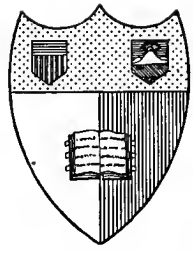
WASHINGTON IRVING AND OTHER ESSAYS

CHARLES ANSON INGRAHAM



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WASHINGTON IRVING, AND OTHER ESSAYS,

BIOGRAPHICAL,
HISTORICAL and
PHILOSOPHICAL

By

CHARLES ANSON INGRAHAM

AUTHOR OF

Songs of All Sorts; Steps Up Life's Ladder; Fact, Fiction and Reflection; Route, Rhyme and Remedy, Etc., Etc.

FACTS are the mere dross of history. It is from the abstract truth which interpenetrates them, and lies latent among them like gold in the ore, that the mass derives its whole value.

OUR historians neglect the art of narration, the art of interesting the affections and presenting pictures to the imagination. That a writer may produce these effects without violating truth is sufficiently proved by many excellent biographical works.

—*Essay on History, by Lord Macaulay.*

CAMBRIDGE, NEW YORK
1922

PREFACE

The idea which the author has kept in view while preparing these essays has been to avoid a strictly chronological and concrete account of any of the subjects dealt with, and to incorporate rather the distinguishing traits of character and striking, dramatic events or situations, the purpose being to render the articles really illuminative and humanly interesting. He would, therefore, indulge the hope that his own personality, such as it is, has been in some measure communicated to the book, not only in the general manner of its being perhaps somewhat evident in the choice of subjects and the method and style of their presentation, but in the ideas and sentiments of the writer as they run in practically an unbroken line from the beginning to the end of the volume.

The preparation of this book has involved a large amount of reading and thought, and it can be truly said that were all the volumes and periodicals brought together which have been consulted, they would constitute a considerable library; of all this literature, these essays are

the essence. It has frequently occurred to the author as he has been engaged in essay writing, that brief though comprehensive papers of this kind have a wider perusal in this day of pressing activities, than books devoted wholly to one subject. Though an essay lacks the outward dignity of a book treating of but a single topic, there are grounds for the conviction that the former is a greater source of influence. And here it may be said that in the great uncultivated fields of information which exist concerning every subject under the sun, there is a fertile territory for writers profitably to till, and in which to bring forth things new and old with which the reading public are quite unacquainted.

The author appreciates the courtesy of the publishers of The Journal of American History, and of Americana, in permitting him to reprint in this collection the essays which first appeared in these magazines. Acknowledgment is also made to The Christian Statesman, and The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate, in which periodicals a part of these papers have been originally printed. Obligations are expressed to the publishers of The Etude for the privilege of reproducing the author's article on Stephen C. Foster,

which appeared in the September, 1916, issue of that magazine. Citation is made of this serial number for the reason that it was a Foster souvenir edition, containing several articles and many illustrations dealing with the life of that distinguished song writer.

Grateful acknowledgment is due Mr. George G. Champlin, of the reference department of the New York State Library, and to others associated with him, for the uniformly courteous and helpful service which they have rendered the author in his studies relating to these essays.

C. A. I.

CAMBRIDGE, N. Y., *February,* 1922.

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WASHINGTON IRVING

I

Preservative Elements in the Writings of Washington Irving

Though Washington Irving has the distinction of having been the first literary genius which this country produced and the first American author to win recognition in Europe, it cannot be claimed for him that in any of the fields of literature which he cultivated he was an imposing writer. Among his works can be found no profundity of thought, no philosophical illumination, no deep insight into the hidden springs of character, no original inventiveness, no rare and exquisite delineation of sentiment; and whether he addresses himself to history, biography, travel, fiction or essay, there is ever an absence of virile, forceful elements which either he did not entertain, or else studiously avoided expressing. Throughout his books it is easy to imagine him as a kindly, tolerant, broadminded gentleman of leisure, standing idly by the highway of human

life and benignantly smiling as the struggling, disputatious crowds throng on their journey; for he was of a retrospective mind, caring not in a literary sense for the great issues of his day and preferring to dwell in the dreamy shades of bygone generations. In the preface to Bracebridge Hall he says appropriately that his "only aim is to paint characters and manners" and that he "always had an opinion that much good might be done by keeping mankind in good-humor with one another."

Yet Washington Irving is universally admitted to be an author of very high merit as well as distinction, having an appeal both to the discriminating reader and to the masses, to the young and to the old, and to the diverse populations of Europe and America. His books have yet a large sale and are found in all well equipped libraries; they have a perennial vitality which retains its charm, like that of the Hudson and the pleasant banks of Sunnyside. Reflections of this kind have led me to the consideration of Irving with a view of determining the secret of his lasting popularity; of learning, if possible, by what inherent qualities his books maintain themselves while works of greater

intellectual merit have lapsed wholly or in part into oblivion.

One of the most prominent of Irving's characteristics was his unmethodical habits. He was incapacitated by nature for remaining faithful to any prescribed employment that demanded set hours and particular duties, several prominent and lucrative offices having been offered him and declined at times when he was in need of an assured income, for the reason that he knew himself to be incompetent to render a satisfactory routine service. His education, so far as schools were concerned, ended in his sixteenth year, and even during this limited space he was not a diligent student, during the day smuggling books of travel and adventure into the school and reading them secretly there, and at night stealing from the house to attend the theatre. In after years he regretted that he had not been given an education in Columbia College, a privilege which some of his brothers had enjoyed, but it is unlikely that he would have held himself to the plodding study necessary for the completion of the course, and that he would soon have reverted to his favorite diversions of strolling about the city, visiting the docks and observing the foreign

ships, sailors and cargoes; sitting with a companionable old inn-keeper in the suburbs and reading to him his travel books, or wandering with gun or fishing-rod along the shores of the Hudson. During a large part of his life he was traveling from place to place and from country to country almost aimlessly and taking up the subjects of his work as they might by chance present themselves to him; writing with rapidity and enthusiasm for a period and then remaining in idleness and dejection from the exhaustion caused by the strenuous effort put forth, as with Bracebridge Hall and the Life of Goldsmith, the latter having been completed in the brief space of three months. This desultory disposition and lack of method, however, was in the case of Irving an element of advantage in that it gave to his work an atmosphere of spontaneity, a fresh and animated character which no task-work composition could command. And while a few of his books entailed study and investigation, notably the Life of Washington, it can be safely said that those portions of his writings which have the securest hold upon the people are those works which were prepared with felicity, ease and freedom. I am reminded of the author's

estimation of the word " work " as here employed and quote from the preface to Tales of a Traveler: " The writing of a book was considered in old times as an enterprise of toil and difficulty, in so much that the most trifling lucubration was denominated a ' work ' and the world talked with awe and reverence of ' the labors of the learned.' These matters are better understood now-a-days."

The form in which Irving clothed his ideas is fashioned after the conviction which he entertained, that the production of literature is not work, but rather diversion, the essential ingredient of all true art, and accordingly his words and phrases amble along with an easy, undesigned and liquid movement which demands from the reader the least possible attention, constituting it one of the most agreeable, lucid and graceful styles in the language. It is not so polished, perhaps, as Addison's but more amiable, familiar and natural, and devoid of any hint of craftsmanship as his periods glide easily and beautifully along. It has been well said that behind Irving's work there is a man, a sententious remark that may be as well applied to his style as to his subject-matter; both reflect and are a commentary

on the author. That a man should acquire so distinguished a diction with practically no aid from schools, and but little from books, will ever remain one of the wonders of literature. All that can be said of it is that, like Irving himself, it is unmethodical and has in it the mystic charm of his own liberal, benevolent and artistic personality.

In the literary as well as the religious life, the higher planes of excellence are only to be attained through having dwelt in the crucible of affliction, and Irving's works are an illustration of this truth. Matilda Hoffman at the age of seventeen carried with her into the grave the heart of Washington Irving; he was ever after a changed man. At this time he was writing the latter portion of the History of New York and was of the age of twenty-six years; but though so young and of a happy disposition, a lover of and a favorite in society, in which after the poignancy of his grief had been somewhat allayed he again mingled, he was never after led captive by the charms of women and he died a bachelor. His heart henceforth, he said, "would not hold." The story of his affliction as related by him in a manuscript of sixteen pages and addressed to an

English married lady sojourning in Dresden is one of the most pathetic and beautiful outpourings of pent-up grief that has ever been indited. Irving, who had just completed Bracebridge Hall and had visited Dresden to recuperate his health, which from early life and throughout his career was subject to lapses, came to enjoy cordial relations with the lady referred to, Mrs. Foster, and with her two unmarried daughters. Having been rallied upon his bachelorhood, he wrote for Mrs. Foster this touching account of Matilda Hoffman and of his anguish at losing her, a revelation which, so far as known, was never divulged to any other person. In it he says: "I was the last one she looked upon. I have told you as briefly as I could what if I were to tell with all the incidents and feelings that accompanied it, would fill volumes. * * * I went into the country, but could not bear solitude, yet could not enjoy society. There was a dismal horror continually in my mind, that made me fear to be alone. I had often to get up in the night and seek the bed-room of my brother, as if the having of a human being by me would relieve me from the frightful gloom of my own thoughts. * * *

It threw some clouds into my disposition which have ever since hung about it."

His devotion to this early love was wonderful. Wherever he went he carried Matilda Hoffman's Bible, and it lay on the table near his bed in the chamber where he died. Mr. G. P. Putnam, his publisher, in his reminiscences of Irving, relates that at the author's request he had "a miniature of a young lady, intellectual, refined and beautiful," repaired and recased, and describes the emotion he exhibited when it was returned, though forty years had passed since Matilda Hoffman died. Throughout the writings of Irving, excepting his early works, broods the tender, chastened, refined memory of this maiden who more than she could ever have dreamt became a potent and lasting influence in American letters. It was with a heavy heart that the young author composed the closing chapters of the History of New York. He said that he could never again look with interest upon it, owing to the sad experience of the days in which it was prepared—and one imagines that he can detect in this portion of the book a moderation of the free wit, humor and burlesque which characterizes the part previously written. It has been

noted by observing readers that the gentle and pathetic spirit which seems henceforth to brood over Irving's writings is intensified in certain places and rendered almost certainly reminiscent of this affliction. " The Broken Heart " might be cited, of which Byron said: " That is one of the finest things ever written on earth. Irving is a genius; and he has something better than genius,—a heart. He never wrote that without weeping; nor can I hear it without tears." In the sketch, "Annesley Hall," belonging to the Newstead Abbey collection, is the following sentiment, referring to Byron's attachment to Mary Chaworth: "These early loves, like the first run of the uncrushed grape, are the sweetest and strongest gushings of the heart, and however they may be superseded by other attachments in after years, the memory will continually recur to them, and fondly dwell upon their recollections." Other similar references may be found in " The Wife " and " Rural Funerals," of the Sketch Book, and in " St. Mark's Eve," of Bracebridge Hall. The story of Irving's disappointment in love aids in establishing the truth of the saying that only a great soul can experience a great grief. With him, the flowering, fragrant growth of amatory

impulse was so thoroughly torn, root and branch, from his sensitive heart, that no second growth was ever able to find nourishment for itself, and died away. Nothing in the life of Irving has so impressed me as the depth of his affection, the steadfastness of his sterling integrity and the nobleness of his nature as exhibited in the story of his love for Matilda Hoffman.

The absence of any controversial element in the writings of Irving also conduces to their perpetuity, though his avoidance of such matter was not deliberate, but rather the result of an inherent repugnance to anything savoring of contention. Politics, with which in his younger years he had some small experience, he was unable to refer to except with impatience, and it is a singular fact that while he was ever in the midst of swirling disputations concerning public issues, no one would ever gather from the gentle repose and refined aloofness of his chapters that he dwelt in other than halcyon days. Irving introduced real literature into America, avoided the dialectic qualities which had characterized it, and gave to it a wider and more permanent appeal. Essential to progress as aggressive debate has undeniably shown itself, polem-

ical works do not constitute genuine literature, and save a few lasting exceptions, they perish from memory with the issues which gave them birth; but the writings of Irving, finding a response in the sympathies and sentiments of both sexes and all ages, irrespective of the generations in which they may dwell, live on and are enjoyed for the reason that their appeal is not circumscribed by times, places and conditions, but extends to the universal and unchanging heart of humanity. A writer who accomplishes such a triumph is far from the colorless character and neutral influence which Irving has been considered by many to have been, and it is a question whether, as profound and lasting monitors, his works have not been as potential as those of Channing, Bushnell, Hamilton or Webster; whether with his kindly humor, gentle pathos, and transparent goodness and good-will, ever ameliorating and fructifying the hearts of men, he has not been as beneficial an agency. No apologies are needed for Irving; he gave the world what he had: the reflection of his noble and sincere nature, his well-disposed and affectionate disposition and an ability to promote innocent mirth, to encourage good-fellowship and to

alleviate the asperities and sorrows of life. That he had not argumentative or combative propensities is not to be deplored, for with these he would not have been Washington Irving, and mankind would have lost his winning personality and his unique and delightful writings.

Another quality of Irving that lends a perennial character to his work is that of sentiment, deep and diversified, penetrating all his intellectual faculties and exhibiting itself on almost every page of his books. It was, moreover, a manly sensibility, never fulsome or flagrant, never paraded, but emanating spontaneously at opportune moments from a personality that was at once dignified and sensitive. Though he wrote no poetry, he was of a poetic nature, draping the common-place localities of the Hudson with the beautiful fabrics of his imagination, picturing ordinary episodes and persons with an immortal enchantment, resurrecting from their ancient graves forgotten happenings, and with the witching art of his pen arraying them forever in the habiliments of fame. In a limited sense Irving was an inspired man. His genius cannot be traced to any adequate source, his parents having been excellent

Scotch people, not particularly gifted, who settled in New York City. His father, William Irving, was an exemplary man, a strict adherent of the Presbyterian church; his mother, Sarah Sanders, was a beautiful and amiable woman. A defective schooling completed, as stated before, when under sixteen years of age; the remembrance from the age of five of Washington's hand laid upon his head and his words of blessing upon his namesake — which he acknowledged in his last and greatest work, his Life of Washington,— these are all the visible sources from which his distinction was derived.

