadings in the Court of Chancery," "A Commentary on the Law of Partnership," and "Treatise on Preliminary Procedure and Pleadings in the Maryland Courts of Law"; and he also edited, with copious notes, "Stephens on Pleading." But the crowning work of his life was "An Introduction to Statesmanship as shown in the Progress of European Society, in Relation to Government and Constitutional Law, from the Foundation of Rome by Romulus," not published.

Of all the books published by Professor Tyler, perhaps the most important, and the one which gives us the best characteristics of his mind, is the "Discourse on the Baconian Philosophy." But we allude, especially, to the revised edition, which is in reality a new work. "It is so changed in form and so much fuller in its scope, bringing down, as it does, all the important discoveries in the physical sciences to the present time, and their application to the arts; and also showing all the successive steps taken by the discoverers, from the first inductive suggestions, through all their experiments and reasonings, to the complete development of the scientific truths into established theories." The edition was prepared as an introduction

to the study of the physical sciences, and as a guide to discoveries in the true path of induction, at the solicitation of Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, and other scientists. The "Discourse" "takes a theistic view of physical science; and without making it a special and separate topic shows, incidentally, by its reasonings in the development of strictly and purely scientific doctrines, that the theistic is the one perennial view of the inductive method from the beginning of true science." It shows that evolution, when considered as an all-comprehending doctrine accounting for the origin of things, as well as subsequent evolution, is self-contradictory in thought and absurd in expression.

The distinction made in the "Discourse" between *philosophical* and *rhetorical* analogy, the first being the basis of inductive inference, and the last being only the basis of illustration, and philosophical analogy itself being inductive evidence, and not a species of reasoning as Aristotle and even Sir William Hamilton had assumed, is an important advance in the doctrine of inductive method. It was adopted by Professor Henry, in his lectures on natural philosophy delivered at Princeton College, and is retained in the syllabus of those lectures published in the Smithsonian publications. It was this "Discourse" which induced Sir William Hamilton to write, in 1848, to the author, to give up the practice of the law, and devote himself exclusively to philosophy. This the author never did, but yet continued philosophical investigations, until his path of thought and that of Sir William became so much one, that, on the death of Sir William, Lady Hamilton presented the author with a beautiful portrait of her husband, as a token of esteem of herself and her family.

The work on European society was not quite finished at the time of his death; but I am glad to mention the fact that, in his own opinion, expressed to a friend, it could be published in the condition it then was, without any great detriment; and it is understood that, in due time, it will appear, under the editorship of Mr. James C. Welling, the learned and accomplished president of the Columbian University.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Tyler commenced when he became a resident of Georgetown; and one of the last evening visits that he made before his death was at my house. He was the most brilliant and edifying talker I ever heard; and I doubt whether even the poet Coleridge was more than equal to him in that particular. That he had one weakness, however, cannot be denied; but it was one by which his auditors were always benefited, viz., a disposition to monopolize the conversation. His "subject themes" were well-nigh unlimited. The grasp of his mind was such that he could infuse into things obsolete the spirit of the living present. When led in

the direction of the beautiful, he talked like a poet about woman and art, the charms of nature and the experiences of the human heart; with the records of history and of jurisprudence he was as familiar as most men are with their daily avocations; the depth and extent of his knowledge on all the manifold phases of philosophy was simply marvellous; and he had the power of discoursing upon the Bible in such a manner as to make his hearers almost believe that he had never studied any other volume. For women who were handsome, brilliant, and good, he had a kind of passion; and it was to one of these, Miss Esmeralda Boyle, that he dedicated his "Theory of the Beautiful." His love of truth in literature was such that it induced him to try and prove by documents that the poem of "Barbara Frietchie," by Whittier, was founded upon a pure fiction instead of a fact. If vulnerable on the score of self-conceit, it may be asserted with entire truth that very few in any age have ever received a larger number of highly complimentary letters from famous men in the various departments of learning. For political controversies he had no taste; and while always ready to exercise an impartial judgment, his sympathies were generally with the doctrines and the statesmen of the section of country in which he was born, but he cherished no feelings of unkindness towards any portion of our common country, every part of which he felt should be dear to the true patriot. In religion he was entirely orthodox, but made no pretensions; and, on the fly-leaf of a little German Testament which he always kept upon his writing table, I have found written the subjoined translation of a passage from the will of M. Guizot, to which was appended his signature:—

"I believe in God, and adore him, without attempting to comprehend him. I see him present, and acting not only in the permanent *régime* of the universe, and in the minor life of souls, but in the history of human societies, and especially in the Old and New Testaments, monuments of the revelation and divine action through the mediation and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of the human race. I bow down before the mysteries of the Bible and Gospel, and I keep myself aloof from the discussions and scientific solutions by which men have tried to explain them. I have full confidence that God permits me to call myself a Christian, and I am convinced that in the light into which I shall shortly enter we shall see distinctly the purely human origin, and the vanity, of most of our disputes here below on divine subjects." Dec. 1, 1874.

In the opinion of one of his friends, the ruling thought in his mind was the Christian revelation considered as an element and factor in human history.

The men of thought for whom he felt a special regard, he "grappled them to his soul with hooks of steel," having a fancy for covering his study walls with their portraits; and I remember that one of his best pictures, occupying the place of honor, was the portrait of Sir William Hamilton, already mentioned, which had been presented to him by Lady Hamilton. His exploits as an advocate before the courts of Maryland are a marked feature in the legal history of the State. As law professor in the Columbian University, he was always popular with the students, and held in the highest esteem by the Faculty. As an author, his chief vehicle for communicating with the public, as already intimated, was the "Princeton Review"; and the essays which he published therein, between the years 1836 and 1855, would form a most interesting and valuable volume. His remarkable versatility is exemplified by the diverse character of his published and unpublished productions. It is true that they are not numerous; but they are so distinguished for their ability that his reputation as an author is even more widely recognized in Europe than in this country.

As an evidence of his influence among men of thought, it may be mentioned that he was made a doctor of laws in 1858 by Columbia College of South Carolina, and by Columbia College of New York in 1859, when the president, Charles King, wrote that the honor was conferred "in token of admiration for his character and for his legal and literary attainments." It was in June, 1867, that he was unanimously elected professor of law in the Columbian College of Washington, in which position he continued until his death, and from which he also received the degree of doctor of laws. But the very high estimation in which he was held by leading men in Europe was something most unusual. Although he had never crossed the Atlantic, he was, by means of correspondence, on the most intimate terms with the philosophers of Scotland; and it was upon his nomination, made by request, that two of the chairs of philosophy in the University of Edinburgh were filled by men who have proved themselves eminently worthy of the honor conferred upon them.

The death of Professor Tyler took place in Georgetown, D. C., on the 15th of December, 1877. He left a widow and one son, his only daughter having died several years before. During the protracted illness which proved to be his last, he made several attempts to resume his labors on his unfinished book; but his brother, Dr. Grafton Tyler, told him to throw it aside at once, as he was killing himself, whereupon he replied, "I *have* killed myself," and never again took up the pen which he had wielded with most consummate skill and success. For many months his friends were

apprehensive that he was overworking himself; and the result of this overwork was that he died from paralysis of the brain.

He was a man of fine personal appearance; always dignified and agreeable in his manners; fond of seeking relaxation from his life of intellectual toil in cultivated society; and, as already stated, his conversational powers were remarkable. His name, as one of his friends has said, belongs to the catalogue with Thales, Socrates, Aristotle, Descartes, Bacon, Locke, Whewell, Reid, Hamilton, Cousin, Kant, and Hegel; and when the human mind completes the cycle, and returns, after the changes of the present time, to the study of philosophy, it will render well-deserved homage to the intellect of Samuel Tyler.

WINFIELD SCOTT.

AMONG the men of mark with whom it was my good fortune to be personally acquainted, there were none for whom I entertained a greater affection than General Scott. He had been the friend of my father; and when I first saw him in 1849, he treated me with great kindness. The place where I most frequently met him was the Library of the War Department, of which I was then the librarian. He was a frequent visitor, and we had many pleasant talks about books and authors. His love of literature was strong, and his knowledge and taste decidedly uncommon,—far in advance of public men generally. He was partial to French books; and many of the more valuable publications in the War Department Library were purchased at his suggestion; and he had a special fondness for the great English reviews. When Kendall's description of the war with Mexico, with large pictures of the principal battles, made its appearance, an early copy was obtained for the library; and one of the first men who looked over it there was General Scott. His comments were full of sharp criticism, but it was evident that the scenes in which he had borne a conspicuous part inspired considerable pleasure.

When, in 1851, General Scott began to be talked about as a candidate for the Presidency, a Philadelphia publisher asked me to prepare a campaign life of the war-worn hero. I consulted the general, and accepted the commission. He helped me somewhat in my labors; the little book was duly published, and hence, perhaps, the election of Franklin Pierce. "I never loved a bird or flower," etc., nor did I ever try to help a political friend into the Presidency, without blasting his prospects forevermore; the moral of which is, that I was never intended for the arena of politics. And it may be mentioned in this connection that, after Pierce became President, I had the honor of dining at

the White House, when the two most prominent guests were Winfield Scott and Jefferson Davis.

Another incident that I remember, connected with General Scott, had reference to a speculation in horse-flesh. He mentioned the fact to me, one day, that he had a charming little mare, which he had purchased for his daughter, but that the animal was altogether too lively for the saddle, and he wished to sell her. I told him I would purchase her, myself, if I had the money, as I wanted just such a creature for my amusement. "Give me your note," said he, "for one hundred and fifty dollars, and it will be all right." I duly forwarded the valuable consideration to him, when he returned this little missive to me:—

WASHINGTON, March 18, 1853.

Dear Sir,—Your note, payable, etc., is satisfactory. I told the stable-keeper, this morning, to deliver the mare to you, etc. She rejoices in (or at least, responds to) the name of "Lady Ella."

Yours truly,

WINFIELD SCOTT

This mare was one of the most beautiful creatures of the horse kind I ever saw, but she had one habit that made her ladyship rather disgusting; it was that of getting up a regular dance whenever she passed a carriage; whereby she invariably prevented her rider from making a graceful bow to any lady friends that he might happen to know, and compelled him to appear in rather a ridiculous plight. It was not long, therefore, before I parted with the "Lady Ella," for the sum of two hundred dollars; and she was subsequently sold, in Baltimore, for seven hundred dollars.

When my "Dictionary of Congress" was first published, among the friends to whom I sent copies was General Scott, who then had his headquarters in New York; and, in return, he sent me the following pleasant note:—

NEW YORK, April 21, 1859.

My dear Sir,—I am indebted to your courtesy for a copy of the "Congressional Dictionary." It is a capital idea to furnish such a work for reference, and I hope that, with your known ability, it will be carried on and perfected in future editions. Accept my thanks, and believe me,

Yours respectfully,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

One of the most agreeable interviews that I had with General Scott was on the deck of a North River steamboat, when he was going to make one of his frequent visits to West Point. He seemed to know the history of every bay, headland, ledge, hill, and farm that we sighted; and his talk abounded in anecdotes connected with them, and the famous men of the Revolution. But the two or three persons who immediately surrounded him were not the only ones who enjoyed his conversation; for there was constantly a larger group collected within the sound of his soft and gentle voice, who looked upon the venerable hero with pride and affection, and who seemed delighted with his conversation. He smiled at the curiosity that was evinced, but withstood the piercing glances with accustomed fortitude.

The last time that I saw the grand old general was a few days preceding his final departure from Washington, on which occasion he alluded in pathetic terms to the existing national troubles. And as to the parting between Scott and McClellan at the railway station, on that famous morning, it was to my mind one of the most poetical events of the war. The dimly lighted hall, the silent hour before daybreak, the two chieftains with their military staffs,—one of them old and rounding a life of glory and passing into retirement; the other young, full of the most brilliant promise, and passing into a field of military action almost without a parallel,—all combined to make an impression on the public mind not soon to be forgotten. The events which General Scott witnessed, during his eventful career, were numerous and wonderful; but none of them were more remarkable than that he should have seen his successor hounded out of his military power by a pack of unscrupulous demagogues; and it was a blessing to the veteran warrior that he should have lived long enough to witness the triumphant conclusion of the war for the preservation of the Union, and the final extinction of slavery on the American continent.

CHARLES MACKAY.

It was through this well-known author and poet that I became, in 1857, a correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, in which I published a series of illustrations of American scenery. During his first visit to this country I saw much of him and admired him as a poet, a lecturer, and a man. In Washington he received marked attention from our public men, and was more warmly greeted there as a lecturer than anywhere else, excepting Cincinnati, where he had an audience of two thousand; while the city of Philadelphia sent less than twenty persons to hear him on the subject of

"National, Historical, and Popular Songs." In Washington, a card was published thanking him for one of his lectures; and among the forty persons who signed it were John J. Crittenden, Lord Napier, Jefferson Davis, W. H. Seward, and A. H. Stephens.

Among the many things that he told me about the men with whom, as a journalist, he had been intimate, I remember these: That Herbert Ingram, who founded the London *News*, in 1842, and who was subsequently a member of Parliament, commenced his career as a news-vender; that he knew Charles Dickens when he began to write his "Sketches of Character," for which he received two guineas each from the *Chronicle*, the paper with which Mr. Mackay had been connected for about ten years; that Sidney Smith was an occasional contributor to the *Chronicle*, having himself brought his famous letter to the Pennsylvanians to the office, and who was such a bad penman that what he wrote had to be guessed at by the proof-readers. Mr. Mackay also told me that Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell were both in the habit of printing spicy squibs in the columns of the *Chronicle*. It was from him, also, that I first heard of Thackeray's singular indifference to the works of nature; and that he did not have the curiosity to visit Niagara, when in this country. I had always been amazed at my own inability to wade through the novels of this famous author, but that information settled the whole question. He could, of course, describe a fashionable and heartless woman to perfection; but, for myself, I have no fancy for society follies when gone to seed.

Mr. Mackay had known Samuel Rogers quite intimately, and while he praised him highly, I became impressed with the idea that the banker-poet was as much a cynic as Thackeray, and the possessor of other qualities not calculated to add to the pleasures of memory, on the part of those who knew him best. But what Mr. Mackay told me about William Wordsworth was decidedly amusing as well as pathetic. Happening to be at Ambleside on one occasion, he improved an offered opportunity to visit Rydal Mount, and, although kindly welcomed by the great poet, Mr. Mackay received two compliments that were unique. In the first place, Wordsworth told him that he had never read one of his poems, and never intended to do so, giving as a reason that he never read any but his own; and, in the second place, he persisted, on several occasions, in calling Mr. Mackay, Laman Blanchard (who had recently committed suicide), and continued to do so until they parted; proving that the good and grand old author of the "Ode to Immortality" was simply in his dotage.

Another incident narrated to me by Mr. Mackay was even more sad than the one last mentioned, because it reflected on the bad taste, if nothing more,

of an American official, who at the time was superintendent of the Capitol extension in Washington, while T. W. Walters was the architect. That gentleman had presented to Mr. Mackay, as editor of the *Illustrated London News*, a complete set of photographs from the original drawings of the new dome; and when the superintendent chanced to hear of the circumstance, he sent a note to Mr. Mackay, asking that he might be permitted to examine the designs, to see if they were all right, and for authentication. Of course the request was complied with; and, when they were returned, it was found that the name of the architect on each photograph had been *erased*, and in its place was substituted that of the superintendent. When this mutilation was submitted to my inspection, and I heard the comments of the foreigner on the conduct of my countryman, I did not feel like making an allusion to the "Star-Spangled Banner" or any other patriotic song.

During Mr. Mackay's sojourn in Washington he was invited to dine with President Buchanan; and, by the merest accident, the day fixed for the entertainment was the anniversary of the surrender of the British at New Orleans. After the fact of the dinner had been mentioned in the papers, several particularly zealous, if not intelligent Englishmen, wrote to Mr. Mackay, complaining that he should have submitted to such an insult from the President of the United States; but the poet had the good sense to ridicule all such suggestions. He saw quite as much of Mr. W. H. Seward as of any noted American, and the opinions attributed to the then senator were certainly entertaining; one of them was that France ought to be overthrown; another, that Ireland, Hungary, and Poland should be made free; another, that he despaired of ever seeing slavery abolished; and lastly, that he hoped he might live to see the time when there would be a divided American Republic, with three confederacies. It was perhaps to prevent this calamity that, at a subsequent period, Mr. Seward fixed his mind on the Presidency, and thought that his cause might be assisted if the *Illustrated London News* should publish his portrait, with a sketch of his life, as was kindly done by Mr. Mackay.

During his stay in Washington, Mr. Mackay was frequently entertained at dinner by persons who esteemed the man and admired his poetry; and it was at one of these entertainments that he delivered the following poem, which I print from the manuscript presented to me by the author, and now in my possession:—

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

Said Brother Jonathan to John,
"You are the elder born;
And I can bear another's hate,

But not your slightest scorn.
You've lived a life of noble strife;
You've made a world your own;
Why, when I follow in your steps,
Receive me with a groan?

"I feel the promptings of my youth,
That urge me evermore
To spread my fame, my race, my name,
From shore to farthest shore.
I feel the lightnings in my blood,
The thunders in my hand,
And I must work my destiny,
Whoever may withstand.

"And if you'd give me, Brother John,
The sympathy I crave,
And stretch your warm, fraternal hand
Across the Atlantic wave,
I'd give it such a cordial grasp
That earth should start to see,
And ancient crowns and sceptres shake
That fear both you and me."

Said Brother John to Jonathan,
"You do my nature wrong;
I never hated, never scorned,
But loved you well and long.
If, children of the self-same sire,
We've quarrelled, now and then,
'Twas only in our early youth,
And not since we were men.

"And if, with cautious, cooler blood,
Result of sufferings keen,
I sometimes think you move too fast,—
Mistake not what I mean!
I've felt the follies of my youth,
The errors of my prime,
And dreamed for you,—my father's son,
A future more sublime.

"And here's my hand,—'tis freely given,—
I stretch it o'er the brine,
And wish you, from my head and heart,
A higher life than mine.
Together let us rule the world,
Together work and thrive;
For, if you're only twenty-one,

I'm scarcely thirty-five.

"And I have strength for nobler work
Than e'er my hand has done,
And realms to rule, and truths to plant,
Beyond the rising sun.
Take you the West, and I the East!
We'll spread ourselves abroad,
With trade and spade and wholesome laws,
And faith in man and God.

"Take you the West, and I the East;
We speak the self-same tongue
That Milton wrote, and Chatham spoke,
And Burns and Shakespeare sung.
And from our tongue, our hand, our heart,
Shall countless blessings flow,
To light two darkened hemispheres
That know not where they go.

"Our Anglo-Saxon name and fame,
Our Anglo-Saxon speech,
Received their mission straight from heaven
To civilize and teach.
So here's my hand; I stretch it forth!
Ye meaner lands, look on!
From this day hence, there's friendship firm
'Twixt Jonathan and John!"

They shook their hands, this noble pair,
And o'er the electric chain
Came daily messages of peace,
And love betwixt them twain.
When other nations, sore oppressed,
Lie dark in sorrow's night,
They look to Jonathan and John,
And hope for coming light.

Read in the light of our civil war, and of the subsequent financial troubles of England, these lines are especially interesting, and not without a moral for whom they may concern. I now submit the following notes:—

WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1858.

My dear Sir,—I reply to your several questions:—

1. The price is as you state,—one guinea per sketch, and the same per column of letter-press.

2. You might extend, without disadvantage, the letter-press; but no single contribution, including several subjects, should ever pass a couple of columns.

3. While I am in the United States, the better way would be to forward your sketches, etc., to me. If sent direct to the office in London, without my *imprimatur* upon them, they might be delayed or neglected.

4. After my return to England, address to Herbert Ingram, Esq., M. P., *Illustrated London News* office, 198 Strand, London. Apply also to the same gentleman for payment, stating the arrangement you have made with me; and all your commands will be duly attended to.

Hoping to see you before I leave, I remain,

Ever truly yours,

CHARLES MACKAY.

BURNET HOUSE, CINCINNATI, Jan. 21, 1858.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—I am much obliged for your pleasant introduction to Mr. Charles Anderson, which has led to my acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Longworth, and with the whole of a most interesting family.

I received the enclosed letter from Mr. Blank this morning. You will do me a favor (if it be not asking you too much) to explain to him that he has quite misunderstood the position of matters; that we pay one guinea (five dollars) a sketch, and that in reality he has given me but the materials for one picture, or one sketch, which I have forwarded to London with instructions; his little odds and ends merely come in as completions to one design. I should very gladly have paid him for seven, if he had produced seven; but I should much rather have been without his services altogether. He created a most pernicious delay; and, at the last moment, did not produce the thing needed. I wish you would make him understand this as gently and courteously as possible, and not to hurt his feelings; but business is business, and I cannot, in a case like his, which has been one of disappointment throughout, stretch the rules of the office, and pay him for work *not* done.

For one sketch and two photographs, I hold myself responsible.

Excuse me, I pray, for troubling you in this matter; and with kindest regards, believe me,

Ever truly yours,

CHARLES MACKAY.

Burnet House, Cincinnati, Jan. 23, 1858.

My dear Sir,—I am not able to answer some inquiries relative to the amount paid for drawings on the wood; but I think the most practised and best draughtsmen, such as Gilbert, Read, and Foster, receive at the rate of twelve guineas per page. I am not sure, however.

I was invited to meet Mr. Strother, but, unfortunately, had to leave Washington that very day, and could not see him. I still hope, however, to have the pleasure.

The scenes of the Potomac (shooting, fishing, etc.) would be good, and suitable for the paper.

As regards the proofs of the forthcoming work, I should like to see them before they are sent to England. My address will be at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

Do not send any letter of news to the *Illustrated London News* during my stay in this country, as I send them quite as much as they can conveniently make room for. After my departure, I will arrange to give you proper scope for all matters of importance.

Ever yours truly,

Charles Mackay.

Montreal, April 29, 1858.

My dear Sir,—My only fear is that you may be supplying sketches a little "too fast," especially while I am in the country, and doing quite as much in that line (or more) than the *I. L. N.* can make room for. I propose returning home by the steamer of the 12th; and I think you had better send me the sketches of Mr. Strother (and the letter-press), that I may take them with me. Address, by return mail to this city, care of the Hon. John Young. Believe me,

Ever truly yours,

Charles Mackay.

P. S. In about two months "the coast will be clearer" for your contributions, inasmuch as mine, by that time, will cease to block the way.

———

CLARK MILLS.

CLARK MILLS was born in the State of New York, Dec. 1, 1815. In consequence of the death of his father, he was placed, at the early age of five years, with an uncle by marriage, whom he left between the age of twelve and thirteen for imagined ill-treatment. The following spring he worked on a farm and drove a wagon. He went to school that winter, working night and morning, before school hours, for his board. The next spring he went to Syracuse, N. Y., in search of work, and found employment at five dollars a month with board. He worked nine months, and received only five dollars: his employer failed in the fall, and he lost all that was due him. He worked during the winter at a different employment, and in the spring drove a wagon hauling lumber at Syracuse, where he remained one year at eight dollars a month and board. The horses were finally sold, and oxen substituted. Finding an ox team too slow for his "go-ahead" disposition, he left his employer, and worked on the canal till the fall, and went to school that winter. In the spring he tended canal locks. The following winter he worked in a swamp, cutting cedar posts, and got his feet so badly frozen that he was unable to wear shoes for several months, which suffering determined him never to work again as a common laborer. He then procured a situation with a cabinet-maker, working first for instruction and then for board. He next learned the millwright's trade, and worked at that about two years, and left the employment to take charge of a plaster and cement mill.

His next move was for New Orleans, La., where he stayed about one year, and then went to Charleston, S. C., and learned the stucco trade, which business he followed until 1835, when he commenced modelling busts in clay. He soon discovered a new method for taking a cast over the living face, which enabled him to take busts so cheaply that he soon had as much work as he could do. He then resolved to try cutting in marble; and, after procuring a block of native Carolina stone, he commenced the bust of John C. Calhoun. At that time he was not familiar with the rules for cutting a bust, and was compelled to adopt a rule of his own, which was a very tedious process, requiring extraordinary care. He soon, however, succeeded in producing what was then considered the best likeness ever taken of Mr. Calhoun. The bust was purchased by the city council of Charleston; and he was also awarded a gold medal, on one side of which was inscribed the following:—

"Aedes Mores Juraque Curat. (Artesque Fovit)
Ingenii premium virtuti calcar,
Id. Apr. MDCCCXLVI."