But the most characteristic quality of Irving's genius and which serves more, perhaps, than the others cited to maintain his popularity, was that of his humanistic tendencies. Above everything else, not excepting religion, regarding which he was a devout disciple, it was men, women and children that absorbed his interest. His histories, biographies, sketches and stories have pre-eminent always the fortunes of human life; there are few abstractions, no theories, no philosophizing, but it is the minds and doings of men that are ever kept familiar before the reader; their adventures, humors, romances and

oddities are delineated with a masterly pen, while ethical and noble traits of character find in him an appreciative observer and one who rejoices to do them honor. But tragedy he instinctively shunned; and whatever was vile or horrible, fields in which distinguished writers have found materials, he avoided, to dwell upon the attractive phases of human existence. Though he cannot, therefore, be ranked as an author of universal discernment to set forth adequately every passion and experience, he offends no one and gains the more readers through his disposition to consider the milder phases of human experience. Nothing interested him so much as the study of individuals, in hope of finding some peculiarity, phase of virtue, whim or humor, so that he might delight himself in setting forth the result of his observations from life in a classic sketch or story. It was this fond devotion to our common humanity that not only made Irving great, but communicated to his readers a humanistic spirit, an interest in and a love for our kind, while his gracious books served as an efficient antidote to the scoffing, melancholic and misanthropic influence of Byron and marked an era in the development of our literature.

He had much in common with Oliver Goldsmith, his favorite author, and to a great extent his literary model, and I can do no better in closing this article than to submit the opening paragraph of his life of that writer, as the most illuminative description of the character and influence of Washington Irving that can be produced, for it is the unconscious summing up of his own literary style, method and purpose in the guise of admiration for a kindred genius:

" There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed at times with a pleasing melancholy; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style, all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretention and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds,

sweeten our tempers and harmonize our thoughts; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and in so doing they make us happier and better men."

In this beautifully phrased excerpt there breathes a spirit as rare as it is amiable and fraternal. Men of such kindly and disinterested genius are but seldom found in the world, and their works should be cherished as precious legacies; for while there are ever a sufficiency of those who have the ability to create literature in its ordinary and grosser aspects, the number of those who are competent to awaken the dormant activities of our better angels is very small. Even more infrequently do we find an author of this character who has the distinction of being able to profoundly incorporate his own individuality into his writings, so that he lives and moves and has a being upon the printed page, thus projecting his personality into future generations. Such was Washington Irving; his gifts were born with him and died with him; there can never be another who will in all respects be like him.

II

Personal Characteristics of Washington Irving

When Washington Irving was born in New York City on April 3, 1783, it was a comparatively small town of perhaps 25,000 population, with commercial, money-making proclivities, and dominated distinctly by Dutch influence. The place partook of the character of a village, having its streets shaded by poplar trees, and a spirit of neighborliness and good-will prevailing throughout its limits, which on the north did not extend much beyond the present line of Chambers street. The family of William Irving was large, embracing eleven children, of whom Washington was the youngest. The father had originally followed the occupation of seafaring, having his home in the Orkney Islands, but after his marriage at Falmouth, England, he abandoned this calling and settling in New York, became prominent in mercantile pursuits.

Ere Washington had passed the years of childhood, he began to develop and exhibit those traits of character and tendencies of mind which in future days were to render him distinguished in the realm of letters; he was fond of Chaucer

and Spenser, a lover of the quaint and curious, of a wandering, Bohemian disposition, indolent and devoid of ambition. Moreover, a weakness of the lungs with which he was afflicted was an added handicap to his prospects, and altogether the likelihood of his ever achieving any worthy success in the world was very remote. Evidently his parents little appreciated or understood the rare gifts and capacities which in an embryonic way were taking shape in the heart and intellect of this sickly, unconventional and ingenuous youth, for a Puritanical discipline was maintained by them over their children. William Irving was a deacon in the Presbyterian church, and of an arbitrary disposition, and though Mrs. Irving was an amiable and beautiful woman, both were of the opinion that levity and mirth, no matter how innocent, was of an evil tendency and to be discouraged, so that Washington was more than once reproved in his play by his mother, who would remark, "O, Washington, if you were only good!"

The birthplace of Irving was at 131 William street, halfway between Fulton and John; a year later, the family moved across the street into a house built in the Dutch style, standing with its

gable facing the street, and having the picturesque interest of its peculiar kind of architecture; and here Washington dwelt up to the age of nineteen, when the family took up their newly-purchased abode at the north-west corner of William and Ann streets. It was at about this date that he began his literary career by contributing to the "Morning Chronicle" under the *nom de plume* of "Jonathan Oldstyle," and it was now that his pulmonary affection began to excite apprehension on the part of his family. Yet another residence in New York in which Irving made his home was that built by him at the south-west corner Irving Place and East Seventeenth street. Concerning it Rufus R. Wilson, writing in "Harper's Weekly," (vol. xl., No. 2081) says:

"It became the centre of a little family settlement, from which Irving Place took its name. It fronts on Irving Place, but can be entered only from Seventeenth street. Irving would not permit a door and steps in front, for he loved to sit in the big room that in his day occupied the entire ground story of the house and to gaze through ample windows down the hill, at the East river filled with craft bound to and from the Sound. This was Irving's favorite room. Here he wrote and sat on long winter evenings before the great fireplace, with his pipe

and his thoughts for company. * * * Before the front windows on Irving Place hangs an iron balcony, and this, on those rare summer evenings when he was in New York, was his favorite seat. * * * His occupancy of the house ended not long after his return from Spain (1846), where he had filled the post of American minister; but the building remained the property of the Irving family for many years."

While yet a mere boy, and with a defective education, young Irving had been assigned by his parents to the profession of the law, the preparatory studies for which he pursued in a very indifferent manner, for no occupation could have been selected for him of a more uncongenial character. It is therefore quite unnecessary to say that though he was admitted to the bar, and not long after was retained as one of the counsel for Aaron Burr, spending two months in Richmond, but receiving no call for the employment of his ready pen, he never attempted to establish himself in practice; moreover, that legal lore had no attraction for him, even if it were not positively distasteful, is indicated by the fact that throughout his voluminous writings there is little or nothing to reveal that he was in any manner acquainted with the profession. At the

age of seventeen, he made a visit to his two married sisters residing in Johnstown, N. Y., ascending the Hudson river in a sloop to Albany, and thence by stage *via* Ballston Springs, then a watering place of nation-wide appeal, to his destination. Two years later the trip was repeated, Irving at this time being seriously ill with what was believed to be incipient consumption. The following season, in 1803, he was invited by Mr. Josiah O. Hoffman, in whose office he was studying law, to accompany his family on a trip to Montreal and Quebec, and a year subsequent he was sent by his brothers to travel in Europe in the hope of thus restoring his health, which had become so infirm that the captain of the ship, as he observed his debilitated condition as he was assisted to board the vessel, said that he believed that he would not live to complete the voyage and that he would be buried at sea.

But when after two years of agreeable and instructive loitering at the shrines of old world history, legend and culture, he returned to America with recovered health, he was prepared to take up that prominent literary rôle which he was destined to adorn. He did not, however, apply himself vigorously to the occupation of a

writer, but employed much of his time in diversions, being very fond of society and popular in the social circles of New York, Albany, Ballston Springs and other outlying communities. Of an amiable and generous disposition, witty and accomplished, fastidiously appareled, a sketcher and flutist of considerable skill, a lover of romance and acquainted with the legendary tales of love and heroism, and altogether a young man of brilliant parts and magnetic attractions, he was a welcome guest and a valuable asset at every social function.

Soon after Irving's return, in 1806, he began the publication of a serial which was to introduce him to the people as a writer of real distinction. It appeared as "Salmagundi," which had its beginning in January, 1807, and continuing a year, with twenty numbers. He had associated with him in this unique and popular periodical, which aimed to be a facetiously critical organ of contemporary affairs, his brother William and James K. Paulding, who under assumed names contributed brief essays and poems which remain to this day of a rank hardly excelled in the sphere of high-class humorous writings. Concerning

the identification of the respective work of the three editors, the American Cyclopedia says:

"No distinct announcement has even been made of the part borne by each of the writers; but the poetical epistles are said to have been written by William Irving, and the prose papers to have proceeded in about equal measure from his associates. Those by 'Anthony Evergreen, Gent.,' bear internal marks of the pen of Washington Irving. * * * The pleasant portrait of 'My Uncle John' is understood to have been the work of Paulding; and from his pen also proceeded the original sketch of 'Autumnal Reflections,' which was, however, extended and wrought out by Irving."

The next venture that Irving seems to have applied himself to was "The Literary Picture Gallery and Admonitory Epistles to the Visitors to Ballston Spa, by Simeon Senex, Esq.," and issued in seven numbers at that place in the summer of 1808, he then being of the age of twenty-five years. Though it is not positively known that Irving was connected with this small and humorous local periodical, it is believed on good evidence that he was either its editor or one of its contributors.

The village of Ballston Springs, seven miles from Saratoga, and having a population of something more than four thousand, though now

a quiet place unknown to fame, was in the days we are writing of a noted summer resort, while as yet Saratoga Springs was practically unknown. Its medicinal waters enjoyed a high reputation for their curative qualities, attracting many seekers of health to visit them, while the wealth, culture and fashion from all parts of the country consorted there for purposes of relaxation or social enjoyment. The principal hostelry of the place was the famous Sans Souci Hotel, the headquarters of the brilliant fashionable life which once throbbed and glittered in this now placid and uneventful village. In the book, "Salmagundi," (No. xvi) may be found an article on "Style at Ballston" written in the whimsical vein which characterizes the volume, and undoubtedly the product of Irving's pen, or else was inspired by him. The following excerpt will convey an idea of the contribution:

"A sober citizen's wife will break half a dozen milliners' shops, and sometimes starve her family a whole season to enable herself to make the Spring's campaign in style. She repairs to the seat of war with a mighty force of trunks and bandboxes, like so many ammunition chests, filled with caps, hats, gowns, ribbons, shawls, and all the various artillery of fashionable warfare. The lady of a southern planter will lay out the whole annual

produce of a rice plantation in silver and gold muslins, lace veils, and new liveries; carry a hogshead of tobacco on her head, and trail a bale of sea-island cotton at her heels; while a lady of Boston or Salem will wrap herself up in the net proceeds of a cargo of whaleoil, and tie on her hat with a quintal of codfish."

It was at about this time, and probably during Irving's visits to Ballston Springs, that he was entertained at the Knickerbocker home in Schaghticoke, (pronounced Skat-a-cook, with the accent on the first syllable) which was located about fifteen miles eastwardly and across the Hudson. The Knickerbockers were a prominent Dutch Colonial family who had long resided on their estate on the south bank of the Hoosac river, and within their goodly mansion, still standing, extended an old-time generous hospitality. Irving had formed an intimate friendship with Herman H. Knickerbocker, who was a Congressman, and at different times visited him at Schaghticoke, where, being impressed with the old Dutch heirlooms — portraits, furniture, and accumulations in the garret of chests, old-time apparel, etc., he conceived the idea of writing his "History of New York" under the assumed name of "Diedrich Knickerbocker."

Having an acquaintance with these facts, it is very interesting to note the allusions to the Schaghticoke Knickerbockers made by Diedrich in the introductory pages of the book. In the "Account of the Author" we are informed that,

"He extended his journey up to the residence of his relations at Schaghticoke. On his way thither, he stopped for some days at Albany for which city he is known to have entertained a great partiality. * * * Having passed some time very agreeably at Albany, our author proceeded to Schaghticoke; where, it is but justice to say, he was received with open arms, and treated with wonderful loving-kindness. He was much looked up to by the family, being the first historian of the name; and was considered almost as great a man as his cousin the Congressman — with whom, by-the-by, he became perfectly reconciled and contracted a strong friendship."

Again, in Chapter I, Book III, the author says: "Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers. * * * As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence — their countenances to assume the animation of

life — their eyes to pursue me in every movement."

It is a remarkable fact and an enduring monument to the genius of Irving, one moreover which he beheld erected in his own day, that while previous to the appearance of his "History of New York" the name and family of Knickerbocker were of little account except locally about Schaghticoke, the cognomen came to stand for the titular genius of New York City, and to represent, to use Irving's prefatory words forty years later, "Knickerbocker societies, Knickerbocker insurance companies, Knickerbocker steamboats, Knickerbocker omnibuses, Knickerbocker bread, Knickerbocker ice; and when I find New Yorkers of Dutch descent priding themselves on being 'genuine Knickerbockers,' I please myself with the persuasion that I have struck the right chord."

The fine old Knickerbocker mansion is standing today practically as it was when young Irving was entertained under its hospitable roof and meditated on the Indian, legendary, colonial, revolutionary and domestic traditions which abound in this quiet, well-nigh forgotten neighborhood. The modern lines of travel have left it

secluded and unvisited except by the few pilgrims, who, weary of the rush and confusion of present days, love to retire to the unfrequented places of primitive times and commune with the memories of historic locations and the spirits of those whose work was associated with such notable shrines.