On the other side:—

"To Clark Mills as a mark of respect for his genius for sculpture exhibited in his bust of the favorite son of Carolina, John C. Calhoun, and as an incentive to further exertions, this medal is presented by the City Council of Charleston."

Soon after this, means were offered him by the wealthy gentlemen of Charleston to study in Europe. This circumstance found its way into the newspapers; and, in a few days, he received a letter from the Hon. John Preston (the gentleman who sent Hiram Powers to Italy), which stated that he had seen the notices about his visit to Italy, and that he would like to have him come to Columbia, S. C., and take the busts of himself and wife; also, that Colonel Wade Hampton desired the busts of himself and daughters; and that he might cut them in marble when he had further advanced in the art.

He took the advice of friends, and went to Columbia. After taking ten busts, he returned to Charleston. A little incident occurred at this time which seemed to change his whole course. When he called to take leave of William C. Preston, whose acquaintance he had formed, he remarked to the artist that he should see the statuary at Washington before visiting Europe. He replied that "if he should spend his means in travelling about, he would not be able to accomplish his object."—"As for expense," said Mr. Preston, "if you will go to Washington, and take the busts of my friends Webster and Crittenden, I will pay your expenses there and back, and pay you for the busts also." He readily accepted the offer, started for Washington, stopping in Richmond, Va., to see the statue by Houdon, which was the first statue he had ever seen. The first thing he did after his arrival in Washington was to visit the Capitol, that he might feast his eager eyes on the statuary there. He saw much to admire, and much which, even to his unpractised eye, appeared imperfect. The drapery on the "Statue of Peace" seemed to surpass human skill; and the "Muse of History," recording the events of time, he thought was the grandest and most sublime idea ever conceived. Of the statue of Washington, by Greenough, he thought the anatomy perfect, though he could not associate Washington with the statue. The crowd of visitors, so far as he could learn, invariably condemned it for want of historical truth. He came to the conclusion, while standing there, that, should he ever have an order for a statue, the world should find fault for his giving too much truth, and not for want of it.

An accidental circumstance here gave rise to the order for the Jackson statue. He was introduced to the Hon. Cave Johnson, then postmaster-

general, and president of the Jackson Monument Committee, who, on learning his intention to visit Europe, proposed that he should give a design for a bronze equestrian statue of General Jackson. Never having seen General Jackson or an equestrian statue, he felt himself incompetent to execute a work of such magnitude, and positively refused. The incident, however, made an impression upon his mind; and he reflected sufficiently to produce a design which was the very one subsequently executed, and which now adorns the public square in front of the White House. He concluded to accept Mr. Johnson's offer; and, after nine months of patient labor, he succeeded in bringing out a miniature model, on a new principle, which was, to bring the hind legs of the horse exactly under the centre of his body, which of course produced a perfect balance, thereby giving the horse more the appearance of life; the model was adopted by the committee. A contract was made for the sum of twelve thousand dollars, the bronze to be furnished by the committee. Two years' labor and hard study, and he finished the plaster model. After waiting nearly nine months, Congress appropriated the old cannon captured by General Andrew Jackson; and, under various disheartening circumstances, the breaking of cranes, the bursting of furnaces, after six failures in the body of the horse, he finally triumphed, and on the 8th of January, 1853, the statue was dedicated. Soon after, Congress voted him twenty thousand dollars to remunerate him for his services. The sum of fifty thousand dollars was afterward voted for an equestrian statue of General George Washington; and that also occupies a central position in the metropolis. In the following spring, the city of New Orleans voted thirty-five thousand dollars for a duplicate of the Jackson statue. A farm was purchased on the Baltimore and Washington Turnpike, about three miles from Washington, for the purpose of erecting the necessary buildings, studio, and foundry.

Having completed the buildings, he was about to commence work when a gale destroyed the studio. Before it was rebuilt, the foundry was destroyed by fire; but it was rebuilt as soon as possible. After finishing the statue for New Orleans, he commenced the statue of Washington, which was completed and dedicated on the 22d of February, 1860. The living horse after which this statue was modelled was captured on a prairie near Fort Leavenworth, and was considered a remarkably fine animal. He was subsequently purchased of the artist by his friend James H. Hammond, of South Carolina, as an acquisition to his extensive stud. In June, 1860, Mr. Mills commenced the work of casting the statue of freedom, after Crawford's design, which was completed in 1863, and now stands above the dome of the Capitol.

Such, in brief, is the story of another self-made man, and one of the most fortunate of American artists. That he possessed genius of a high order cannot be doubted; and if his works do not display all the conventional graces of European art, he has certainly produced two statues which are original, and in keeping with the manly vigor of the great Republic. And this I take pleasure in saying, if for no other reason than this, that a number of upstart critics have attempted to disparage his productions. In 1866, Mr. Mills invented a second method for taking busts in a manner peculiarly his own; and while he was assisted by one son, who inherited his father's genius, he received at the same time the gratifying news from Munich that another son, who had been studying there the art of the sculptor, had been honored with the first prize of the Academy, and was the first American who had ever received a prize from that institution. And I chronicle the fact with pleasure, that those two sons were a great comfort to their father in his later years.

Mr. Mills died in Washington, on the 12th of January, 1883, after a protracted illness, and was buried with all the honors due to his reputation as a most honorable and worthy man, and a self-taught artist of uncommon abilities.

CHARLES P. McILVAINE.

THE death of this eminent man, March 12, 1873, reminded me of the fact that I became acquainted with him more than forty years before. It was before he was consecrated a bishop, and whilst he was visiting the country which was to become his see. He happened to be in the village of Monroe, on the river Raisin, in Michigan, on the occasion of a school exhibition, and when the present writer "spoke his first piece." It was a little poem entitled "The Orphan Boy," by Mrs. Opie; and because it was a pathetic piece, and the speaker cried from fear, during its delivery, the effect was striking; the audience thought the boy a good actor, and the embryo bishop patted him on the head, and spoke a kindly word, which the latter has never forgotten. To say that he has been a McIlvaine man from that time, would be superfluous; and what is a little singular, the residence of the writer is to-day within a two-minutes' walk of the church in Georgetown, D. C., where the bishop commenced his ministry.

That Bishop McIlvaine was a noble Christian gentleman, an impressive orator, a successful author, a most useful and influential prelate, and rendered the world very great service by his writings on the Christian

religion, are facts that cannot be doubted, and he must be remembered as one of the most eminent of Americans.

When engaged in compiling my "Dictionary of Congress," it became my duty to call upon Bishop McIlvaine, for some information in regard to his father, who had been a senator in Congress; and two letters which he sent me, at the time, have a historical value, and I submit them to the public for their edification. In one of them he gives us a very decided opinion of what he thought of the American Congress in 1860; and it was perhaps a blessing to him that he died in Florence, before he could be fully informed as to the disgrace which fell upon the Forty-second Congress, when a large number of its members placed themselves upon the roll of disloyalty. The letters alluded to are as follows:—

CINCINNATI, Jan. 27, 1860.

Dear Sir,—I do indeed owe you an apology for not having sooner answered your kind letter of Nov. 24. Partly ill health, requiring abstinence from work, has been the cause, but principally that I hoped to find some papers which would have aided me in the particulars necessary to enable me to answer the object as to my father. I have failed to find them, but hope to do without them by reason of information expected from my elder brother in New York.

I am much obliged for the interesting remembrance of the school exhibition in Monroe, and the kind manner in which you mention me in that connection, and in subsequent relations. I remember Mr. Dodge very well, and beg my kind remembrance to his daughter.

If you write a history or dictionary of the present session of Congress, you will have a chapter indeed. What a disgrace to civilization! What a sign to governments elsewhere, concerning self-government by the people. We want a Cromwell to turn out the House of Representatives, if we could find the Cromwell that could substitute a better. Only God can save us from our politicians.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES P. MCILVAINE.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 15, 1860.

My dear Sir,—I set down for you the following particulars concerning my father, out of which you can select what you may find most in accordance with the plan of your work:—

Joseph McIlvaine, Esq., was born in Bristol, Bucks County, Penn., in the year 1768. Colonel Joseph McIlvaine, the descendant of Scotch ancestors from Ayrshire, Scotland, was a zealous Whig during the Revolution, against whom the fiercest enmity of the Tories in that part of Pennsylvania was exhibited. Under their instigation, the British offered a reward to any that would take him, dead or alive. Joseph, his son, married Maria Reed, daughter of Bower Reed, Esq., secretary of state in New Jersey, who was brother to Joseph Reed, president of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, under the old Confederation, and previously General Washington's secretary, *aide-de-camp*, and adjutant-general.

1781. Mr. McIlvaine was admitted to the bar in New Jersey.

1798. In the French war he raised a company of volunteers in Burlington, N. J. (where, from an early previous period till his death, he resided), of which he was the captain. The company was attached to McPherson's regiment of Blues, and nominally under command of Washington. At the same time he was aid to General Bloomfield, under whose immediate command were the State troops of New Jersey.

1800. He was elected clerk of Burlington County, N. J., which office he continued to hold by successive re-elections, until he was elected to the Senate of the United States; a period of twenty-four years.

1801. He was appointed by Mr. Jefferson attorney of the United States for the District of New Jersey, which, by appointments under successive Presidents,—the last by Mr. Monroe,—he continued to hold for a period of twenty years. The office was occupied on his election to the Senate.

1804. He was appointed aid to the governor of New Jersey (General Bloomfield, his uncle by marriage with his father's sister), with the rank of colonel.

1818. He was appointed judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, by Governor Williamson, but declined the office.

1823, 1824. In the winter of these years he was elected to the Senate of the United States from New Jersey. During his term of office he died at his residence in Burlington, N. J., on the 19th of August, 1826, in his fifty-eighth year.

Mr. McIlvaine was eminent as a lawyer, and one of those who, in the best days of Richard Stockton and the late Governors Williamson and Pennington, occupied a chief place at the bar of New Jersey. He was a gentleman of polished manners, most benevolent spirit, and unblemished morals, whose high honor and scrupulous integrity in every transaction of

life drew upon him the universal confidence and the affectionate respect of all with whom he was associated in office, in business, or in social life.

Very truly yours,

CHARLES P. MCILVAINE.

Bishop McIlvaine was consecrated in October, 1832, and therefore, at the time of his death, had held his high office more than forty years. As an author, his reputation will probably be quite equal to any of his predecessors in the church; but it has been said of him that he had no equal in his power for illustrating the truths of Scripture by its own records.

The strength and simplicity of his character were in keeping with the purity of his life and his abilities; and when we remember the variety and importance of his experiences, there is something very charming in a reference that he once made to his favorite hymn as follows:—

"I have chosen a sweet hymn,—'Just as I am,'—and have adopted it for all time to come, as long as I shall be here, as my hymn. It contains my religion, my theology, my hope."

At the time Mr. McIlvaine was located in Georgetown (as I have learned from one of the oldest residents), it was not customary for the white citizens to teach the slave population; but among those who thought proper to perform that task in Georgetown was a very worthy young Quaker, named George Shoemaker. The Sunday school over which he presided was evidently connected with Christ Church, and for that reason the pastor thereof one day said to Mr. Shoemaker that he must remember the souls of the colored people were, in one sense, in his keeping; that he was responsible for their ultimate happiness. This, of course, was only intended as a friendly warning, but the worthy Quaker took offence at the remark, and forthwith gave up the position of religious instructor. The subsequent career of the bishop proved conclusively that he was not only a liberal man in his religious opinions, but a good friend of the slaves. As to Mr. Shoemaker, he died in Georgetown, at an advanced age, and is remembered as one of the most worthy and benevolent men who were ever identified with the place.

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MARTIN F. TUPPER.

MY acquaintance with this noted author was only such as may be enjoyed through a friendly correspondence, and that on my part was most

gratifying. I was introduced to him by N. P. Willis, and he did me various favors which deserved and received my gratitude. One of them had reference to the republication, in England, by Richard Bentley, of my "Tour to the River Saguenay." It came out with an error in its title, which had been changed, and with a portrait of the author that was not satisfactory; and in one of his letters, Mr. Tupper made an allusion to those particulars, and also gave me a bit of his "Philosophy" on the subject of criticism, which is especially interesting, in view of the fact that he has been more savagely and persistently criticised than any other respectable author, during the last quarter of a century, resulting in a popularity almost unequalled in the annals of literature. The letter was as follows:—

ALBURY, GUILDFORD, Feb. 21, 1848.