In 1809, at the age of twenty-six, Irving published his "Knickerbocker History of New York," which for originality of conception, literary grace of execution, mock-gravity of delineation, and sparkling, spontaneous humor, is stamped with the shining seal of genius, and is considered by some authorities to exhibit the most striking gifts and to possess the most lasting qualities of all his books. Though his share of the profits accruing from the first edition of the work amounted to the encouraging sum of three thousand dollars, it was ten years or more before he again employed himself earnestly in literary pursuits, spending the most of his time in the social diversions of which he was ever fond. Other explanations for his inactivity are found in the fact that he had been sorely grief-smitten by the death of his fiancée, Matilda Hoffman, and that he had become a partner in the

hardware importing firm of his brothers, which circumstances, together with his constitutional tendency to indolence, confined his writings to occasional productions of a not important character. He visited England again in 1815 for the purpose of assisting in the affairs of the Liverpool branch of his firm's business, an employment for which he was in no manner adapted, and after an ineffectual struggle of a few years' duration the concern went into bankruptcy, and Irving was thrown upon the resources of his pen for a livelihood. By this time he had become quite at home in England, having a married sister, Mrs. Van Wart, living in Birmingham, with whom he sojourned. His writings had made him the friend of Scott, Moore, Campbell and other literary lights of Great Britain, and the first named recommending him to a prominent English publisher, the "Sketch Book" was issued and was received with a most generous approval. "Bracebridge Hall" followed in 1822, "Tales of a Traveller" in 1824; and "Salmagundi" and the "History of New York" now having become known and admired in England, Irving found himself enjoying the highest of social and literary distinctions. To follow his

brilliant European career, to return with him to America in 1832 and to delineate his subsequent history, is a task which I did not propose for myself, and therefore for the rest, having followed him somewhat closely till his genius has been developed and his fame assured, I will dwell in a general way upon certain interesting and illuminative phases of his life and character.

Irving was a man of singular elevation and purity of mind, finely poetic in his sentiments, wonderfully sensitive to the beauties and moods of nature, and of a dreamy, romantic disposition. To him womankind appealed with an irresistible power; his fervent and unsullied imagination arrayed them in celestial grace and endowed them with heavenly characteristics of mind, body and soul. He was quick to observe and eager to appreciate whatever was kind, good or worthy, but from all that savored of vulgarity or evil he would turn away and refuse to contemplate; suffering in man or beast, when he observed it, was communicated through his high-wrought sympathies to himself; having dreamed that he had killed a robin, he was so distressed by the remembrance of the vision that he was compelled to arise from his bed and to divert

his mind by reading. Contrary to the impression which one gathers from the somewhat stalwart frame of Irving as he appears in his portraits, he was a man of infirm constitution, with an inherent lack of confidence in himself, exceedingly sensitive to criticism, and afflicted with a disposition to melancholy. To the close of his literary career, the event of the publication of an additional work from his pen was attended with painful apprehension of its failing to meet the favor of the reading public; even the earlier volumes of the "Life of Washington" were issued with anxious solicitude, though this, his last and most laborious writing, enjoyed from the first a splendid success.

As an instance of Irving's modest estimate of his capacities there might be mentioned his nervous dread of assuming the position of Minister to Spain, to which honor he had, at the suggestion of Daniel Webster, been appointed in 1842 by President Tyler. In great agitation of mind he paced the floor of his home at Sunnyside, saying, "It is hard, very hard; yet I must try to bear it; God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb!" Concerning his appointment, Henry Clay said, "This is a nomination everybody will con-

cur in." Other public honors were offered him; he had declined to be a candidate for mayor of New York and for member of Congress; he had been invited to assume the position of Secretary of the Navy in Van Buren's cabinet, but he felt himself no doubt disqualified by his lack of interest in practical and governmental affairs to take upon himself the responsibilities of the office. At about the time of his appointment as Minister to Spain, Charles Dickens visited this country, and it being known that he and Irving were intimate friends, entertaining towards each other a generous admiration, the latter was chosen to make the speech of introduction at a banquet given to Dickens in New York, but owing to the emotion under which Irving was laboring he was unable to proceed with his remarks. We have, regarding his incapacity for any regular occupation, the testimony of his own words in a letter to Walter Scott, declining to accept the editorship of an Edinburgh periodical at a salary of five hundred pounds, he said:

"I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, any stipulated labor of mind or body. I have no command of my talents such as they are, and have to watch the varyings of my mind as I would those of a weather-cock.

Practice and training may bring me more into rule; but at present I am as useless for regular service as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack. I must keep on, therefore, pretty much as I have begun; writing when I can, not what I would. * * * Should Mr. Constable (publisher) feel inclined to make a bargain for the wares I have on hand, he will encourage me to further enterprise; and it will be something like trading with a gypsy for the fruit of his prowlings, who may at one time have nothing but a wooden bowl to offer, and at another time a silver tankard."

In personal appearance Irving was five feet nine inches in height, of a stout figure, grey eyes, brown hair, handsome features and an attractive smile. He had an agreeable voice and was very companionable, enjoying to relate the many and interesting experiences he had met in the course of his diversified career. I quote in this connection from George W. Curtis:

" Forty years ago upon a pleasant afternoon, you might have seen tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, New York, a figure which even then would have been called quaint. It was of a man about sixty-six or sixty-seven years old, of a rather solid frame, wearing a Talma, as a short coat of the time was called, that hung from his shoulders, and low shoes, neatly tied, which were observable at a time when boots were generally worn. The head was slightly inclined to one side, the face was smoothly

shaven, and the eyes twinkled with kindly humor and shrewdness. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in the whole appearance, an undeniable Dutch aspect, which in the streets of New Amsterdam, irresistibly recalled Diedrich Knickerbocker. * * * This modest and kindly man was the creator of Rip Van Winkle; he was the father of our literature and at that time its patriarch."

After his return from Europe in 1832, Irving purchased an old stone Dutch residence upon land which by subsequent additions came to embrace upwards of twenty acres, and located on the east bank of the Hudson river near Tarrytown, and looking out upon that broad, lake-like expanse of the stream, called Tappan Sea. Weary of the conventional life which for many years he had led in foreign parts, he longed to retire to this quiet hermitage, endeared to him by the happy associations of his youth, and over which brooded the legendary charm which, breathed into his books, had served to lend him his literary renown. Indeed, this very house which he had chosen for his home had figured in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" as the place where Katrina Van Tassel had dwelt and where she had been courted by the unfortunate Ichabod

Crane. Naming it Wolfert's Roost (or Rest), Irving enlarged the dwelling and beautified the grounds, making his residence there for the remainder of his days, and being never so happy as when at Sunnyside, as he afterwards named the place. Concerning his home he writes in his book, "Wolfert's Roost:"

"I have become possessor of the Roost. I have repaired and renovated it with religious care, in the genuine Dutch style, and have adorned and illustrated it with sundry relics of the glorious days of New Netherlands. A venerable weather-cock of portly Dutch dimensions, which once battled with the wind on the top of the Stadt-House of New Amsterdam, in the time of Peter Stuyvesant, now erects its crest on the gable end of my edifice; a gilded horse in full gallop, once the weather-cock of the great Vander Heyden Palace of Albany, now glitters in the sunshine, and veers with every breeze on the peaked turret over my portal. * * * I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. * * * I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early

companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. * * * I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straight forward. * * * The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love."

Much of Irving's literary work was accomplished under this roof, including his "Life of Goldsmith," "Mahomet and His Successors" and the "Life of Washington;" distinguished persons were coming and going, and his days were crowned with affluence, domestic enjoyment and the veneration of his countrymen. It should be said, however, regarding the popularity of his books, that for a period of five years following 1843, when the contract under which his works had been published expired, the demand for them ceased and Irving was despondent concerning their future, expressing the opinion that they were antiquated, had "turned to chaff and stubble," and doing nothing towards inducing a publisher to undertake a new edition. Finally, in 1848, G. P. Putnam, of New York, proposed to bring out a uniform library edition in fifteen volumes, which offer being accepted, the books were published and enjoyed a very large sale,

eight hundred thousand volumes having been printed up to the year 1860, thus affording the author a considerable income ($9,000 a year), and reassuring him of the permanent success of his books. Of his pleasant life at Sunnyside with his household affairs presided over by his nieces, he writes not long after his return from Spain, in 1846: " My own place has never been so beautiful as at present. I have made more openings by pruning and cutting down trees, so that from the piazza I have several charming views of the Tappan Sea and the hills beyond, all set as it were in verdant flames; and I am never tired of sitting there in my old Voltaire chair of a long summer morning with a book in my hand, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, and sometimes dozing and mixing all up in a pleasant dream."

Sunnyside is located three miles south of Tarrytown, and a mile north of Irvington-on-the-Hudson; it is reached from the highway by Sunnyside Lane, which in Irving's words, is "a lonely, rambling, down-hill lane, overhung with trees, with a wild brook dashing along, and crossing and recrossing it." It is a secluded place, the dwelling standing near the bank of the

river, which at this point has a breadth of three miles, and the house and premises remain practically as they were left when Irving died. About twenty-two years ago an extensive addition was made to the residence, following the same style, but it is not visible from the front, care having been taken to preserve the original appearance. Irving's library, with its furnishings, remains as he left it. In compliance with a wish expressed in his will, Sunnyside has remained in the possession of his collateral descendants, the present owners being Mr. and Mrs. Louis du Pont Irving and their three sons. Mr. Irving is a great-great-nephew of Washington Irving, and his sons are the fifth generation of the family who have lived in the home. Sunnyside is sought out by many visitors, and it no doubt will continue for many generations to be the Mecca of admirers of the father of American Literature.

Here, in the delightful surroundings of his Sunnyside home, a few months before he died, Irving finished the "Life of Washington," rejoicing that he had been given the strength to write with his own hand its concluding pages, and having remarked that he would be willing to take his departure when this work should be

completed. The declining years of few have been so happy as were Irving's, honored as he was at home and abroad, and with everything to render existence attractive, at his disposal. He had no enemies, a fact which cannot be easily duplicated in the case of an author so eminently successful as he, though Cooper was known to cherish for years a jealousy towards the writer who in this country was even more popular than himself. Mr. Putnam, Irving's publisher, in his "Recollections of Irving," (Atlantic, November, 1860) has recorded in an interesting manner how this unfortunate alienation was healed. Being the publisher for both authors, and the two happening at his office at the same hour, Mr. Putnam somewhat at a venture brought them together with a most happy result; they visited cordially for an hour, and parted the best of friends. It was not very long after this reconciliation that Cooper died, and that Irving had a part in the commemorative exercises which were held in honor of the great novelist. One can easily imagine how that in this interview the amiable author of the "Sketch Book" would take due account of Cooper's irascible disposition and

aim to conciliate and make him his loyal well-wisher.

In the fall of 1858, about a year before he died, Irving suffered with shortness of breath, nervousness and inability to obtain sufficient sleep, his malady being enlargement of the heart. During the Christmas season his condition was unimproved and he was afflicted still with nervous conditions; he had a dread of the nights and of being alone, his mind in the meantime being one day unnaturally active and cheerful, and on another, dull and despondent. In the spring his condition somewhat improved, but the sleeplessness and difficult breathing again became prominent in the fall, till on Monday evening, November 28, 1859, he died suddenly as he was about to retire. A year previous he had remarked to George W. Curtis, "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows."

The closing scenes of Irving's life were in keeping with the spirit of tranquil cheerfulness which had characterized him throughout his career; his life had been one of amiability and good service to his fellows, and now his departure from earthly places and associations was

accompanied by kindly and beneficent circumstances. Surrounded by his brother Ebenezer and daughters, who composed his household, and his nephew, Rev. Pierre M. Irving, afterwards author of his elaborate biography, and other relatives, he passed into the great Land of the Future. On the day previous, Sunday, he had attended the Episcopal church at Tarrytown, of which he was a communicant, though it was observed that he appeared more infirm in health than usual. During the following day he was about the house and grounds of Sunnyside, joined his family at dinner and enjoyed the evening with them in social intercourse, entering into the happy spirit of the hour with his usual zest and relish, though mentioning that he was embarrassed in his breathing. Having bidden all good-night, he went to his chamber above, when suddenly with a sound as if choking, and with his left hand over his heart he fell forward, arresting his fall by catching hold of a table, and immediately expired.

Irving was buried on December 1st, a beautifully mild, dreamy day, when, as if nature appreciative of the deep devotion ever shown her by the departed author, had enwrapped the Hudson

valley, though at the gates of winter, in an atmosphere of genial warmth, typical both of his gentle, amiable character and of the gracious quality of his writings. He was buried with his kindred in the graveyard of the little old Dutch church, two miles north of Tarrytown, where a few years before he had brought the remains of his father's family, who had been buried in the plot of the Brick Church of New York. Thus it is observed how deep a hold this quiet, romantic and historic locality had taken upon the imagination and affection of Irving, additional proof of which may be found in the volumes of his writings, wherein he bestows all the literary grace which he was able to command upon its natural charms, early associations and legendary traditions. The grave is on somewhat elevated ground east of the church which by the way, is the oldest house of worship in the State; it is but a short distance north of the Pocantico creek, which makes its way through Sleepy Hollow, and it overlooks the Tappan Sea; it is, indeed, in the very heart of that territory which Irving with his magic pen has made forever famous. He has described the spot in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow":

"The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which peeps may be caught of the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon this grass-grown yard where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a bridge; the road that led to it and the bridge itself were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. Such was the favorite haunt of the headless horseman, and the place where he was most frequently encountered."