My dear Sir,—Albeit I am not now quite so near a neighbor to Mr. Bentley as I was some two years ago,—the difference being as thirty miles to next door,—I nevertheless have managed to see him on the subjects of your note, and (I trust) have done you service. *First*, then, with respect to the delicate message upon money matters, I was glad to hear from Mr. Bentley that he had already very recently written to you, rendering an account, which will, it is to be presumed, be satisfactory in all points; at any rate, I had no business to inquire further, on so very personal a matter.

Secondly. The Nova Scotia title-page is condemned throughout all the impression, and a new one will be immediately substituted for it.

Thirdly. With regard to criticism, Dr. Johnson truly observed that "literary fame is a shuttlecock that must be hit on both sides to be kept flying"; with us, as probably with you, nothing d——ns a book but its own demerits, *or* other folks' neglect. A well-abused author has scarcely fewer friends than a well-praised one; and we Britishers always stand by persecuted innocence, especially in the case of unprotected absentees. I would not then (as you ask my advice) move at all in the matter, but leave any past critical rancor (supposing you have any to complain of) to the public forgetfulness, or its mindful equity; it never, with us, does an author good—but the contrary—to seem to care about what y^{e} critics say about him. We go calmly on in Mohican serenity, unheeding, or appearing not to heed, both praise and blame; and this is a worldly wisdom.

Never mind the portrait; it is well enough and handsome enough. I see no harm in it, and moreover it cannot be helped now.

I have got your book, and will read it; and if I like it (as it would be impolite to doubt) I will send a favorable notice to one or other of our journals, and you shall have a copy, if and when my verdict is inserted. As,

however, I am in no way connected with the press, and only an occasional volunteer of such friendly matters, I cannot command either much space or frequent insertion; but I'll do the best I can for you, and one word of honest praise will tell better than pages of depreciated hostility. Thanking you for your kind expressions and with kind regards to Willis, who also gets a letter by this packet,

I am very truly yours (unseen),

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Nearly every review, magazine, and critical journal, published in his time, had its say about this famous writer, but his friends have certainly outnumbered his enemies, and have carried the day. The motive which prompted his "Proverbial Philosophy" was creditable and Christian-like; it was not equal to Shakespeare, nor did it aspire to such a position; it carried pure and comforting thoughts into thousands of domestic circles, without leaving behind it the poisonous slime which emanates from the popular or fashionable press; and I have thought that I would much prefer to be shut up from the world with that curious book than with a thousand and one of the novels and scientific dissertations which flood the bookstalls and libraries of the present day. In 1838 the London *Athenæum* spoke of "Proverbial Philosophy" as a failure, and destined to have merely a family circulation, and it continued its spiteful warfare until 1867, when it made itself ridiculous by drawing a comparison between Tupper and King Solomon. In 1848 the London *Literary Gazette* said of Tupper that he was an original thinker and a genuine poet; and in 1855 spoke of his popularity as a healthy symptom of the prevailing taste in literature, and of his style as irresistibly pleasing by its earnestness and eloquence. Heartless men of the world and literary snobs have always been against this writer, but he acquired a fortune by his pen, and lives in a quiet and luxurious style, which has long been the envy of his detractors.

With regard to Mr. Tupper's visit to this country during the centennial year, and the publication of his "Drama of Washington," I can say nothing, for at this present writing I have seen neither the man nor the poem.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

IT was in the month of January, 1848, that I first visited Washington, and the first man that I heard deliver a speech in the House of Representatives was Alexander H. Stephens. His attenuated form, shrill and peculiar voice,

and wonderful earnestness riveted my attention, and as he proceeded in his remarks, I said to a friend seated near me that I did not believe the speaker would live to finish his speech. Thirty-five years had passed away since then, and Mr. Stephens was not only living, but after a strange, eventful history, became, in 1883, the governor of the State of Georgia.

My introduction to this noted man came through Gales & Seaton, who were anxious that I should consult with him prior to my going to the Southern States as their correspondent in 1848. Among the many letters that I published in the *Intelligencer* were two, about Tallulah and Dahlonega, which contained some tolerably large stories about the people of that portion of Georgia. By way of testing my integrity as a writer, Mr. Gales called upon Mr. Stephens and questioned him as to the correctness of my assertions in one of my letters, and the reply, as afterward reported to me by Mr. Gales as well as Mr. Stephens, was as follows: "That letter is true from beginning to end, and I am surprised that any stranger could have written such faithful descriptions." It was that criticism and the letters in question, I have always thought, which won for me, more than anything else, the long-continued friendship of Gales & Seaton and of Mr. Stephens.

During the ten years preceding the great Rebellion, I saw much of Mr. Stephens, and not only enjoyed his friendship, but greatly profited by his wisdom as a scholar and statesman, and his influence as a man. Such a clear intellect, such a kind and loving heart, such gentle manners and unselfishness, and such rare integrity, I have seldom if ever seen combined in any human being. With regard to his course when the war commenced, I can only say that I regretted it, as well as the inevitable necessities of his position; and yet while the war was progressing I looked upon him as a better patriot than thousands of those who shouted for the Union, remained at home, and filled their coffers to repletion. Among those who assisted me while engaged in compiling my "Dictionary of Congress," Mr. Stephens was conspicuous, and he manifested his interest in my success by making a proposition in the House of Representatives that I should be patronized by the government, while a similar effort was made in the Senate by William H. Seward.

The return of Mr. Stephens to the United States Congress in December, 1873, was an event which impressed the whole community, and caused as great an excitement as did the return to the same position of John Quincy Adams after he had served as President; and it may be new to many persons to learn that one of the most graceful poems which the ex-President ever penned was in honor of his friend, Mr. Stephens, as follows:—

TO A. H. STEPHENS, ESQ., OF GEORGIA.

Say, by what sympathetic charm,
  What mystic magnet's secret sway,
Drawn by some unresisted arm,
  We come from regions far away?

From North and South, from East and West,
  Here in the People's Hall we meet
To execute their high behest
  In council and communion sweet.

We meet as strangers in this hall;
  But when our task of duty's done,
We blend the common good of all
  And melt the multitude in one.

As strangers in this hall we met;
  But now with one united heart,
Whate'er of life awaits us yet,
  In cordial friendship let us part.

John Quincy Adams, of Quincy, Mass.

H. R. U. S., 14th June, 1844.

I was among the first to call and pay my respects to him, at his hotel, and he welcomed me as if I had been a long-lost friend. He talked about the past in rather a pensive mood, and although he was too feeble in body even to rise from his chair without help, he alluded to his bad health, but did not utter a word of complaint. During the interview, a colored man was announced, when he asked to be excused for a moment while he attended to a little matter of business, which was, to give the man a letter whereby he might obtain a position as messenger in one of the departments. A few weeks afterwards, when it was announced that Mr. Stephens would deliver a speech in the House of Representatives, the galleries were more densely packed than they had been during the whole winter, and the words of the great Southern statesman had the same clarion ring which distinguished them in the old times. His subject theme was interesting, but what chiefly impressed those of his audience who were familiar with his history were the leading facts of that history, viz., how he was the son of a farmer, and was left an orphan at the age of fourteen; how he earned the money by hard work which enabled him to obtain a thorough education; how he had suffered from bad health all his life, and had seldom weighed more than one hundred pounds; how he had acquitted himself as a lawyer and a scholar, as a State legislator and a member of Congress; how he had escaped death from the

assaults of brutal opponents in politics as well as from railway accidents; how he became vice-president of the ephemeral Confederacy, and was lodged as a prisoner of war in a Northern fortress; how he was elected by his restored State to the United States Senate and refused admittance; and how he was re-elected to the National House of Representatives, serving in all the Congresses down to the year 1882.

After the adjournment of the Forty-third Congress, Mr. Stephens's health was so poor that his friends despaired of his reaching Georgia alive, but, as on numberless occasions before, his indomitable will carried him through to his home in safety. All along his route of travel his presence was hailed with shouts of gladness and respect by a loving people. Not long after his arrival at Crawfordsville, and as soon as his strength would permit, he gave a grand reception, not to politicians and starched-up fashionable women, but to more than a thousand Sunday-school children. He received them standing on the porch of his pleasant residence, and while supported on his crutches, and, after he had given them a feast, he favored them with an address, and when they parted he shook hands affectionately with every one of the children. The speech that he delivered stands alone in its religious character among all those that were ever uttered by Mr. Stephens, and some of the sentiments are of such very great interest that I am constrained to submit the following extracts:—

"Teachers and pupils, patrons and friends of all the Sunday schools here assembled, and to all others present,—adults and children, the aged and the young, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, who compose this large audience,—I appear not only to give you a cordial greeting, but my earnest and profound congratulations upon the manifestations of zeal you have this day exhibited in the great cause which has brought you together. You from a distance have already received a welcome from the Sunday school in this place, and more than a twice or a thrice welcome I give you to these grounds and to these shades for the celebration of the progress of the great work in which you are engaged. Would that my extreme feebleness did not render it utterly impossible for me to address you on this occasion as my impulses prompt! I have seen and addressed many large audiences in days gone by, assembled in this village to hear discussions upon political questions, and matters that concerned their immediate temporal interests; but this is the largest collection of people I ever saw congregated in this vicinity; and it is not the less gratifying to me that the present object relates, not so much to secular and worldly matters as to those which are spiritual and eternal. The

one is as small in importance, when compared with the other, as time is with eternity.

"It is true, the position I now occupy, and the sphere I now fill, is new to me. Never before have I addressed an audience, large or small, upon topics relating exclusively, not to things of this life, but to that higher life which is to come after. If I have not thus before spoken publicly upon such subjects, it has not been because I have not thought most intensely and profoundly upon them from my earliest youth. It is a source of high gratification to me to say to you all upon this occasion, and especially to these little boys, that the first awakening of such thoughts in my mind, as well as my first taste for general reading, was first quickened and brought into active exercise in a Sunday school. It was at the old Power Creek Log Meeting-House, not five miles from this place, more than a half-century ago, I became a pupil in what was known as a 'Union Sunday school.' The day I entered it was a great epoch in my life. It was in the latter part of the summer the school was opened, or when I entered it, and though but a small boy at the time, still I had to do such work on the farm as I was able to do during the week. This was picking cotton or peas, or going to mill, or other light work of like character. It was only at night, and by a pine-knot light, that I had any opportunity to study the lessons assigned me; and yet so deeply did I become interested in the questions of the Union Catechism, that two o'clock often found me poring over the chapters of the Bible set apart for the next Sunday's examination. To the impressions thus made I am indebted in no small degree for my whole future course in life, whether it has been for good or for evil. If, in the midst of any evil that has marred that course, there is anything good to be found, or anything worthy of imitation, then it is due to that Sunday school, and to that great cause which you to-day celebrate with inspiring mottoes, banners, and music."

He then discoursed upon modern rationalism, saying:—

"Never before, perhaps, as I have said, were the great truths of the Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, more powerfully assailed than at present. Those who lead the assault are the Rationalists referred to. They are also known as Materialists in philosophy. They are indeed philosophers of a high order, and many of them have done a vast deal towards the advancement of physical science in this day and generation; but upon the subject of religion, or man's relation to the Deity, they have done and are doing infinite mischief. These writers, among whom may be named Compte, Huxley, Spencer, Darwin, and many others of the same school, you may be assured are making a deep impression on the thinkers of the age. Their disciples are

numerous, including men, and women, too, of minds of the highest order. This fact is not to be ignored. The assaults of this school are to be met, and their sophisms answered and confuted by the Sunday school, by upholding and sustaining, as it is your mission to do, the plain and simple and spiritual truths of the Bible."

Having exposed with great ability the sophistries of these writers, he concluded his address by saying:—

"These are some of the plain and simple truths, teachers, which, I have thought it proper to say, you should impress upon the minds of your pupils. By these doctrines and principles they will not only be shielded against the errors stated, but their innate moral sense will be cultivated, their spiritual attributes of worship and devotion will be developed through the mysterious agency of prayer; and their regeneration—that new spiritual birth—through faith, so essential to salvation, will be consummated; and by which their fallen human natures will be elevated and sublimated to a proper fitness for that higher life, in which they will be in perfect and eternal communion with their Creator.