Irving had expressed a desire to go out of the world "with all sail set," a wish which was granted, for intellectually at least, he was normal and vigorous to the last. Moreover, the ship of his genius did not founder at his death but is still beautifully visible, riding gracefully the sea of time and bearing rich cargoes of spice,

luscious fruit, gems and golden ore from the sunny clime of his genial and prolific nature. In the pages of his books are the fragrance of tropical, unidentified flowers, songs without words, sermons without preaching and instruction without teaching. Irving's mission in the world was not that of a moralizer in the narrower sense of the word, but rather he was a high benevolent influence, intangible, elusive, but nevertheless real and effective. Though he recommends no ethical dictum, it is difficult in the light of the spirit of his books to entertain an unworthy thought, or to resist its invitation to be conformed to the mind of the good and noble soul which the reader instinctively feels is inditing the words he peruses. Herein lies his power, an efficacy that will live on when the more particularized ethics of the day shall have been forgotten.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

One of the most beautiful localities and historically interesting places in America is Cooperstown, N. Y., at the southern end of Otsego Lake, where the river Susquehanna takes its rise at an altitude of 1,250 feet above the level of the sea. It is a quiet village of about 3,000 souls, and being somewhat remote from the great routes of travel, maintains a still and dreamy atmosphere in keeping with the literary, romantic and historic traditions which cluster about the sylvan shores of this lovely sheet of water. In prehistoric times, on the site of the town was an Indian village, as the relics unearthed clearly indicate, while in memory of later aboriginal inhabitants who dwelt here, a marble slab has been set in the mound where lie the ashes of many of their dead, and is thus inscribed:

> White Man, greeting!
> We, near whose bones you stand,
> were Iroquois. The wide land
> which now is yours, was ours.
> Friendly hands have given back
> to us enough for a tomb.

This plain memorial lies flat and on a level with the turf, so that it might easily be overlooked, weather-stained as it is, and partly hidden by grass and wild flowers.

Revolutionary history, also, had this place as a theatre for the enactment of one of its events. In the summer of 1779, while General James Clinton with his command of about 1,600 men were marching to join General John Sullivan in his expedition against the Iroquois Indians, he constructed a dam across the outlet of the lake at what is now Cooperstown, and having embarked his men and loaded his supplies onto two hundred batteaux below, the impounded waters were released, the river raised to a navigable depth and the boats were thus floated down the stream, much to the consternation of the Indians who were awed by the great flood inundating the valley in the arid month of August. But it is from the novelist Cooper that the lake and village almost wholly derive their fame.

James Fenimore Cooper was one of the greatest and most picturesquely interesting literary characters that this country has produced. While he is not equal to Hawthorne in the artis-

tic handling of plots and in the subtle delineation of character; though he is inferior to Irving in smooth and cultured quality of style, yet in extent of literary production, durability, breadth of popularity and ethical influence, he perhaps excelled them. Few writers ever enjoyed a wider reading than Cooper; all Europe and even oriental peoples devoured his books; "from New York to Ispahan, from St. Petersburg to Rio Janeiro," his novels evoked delight and admiration, and the sale of his works remains steady and large. Besides his literary delinquencies — which, except his prolixity, are unobserved perhaps by the average reader,— the infirmities of temper that kept him embroiled through the later years of his life in perpetual contention were an added handicap; but his fertile intellect with his really kind and noble nature, enabled him to produce many volumes of delightful and improving fiction, so that when he died he was all but universally respected, admired and loved.

Cooper came of good stock. His father, Judge William Cooper, a man of force, character and business ability, journeyed in 1785 from his home in Burlington, N. J., to Otsego Lake, N. Y., three hundred miles away, and laid out

forty thousand acres of land which had come into his possession. There he lived as a hunter, subsisting on game while he explored and mapped out his lands, and in the following summer he offered for sale and in the space of sixteen days disposed of all his holdings except a tract at the south end of the lake, which he reserved for his private estate. It was his boast that, beginning life "with small capital and a large family," he settled more acres than any man in America. He served nine years as first judge of the Otsego county court of common pleas and two terms in Congress. The author cherished vivid and affectionate remembrances of his father, and refers to him as "a noble looking, warm-hearted, witty father, with his deep laugh and sweet voice as he used to light the way with his anecdotes and fun."

His mother was a woman of exceptional worth and culture, a daughter of Richard Fenimore, whose home was in New Jersey. The Fenimores were of Swedish extraction and enjoyed a high social standing. Mrs. Cooper was beautiful with a dash of romance in her nature, but withal a ready companion and an efficient helpmeet in all her husband's enterprises. The author resembled

her in his personal appearance and also from her derived his liking for legendary and imaginative studies.

The early life of Cooper was such as to foster the growth of romantic ideas and to familiarize him with the adventurous life of the frontier, in the midst of which he dwelt. Judge Cooper having made his home on his estate at Otsego Lake, there at the age of thirteen months came with the family the babe who was to immortalize the wilderness place and make a great name for himself in literature. It was a school in which he was taught the fascinating first-hand lessons of adventure and heroism, though the settlers, as Judge Cooper said of them, were of the lowest sort, while Indians, hunters and trappers were familiar to the boy as they came and went in their picturesque and untutored individualities.

Cooperstown, as the little village which grew up around the home of the leading citizen was appropriately called, came to be as a frontier settlement a rendezvous and asylum for people of all nations and of every grade of intelligence — a strange and nondescript population, but which was not without deep and lasting influence in the development of the mind of the future novelist

in a knowledge of original and diversified character. Moreover, the country where he dwelt at the head of the beautiful Susquehanna valley, with Otsego Lake embosomed in the great forest and forming the crystal feeder of the delightfully meandering river, impressed itself indelibly upon his sensitive and responsive imagination, lingering in his mind as a fertile source of romantic fiction till his latest day. It was not all, however, of an external influence that made up his preparation for his life work, for in his home he enjoyed the intellectual and cultural elements by which he was insensibly tutored and refined. Thus he grew into boyhood and on into young manhood with a cheerful disposition and enterprising spirit, entering with zest into the employments and diversions of the settlement and enjoying boating on the lake, particularly when the waves ran high. The primitiveness of the country about Cooperstown at that time is evidenced by an episode that Cooper was fond of relating: one day while in his father's garden, a deer sprang into the inclosure from the main street, and running very close to him, dashed into the forest in the rear of the house.

Young Cooper attended for a time Master Cory's Academy, which was maintained in the village, and he then was for a period of four years a pupil of Rev. Thomas Allison, at St. Peter's Rectory, Albany. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Yale College, being with one exception the youngest student in the institution. He entered the freshman class, spending the first year, according to his own statement, in play, and left in his junior year on account of a "frolic," evidently meaning some infringement of the college rules. Much of his time while there was employed in long walks through the fields and over the hills and in gazing by the hour upon the sea from vantage points on the high lands.

He perhaps derived from his familiarity with Otsego Lake and the ocean view at New Haven an ambition to go to sea, and we find him after leaving college shipping as a common sailor on the "Sterling," a merchantman sailing from New York, bound for Cowes, England. After a year's service he obtained a commission as midshipman in the United States Navy and entered upon his duties in January, 1808. From active sea life he was transferred to Oswego, N. Y., to superintend the construction of the brig

"Oneida," for service on Lake Ontario. His five years' maritime experience gave him an intimate knowledge of seafaring in all its details, both as to merchantmen and ships of war, information which he turned to account in his sea stories, acknowledged to be the best written in this field of literature. In this connection it might be said that his determination to write the book entitled "The Pilot" was made through a conversation in which Scott's story, "The Pirate," was cited to illustrate that author's wide information, inclusive of seafaring. Cooper, knowing that Scott's acquaintance with the subject was comparatively limited, resolved to write a novel that would be at least technically correct as regarded nautical life and employments. The decided success of "The Pilot" encouraged him to bring out his other great sea stories.

How long Cooper would have remained in the navy had he not met and married Miss Susan DeLancey, of Heathcote Hall, Mamaroneck, Westchester county, N. Y., will never be known. His determination to forsake the fascinating life of the sea for the tame and monotonous pursuit of agriculture speaks highly of the charms and excellent elements of character possessed by the

bride, whom he wedded on New Year's day, 1811.

In his domestic associations Cooper was ever fortunate, for to the advantage derived from the high intelligence and cultivated character of his mother, to whom he was indebted for the fervent filial love and the instructions of his youth, in his manhood was added that of the controlling spell of a woman of rare attractions of mind and heart. She it was who spoke the first word of encouragement that embarked him on his great career of authorship, and throughout his life when the storms of detraction raged about him, his domestic relations were ever characterized by love, peace and quietness. In the hallowed confines of the home the delightful woman who presided there knew and loved the burly and headstrong author as really a meek and lowly man when appealed to not by argument but by loving suasion. The regard in which he held his wife is evidenced by the fact that, her people being tories in the Revolution, some of them serving in the British army, he studiously avoided in his writings uncomplimentary allusions to that odious class of colonists. Not long after their marriage they visited Cooperstown,

riding in a gig drawn by two horses driven tandem, and returning to Mamaroneck made their home for a time at Heathcote Hall. Then they set up a home of their own in a cottage not far from the De Lancey house and after a brief residence there removed to Cooperstown, where Cooper began the erection of a fine stone house on the southwest shore of the lake. There, at the age of twenty-five, he lived the easy life of a country gentleman, engaged in agriculture and diverting himself with the flute, boating and riding. Nothing in his manner of life indicated that he would ever be other than an intelligent farmer and an upright useful citizen.

He frequently shifted his place of residence between his home town and that of his wife, and in the course of time erected a house on property inherited by her and located four miles from Mamaroneck and twenty-five miles from New York. The site commanded a superb view over Long Island Sound, which was much admired by Cooper, and here in the lap of peace at about the age of thirty he began his literary career.

He was an omniverous reader, delighting particularly in Scott's novels, and was much in the habit of reading aloud to Mrs. Cooper, of whom

it has been said, "She listened with affectionate interest through a long life." One day, having thrown down what he called an uninteresting novel with the exclamation, "I could write a better myself!" his wife encouraged him to make the trial. As a result of her suggestion he brought out at his own expense "Precaution" (1820), and in the following year "The Spy," the latter attaining popularity at home and abroad. From this decided success Cooper applied himself assiduously to fiction writing until many novels, both of land and sea, had fallen from his pen and his name had been established throughout the world as one of the greatest literary lights of his own or any time. Thirty-four works of fiction were published by him between 1820 and 1851, the year of his death, besides historical and biographical books, while several volumes were left in manuscript. This great output of literature evidences the author's fertility of invention, facility of expression and steadiness of industry. That blemishes may be found in his work is the unavoidable result of the haste with which it was thrown off, but it is pertinent to consider whether we would be willing to have the mass of Cooper's writings lessened

at the expense of an improvement of his technique.

Cooper visited Europe in 1826 and remained till 1833, traveling in England, France, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy and Germany. His intolerant and combative disposition, previously not prominently noticeable, now discovered itself and for many years remained a besetting infirmity of mind, involving him in fierce and exhaustive controversy and litigation. Someone has attempted to reconcile the conflicting elements of his character, one amiable, generous and kind, the other proud, arrogant and intractable, by stating that "he was a democrat by conviction and an aristocrat by feeling." A thoughtful consideration, however, of his life and character seems rather to favor the view that his belligerent tendency was but an instance of childish spleen so often associated with genius — an irritable, unreasoning, unpremeditated querulousness, entirely out of place with his lofty and noble ethical standards. He abused Europeans for their criticisms of his home-land and people, though himself publishing uncomplimentary matter concerning his own country and countrymen, and his fame which had been great through-

out Europe suffered on account of the castigations which foreign periodicals inflicted upon him. Returning to the United States, he was coldly received through disapprobation of the strictures he had made upon the people of other lands where he had been entertained and honored, and for his derogatory attitude concerning Americans, a breach which he set himself still further to widen by publishing even additional offensive criticisms of his countrymen. In 1841 Thurlow Weed accused him of having "disparaged American lakes, ridiculed American scenery, burlesqued American coin and satirized the American flag." No doubt the most of Cooper's reflections were well founded, and the discrepancies which a residence in the capitals of Europe and journeyings through venerable and highly enlightened nations, rich in romantic renown, adorned with ancient and beautiful monuments, with great universities and vast libraries, had made apparent to him, he felt in duty bound to utter; but in aiming to improve his countrymen, if it is allowable to put that charitable interpretation upon his conduct, he overshot his mark and exasperated them.

A few years after his return from Europe a feud which developed between him and the people of Cooperstown made complete the sphere of his unpopularity — international, national and local. Three Mile Point, or Myrtle Grove, a pleasant resort to this day, is located three miles north of Cooperstown on the west shore of the lake; it is an attractive spot, jutting out from the highway into the lake and containing perhaps two acres of ground. Cooper, serving as executor of his father's will, had the control of the property and insisted that his authority should be recognized. This the public refused to accord, having for years enjoyed the undisturbed use of it, though he had no desire in any manner to interrupt its employment as an outing place. Finally, a tree he valued, standing on the disputed land, was felled without asking his permission, and the battle was on. The villagers held an indignation meeting and passed resolutions denunciatory of Cooper and recommending that his books be removed from the village library. This unseemly and undignified quarrel eventuated in favor of Cooper, but the report of it spread over the country and periodicals which he had by his disparagement of the American

people already provoked, seized upon the story as a means of further denunciation, stating gratuitously that the censorious resolutions called for the burning of his books.

But his greatest embroilment began in 1839 with the publication of his " Naval History of the United States," an able and authoritative work, but one that increased the disfavor in which he was held. In this production he took the ground that Commodore Perry did not deserve all the honor which he enjoyed for the naval victory of Lake Erie, but that Commodore Elliott was entitled to as much or more distinction, a contention which Cooper was able afterward to establish in court. The press of the country was lashed by this derogation of a popular hero into a frenzy of indignation and it poured out the vials of its wrath upon the head of the versatile feudmaker of Cooperstown. But the storm of defamation, far from disconcerting him, nerved him for battle, which he entered with all his characteristic vigor.

For a period of several years his principal occupation was the management of twenty libel suits which he brought against newspapers and periodicals in different parts of the country. The

larger part of these he conducted personally, as his own counsel. One of the most conspicuous of them was against the *Commercial Advertiser,* of New York, and which was heard before referees in that city in 1842. When, in the course of the hearing, the hour had arrived for Cooper's summing up, it was conceded by all that the defense had made an impregnable showing. All were against him — the press, public and even the referees themselves. Yet, when he had concluded his address, which consumed in its delivery the space of six hours, he had not only unanswerably substantiated his contention but had converted the libel law from an emasculated statute into a living and mandatory prescript. This unexpected display of the author's forensic ability was a revelation to all and his speech has come down to the present day as one of the greatest pleas ever made before the bar of New York City. Other suits were but repetitions of this, and Cooper finally claimed that all against whom he had brought actions had either retracted or had been defeated in court. In these suits he was seeking vindication only and not a money indemnity. He conducted his cases with dignity, fairness and candor, and was free from

those ill-favored manners and expressions which are so common in court proceedings and which might have been expected from a man of so recalcitrant a disposition. It is a strange and pathetic illustration of his dual nature that while in the fume and fury of these fierce legal battles there should issue from his pen the "Pathfinder," a captivating book breathing of the virgin forest, genial in tone and utterly remote from the contentious spirit by which he was evidently governed. Indeed, throughout this period of strife, books of fiction, two in the year, generally, were published by Cooper, three of which, however, were of a controversial character entitled, "The Satanstoe," "The Redskins" and "The Chainbearer." These latter books, though brilliant novels, took the unpopular side in the anti-rent controversy which then agitated the State of New York, and served to further prejudice him in the eyes of many of the people.

The physical and mental outlay of all this litigation and literary labor must have been very exhausting, and the sudden failure of his health a few years later has been attributed to the overwork of those strenuous and exciting years. The spring of 1851 found him in a debilitated condi-

tion, with a derangement of the digestive organs, to which dropsy supervened. After having courageously submitted to a knowledge of the hopelessness of his condition, though regretting that so much of his prospective work remained unaccomplished, he died on Sunday, the 14th day of September, 1851, aged sixty-two years lacking one day. During the summer months through which he lingered he manifested a cheerful resignation and was sustained by a confident hope in the future beyond. The animosities which he had engendered were forgotten by the people and universal sorrow and regret were the experience everywhere he was known.

Cooper was a man of magnificent physique, nobly handsome features and of a happy, cordial disposition. "He looked like a man who had lived much in the open air — upon whom the rain had fallen and against whom the wind had blown. * * * Distinctly through the gathering mists of years do his face and form rise up before the mind's eye: an image of manly self-reliance, of frank courage, of generous impulse: a frank friend, an open enemy; a man whom many misunderstood, but whom no one could understand without honoring and loving."

(Atlantic, vol. ix, p. 68.) Robust and athletic, at the age of fifty he was able, while his house at Cooperstown was being repaired, to climb ladders and stagings to the gable and on to the ridge of the roof, thus exhibiting his seafaring capabilities. He employed himself much in his garden and was in the habit of personally taking gifts of fruit and vegetables to his friends in the village. He was a lover of children.

His daily routine consisted in writing in his library during the morning hours with a favorite Angora cat as his companion and sometimes sleeping on his shoulder. Then his horse, "Pumpkin," a nondescript and refractory beast, would be hitched to a yellow buggy and Mr. and Mrs. Cooper would ride to their farm on the lakeside. Dinner was served at three o'clock and the remainder of the afternoon was spent with friends or in playing chess with Mrs. Cooper. During the evening hours he would walk the great central hall of the mansion while he meditated the literary matter that he would commit to writing on the following morning.

This fine old house was burned in 1852. It had been the author's childhood home and upon his return from Europe had been remodeled by

him in the style of an English country mansion. A detailed model of it, both as to exterior and interior, with other souvenirs of Cooper, may be seen in the Village Club and Library building at Cooperstown. The place has well honored the memory and preserved the memorials of its distinguished son. A beautiful park embraces the grounds where Cooper's home once stood, and a fine bronze statue, "The Indian Hunter," is its central and conspicuous adornment, standing on the site of the mansion. Across Main street to the north is the graceful and classically lined building of the Village Club and Library, in which are many mementoes of the Indians — articles of apparel, weapons of war and implements of domestic life. On the south border of the park is Christ Episcopal church, of which Cooper was a communicant, and the burying-ground where rest his ashes. His pew, which as warden he occupied, is fittingly inscribed, but no one needs to be directed to his grave for multitudes have worn a path to one of the greatest literary shrines in America.

Altogether, Cooperstown with its lake of beautifully irregular shores, surrounded by high and forested hills, was a fitting home and the

only suitable burial place for one of America's most gifted authors,— for one who wrote charmingly and understandingly of primitive times in our history and who upon the background of long-lapsed sylvan scenes drew word-pictures of Indian and pioneer life for the instruction and entertainment of generations to come. Here his genius seems to brood perpetually with reminders of him everywhere;— even the artistic railway station has its interior walls decorated with pictorial representations of scenes from his books. But Cooper's name, written indelibly in its shining waters, will have its most lasting and fairest monument in Otsego Lake.

NOTE:— There is little doubt that the original of Cooper's most widely known and popular fiction character, Natty Bumpo or Leatherstocking, was Nathaniel Shipman, a noted scout and Indian fighter whose unmarked grave is in the town of Hoosic, Rensselaer county, N. Y. At the beginning of the Revolution Shipman, who then resided in Hoosic, was suspected of entertaining a preference for the British cause and was tarred and feathered by his neighbors, and from that time for a period of twenty-six years was lost to his family and friends.

His daughter Patience had after his disappearance married John Ryan, of Hoosic, who became a prominent citizen and represented his district in the Assembly at Albany, in 1803-6. Here he met Judge William Cooper of Cooperstown, father of Fenimore Cooper the author, who repeatedly referred to the odd character and quaint sayings of an old hunter and trapper, who, he said, lived in company with a Mohican Indian on Otsego Lake, not far from his residence. When Mr. Ryan repeated to his wife the account of this unique person, she gave it as her opinion that he was her father, and inducing her husband to

go to Cooperstown, he found her conviction to be realized. Shipman was prevailed upon by his son-in-law to return with him to Hoosic, where he made his home with his daughter Mrs. Ryan, till his death in 1809.

Fenimore Cooper was undoubtedly familiar with the interesting characters of Nathaniel Shipman and his Indian companion and from them probably acquired in a measure his familiarity with woodcraft;—it was quite natural, therefore, for him to utilize Nat. or Natty for the conspicuous parts he plays in the Leatherstocking Tales.

Besides the implicit belief of Nathaniel Shipman's daughter and that of her husband, John Ryan, that he was the original of Leatherstocking, Cooper himself in his "Chronicles of Cooperstown" employs the phrase, "Shipman, the Leatherstocking of the region." Again, it is said on good authority that Cooper on a blank page of "The Pioneers" indicated the originals of the characters delineated in the book, giving to Leatherstocking that of Nathaniel Shipman.

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING

[BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES:— Born at Newport, R. I., 1780. Graduated from Harvard College, 1798. Tutor in a family at Richmond, Va., 1798-1800. Pastor of Federal Street, Boston, Congregational church till his death, 1803-1842. Married Ruth Gibbs, 1814. Harvard University bestowed upon him title of Doctor of Divinity, 1821. Visited Europe and met Wordsworth and other distinguished persons, 1822. Died at Bennington, Vt., after an illness of twenty-six days, October 2, 1842. Buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.]

Nothing is further from the practical spirit of the times than the character and writings of William Ellery Channing. His small, attenuated frame, his high and spiritualized conceptions of life and duty, the chaste and polished style of his rhetoric are as unlike the standards of the day as can well be imagined. Yet Channing was heard in Boston throughout his long ministry by large and attentive congregations and was read in all parts of the country, while his works were translated into the languages of the leading nations of the world. For he was of the nature of a prophet, disassociated from formulated creeds and speaking in a spirit of universality, which appealed to all people everywhere, alike. While Channing was classed as a Unitarian, and indeed held in a modified form to the tenets of

that Church, he denied that he was an adherent of any sect, but rather an independent seeker after truth. But while he refused to subscribe to certain theological views concerning the Christ, his manifestation of the Christian spirit in all his life and writings was remarkably evident, one of his leading teachings having been that to arrive at the greatest intelligence in religious thought and usefulness, it was necessary to adopt the method of free inquiry. Though he has been neglected by the present generation, there is no writer who may more profitably be studied by those who would incorporate into our social and political life higher and purer standards; notwithstanding that we may not coincide with all his religious beliefs, his discussions on social reform stand the greatest light which in this field has so far been manifested in this or perhaps any land.

The works of Channing constitute a mountain of precious ore for the reformer to mine and to fashion into the times and the institutions in the midst of which we dwell. One cannot but regret that the great volume of his rare inspirations and instructions, dealing in part with the identical problems in which we are now involved, are not

studied by at least those who are the natural molders of a worthy public opinion. For it was as no mere zealot that Channing approached the subject of social reform, but as a highly enlightened and broad-minded Christian, and from the great outlook of religion, of which, to him, reform was the natural and necessary outcome.

He was the introducer of that idea which now so widely prevails in this country and which is rapidly gaining momentum — that religion and reform are radically and inseparably connected — that the community has a claim upon the church as well as has the individual — that it must labor for the uplifting of the people as well as for the salvation of separate souls. Indeed, the great message which Channing has for the world is of the inherent dignity and worth of man. This is the keynote of his works. Many entertain the erroneous idea that it was as a controversialist, attached to certain unpopular theological doctrines, that he acquired his influence and fame, but this was a small and it may be said an insignificant portion of his endeavor, which was above all to exalt humanity in every sphere of life and on the basis of Christian faith and practice. The race never had a more

devoted friend than Channing, nor one more indefatigable in his labors for its improvement, not only spiritually but in every practical line. While he would soar in his sermons and essays on the theme of a purified and ennobled humanity, his mind was capable of exercising itself in prosaic plans for the alleviation of the moral evils and physical sufferings which prevailed in his own town. These items from his journal (1803–1814) will illustrate his concern for the welfare of his townspeople:

"Things to be done in town: Comfortable houses to be let cheap for the poor. Innocent and improving amusements. Interesting works to be circulated among them. Associations among mechanics for mutual support, if reduced. Complete course of instruction for youth designed for active life. * * * How much capacity there is in the poorer classes of knowledge and affection! Why is it not developed? Is not the social order bad? Cannot all the capacities of all classes be called forth? * * *

"What can be done to exalt the poor and ignorant from a life of sense to an intellectual, moral and religious life? * * * Let the poor be my end! * * * Immigrants: A society of advice. They are subjects of speculation, exposed to unprincipled men. They want direction, friends. Keep them out of the way of designing people."

These brief and spontaneous entries reveal even at the beginning of his ministry the humanitarian instincts which governed his entire life, and they exhibit also how he anticipated schemes now in operation for the benefit of the poor and unfortunate.

Though Channing was eminently of a spiritual disposition, it is a singular fact that instead of being absorbed in a devotional frame of mind, practically all his concern was for the well-being of his fellowmen in the present life — for their prosperity, materially and intellectually, as well as religiously. In this work he was tireless, never wavering; though handicapped by ill health, ever projecting new plans and oppressed by the feeling that only a small portion of his message had been communicated; ever watching, waiting, hoping for a better day for humanity.

This ardent love of men and desire for their welfare was expressive of his leading religious belief: that the Atonement was not for the redemption of the soul absolutely, but was designed to be the "quickener of heroic virtue" and not a "substitute for it." From this idea he derived a determination to occupy his talents in labors of reform and humanitarianism, thus

placing himself in opposition to the generally prevailing theological view, and constituting the man here and now, in all his conditions and relations, as more to be considered and helped than in exclusively preparing him for Heaven, being of the opinion that Paradise is gained largely as men fulfill their obligations to their fellows here and in this life.

Channing was one of the distinguished line of humanists, who from the day of Socrates, have asserted the preeminent value and dignity of man as man and who have labored to advance the race in mind, body and soul. He was, indeed, the pioneer in America of a great and neglected department of thought and enterprise: philanthropy, as associated with the religious sanction and dependent upon it for its fullest development. Many in this country had championed philanthropic principles and projects in a merely fraternal spirit, but it remained for Channing to teach with fervid eloquence and literary grace that the privilege and concern of Christians was to cultivate this field as a religious duty. He opened the way for the Transcendentalists and their great teacher, Emerson, with whom he sustained friendly relations and to whom he afforded

important hints which were employed by that prophet of the Brook Farm cult.

Concerning the extent to which we are indebted to Channing for the advances made since his day in reform and philanthropy, we have no way of determining definitely what his influence has been,— it can be computed no better than the refreshing power of the dew and rain of heaven; but we may be assured that the teachings which were breathed into the world from his sanctified and persuasive personality are being to this day communicated and recommunicated throughout the world. While his name has become almost wholly disconnected from the ideas which he introduced or advanced, their influence has been infinitely multiplied.

Channing's ministry preceded and fell within the bounds of that greatest of all philanthropic periods,— the middle third of the nineteenth century. And it is interesting to speculate on the extent to which his labors contributed to the developments in this pregnant space of time, which saw the curse of slavery rid from practically the entire civilized world and beheld many public wrongs abolished and numerous beneficial institutions and inventions introduced. With

these movements, and all the reforms realized in the period referred to, he was in enthusiastic accord and he advocated them, either definitely or in the general spirit of his work.