"To you, little children, I say, 'let no one deceive you'; let no tempting doctrines of any philosopher, however learned, beguile you into the belief that you have not in you something that places you high in the scale of existence above the bare brute,—the horse or the dog. Ever keep it in your memories that you have not only a body with its various members, and an intellect to control these members, but that you have within you a soul, a spiritual part, which gives you immortality. Recollect that, according to the Divine teaching, the body is the temple of God; and should, therefore, not be neglected, or unduly cared for, but that it, as well as the intellect and the soul, should be duly cultivated and developed, so as to fit them in the resurrection for that life hereafter, where there will be no more pain nor suffering, but an eternity of perfect happiness.

"With these few precepts I must close, I can stand no longer. To the teachers I will add, that it will be a source of gratification to me if they will bring the children of their respective schools, each in its turn through the hall, when I am seated, so that I can give each of them a shaking of the hand and a parting farewell. To all the rest I now give a farewell."

Should the foregoing not be sufficient to establish the religious character of Mr. Stephens, the following very explicit declaration made in 1879 will be sufficient: "I am a member of the Presbyterian church, and have been since my boyish days. They have never turned me out, and I have tried to

live so that they could never have occasion to do so. I am trusting in the atonement of Christ for its cleansing efficacy. All is clear through the blood of the covenant."

On the occasion of one of my visits to Mr. Stephens's rooms at the old National Hotel, I obtained the following: After the adjournment of Congress in 1859, he foresaw with regret the coming troubles; and, having declined a renomination for Congress, he left Washington for Crawfordsville with a heavy heart. As he was going down the Potomac in a steamboat, to take the cars at Aquia Creek, some of his companions noticed that he seemed to cast a lingering look at the Federal Capitol. "You are looking at that," said one of them, "thinking of the time when you will return to it as a senator." "Not at all," replied Mr. Stephens, "I am taking my farewell view, knowing that I shall not see it again until I am brought to the North, a prisoner of state." And this prophecy was literally fulfilled when he was sent to Fort Warren, where he was confined for a period of five months.

By way of illustrating the unwearied industry of Mr. Stephens, it may be stated that, in addition to his arduous labors as a congressman, and while constantly suffering from ill health, he wrote a history of the Rebellion and one or two school-books, and contributed to Johnson's Cyclopædia a large number of biographical and other articles. Indeed, he was so important a contributor as in reality to become one of its editors, and the compensation he received for his services he gave away in charity. Prior to the meeting of the second session of the Forty-fourth Congress his health was so poor that he could not, for a time, even leave his bed; but his indomitable pluck still prevailed, and with great difficulty he made another journey to Washington, and, in the early part of 1877, had one of the most severe attacks of illness that he ever experienced, and was able only on a few occasions to occupy his seat in the House of Representatives. For many weeks he was so feeble that he could hardly turn in his bed without the help of his nurse; yet he received all his visitors with a smile or kindly word,—talking with statesmen about the sad condition of the country, with men of letters about new books, and with clergymen about the mysteries of life and death, and, like a true Christian, expressing his entire confidence in the promises of the Bible, and his willingness to die when the final hour should arrive.

But from this attack of illness, as on many occasions before, was it his fortune to rally; and I saw him at his hotel in April, 1877, when he was sitting in his chair, and really looked about as well as when I had first seen him in 1848. During that visit, moreover, he was more talkative than usual, and some of his conversation was really interesting. On being questioned as

to the effect of so much sickness upon his nerves and feelings, he replied as follows:—

"My long-continued illness has been to me the greatest blessing of my life, for the reason that it has given me a sense of entire resignation to the Divine will. Indeed I have never had a well day in my whole life, and in my youth did not suppose I could ever attain the age of forty years. For six months after the attack which came upon me in 1869, I could not leave my bed; and for nearly three and a half years afterwards I never left my room; and yet, during all that time, I never had one single desire to go abroad, not even down into the village near by, nor did I wish for any intercourse with the world. Friends came to see me, and I was glad to welcome them; but my mind was taken up with my 'History of the War' and my school-book, and I was perfectly contented. Nor do I remember that I ever felt restless or uneasy for a single moment; and while I know that I did not cherish a single thought against any human being, I believe that I did not speak an unkind or pettish word to any of my servants."

In speaking of his servants, he said that in 1850 a young girl who had been born on his plantation came to him and said that she wanted to marry a man residing on another estate. He gave her his consent, inquired into the character of the man, purchased him of his master, and from that time until the moment he was speaking, that man and his wife had been the sole managers of all his home affairs, keeping his house and looking after the cultivation of his crops. The only special privilege that this faithful man-servant has ever asked of his employer was that he might be permitted to accompany Mr. Stephens to Washington, and to come after him when ready to return home; and this privilege was invariably granted.

During the long period of illness here mentioned, Mr. Stephens's most constant companion was a dog which he had raised from a puppy, and which had recently died. For nearly four years that animal was never absent from the side of his master's bed for a single night, and, because of one peculiar trait, was known throughout the region of Crawfordsville as the "crying dog." Mr. Stephens told me that, by calling this dog to his side, and speaking of himself in a desponding tone, the poor creature would actually shed tears; and, when the complaint was continued, would soon begin to utter a mournful howl. The affection and intelligence of the animal he considered very remarkable.

In the course of his conversation on public affairs, Mr. Stephens made two remarks which filled me with surprise: first, that in 1860 the State of

Georgia was the wealthiest State in the Union; and, secondly, that, at the time he was speaking, the country between Washington City and the Rio Grande was one vast region of desolation, instead of being what the Almighty intended it to be, the brightest garden on the surface of the globe. Of many public men whom he had opposed in politics, he spoke in the kindest terms; and, in commenting upon events that transpired a quarter of a century before, he displayed a strength of memory which filled me with amazement.

In November, 1877, I saw Mr. Stephens a number of times; and, as usual, I timed my visits so as to avoid, as far as possible, the stream of visitors which seemed always to be setting towards his hotel. During one of those interviews, he talked much about the great authors and statesmen of the past, and hardly a word on politics. He spoke of Washington as one of the wisest of men, and went over the story of how the Farewell Address was written with the help of Hamilton and Madison. He spoke of his then recent visit to New York, by invitation of Mr. A. J. Johnson, as one of the brightest incidents of his life, and contrasted it with his passing through the city a prisoner of war. He had gone there for a little quiet, but his visit turned out to be a continuous ovation, for which he was exceedingly grateful, as he was latterly enjoying the heart-world more than ever. A visit that Mr. Hayes had recently made he highly appreciated, and spoke of him in very kind and complimentary terms.

In his appearance and manners Mr. Stephens was often compared with John Randolph, but in their hearts the two men were very different. With all his sincere love for his fellow-men, it was sometimes possible for Mr. Stephens to make a sharp retort, and perhaps one of the best he ever uttered was the following, when the noted John P. Hale once remarked to him that he might be tempted to swallow him whole if he did not take care, the prompt reply was, “You would then have more brains in your belly than you have in your head.”

In February, 1882, I visited Mr. Stephens with my Japanese ward, Miss Ume Tsuda, who expressed a wish to see the famous statesman. He treated her with the utmost kindness, asked her for her autograph, said many pleasant things, and on hearing that she had never visited the extreme Southern States, he gracefully branched off into a description of the Midway district, where he had once been a schoolmaster for about one year. The place, he said, was settled by Puritans from Massachusetts, in 1697, but was now called one of the dead towns of Georgia. Although these Puritans went to the South to promote the cause of religion, they were in constant fear of being killed by the Indians; and although they were Northern people, they

owned slaves, and in the district where there were only three hundred and fifty white people, there were fifteen hundred slaves. In those days people went to church on foot or horseback, and were always armed with guns. The number of men who signed the Declaration of Independence from Georgia was three; and yet, strange to say, two of them were from the town of Sunbury, in the district of Midway, which was one of the most enlightened and purest communities that ever existed. During the year 1832, when he taught school there, he never heard a single oath from a white or black man, nor knew of a single instance when spirituous liquors were sold. Every man in the community attended church, excepting one, and he was about half deranged, and it was common to see four thousand negroes attending religious services on Sunday, on the banks of the river Midway.

The experiences of Mr. Stephens, first as an orphan boy and then as a young man in bad health and struggling in poverty, had a tendency to increase the natural charity of his nature. It is a well-known fact that he never refused an appeal for help from those who were more needy than himself. The instances in which he took young men by the hand to help them on in life are numerous, and here is one of them that I now recall. One of them called upon him in Washington, on a certain occasion, and stated that he wanted to be an artist, but was too poor to get along without doing common work. Mr. Stephens asked him to bring a specimen of his skill in drawing. This was done, and as Mr. Stephens was pleased with it, he sent the young man to a boarding-house, gave him a little spare money and paid all his expenses; and that young man is now a successful artist.

The following is a brief summary of the leading points in the useful and distinguished life of Mr. Stephens: He was born in Taliafero County, Ga., Feb. 11, 1812, and on the plantation previously occupied by his father and grandfather, and where he himself always resided. That estate contained eight hundred and fifty acres, and at one time was valued at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. His mother was Margaret Grier, and sister of the famous almanac maker, Robert Grier; and his father's name was Andrew B. Stephens, who died when the son was fourteen years of age. After that event the home plantation was sold, and was subsequently purchased by the son from his own earnings. He had one sister and four brothers, none of whom are now living. His grandfather served in the Revolution, and was present at the defeat of General Braddock. He graduated at Franklin College in 1832, standing at the head of his class; adopted the profession of law, and entered public life in 1836. He was elected to Congress in 1843, serving therein for twenty-six years, and was almost constantly in public life until his death. His "Life and Speeches" were published in 1867, edited by Henry Cleveland,

and in 1878 a more elaborate account of his career as a statesman was published. He wrote a work on the "Political History" of the United States, of which, it is said, more than one hundred thousand copies were sold.

In 1882, and while holding his seat in the House of Representatives, he was elected governor of Georgia. The last letter with which he honored me was dated the 3d of February, 1883, and in it he speaks of his contemplated visit to Savannah, where he was to deliver an address about Oglethorpe, and from that visit he returned to his executive residence in Atlanta, where he died, on the 4th of March, 1883, leaving a spotless name, which will continue to blossom with the coming years. Tributes of respect and regret were printed from one end of the country to the other; and the mourners who attended his remains to their final resting-places are said to have numbered one hundred thousand, the whole of whom looked upon him as a personal friend.

My correspondence with Mr. Stephens was quite frequent, and in looking over his letters I have found several of them which are characteristic of the man, and submit them as follows:—

CRAWFORDSVILLE, GA., June 21, 1849.

Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 15th inst., from Norwich, with its enclosure, was received this morning. As to the "Portrait" from the New York paper, perhaps it does not become me to express an opinion, as I might not be considered a disinterested judge in deciding upon the merits of its resemblance to the original. The power of seeing "ourselves as others see us" requires a peculiar endowment which few, if any, possess. Most men, however, are not insensible to what may be the opinion of others in regard to them; and hence a general inclination to know the nature and character of the impressions produced upon the minds of others by their conduct and actions. And when such impressions are justly and truthfully given, they form the most instructive and valuable lessons to which a man, who is anxious to know his errors, in order to correct them, can devote his attention and study. No knowledge is more important than self-knowledge, and no philosophy is more essential for all men thoroughly to understand than the philosophy of themselves. If this philosophy were more generally cultivated and better understood, and more commonly put into practice than it is, the world would soon be infinitely better off than the most hopeful and sanguine have any reason to expect to see it in many a day to come. Every expression of an honest opinion or the utterance of a sincere conviction, though formed in the most egregious error, in relation to the character or conduct of any man, if he be wise, will always be turned to a profitable and useful account.

And here, in endeavoring, as I do, to act upon this principle, without assuming the attribute which the premise would seem to imply, such matters as the "Portrait" (notwithstanding I feel conscious of its incorrectness in many particulars) are never considered unwelcome or offensive. But enough of this.

I sincerely congratulate you upon your marriage, and hope that the "honeymoon," in which you are now, according to your letter, "luxuriating," with so much leisure and pleasure, may be the prelude of a long life of prosperity, contentment, and happiness. The day on which you had informed me it would take place did not pass without my thoughts reverting to a subject of so much interest to you. And I noticed in the *Intelligencer*, which came to hand shortly afterwards, that you had, at the appointed time, realized the full consummation of your most anxious hopes and wishes. May I not ask you to present my best wishes as well as congratulations to her, who, though personally unknown to me, yet comes within the range of my kindest regards as the sharer of your fortunes through life, and the partner of your destiny whether "for weal or for woe."