As stated by himself in the introduction to his works, Channing's most prominent principles were, "First: A high estimate of human nature;" Second: "A reverence for liberty, for human rights;" and Third: Opposition to war, which he looked upon "with a horror which no words can express."

These were the ideas which were uppermost in his mind and which repeatedly recur in a multitude of phases, for the author was obsessed with these germinal conceptions of his religious and philanthropic teachings. All his reasonings and persuasions are baptized and beautified with fervent piety and unwavering faith in God and man, and by a reverent love of the race.

In no other portion of his works, perhaps, are his wonderful gifts as a pleader for humanity so adequately exhibited as in his "Remarks on the Character and Writings of Fenelon." The great French divine, a man remarkable for piety, refinement and love for humanity, was greatly admired by Channing and he professed to make

him his model; accordingly, this essay has the quality of a work of love, having in it many magnificent and beautiful passages wherein the author shows to the best advantage, both as to his thoughts and as regards his literary qualifications. His principal biographer, William H. Channing, a nephew, says: "It is in the notice of Fenelon, however, that what is most characteristic of Dr. Channing appeared. In countless little strokes and touches throughout that paper, he sketched his own likeness with a fidelity which no second hand will ever rival; and the almost angelic ideal of piety there given was an unconscious portrait of the beauty of his own holiness."

Channing began his ministry as pastor of the Federal Street Congregational church, Boston, an obscure and small society worshiping in an unattractive building. The edifice, however, enjoyed an honorable history, for in it the State convention which ratified the national constitution met in 1788, the church and street deriving their names from that event. The young minister had declined an invitation to become the pastor of a larger society in Boston, feeling that his condition of health was unequal to the task. But so gifted did he prove as a preacher that

large numbers were soon drawn to his little church, making it necessary in a few years to erect a large building for the accommodation of the many who came to hear him. Of this church Channing remained the pastor till his death in 1842. From the beginning of his ministry his sermons were characterized by the element that he made prominent throughout his career: the removal of religious truth from the closet and the sect and from the exclusive individual profit of the communicant, and the carrying of it into action in the common affairs of life for the benefit of all the people in every walk and every occupation.

At this time Boston was a city of only 25,000 population, its streets paved with cobble stones and lighted with oil lamps. The social and religious atmosphere of the place was cold, conservative and puritanical, in which the humane and hopeful teachings of Channing came as a light in the darkness; as a new evangel come down to delight and instruct the earth. A man in Wisconsin was so carried away with his works that he copied every one of them that he might have them for his own.

In common with all clergymen and literary workers, Channing derived inspirations and germs of thought from the writings of gifted authors. He was a wide and attentive reader upon whom books exerted a profound influence, but into the ideas he gleaned he infused the powers of his own energetic and magnetic personality, so that what before was comparatively raw material emerged from the alembic of his fertile brain and fervent heart as silver and gold and precious gems. For he was a literary artist, one who knew thoroughly the craft of framing, balancing and disposing of sentences, and thus the current of his discourses and essays runs on with the beauty and power of a river of pure delight.

Yet Channing in physical appearance was insignificant, short and diminutive, pale and hollow-cheeked, with dark circles around his eyes, evidencing the permanent ill health which he had contracted in his young manhood from a too great application to a conscientious study of theology. Insomnia, dyspepsia and a variety of nervous complaints were his constant companions, singly or combined. His eyes, however, were a redeeming feature, large, luminous and

expressive, with their "solemn fire," while upon his face when preaching their beamed an expression of unearthly beauty. He was the greatest American preacher of his day, an orator superbly gifted, one who moved deeply all who sat under his pulpit. His preaching has been described as "pure soul uttering itself in thought, clear and strong." The leading feature of his life-teaching was ever present in these rhapsodical sermons; the undertone of a "pervading humanity" could always be discerned. There was in his voice a winning persuasiveness, and in the grace and power of his delivery his congregation forgot the inferior and enfeebled aspect of his physical presence, absorbed in the splendid flow of his eloquence.

There are certain limitations which inhere in the character and works of Channing, which, though they do not detract from his merits, should be mentioned in order that a true estimation of him may be obtained. In all his sermons, addresses and writings there are evident poetic tendencies, and a disposition to deal in generalities and to advocate theories, avoiding logical discussion. He was not a man to engage in the prosaic occupation of the practical reformer and

philanthropist, for he was wanting in that fellow-feeling for the individual and common humanity which leads men into the actual doing of altruistic offices. He was by choice a recluse, preferring to dwell with his books and meditations rather than to mingle in amiable converse with his fellows, and it was only by positive effort that he schooled himself to have a part in social customs. The elements of geniality and humor are strikingly absent from his works, and he seems to soar in too high a sphere of thought and purpose to admit of the ordinary human amenities which are employed by most of those who seek to influence public opinion.

Again, the reader will look in vain through Channing's works for evidences of high scholarship and will find no great profundity of thought, but on every page he will recognize the impress of his wonderfully influential personality and be entranced with the beautiful piety and persuasive leadings of his ideas, all clothed in a literary style which for limpid, refined expression and quiet, unobtrusive energy has no superior in English literature.

But Channing gained more perhaps by his inaptitude than he lost, for as a prophet address-

ing all times and all peoples, his works are stronger by absence of the personal and familiar elements, and by the catholicity and dignity of his writings commend themselves to the more intelligent, to whom they most strongly appeal. As Shelley is the poet's poet, so Channing is the writer's writer, the clergyman's clergyman, and the reformer's reformer.

He died at Bennington, Vt., on Sunday, October 2, 1842. It had been his custom to take vacations of travel that his health might be invigorated, and while on one of these journeys he was taken ill there of typhoid fever and died at the Walloomsac Inn, still a hotel, where he was a guest.

The poet Whittier eulogizes Channing in the following verses:

Not vainly did old poets tell,
  Nor vainly did old genius paint
God's great and crowning miracle,—
  The hero and the saint!

For even in a faithless day
  Can we our sainted ones discern;
And feel while with them on the way,
  Our hearts within us burn.

And thus the common tongue and pen
  Which, world-wide, echo Channing's fame,
As one of Heaven's anointed men,
  Have sanctified his name.

No bars of sect or clime were felt,—
  The Babel strife of tongues had ceased,—
And at one common altar knelt
  The Quaker and the priest.

Where is the victory of the grave?
  What dust upon the spirit lies?
God keeps the sacred life He gave,—
  The prophet never dies!

HONEST JENNY LIND

During Jenny Lind's stay in this country in 1850–52, she became acquainted with Mr. Nathaniel P. Willis, the popular prose writer and poet, and a man of thorough culture, who in several visits to Europe had mingled in the most exclusive society of its capitals. While the Swedish singer was in New York he saw much of her and came to enjoy the favor of her friendship, a boon which he acknowledged by writing and publishing her biography in 1851. Though Willis was an author who aimed generally at merely light and superficial effects, he became deeply impressed not only with Miss Lind's vocal accomplishments, but particularly with the originality and brightness of her intellect and the noble sincerity of her character. She stirred to life within him the deeper and better springs of his nature, and in his book may be read what are perhaps the most discerning, illuminating and satisfying estimations that have been written of the mind and character of this gifted artist. He says: "After once having seen her, the worst

man's heart, we sincerely believe, drops to its knees on hearing but the whisper of her name. * * * Through the angel of rapt music, as through the giver of queenly bounties, is seen honest Jenny Lind."

It has seemed to me as I have studied the life of Jenny Lind, that this word "honest" most happily characterizes the underlying foundation of her wonderful career. Through the space of her preparation, beginning at the age of nine years, she was a diligent student of the arts of singing and acting, ever striving to attain to her ideal and surmounting with admirable courage every obstacle, until she stood at the head of her profession. And though the things she dealt with were imaginary and artificial, she yet maintained in the glare of fame and in the midst of adulations such as few have ever received, a beautiful simplicity and sincerity of character, and a soul rich in goodness and abounding charity. She despised sham and pretense, cared not for the superficial and transitory street demonstrations, but preferred the quiet of seclusion and the few tried ones from whom she might derive sympathy and strength. She made a wonderful name for herself, but she honestly earned

it by years of toil and labors that were never remitted. Every performance was prepared for with anxious care; on every occasion she gave the best that she had; and, better than all, she threw into her work her own sincere and unique individuality, so that in her singing there breathed out over the silent multitude something strangely moving, and which her listeners never forgot.

It was because she was honest that she abandoned the stage in the zenith of her fame and with wealth flowing abundantly into her coffers; for she heard the call of her womanly heart, of the home and the domestic side of her nature, and though she did not consider the stage unworthy of her, she felt that, with all its fever of excitement and nights of fiction, it was dragging her away from nature and nature's God. She forfeited much — the magnificence, the romance, the golden store and the glorious applause — but she gained the peace she had so long coveted, and the quiet fireside of home, and the independent life. Though the art world was disappointed and in some instances censorious because of her decision, the people realized the worthiness of it and accorded her their unlimited

love and honor; and, while she sang no more in the great operas, the lullabies for her children were perhaps a more soul-satisfying employment, and their cooing voices sweeter than any applause of thousands. She had been honest with herself, and honesty had its reward.

The life-story of Jenny Lind is one of the most fascinating in the literature of biography. She was born in Stockholm, Sweden, October 6, 1820. Her father, Niclas Jonas Lind, was a man of amiable disposition, fond of music of a popular and convivial nature, and derived a moderate income from the teaching of languages and service as an accountant. Her mother was a woman of decision of character who aided in the support of the family by keeping a day-school for girls. Niclas Lind was but twenty-two years of age when Jenny was born to him, which in a measure accounts, perhaps, for the straits into which his family came, Jenny being sent while a babe to be cared for by a household located fifteen miles out of town, where she remained for three years. It is said that at the age of twenty months she was able to sing the airs of the songs of Sweden. Though her remembrance of this experience in the country must have been very

indistinct, she throughout her career was fond of pastoral life and rural people, particularly delighting in birds, to which she would listen for hours and observe attentively. In her years of maturity she said: "I sing after no one's method — only as far as I am able, after that of the birds; for their Master was the only one who came up to my demands for truth, clearness and expression." Apropos of her love of birds: In the summer of 1851, Jenny having sung in Utica, New York, improved the opportunity of visiting Trenton Falls, not many miles from the city and then a famed place of resort. The following episode of the trip is given by George William Curtis, he having heard it from a boy who rode with the driver:

"As we came back we passed a little wood, and Jenny stopped the carriage and stepped out with the rest of the party and went into the wood. It was toward sunset and the wood was beautiful. She walked about a little and picked up flowers, and sang like to herself as if it were pleasant. By-and-by she sat down upon a rock and began to sing aloud. But before she stopped a little bird came and sat upon a bough close by us. And when Jenny Lind had done, he began to sing and shout away like she did. While he was singing she looked delighted, and when he stopped she sang again, and oh! it was beautiful,

sir. But the little bird wouldn't give it up, and he sang again, but not until she had done. Then Jenny Lind sang as well as ever she could. Her voice seemed to fill the woods all up with music, and when it was over, the little bird was still awhile, but tried it again in a few moments. He couldn't do it, sir. He sang very bad, and then the foreign gentleman with Jenny laughed, and they all came back to the carriage."

To her dying day she was a lover of birds, whose songs she strove to equal, and to whom, perhaps, was due her famous "shake," and the compass and facility of her glorious voice, which made her known throughout Europe and America as "The Swedish Nightingale." The lark was her emblem and his image was carved over the door of her home.

At three years of age Jenny astonished her family by drumming on the piano the fanfare that she had heard from the military bugler in the street, and at nine her vocal abilities led to her being accepted as a pupil in the school of music connected with the Royal Theater of Stockholm. The Linds were Lutherans, and though in needy circumstances, had scruples about granting their child to the care of the theater, which in effect dedicated her to a life on

the boards; but when the mother and little daughter were ascending the broad steps of the playhouse, and the former hesitated and seemed ready to turn back, Jenny tugged at her hand and led her on. Her trial proving satisfactory she was accepted by the director of the theater, who agreed to provide instruction in singing and acting, equip her with a liberal education and assume the expense of her maintenance in the home of her parents. The years of her childhood, however, were unhappy, owing to the irregularity of the domestic fortunes of her father and mother; she was much alone, left to entertain herself as best she could, employing many of the long hours in singing, a diversion she practiced at "every step." Indeed, it was while she was singing beautifully to her cat that she attracted the attention of a maid employed by a dancer in the theater — an humble beginning that yet led to her introduction to that institution and to all her future career.

She was ever a diligent student, and so faithful was she now that she made good advancement in voice culture and dramatic art, piano, French, drawing, etc., and became eventually liberally educated and accomplished, particularly profi-

cient as a pianist, which skill in after years was admired when she would frequently sing in private recitals, playing her own accompaniments. At the age of seventeen, having appeared many times since her tenth year on the stage and in private parlors, gaining considerable recognition, she was assigned the role of *Alice* in the opera of " Robert de Normandie," in which character her singing won for her an increased admiration. On March 7th of the following year, (1838) occurred one of the greatest events of her life, her appearance as *Agatha* in the opera " Freischutz," a character which had for some time deeply appealed to her and to which she had devoted careful study, hoping that sometime she might have the opportunity of representing it on the stage. It was revealed to her at the rehearsal that her rendering was effective for professional auditors, when the orchestra laid down their instruments and applauded her, but it remained for the open performance to show that she had become an artist of superior ability, for the audience accorded her an ovation. This was the first revelation that Jenny had experienced of the wonderful gifts which she possessed; to use her own expression, " I had found my power.

* * * I arose in the morning one creature, and I went to bed another." Stockholm, the people said, had never enjoyed such a demonstration of dramatic and lyric genius as had been given them by the girl that had been born and bred in their very midst. Steadily advancing, at the age of twenty she was appointed court singer of the Royal Theater of Stockholm and offered an engagement of three years at a stated salary; but feeling the promptings of genius for a yet higher attainment in her art, she resolved to decline the proposition and seek the instructions of Signor Garcia, of Paris, the vocal teacher of the century.

In order to obtain funds to defray the expense of a year's training she made a concert tour, accompanied by her father, and with the proceeds went to Paris in the summer of 1841. On her first trial before the great maestro she failed pitifully, owing to the fatigue of her voice and the nervousness with which she was ever beset when venturing on important occasions. Her voice was lost, he told her with cruel frankness, and that it would be useless to attempt to do anything for her; but Jenny pleaded tearfully for another trial, and Signor Garcia, sympathizing with her grief and disappointment, consented to

hear her again after a protracted rest for her voice. At the end of the specified time she came again and was accepted as a pupil. Though she had gained a national fame in Sweden, she was ignorant of the refined technicalities of her art which the maestro had to communicate, but during a course of lessons extending through a period of ten months, she acquired by diligent application all that he had to teach her. While in Paris she met Meyerbeer, who was pleased with her singing and remained her friend to aid her in the upward path she was taking to a higher distinction. Her friends in Paris considered a while the proposition that she should sing in the Grand Opera House of that city, and a trial was made of her powers in the vacant and unlighted auditorium, with Meyerbeer and a few others present; but though her performance, notwithstanding her nervous apprehension was brilliant, it was deemed prudent, owing to the jealousy which her public appearance would excite, to abandon the venture. She never sang publicly in Paris, although after her European fame had been established she had proposals from that capital, for the reason that she believed that her personality and singing, which appealed

primarily to the better impulses and higher sentiments, would not be appreciated and sustained in that metropolis. "The more I think of it," she says, "the more I am convinced that I am not for Paris, nor Paris for me."

She returned to Stockholm in August, 1842, where she appeared in a number of performances and astonished the city with the improvement she had made. Her voice, which was a brilliant soprano, had developed in power, clearness and sympathy, with a magnetic individuality which rendered it irresistible. Her compass was from B below the staff, to G on the fourth line above, a range of two and five-eighths octaves, and throughout these limits her voice control was perfect, the high notes being rendered in the same rich, full tones as those of the lower. By nature her voice was not flexible, but by incessant practice she achieved a phenomenal elasticity which was a marked feature of her artistic skill, being able to accomplish all transitions with ease and certainty. Every note was clear and precise, and every syllable, irrespective of what language she might be singing, was plainly enunciated, while her breathing had been so carefully trained that she was able to take brief and frequent

inhalations unobserved by the audience and to pour out melody with apparently no exertion. A rule that she had set for herself was to appear always of a pleasant countenance and to avoid contortions of the features, which precautions, together with her almost divinely transfigured face as it responded to the varying sentiments of her themes, constituted her a singer of unbounded popularity.

Copenhagen now invited her, and though accepting with characteristic dread, she charmed the people and won their hearts. While here she devoted herself for the first to that work of charity which she ever after cultivated, by giving a benefit performance in aid of unfortunate children. She was moved by the success of her effort, and exclaimed tearfully: "It is beautiful that I can sing so!" She appreciated the value of her lyric gift and meditated upon it daily, considering that she should employ it well, as another day might not be granted for its beneficent exercise.

The rise of Jenny Lind from now on was phenomenal in its rapidity as she went from city to city, until her fame was heard in every part of Europe. Not only did she gain public renown,

but individuals of all ranks of society, having met her, were warm in her commendation, while crowned heads and men and women of the highest distinction were proud to be numbered among her acquaintances and friends. Musical composers of the highest rank were loud in her praise and delighted to indite lyrical works for her rendering, Mendelssohn being particularly devoted to her as a woman of rare personality and as an artist of astonishing gifts. The two were mutually attracted through the harmony of their musical and aesthetic tastes, and would sit for hours conversing upon the topics in which they were so deeply interested. His death in 1847 fell as a heavy calamity upon the sensitive soul of Jenny, and for the space of two years she was unable to sing his songs on account of the sorrow that would overwhelm her when she would attempt to render them. He had been the most helpful and highly valued of her friends and had said of her: "I have never in my life met so noble, so true and real an art nature as Jenny Lind is. I have never found natural gifts, study and sympathetic warmth united in such a degree; and although one or other quality may have appeared more prominently in this or

the other case, I do not believe that they have ever been found united in such potency. * * * There will not be born in a whole century another being so gifted as she."

In 1844, through Meyerbeer's influence, she was called to Berlin, and after appearing for a time in secondary operatic roles she leapt suddenly into high favor by her rendering of the character of *Alice,* in "Robert de Normandie," thus displacing the reigning prima donna and singing leading parts from thence to the close of her engagement. Two years later she sang in Vienna, winning a signal triumph at her first appearance in "Norma," and was called before the curtain sixteen times, though the event had been preceded by three days of tortuous apprehension. This is one of the many indications which may be found along the path of her career,—that in the midst of her dazzling success she never lost the simplicity and childlikeness of her original nature; and hence, the wandering among strangers and the continual excitement and the toil of preparation had become a weariness, and she longed to escape from it all and dwell in peace and quietness. As early as the Berlin engagement she had resolved to retire

from the stage, and this purpose is several times expressed in her letters. She wrote on December 1, 1845: "I have the old homesickness all the same! And my only wish is to get into quietude away from the stage. And a year hence I go home, and remain at home, my friends! Ah! how I shall enjoy life! Ah! peace is the best that there is!"

The secret of this aversion to the stage may be found in the noble nature of this extraordinary woman, whose modesty was embarrassed by the professional aspects of a prima donna's career;—the furore, the flaunting publicity, and the merchandising of her art. She was, indeed, greater than her singing, over which there ever presided and in which there ever mingled, a soul of uncommon intellectual gifts, of deep and fervent religious convictions, and all combined with a simple and childlike nature which no plaudits of renown were ever able to displace. Her songs were the beautiful pinions upon which the soul of Jenny Lind flew to the bosom of every listener, making there its nest, while the auditor felt struggling to life within him an angel which had never been known to exist.

In person she was beneath the average height; five feet, three and one-half inches, with a slight, symmetrical frame, and finely molded hands and arms. Her features were plain, nose wide, with thin nostrils, blue "dove-like" eyes, pale complexion and blonde hair. Her countenance is said to have been remarkably responsive to every shade of thought, taking on every changing emotion from mirth to grief and assuming under the inspiration of her themes an almost supernatural beauty. The vocabulary has been well nigh exhausted in attempts to portray the rare mobility of the countenance of Jenny Lind: "Delicious transformations;" "full of animation;" "ever-changing mirror of the soul;" "illumination from within;" "transfigured in singing, and her face shone as an angel's." Her nature was, indeed, a strange blending of many elements, resulting in a unique and charming personality which alone constituted her a woman of uncommon attractiveness, and there were those who esteemed it a greater pleasure to meet her and hear her converse than to listen to her singing. Though of a happy disposition, she was acquainted with that undefined sense of sadness so frequent among those of gifted parts, and

wrote: " When I am alone, you have no idea how different I am — so happy; and yet so melancholy that the tears are rolling down my cheeks unceasingly."

Wherever she appeared in the cities of Europe, this quiet and retiring woman created enthusiasm through the sheer force of her admirable personality, reinforced by her artistic singing. The sedate English people proved no exception when she first sang in London in 1847, the populace becoming almost ridiculous in the exhibition of their devotion; for, as some one has said, the Englishman likes to have his art manifested in flesh and blood, and that was peculiarly Jenny's forte; she exemplified the highest range of artistic excellence, and associated it at the same time with her lovable, unique and honest nature. They understood her from the hour she came upon the boards of the theater, and from the Queen to the common people, among whom her name became a household word, all cherished her more deeply than in any other land she had visited except her own country. In London she appeared eighty-one times, more than in any other city except Stockholm, and here occurred the great event of her life, her retirement from

the stage at the full tide of her fame, on May 10, 1849. England she made the home of her adoption; there she died, and there she was buried. She was called by the Germans, "The Priestess of Art;" but the English, and afterwards the American people characterized her as, "The Priestess of Nature." She responded gladly to the overtures of these two nations, while the religious consecration of England, contrasting so markedly with the continent, made a deep impression upon her and led her to the study of the English musical specialty, the oratorio, to the singing of which she had been encouraged by Mendelssohn.

Before turning for the time being from her English experiences, I would dwell a moment upon her private life in London for a period of two years, prior to her leaving the stage. She made her home during this time in a residence in the outskirts of the city, which she had leased furnished, and with the accessories of servants and coachman. Upon the family of the latter she bestowed much attention, caring for the baby and teaching the older children. While ladies of the nobility would have been delighted to enjoy her hospitality, she would be with the coachman's children

in the haymow, which was her favorite resort, delighting herself with this humble employment rather than in listening to empty words of praise and idol-worship as a prima donna. While absent and singing in the cities of the kingdom, she wrote daily letters to this family, which were expressed " with a tenderness of broken English which was as touching as it was curious," evidencing the lowly simplicity and the unaffected goodness of Jenny Lind. It was in a sense her home, and that word in her wanderings and loneliness had become precious, and it is significant of this state of mind that her encore was frequently, " Sweet Home."

Another interesting feature of this period was her engagement in 1848 to Captain Claudius Harris, serving in the army of India. He followed her from city to city in her tours, and there came to be a strong attachment between the two. Jenny seems to have been delighted with the prospect and said she desired to live quietly thereafter and " to be near trees, and water, and a cathedral. I am tired, body and soul; but my soul most!" But the engagement was abandoned on account of her refusal to agree to the proposition of Captain Harris to forego singing in

public and to make him the custodian of her income. The decision was creditable, but the affair left a deep sadness upon her. She wrote: "It has passed over my soul like a beneficent storm which has broken down all the hard shell of my being, and has set free many dear plants to find their way to the dear sun! So that now I am always clothed in green like the fairest hope! And I see quite clearly how infinitely much there is for me to do with my life; and I have only one prayer, that I may yet live long, and that in the evening of my life I may be able to show a pure soul to God."

Having been engaged by Mr. P. T. Barnum to give one hundred and fifty concerts in the United States at one thousand dollars an appearance, Jenny Lind arrived at New York on Sunday, September 1, 1850. America at that time was considered by Europe as decidedly provincial; art and music had been but little cultivated, while literature, led by Irving, Bryant and Cooper, was but beginning to attract foreign attention. The people, immersed in the tide of practical affairs incident to the development of a new country, were for the most part unacquainted with aesthetics, and outside of musical and editorial

circles, had scarcely heard of Jenny Lind. Mr. Barnum, however, had laid himself under obligations to the extent of $187,500, deposited with London bankers and subject to the order of Miss Lind, though financiers of New York believed that he had involved himself in bankruptcy. But convinced by his keen discernment that Jenny's gift of song, with her nobility of character and munificent charities, would render her popular, Mr. Barnum inaugurated an elaborate and extended campaign of advertising, for which a long experience in the entertainment business had made him an expert. No foreign celebrity, moreover, in the flush of fame had heretofore considered it worth while to appear before American audiences, a fact which operated to awaken interest in Jenny, who in her democratic and generous spirit, had glady embraced the opportunity of coming among us, and had declared that the proceeds of the tour should be devoted to charitable purposes.

Her first appearance, at Castle Garden, New York, September 11, 1850, was a great artistic and financial success; the most notable musical event that has ever occurred in this country, and it marked the beginning here of Jenny's munifi-

cent gifts to charity. Her share of the net proceeds of the first New York concert, $10,000, went to twelve of such institutions in that city, as also did her proportion of the second. When she was led to the foot-lights on that perhaps most momentous night of her career, she beheld the largest audience before whom she had ever appeared;— five thousand refined and appreciative people, eager to behold and hear the famous prima donna who had won so great distinction throughout Europe; but what was their astonishment to see before them, instead of the stately and elaborately appareled person whom they had imagined, merely a pleasant-faced Swedish young woman, clad in simple white with a rose in her flaxen hair, and plainly agitated by the tremendous ovation which greeted her. "Casta Diva," a selection from the opera of "Norma," was her theme, and though the opening notes were somewhat unsteady, she soon recovered herself and poured forth such wonderful rendering that the audience was carried away with enthusiasm, and ere the final passage had been completed, burst forth unrestrained and drowned out her closing notes in wild applause. Never has Castle Garden in its long and diversified career as Fort Clinton,

auditorium, immigration station and aquarium, its present use, sheltered in its old walls so interesting and famous an event as when Jenny Lind with her angelic voice breathed for the first time on the American people the highest excellence of song. The musical critic of The Tribune said: "The charm lay not in any point, but rather in the inspired vitality, the hearty, genuine outpouring of the whole — the real and yet truly ideal humanity of her singing. . . . We have never heard tones that in their sweetness went so far. They brought the most distant and ill-seated auditor close to her." Daniel Webster, who was sitting in the middle of the front row of the balcony seems, however, not to have been much impressed and said, "Why doesn't she sing some of the mountain songs of her own land?" An usher, hearing the remark, carried the word behind the stage, and Jennie responded with one of the native, wild songs with which she had been familiar from childhood. Mr. Webster was visibly affected, and when the great singer had acknowledged the applause, she bowed especially to him, upon which the grand old colossus of American oratory arose and returned the compli-

ment with all the grace and dignity which he alone could command.