Yours most sincerely,

Alexander H. Stephens.

Another letter which has a bit of politics in it is as follows:—

Crawfordsville, Ga., Aug. 24, 1849.

My dear Sir,—Your short letter of the 15th inst. was received a few days ago, and yesterday I received the *Intelligencer* you had the kindness to send me, for which please receive my thanks. I was much taken with the article on the Protocol which it contained, and for which I suppose I was indebted to you for sending it. The piece is very well and ably written. Who is the author of it? I concur fully in the views and reasoning of the article. I considered the conduct of the commissioners as highly censurable in transcending their powers and even instructions. But that was nothing to the conduct of Polk in suppressing the paper. That was worse than censurable, it was infamous and criminal. It was, in my opinion, an impeachable offence. Still I did not think that the treaty, as ratified by our Senate and the Mexican government, was invalidated by it. The guarantees of the Protocol were made without authority, and are not binding upon this government; but Mexico should have been informed of this immediately, to avoid all misunderstanding and difficulties on that account.

My health is still feeble. I seldom leave the house. But as the weather becomes more temperate I hope to increase in strength. My time is now

occupied in reading, except when I am scribbling letters, as I am at this time, which I do barely to let my friends know that I am in esse, and cherish towards them all the good-will and good wishes which it is possible for one mortal to entertain for his fellows. I hope you will let me know if anything of interest occurs at the seat of government.

Yours most respectfully,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Passing over a number of letters which are either too private to print or unimportant, I now give one which I have reason to believe was the last which Mr. Stephens wrote to a Northern man prior to the Rebellion, excepting the famous one to Abraham Lincoln, on the 14th December, 1860: —

CRAWFORDSVILLE, GA., Sept. 17, 1860.

My dear Sir,—Your esteemed favor of the 9th was duly received, as well as the papers you sent. I had seen them before. Such attacks I care but little for. I am truly thankful to you, however, for that interest you must feel in whatever relates to me, which caused you to notice them, or to call my attention to them.

The condition of the country is worse than I ever knew it to be before. The excitements of 1850 and 1856 were not so threatening, in my opinion, as the dangers which now beset us. What is to become of us I cannot tell. I very much fear there is not virtue and patriotism enough in the country, either North or South, to save it. But enough of this.

My health is very poor indeed. I am exceedingly feeble and debilitated; have been for several months.

I do not recollect at this time any corrections to suggest in your new edition of the "Dictionary of Congress." I believe I called your attention heretofore to the omission in the first edition of the name of James L. Seward—a member of the House from this State—at the time the work came from the press. Besides this, I do not now think of any other. With best wishes, I remain as ever,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The following letters need no explanation:—

LIBERTY HALL, CRAWFORDSVILLE, GA.,
June 13, 1875.

My dear Sir,—On my return home on yesterday, after a short absence, I found your kind letter of the 8th inst., and I have to-day got Mr. G. A. Miller, who is my present secretary, to write to Messrs. Hartridge and Smith, respectively, for the desired information. I urged its importance, and trust it will be forthcoming soon.

I am truly glad to know that you are on the eighth edition of your most valuable work. I take the occasion, also, of suggesting to you the correction of two errors in your first edition,—one of omission, the other of commission; how these stand in the second edition I don't know, as my copy of that is in Washington.

But in your first edition the name of *Seward*, Ja. L., does not appear. He was a member of Congress from Georgia with me, several years; how many, I don't remember. He is a native of Georgia, but where born and where educated I do not know. He is a lawyer by profession, and lives in Thomasville, Ga.; he entered the State Legislature with me in 1836, and went to Congress about 1853, I think. He cut quite a figure, while there, as a sparring debater, and in all sorts of log-rolling for his Brunswick navy yard. His individuality was as deeply impressed on the House as that of any man in it, though he was not held as possessing talents above mediocrity. His characteristics are peculiar, and he is to-day, perhaps, as notorious as any man in Georgia; hence, he ought not to be omitted. You can see from the *Congressional Globe* when he was in Congress; and from the "Congressional Directories" of the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Congresses, you may get the data for a correct sketch of him. If not, you had better write to him at Thomasville, Ga.

The other error in the first edition, to which I have referred, occurs in the sketch of Irwin, Jared. I do not think he ever moved to Pennsylvania. He was born in Micklenburg County, N. C., in 1750, came to Georgia when a boy, and continued to reside in this State until his death; at least, this is my opinion on the subject. He was president of the State Convention, and governor of the State, and died as set forth in your book. He died at his residence on Union Hill, Washington County, Ga., March 1, 1818; and the Legislature of Georgia subsequently erected a monument to his memory. In no sketch of his life I have ever seen, except in yours, is there any mention of his ever having resided in Pennsylvania.

Indeed, I am inclined to think the error consists in confounding two distinct characters. The Irwin Jared who was in Congress from Pennsylvania, at the time you state, could not have been the Georgia Irwin Jared, whose acts and death fit the latter, in your sketch. I am, moreover, inclined to think that our Irwin Jared never was in Congress at any time. I

see no mention of any such position held by him in any papers connected with his life, which have fallen under my observation, except as stated.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

P. S. You see the above letter is penned by Mr. Miller, though at my dictation.

A. H. S.

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Feb. 19, 1882.

Dear Mr. Lanman,—Do, if you can conveniently, come over and see me soon. I wrote to Col. Charles C. Jones, inquiring for the name of the publishers of his work, entitled "The Dead Towns of Georgia," and told him you requested me to do so. To-day I received a very kind letter from him on the subject, and instead of sending me the name of the publishers, he sent me a copy of the book, with a request that I should present it to you in his name. As I cannot go to see you, owing to my crippled condition, do, if you please, call and see me.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ATLANTA, GA., Dec. 31, 1882.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Your very kind and highly appreciated letter of Christmas day was duly received, and you will please accept my sincere thanks for it.

I shall look with interest for that sketch to which you said you had just given the finishing touches. It is indeed a long time since our acquaintance was formed; and I can truly say, on my part, that time has only added strength and depth to the friendship then formed.

Your letter gave me the first intimation I had of the severance of your official connection with the Japanese delegation in this country, but I doubt not your new vocation will be more agreeable as well as profitable to you. Art is your appropriate realm or sphere, and I feel assured that your forthcoming "Portfolio" will add to your already world-wide reputation. You ask if I have any friends to whom you might send a copy. To this, please

allow me to say, *you* have one friend whom *you* "may make happy" by sending a copy, and that is, myself.

I know Paul H. Hayne well. He is indeed a real genius, and also a true and noble man.

With kindest regards and best wishes,

Very truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ATLANTA, GA., Jan. 26, 1883.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Your letter of the 24th came to hand by mail this evening, and with it by express came, at the same time, your "Portfolio" containing the ten pictures you mention. I had the "Portfolio" put in the parlor of the executive, where they have been greatly admired by numerous callers this evening. I need hardly assure you that I was greatly pleased with them, and particularly the scenes in Georgia, with which I am so well acquainted,—Tuccoa, Yonah Mountain, Nacoochee Valley, etc. The Bowlder at Block Island I was much pleased with, though how true to nature, I do not know.

You have my sincere thanks for the same. I shall look with interest for your forthcoming book upon the "Leading Men of Japan." With continued kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

ATLANTA, GA., Feb. 3, 1883.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Your letter of the 29th ult. was duly received this morning. The pictures were duly received and greatly prized by me, as I wrote you; they were also greatly admired by quite a number of friends who called in the same evening they came to hand. In my hasty acknowledgment of them, I said nothing about your drawing upon me, but was waiting to hear from you as to the price. No bill accompanied them, nor have I received any since. Just let me know the proper amount, and I will myself promptly remit, without any draft on your part. I am truly glad to know that your new enterprise is succeeding so well. I have been very much pressed with public official duties, for the last several weeks, in getting off commissions to the

numerous county officers in the State, and deciding contesting elections,—a duty that devolves upon the governor of Georgia.

I am to take my first holiday leave from the Mansion next week, *Deo volente*, to be present and make an address at the sesqui-centennial of the first settlement of Georgia by Oglethorpe. This is to come off on Monday, the 12th inst., at Savannah. I expect to leave three or four days before, and be absent for about a week. I hope to hear from you by the time of my return.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

In June, 1885, the remains of Mr. Stephens were removed from Atlanta to Crawfordsville and deposited in a vault at Liberty Hall, formerly the residence of the eminent statesman, and hereafter to be utilized as an academy for boys, under the auspices of a memorial association. On the day in question, the Hon. G. T. Barnes delivered an eloquent eulogy on the departed; and, in speaking of his courage, said that Mr. Stephens "was afraid of nothing upon earth, save to do wrong"; thereby placing him far in advance of the great mass of American politicians and so-called statesmen.

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

MY acquaintance with this noted friend of the red man was commenced under my father's roof, when he was a member of the Territorial Legislature of Michigan, and I was a boy hunter on the river Raisin. I knew him afterwards in New York, and for many years while a resident of Washington City. Indeed, it was my privilege to reside for a time in his home, when Professor Joseph Henry and his family enjoyed the same privilege.

My innate love of the Indians was greatly fostered by my intercourse, as a boy and man, with Mr. Schoolcraft; and the many long talks that I was wont to have with him, about his life in the wilderness, can never be forgotten. And it has always seemed to me a singular circumstance that the boy, whose head he patted on the river Raisin, should have been the means of introducing the author to the publisher of his great work on the "History of the American Indians." Such was the case, however, and this is how it all happened: I was the librarian of the War Department, and one day Mr. Schoolcraft came to my desk and said that the government had appropriated a large sum of money to publish his forthcoming work, and he wanted me to introduce him to a suitable publisher. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, had

just issued a small volume from my pen, and I naturally fixed upon that firm as the most suitable one to bring out the Indian work, and so I gave Mr. Schoolcraft a friendly introduction. He went to Philadelphia, was treated with marked attention by the aforesaid publishers, and a satisfactory arrangement was made between the parties, which eventuated in the expenditure of several hundred thousand dollars of government money.

In view of Mr. Schoolcraft's eminent success as an author, the subjoined leading facts of his life cannot but be interesting to the reader of this notice.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., March 28, 1793; educated at Middlebury College; in 1817 he visited the West, and published a work entitled "A View of the Lead Mines of Missouri"; in 1820 he was appointed geologist of the exploring expedition, under General Cass, to Lake Superior and the head of the Mississippi, and published an account of it in 1821; made a second tour to the West, and published "Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley"; in 1822 he was appointed an Indian agent for the Northwest; from 1828 to 1832 he was a member of the Territorial Legislature of Michigan; in the former year founded the Michigan Historical Society at Detroit, and in 1831 the Algic Society; in 1832 he made another expedition to the West, and discovered the source of the Mississippi, of which he published an account in 1834; in 1836 he made an Indian treaty, which secured sixteen million acres of land to the United States; removed to New York City in 1841; visited Europe in 1842; published, by authority of the State of New York, in 1848, "Notes on the Iroquois"; about that time published a book of Indian legends, entitled "Algic Researches"; commenced the publication in 1850, for the government, of "Historical Information respecting the History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States," which resulted in six quarto volumes, illustrated by Captain Seth Eastman; and after many years of suffering from rheumatic affections, which he bore with rare Christian fortitude, he died at his residence in Washington City, Dec. 10, 1864. The total number of his publications, as his widow informed the writer, was thirty-one; and as the historian of the American Indians, he will always be considered the leading authority. While he did not aspire to the title of poet, he nevertheless wrote verses occasionally; and one of his poems, because of its association with Michigan and the fate of its aborigines, may with propriety be appended to this notice. It is entitled "Geehale, an Indian Lament."

"The blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore,
As sweetly and gayly as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he at pleasure can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy and rises as bright,

And reflects o'er the mountains as beamy a light
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.
The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light;
And they spring with a free and sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird and each beast it is blessed in degree;
All nature is cheerful, all happy but me.

"I will go to my tent and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the God of the tempest my woes.
I will weep for a season on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay,
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

"This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss with disdain on the storm-beaten shore;
Its charms I no longer obey or invoke,
Its spirit has left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light,
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the spirit that grieves;
And will take a new Manitou—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

"Oh, then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes!
I shall wash from my face every cloud-colored stain;
Red, red shall alone on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet and bend my ash bow,
By night and by day I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows,
His blood can alone give my spirit repose.

"They came to my cabin when heaven was black,
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw by the light of their blazing fusees
They were people engendered beyond the big seas.
My wife and my children—Oh, spare me the tale!
For who is there left that is kin to Geehale?"

My correspondence with Mr. Schoolcraft was limited, but the few notes from his pen that I have retained are as follows:—

SATURDAY MORNING, 2 Dec.

My dear Sir,—I called at your lodgings, night before last, to thank you for your very handsome notice of me and what I am about in the Indian office, which you have inserted in the *Intelligencer*, and since had copied in the *Tribune*. I am greatly indebted to you for the kindness. It is the first notice of the kind I have had from any quarter since I have been in the city, and cannot, so far as it is read, but tend to make my position in society here better, or more eligibly, known.

Very truly yours,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Having asked his advice about the title for a book, he writes:—

My dear Sir,—The Indians call America an island, and say that it grew from a turtle's back. The Iroquois call it Haw-ho-noo. Could you not avail yourself of this idea?—Glimpses of Hawhonoo. The West is called Kabiyun,—say, Rambles in the Land of Kabiyun.

Truly,

H. R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27, 1857.

My dear Sir,—I have received your letter, and have requested Mr. L. to transmit you a copy of the memoir; and I should feel highly gratified by a notice. I regret that I had not put an index to direct you to particular subjects, as you cannot get time to read so long a story through, and it will be difficult to form a just opinion of its connection with the aborigines, antiquities, natural history, and the settlements of the great Mississippi Valley, etc., without pretty thoroughly perusing it.

The LIFE is from facts supplied by me, but due to another HAND.

I am busy as a bee with my second volume of "Indian History," which will be most splendidly illustrated by Eastman.

Truly,

HENRY R. SCHOOLCRAFT.

Mr. Schoolcraft was twice married, his first wife having been a beautiful and worthy Chippewa woman of Lake Superior, and his second an accomplished lady of South Carolina, who greatly assisted him in his literary pursuits in Washington, and survived him only a few years.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

My feelings of admiration for General McClellan, as a man and a soldier, were enthusiastic; and a summer afternoon that I once spent in his company can never be forgotten. It was in August, 1863, after he had retired from the army, and was recruiting his health in Connecticut and enjoying the companionship of his old and attached friend, William C. Prime. It was my privilege to take a drive with him along the banks of the Thames, when we visited the fortifications on the heights of Groton and the monument. On hearing of his untimely death at Orange, N. J., I ferreted out from my papers some notes that I took at the time, and the substance of which may not be uninteresting to those who considered him one of the most eminent men of his time.

While taking a view of Fort Trumbull, as we passed upward from the Pequot Hotel, he expressed surprise that the former should have been built where it is. He thought it would have been better to place it where the Pequot House stands, and that Fort Griswold should have been built on a hill nearly opposite. For this he gave two reasons,—first, that an enemy would thus be kept farther off from New London; and, secondly, that any gun fired from a ship at Fort Trumbull would be sure to hit the exposed city.

Having recently visited Montauk Point and Block Island, he spoke enthusiastically of both of them. He thought the former one of the most interesting places he had ever visited; its lonely grandeur had impressed him deeply. He went to the latter place with a friend, in his admirable yacht, from Stonington,—going in one hour and fifty minutes, and returning in one hour and forty minutes. The sea was rough, but he managed to take forty bluefish with the hand-line, mutilating his hands very severely. During his stay at the island it was whispered to a native that General McClellan had arrived. "Where is the man?" was the inquiry. "I should like to see him, because I have a son in the war, and perhaps he knows him. Some time ago, my son sent me a photograph of a soldier that he thought everything of, and the general may tell me his name." The picture was subsequently produced, and it proved to be a picture of the general himself.

The old and abandoned military works on the heights of Groton were minutely examined, with all the enthusiasm of an engineer hired to do a specific work. He spoke of the old fort and of the water battery as very creditable to those who designed them; pointed out what he thought one mistake, touching the approach from the northeast, and made several

sketches of the plan of the fort. As we stood within the battery, looking up at the fort, I was reminded of a famous French picture, representing the assault on the Redan at Sebastopol; he said that the Redan was not as high as the fort before us, but that the Malakoff was, perhaps, a little higher. As in his "Crimean Report" he gave much the greater credit to the French army, he incidentally mentioned this anecdote. At some place on the Black Sea, an Englishman was talking with a French officer about the siege of Sebastopol, and took pains to claim most of the credit for his countrymen; to which the Frenchman replied, in his own tongue, with a little profanity, "I don't recollect that I saw a single Englishman in the Crimea."

Having questioned him in regard to the scenes in his own eventful military life which he thought best adapted for the pencil, he designated the following as those which made the deepest impression on his mind. The first was his arrival at the field of Antietam just before the battle, when, as is well known, he was welcomed by the troops in a manner that has seldom been equalled in history. The particular moment to be selected was when the first fire of the enemy was heard, and, without speaking a word, he involuntarily rose slightly in his stirrups, and pointed toward the enemy; which movement was answered by a shout that was loud as the roaring of the sea on a rocky shore. Another scene was that when he bade the army farewell at Warrenton, and when, as many officers present have testified, he might, by saying one word, have taken his army to Washington as dictator. Another subject suited for a picture was a view of the Pamumky River, where his headquarters were, upon a commanding hill; while on the right was spread out a highly cultivated country, perfectly beautiful and peaceful, and without a single object to remind one of war; and on the left hand was massed his whole army of, I think, eighty thousand men. He spoke of the whole scene as one of great novelty, and as eloquently illustrating the past and present condition of our country,—peace and war. But of all the sad scenes that he described with photographic accuracy, his arrival at Harrison's Landing was the most touching. Night was coming on, and hungry, worn out with fatigue, and without any order, his heroic troops were literally lying in the mud, like cattle mired in a swamp. Then it was that one of his officers came up to him to consult him on some subject, but fell asleep before he could finish his speech, and could not be shaken out of his stupor. Before twelve o'clock that night, the general had visited every one of his regiments, had looked in the face of every man, and in all the multitude did not observe a single sullen countenance. Such heroism as his troops then manifested, and had always manifested, he frequently mentioned as wholly unsurpassed in the history of modern warfare. Speaking of the enthusiasm which his troops had always

felt for him, he said it was unaccountable, unless it arose from the fact that they knew he was their friend.

On entering the Groton monument, he looked over the names of those who were killed, while bravely fighting for their country, and among them were no less than five persons who were his own kinsmen.

The Rebellion was discussed at some length, and he was as decided in his hatred of it as any man could be. He thought the *people*, both North and South, were all still lovers of the Union, and was hopeful as to the final result. Two things, however, must of necessity be accomplished, before we could enjoy a lasting peace,—the destruction of the abolition party by the conservatives of the North, and the political extinction of all the leading secessionists and partisans of the South, by the conservative population of that section. When the people of the South were willing to lay down their arms and come back under the old flag, he would be glad to give them a warm and cordial welcome and all their rights under the Constitution. Of course the blow that had already been given to the institution of slavery, no earthly power could undo. The mismanagement of the war by the administration received his most earnest condemnation; and he thought that none of its members seemed to have had a realizing sense of the impending troubles or of their enormous responsibilities. Political selfishness had been the primary cause of the war, and demagogue passions had thus far controlled all our military as well as civil measures for bringing it to an end.

But what chiefly interested me in the conversation of General McClellan were his unreserved opinions of the great and notorious men of the country, dead and living. Webster he spoke of as the greatest American intellect of the age, and of Clay as a statesman of the highest order; and, in view of the Presidency, what a shame it was that such men should have been set aside to give place for men deplorably inferior to them in all those characteristics which make men truly great. He spoke of Scott in the most affectionate terms as a man, and as a patriot and general most enthusiastically.

Speaking of Farragut's exploits on the Mississippi he said, "He must be a grand old fellow; I should like much to see him."

The sudden and excessive zeal of General Lorenzo Thomas in organizing negro troops seemed to him most amazing; but there was undoubtedly a suggestive reason for it. Time would prove that his position in the army hung by a slender thread, and, when ordered to perform the unique work assigned to him, it was not believed he would consent; but love of office prevailed.

In all that he uttered about the men who, as many allege, acquitted themselves unhandsomely during the war, he was perfectly kind; but the facts he submitted seemed to me very telling in their character. He generally alluded to the erring men as misguided, not attributing unworthy motives to them. If there was an exception, it was in the case of a noted general, who did not send on the promised supplies when the Army of the Potomac was ragged and barefooted. The squabbles in the Cabinet he ridiculed more in sorrow than in anger. The personal hostility of Secretary Chase he depicted in the most graphic manner, but attributed it to fanaticism, arrogance, and overweening ambition. His pictures of President Lincoln in society were very interesting, and he praised him highly as a true man and statesman. Secretary Bates he thought the most upright and sensible man in the Cabinet. Seward was great in the cunning line; Stanton, just what the world thought him; and Blair, Welles, and Smith altogether unfit for their positions, though highly respectable as gentlemen.

During our conversation on military affairs, the general asked me how it was that I was not numbered among the defenders of my country; and I brought a smile to his face by this reply: that I had served as a prisoner of war for three hours, when Secretary Stanton had me arrested because I happened to be an occasional Washington correspondent for the good old *Journal of Commerce* of New York, and caused my release when he found out that I had not printed any unpatriotic opinions. Another remark that I made to the general was as follows: That when the business of recruiting was at its height, I had a dream in which I had shouldered a musket and joined his forces in Virginia; and that, on entering a battle, I threw down my gun and ran toward the rear like a deer; whereupon I became convinced that I could never do anything in that line to save my country. His comment on my confession was that warriors were not made out of such material as I represented myself to be.

The correspondence with which General McClellan honored me during our long acquaintance was in keeping with his high character as a friend and gentleman; and the three letters which I now submit to my readers will not only explain themselves, but also give an insight into the working of his mind on certain important topics of the day.

TRENTON, Nov. 17, 1862.

My dear Sir,—Your very kind note of the 11th is received, and I thank you most sincerely for it.

I believe you are right in saying that my enemies are the ultra fanatics on both sides,—alike traitors; at least I draw that inference from the multitude

of letters which reach me from many sources. The possession of the esteem of the good and honest among my countrymen would compensate me for any real evil of magnitude, much more so under circumstances like the present, when I am really more pleasantly situated than I have been since the beginning of the war.

Again thanking you for the kind feeling you have so often evinced for me, I am,

Most sincerely your friend,

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN, *Major-General*.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 7, 1860.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Your very kind letter of the 1st duly reached me. I am much indebted to you for the extract from Mr. Emerson Etheridge's letter, and assure you that there are very few people in this nation whose good opinion I value so much as his,—a man who has gone through the most severe ordeal in the fiery trials through which we have all passed.

I value the good opinion of such men far more than I could the Presidency without it. I feel very unconcerned about that high but very undesirable office. I have not, nor shall I, ever move one finger to obtain it. If it comes to me, it must be as the spontaneous, unsolicited act of the people, and not as the result of any effort or bargain on my part.

A man who so little appreciates the vast responsibilities of the next Presidency as to strive for or desire it must, in my judgment, be devoid of sense. If it comes to me, I shall regard it as the work of Providence, and trust that God will answer my prayers and enable me to act for the good of my poor country. If it falls to another, I shall be too glad to escape the inevitable trials of such a position. But I think that no one can yet foresee who is to be the next President. Events march now with such great speed that new issues, unheard-of men, may, at the end of another year, be the arbiters of our destiny. I am content now, since I cannot be in the field, to sit upon the bank and wait the wind.

So the poor Army of the Potomac has again been made a shuttlecock of! Will they never learn that Richmond is not to be taken by the Culpepper or the Aquia route?

Will you thank Mr. Etheridge for me for his kind opinion? And believe me, with the most pleasant recollections of the New London visit, ever

Your sincere friend,

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

ORANGE, Nov. 16, 1864.

My dear Mr. Lanman,—Your kind note of the 10th duly reached me.

If I entertained any sentiment of personal chagrin at the result of the late election, it would have been at once dispelled by the many evidences of regard and friendship I have since received from those whom I most respect. Fortunately, perhaps, I regarded the contest, from the beginning, as one involving the great interests of the nation, and as of too great magnitude to leave any room for personal feelings or ambition; so that when the end came there was no personal mortification to be soothed; but I am none the less grateful to my friends for the warm interest they display for me, and shall never cease to entertain the most sincere gratitude towards them.

I do not yet despair of the Republic, but believe that, after many trials and sufferings, we shall at last recover our old institutions and our former glory, and come out of the fiery furnace purified and strengthened.

At all events our course is clear, and that is to stand firmly by the great principles we have advocated, and never forget that we have still a country to save, whenever God permits us to act in its behalf. I beg that you will express to Mr. Seaton and Mr. Welling my high appreciation of the noble course they have pursued, and believe me,

Ever your friend,

GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

The fact is very suggestive that General McClellan should have died only a few weeks after General Grant, his prominent rival for military glory and in the political world. In life they were personally divided, and were both associated with the strife of human passions; but they are now in a happier land, where peace and love reign supreme. Whatever may be the verdict of the present generation in regard to the merits of these two men, it is certain that posterity will cherish the name of McClellan as one who had no superior as a model American, on the score of genius, pure and elevated character, and unselfish patriotism. The character of the man was exemplified by the fact that, when he thought that his death was approaching, he made a special request that there should be no more display at his funeral "than that of a simple citizen." He had witnessed too much of the mockery of woe to desire a military requiem over his grave, confident that he had, what he wanted, a place in the hearts of his countrymen, whom he had tried to serve to the extent of his ability.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

(Written by request, for the work entitled "Art and Artists in Connecticut," by H. W. French.)

When a man of mark has been dead for the third of a century, and left to the world a full and interesting autobiography, it must, of necessity be a difficult task to write anything new of him; but, in the case of John Trumbull, the time has not yet passed when a general but brief survey of his personal characteristics as an artist and a man may not be both interesting and profitable.

He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the colonial governor of Connecticut, endearingly called by Washington "Brother Jonathan." He was born in Lebanon, Connecticut, June 6, 1756; and though, from a malformation of his head, it was thought he could not live, he manifested a love for books at an early age. He graduated at Harvard College in 1773, and having formed the acquaintance of the artist John Singleton Copley in Boston, he forthwith turned his attention to painting. He however deemed it his duty to join the army in 1775, as an adjutant, and having rendered some special service by drawing plans of the English fortifications, was made *aide-de-camp* to Washington; served with Gates in the Northern Army as adjutant-general, but resigned his commission in 1777. Having resumed the pencil, he went to Paris in 1780; thence to London, where he studied art with Benjamin West, by whom he was highly appreciated. While there he was suspected as being a spy, and having been arrested was imprisoned for nearly eight months, amusing himself in prison by painting. When arrested, and questioned as to his antecedents, he made this reply: "I am an American, and my name is Trumbull. I am a son of him you call the rebel governor of Connecticut. I have served in the rebel army. I have had the honor of being an *aide-de-camp* to him you call the rebel George Washington. I am entirely in your power; treat me as you please; always remembering that as I may be treated, so will your friends in America be treated by mine." On being released through the influence of West and such men as Charles James Fox and Edmund Burke, he returned to America in 1782. He again visited England, and returned in 1789. In 1794 he went to England as secretary to John Jay, and passed about ten years in the diplomatic service. In 1811 he once again visited England and remained four years; he then returned to New York City, where, with the exception of a brief sojourn in New Haven, he remained until his death, Nov. 10, 1843. In addition to the positions already mentioned, he held that of president of the American Academy of

Fine Arts, and as such did much to foster the love of art in the United States. As he advanced in years, he collected his unsold paintings into a gallery, which he disposed of to Yale College, on the condition that he should receive an annuity of fifteen hundred dollars during the balance of his life, which arrangement enabled him, with other income, to reach the end in comfort and peace.

During this long period, Colonel Trumbull was constantly studying, if not practising his favorite art. Aside from the many portraits, and small miscellaneous pictures that he painted for his friends,—of which sixty-eight were painted before he was twenty-five years of age,—there are many always accessible to the public in Washington, Hartford, New Haven, New York, and Boston, or Cambridge, ranging in size from miniatures in oil to large productions. Of the portraits, the largest proportion are not only excellent as works of art, but invaluable as contributions to history. The larger historical paintings in the national Capitol, in spite of some deficiencies, must always be highly esteemed, because of their subjects; while the eight smaller productions connected with the Revolution, and forming a part of the New Haven collection, cannot but command the applause of competent critics. In technical skill Colonel Trumbull was of course greatly behind such men as Meissonier and others of that stamp, who are merely successful rivals of the photograph; but so far as the higher objects of art are concerned, the American will always stand on a much higher plane than the famous Frenchman. That Trumbull was a great master cannot, however, be reasonably claimed; but in view of the pioneer times in which he lived, and of the work accomplished by him, he must of necessity always command the highest respect of his countrymen, notwithstanding the clap-trap doings and pernicious influence of certain New York picture dealers. That he was a conscientious worker is proved by the fact that he travelled from one end of the country to the other to collect likenesses of the men he proposed to depict on canvas. That he should have conceived the idea of perpetuating the great events of the Revolution with his pencil, gives evidence of a superior mind; that he should have undertaken such a task proves his courage; and that he should have accomplished it so successfully, under the most adverse circumstances, exhibits him as possessed of rare pluck and perseverance.

A leading characteristic of this soldier-artist was his apparent sense of superiority over other men. It is true that he belonged to a family whose escutcheon had never been sullied by an unworthy act, and that he numbered among his personal friends such men as Washington, Jefferson, John Adams, and Monroe, if not Madison; but he was in reality a lover of his

fellow-men, and his seeming haughtiness was merely a physical peculiarity. Nor was it true that his dignity always militated against his influence. When, in 1777, the Continental Congress treated him with seeming *neglect* in not promptly sending him a commission for promotion, according to the advice of General Gates, he *returned* the commission with a letter of explanation, in which he made this manly remark: "If I have committed any crime, or neglected any duty, since I engaged in the service of my country; if I have performed any action, or spoken any word in my public character, unworthy of my rank, let me be tried by comrades and broke; but I must not be thought so destitute of feeling as to bear degradation tamely." If that language proved him to be an aristocrat, the more of such people we have in public life the better will it be for the country.

The special member of Congress who acted for him in this matter hastened to inform him that a mistake had been committed, and that his character was unblemished in the opinion of those who should have promptly forwarded the commission. He also intimated that Colonel Trumbull had better write another letter, and ask for his commission. In reply to this suggestion, he said: "I have never asked any office in the public service; nor will I ever do so. The very request would acknowledge and prove my unworthiness."

Colonel Trumbull had a reputation for rudeness among the artists; but it need not by any means follow that he *was* rude; for artists are proverbially sensitive, and may have misjudged him. For example, he entered a young painter's studio one morning and inquired, "Young man, how fast do you paint?" The answer was given. "And how much do you get for your portraits?" "Only fifteen dollars, sir." "And quite enough," observed the visitor, and then added: "Young man, remember this, nine painters out of ten, great and small, err in drawing"; and went his way. It was an excellent piece of advice; but it made that artist an enemy to the critic for the balance of his days. He told another young artist he had better become a shoemaker, and that youth afterwards admitted that the colonel's philosophy was true. It was long a proverbial expression, originally uttered by Trumbull, that the frame-maker usually made more money than the painter, thereby indicating that many people had no business with the pencil.

For thorough, old-school politeness and courtliness Colonel Trumbull had few equals. Lafayette, one of his most intimate friends, said that his works should be the first, if not the only, ornaments of his dwelling. John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and other men of that stamp took pleasure in his companionship; and with David Hosack, DeWitt Clinton, Robert R. Livingston, and other noted New-Yorkers, he was

intimately associated in promoting a taste for the fine arts, and in conducting the affairs of the old American Academy. And, so far as the estimation in which he was held by the public generally, both as a man and an artist is concerned, there is nothing that can speak more eloquently than the three hundred and forty-four names which were subscribed for a series of engravings from his paintings as far back as the year 1790. It is a royal list of names which would never have been recorded in favor of a common man. Horace Walpole spoke of his painting of Gibraltar as the finest he had seen north of the Alps; and when Sir Joshua Reynolds uttered some of his petty criticisms, he did not dream that some of his own pictures would one day be ridiculed for their feebleness and fading qualities.

In the autumn of 1815, Colonel Trumbull returned to America with his English wife, a lady of rare beauty and elegant manners; but the story of her origin has always been involved in mystery. She died in 1824; and for nearly nineteen years her devoted husband kept her portrait, which he had painted, closely veiled at the head of his bed. This portrait was bequeathed by Colonel Trumbull to his niece, Miss Abby T. Lanman, of Norwich, Conn. In alluding to the death of his wife, he once wrote as follows: "She was the perfect personification of truth and sincerity, wise to counsel, kind to console, by far the better *moral* half of me, and withal beautiful beyond the beauty of women."

The winter of 1819, Colonel Trumbull spent in Hartford, at the house of Daniel Wadsworth, using the small tower upon the house as a studio, where he prepared some of his historical studies. He was an elegant conversationist, and, especially in his family, generous and gentle. As a colorist he was not equal to Stuart, nor could he rival Copley in drawing, both of whom were his friends; but in the higher attributes of art, many would say that he excelled them both. Connecticut may well be proud that he was born on her soil, that most of his best productions are in her possession, and that his ashes and fame are in her keeping.

My personal recollections of Colonel Trumbull were limited to my acquaintance with him during the last two years of his life. I was at that time a "Pearl Street clerk," and used to visit him occasionally to hear him discourse on the fine arts, and recount his adventures in foreign lands, as well as to gather anecdotes about our several families, between which there had long before been an alliance by marriage. He always treated me with the utmost kindness; seemed indeed to be a warm-hearted lover of his race everywhere; but while he forgave, he could not always forget that he had been the victim of bad treatment from some of his fellow-artists; chief among those he censured being William Dunlap and Thomas S. Cummings.

The artistic battle which was waged between him and the men who really founded the National Academy of Design was more bitter than it should have been; but as neither of the parties were immaculate, the bitterness which was manifested, and has been perpetuated in print by the two artists just named, will ever remain inexcusable. Dunlap, we all know, had ability, but was crotchety; but when we remember that Cummings was never anything more than an ordinary miniature painter, it is refreshing to recall his statement, that the faults of Trumbull were due to his *education*. When he died, however, even the National Academy, through Professor S. F. B. Morse, honored itself by paying him the homage to which he was so justly entitled.

On one occasion, I remember, while seated with him in his parlor, he suddenly pointed to a blank wall and said:—

"Let those who think it an easy thing to paint a picture, go to that wall and make it tell a story! It is a very hard thing to do. To produce a picture or a book that is fit to live, is a power which very few men possess."

Among the many engravers with whom Colonel Trumbull had business transactions, there were none of them with whom he was on more pleasant terms than Mr. John F. E. Prud'homme, but their first acquaintance was not particularly edifying. When he was young and working for another engraver already established, he was requested one day to call on Colonel Trumbull, and tell him that the proof of an engraving was then ready to be seen, which the engraver had been making from one of the painter's portraits, and after Prud'homme had delivered the message, the painter suddenly exclaimed, "It is the business of Mr. Blank to send that proof to me, and I shall not submit to his impudence." Sixteen years afterwards, when Mr. Prud'homme had occasion to engrave a portrait by the same painter, he went in person to submit a proof of his work, when he was very kindly received by the colonel, who, as he placed his name upon the proof, took occasion to compliment the engraver in high terms. Not only that, but, in a playful manner, he recalled the original interview between the parties, asserting that there were always certain proprieties to be observed even between men who were quite equal in all particulars.

In the various conversations that I had with this eminent man, he touched upon so great a variety of personal incidents, that I felt myself to be in the presence of a most remarkable character. I was with him in fancy, as he struggled with his books in college; as he talked with military men about the better plans for overcoming a wily enemy on the battle-field; while

struggling with adverse circumstances in painting the pictures by which he hoped to perpetuate the honor of his country, and the personal appearance of our greatest heroes; as he went to prison, defying the power of the British government; as he feasted with the great men of England and France, discoursing with them on liberty and law, religion and art; while battling for the best interests of art with men who could not appreciate his ability and goodness; and I saw him, an old man, almost alone in the world which he had helped to elevate by his sword, his pen, his pencil, and the example of a brilliant and useful life.

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[The end of *Haphazard Personalities, Chiefly of noted Americans* by Charles Lanman]