Mr. Barnum has given in his autobiography an interesting account of his associations with Jenny Lind in New York, at his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and during the tour to Havana, and eastern and southern cities of the country, and has left on record more really illuminative incidents connected with her than I have found in all other sources. Her charities were on a grand scale;—benefit performances in many cities, and princely gifts to associations and individuals; $5,000 to a schoolmate living in Brooklyn, to whose home she drove on two different occasions. Called upon by a Swedish domestic, she entertained her a long time, took her to the concert where she sang and sent her home in a carriage; at New Orleans, learning that a blind boy had come many miles to hear her, his expenses having been defrayed by a subscription that the young flute player might have his desire, she invited him to her rooms, sang for him, accompanied him to her concerts and shared with him the contents of her purse. Her manner was animated and cheerful and she was fond of a

joke, when "her rich, musical voice would be heard ringing through the house."

Mr. Barnum gives a dramatic description of her experience and well-earned triumph before her first Havana audience which, on account of the high prices of admission, hissed her as she came forward on the stage. Jenny, who as usual in first appearances was tremulous, immediately assumed a self-possessed and queenly attitude, and began singing in the most brilliant and beautiful manner of which she was capable, until the hostile house was lost in admiration and broke forth unanimously in splendid applause. Mr. Barnum says: "I cannot express what my feelings were as I watched this scene from the dress circle. Poor Jenny! I deeply sympathized with her when I heard that hiss. I, indeed, observed the resolute bearing which she assumed, but was apprehensive of the result. When I witnessed her triumph I could not restrain the tears of joy that rolled down my cheeks, and rushing through a private box I reached the stage just as she was withdrawing after the fifth encore. 'God bless you, Jenny, you have settled them!' I exclaimed. 'Are you satisfied?' said she, throwing her arms around my neck. She, too, was crying with joy,

and never before did she look so beautiful in my eyes as on that evening."

After the company returned from the South and were giving a series of concerts in New York City, certain meddlesome parties renewed their attempts to induce Miss Lind to endeavor to obtain from Mr. Barnum financial concessions, although before leaving the city on the tour he had liberally granted all she asked, as the returns from the concerts were much larger than had been anticipated. Mr. Barnum, rather than interrupt the amicable relations that had existed between them, at the ninety-third performance, which was given in Philadelphia, retired as manager, he having granted Miss Lind in the beginning the privilege of cancelling the contract for a consideration, at the one hundredth concert, which she had notified him that she would do. He continued, however, to maintain friendly relations with her, convinced that the unfortunate friction was due wholly to outside influences. But I learn from other sources that Jenny had limitations in the management of practical affairs, was of impulsive temper and immature judgment, and given to entertaining unwarrantably severe estimations of conduct; but these shortcomings,

which she was free to acknowledge, have been in almost every volume passed over by her biographers, and have been dissolved and forgotten in the radiance of her artistic genius and inherent worth.

The funds which she derived from her concerts here went entirely for charitable and educational purposes in Sweden and England. It is believed that she gave away during her life a half million of dollars. The gross receipts from the concerts given under Mr. Barnum's management were $712,161, of which the net income to Miss Lind was $176,675 and to Mr. Barnum, $350,000, the latter sum a not unreasonable proportion considering the risk he assumed and the labor he expended. Under her own management Miss Lind gave several concerts, but lacking the aid of Mr. Barnum's genius and popularity as a manager, she seems not to have been very successful and admitted to him that she had been imposed upon in her dealings on the road. She had been joined in May, 1851, by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, of Hamburg, son of a wealthy merchant of that city, and through the remainder of her concerts he served as her accompanist. They had been associated in musical pursuits in Europe, and

having congenial tastes and being devotedly attached, they were married in Boston on February 5, 1852, and not long after sailed for Europe. Having made their home for five years in Dresden, in 1858 the family settled permanently in England, making their residence in London, with a summer cottage in the Malvern Hills. She found peace and delight in her domestic life, and her children were a source of joy unspeakable, so that her time after her marriage was not considerably employed with concert work. She died resignedly after a lingering illness, passing away midst the rural scenes she loved, at her cottage, on November 2, 1887, rounding out a life of extraordinary success and usefulness, and maintaining to the last the magic sweetness of her voice and the lovable and noble traits of her character.

Concerning Jenny Lind, while I read on and on, volume after volume, I became obsessed with the charm of her personality and genius, and wondered if in the midst of all her wealth and distinction she had forgotten the United States, the people of which had so idolized her in the years that were gone. And one day I found it recorded that at her death the Queen of England had sent a wreath of white flowers, and following

the statement of this royal acknowledgment of regard was the assurance that I had so greatly missed; it was remarked that " in accordance with her oft-expressed desire, the patch-work quilt, which the children of the United States gave her, was buried with her." Words cannot convey the emotion of gratitude which swept over me when I read this beautiful testimonial of her remembrance of our shores and our people; it was as if the gulf of the years had been bridged and Jenny Lind, with her " heavenly smile " and warm handclasp had visited me; and it is a cherished thought that today her dust is infolded by the gift of a land that loved her in life, and to which she was true in her death.

Thus have I plucked a few sprays from the evergreens that flourish along the path of " The Swedish Nightingale," and having arranged them as best I could in a wreath, I place it now upon the shrine of " Honest Jenny Lind."

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Comparatively few people are acquainted in any manner with the life of Stephen C. Foster, and fewer still would be willing to admit that he was more than a mere writer of popular songs, and hence esteem him entitled to no great consideration. The ingratitude of the public concerning their song writers is remarkable; the song lives on, but the composer is generally forgotten, living and dying without honor and in many cases in obscurity and poverty. Such was the experience of Foster, though he was preeminently the greatest of American song writers.

Though his art was simple in its poetic phrase and musical construction, it was profound in its psychological, unexplainable elements which the greatest of lyric geniuses might in vain attempt to imitate, and it ever exercises a masterful influence upon the race. It has been said that his melodies are adaptations of the old psalm and hymn tunes, perfectly moulded into simple words and brought into sentimental contact with the actual life of ordinary humanity. This accounts,

if true, for the semi-religious atmosphere which inheres in the best and most lasting of his songs — and indefinably pure and sacred element which compels the attention and soothes the mind and chastens the heart, universally.

From these considerations it is apparent that a song writer may become of real political significance and testify through his work for the saying, that the songs of a nation have a greater efficacy than its laws, and it requires but a brief study of Foster's life and times to discover that though unconsciously, he was in his day an important factor in the fashioning of public policies and events. In the hour of his nativity, at Allegheny, Pa., on July 4, 1826, a salute was fired at the arsenal celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, and those patriotic reverberations were among the first sounds which came to his infant ears. It was an appropriate demonstration to accompany the ushering into the world of a man who was destined with matchless beauty and pathos to appeal to the common heart of men in behalf of the oppressed in slavery. His influence was indirect, but the deep love and sympathy with which in exquisite song he depicted the homely joys and

the tragic, lingering sorrows of the negro was a powerful aid to the anti-slavery movement. The life of Foster covered practically the years occupied in the rise, development and decadence of that great diversory institution known as negro minstrelsy, and in these universally popular entertainments his songs were sung perennially throughout the country. Foster's work should have a place alongside of Uncle Tom's Cabin, the appearance of which was contemporaneous with the publication of his great negro lyrics.

Stephen Collins Foster was of Irish or Scotch-Irish extraction, his grandfather having emigrated to this country from the north of Ireland. His father, William B. Foster, was a man of prominence not only in Allegheny where he had served as mayor, but he had been a member of the Legislature and had occupied other places of trust and honor. Stephen's mother, Eliza Clayland Tomlinson, was a descendant of the Claylands, a family of note, which had dwelt in Maryland from the earliest colonial times, and in that State she had been reared. The boy grew up midst pleasant and affluent surroundings, the home having been a mansion in the suburbs of Pittsburgh, opposite Allegheny, and command-

ing a view of the Allegheny Valley. Of a retiring disposition and lacking robustness of health, the youth avoided the sports and pastimes popular with boys of his age, and in the privacy of his home or in the woods and fields spent much of his time communing with his own thoughts and in the study of his favorite branches. He early evinced a taste and capacity for music, and at the age of seven years for the first time seeing a flageolet, was able in a few moments to play the familiar melodies with which he was acquainted. While attending school at Athens, Ohio, he wrote his first musical composition, *The Tioga Waltz*, and arranged it for four flutes. The piece was played at the public exercises of the seminary, the author having the first flute for his part. At this time Foster was but thirteen years of age.

It was for the larger part to self instruction that he owed his education, and in this manner he acquired a good knowledge of German and French, became proficient on the piano, flute, guitar and banjo, studying carefully the works of the great masters. Among his accomplishments was an ability as an artist in water colors, which he seems not to have much cultivated. An amusing story is told of him in this connection. When

his song, Oh! Willie, We Have Missed You, was in course of publication, he drew a picture for the title page and submitted it to the printer, who, after examining it exclaimed, "Oh! another comic song!" This experience permanently dampened his aspirations to shine as an artist.

At the age of seventeen Foster went to Cincinnati and was employed three years in the office of his brother, rendering satisfactory service but never forgetting his great passion and applying himself to musical composition in his leisure hours. But it was not until his return to Allegheny that he scored his first real success in his chosen art, though his first song, Open Thy Lattice, Love, had been brought out two years previous by a Baltimore publisher. About the year 1844 he composed a song entitled, Louisiana Belle, which became immediately popular throughout Pittsburgh, and this pronounced success encouraged him to introduce the ballads, Uncle Ned and O Susanna! both of which had an even greater appreciation, extending to distant places, until a publisher asked the privilege of printing the songs, offering a fair compensation. O Susanna brought the author $100, and from this success and favorable introduction

Foster embarked upon his successful career as a song writer.

Foster was of an affectionate, tender-hearted disposition, deeply sentimental and with a capacity for strong and lasting attachments. Towards his father and mother he cherished an uncommon devotion, and the death of the latter cast upon his mind a shade of melancholy which is reflected in his later songs and from which he was never able to recover. He formed in his youthful years an undying attachment to Miss Jane D. McDowell, daughter of Dr. McDowell, of Pittsburgh, and they were married on the 22d of July, 1850. He ever manifested a beautiful affection for his wife and his daughter Marian, his only child. In ten of his songs may be found the Christian name of his wife, " Jennie," and in one of them she is but thinly disguised under the phrase, " Little Jennie Dow." Foster averred that it was Jennie McDowell who awoke in his soul the latent gift of song, and his favorite among his many compositions was, Jennie's Coming O'er the Green, as it reminded him of the happy days when he began to delight in her above all others. Their married life, though having a happy beginning, was very sad in the closing period of Foster's

career, for during the last three years, which he spent in New York, he was without his family, a partial separation having taken place, though a correspondence was maintained between husband and wife. He never could be drawn into expressing himself upon this subject, but the cause of the alienation was probably his convivial habits, which grew upon him and led him at last into a semi-vagabond existence. Opening a letter, he was observed to be in tears, the cause having been the words of his wife and the picture, with the missive, of his little daughter, and in a broken voice he expressed his grief that he was so unworthy of those for whom he cherished so deep an affection. Foster struggled heroically with his besetting habit but in vain, and with clouding genius and tarnished character he went the downward way.

His songs had enormous sales, those of The Old Folks at Home or The Suwannee River having reached more than a half million copies, with his royalties upon it amounting to $15,000, while E. P. Cristy, of Cristy's Minstrels, gave him $500 for having his name appear on the title page of one edition of the song. His other most popular songs enjoyed sales of from 75,000 to 150,000

copies. He was a prolific song writer, his compositions having aggregated 150 titles or more, about one-fourth of which were negro ballads. Not only did his songs spread to all parts of the world to be translated into the leading languages and to be cherished by the commonalty, but they have been rendered to delighted audiences of the highest culture by the master vocal artists from Jenny Lind to the present. Ole Bull and other musicians of distinction knew and loved him, and gladly taking his melodies elaborated and adorned them with their matchless art, while Washington Irving and other literary lights wrote him letters of commendation and congratulation.

The circumstances and surroundings connected with his death were sad and deplorable. He was rooming at the American House, a cheap hotel, and from a fall there sustained a wound which bled so freely that he died a few days after the accident on January 13, 1864. His wife and brother had been informed of his critical condition, but he died before their arrival. Having been under treatment in a common ward of Bellevue Hospital and being unidentified, his body was taken to the morgue; but loving hands soon took his remains, and the devoted wife and the affectionate brother

went with him to his native city. A significant fact connected with this sad journey was that the railroad company refused to accept pay for the transportation of Foster's body, a pathetic and eloquent expression of the regard in which he was generally held. At Pittsburgh, in Trinity Church, appropriate and impressive services were held, and many came to look at the face of their former townsman, concerning whom it was then said: "As he lay in the casket he was easily recognizable and there could be seen in him nothing but what was beautiful and good." Several of his sweetest melodies were played as his body was laid to rest in the Allegheny Cemetery beside his father and mother.

Foster has been called "a wild briar rose of music," a characterization which is not entirely correct; for while his songs are simple both as to words and melody — he wrote both for the larger part of his ballads — there is a deep and controlling art in the best of his work. This ability was, of course, a gift, a spontaneous, inspirational capacity, but it was governed and directed by an expert knowledge of music and was cultivated and developed by hard study and laborious effort in composition. In an upper

room, isolated and heavily carpeted and with the passage leading to it treated in the same manner, alone with his piano he labored in fashioning and polishing his songs. They were not altogether the rapt outpourings of genius, but the result besides of intelligent and painstaking effort.

In person Foster was of slight build, below middle height, but well formed and proportioned; his face, with its high forehead and beautifully expressive eyes, was engaging. His manners were retiring, though he was interesting in conversation when once his confidence was gained. He was lacking in manly pride and dignity, stability of mind and decision of character, which deficiencies with his improvidence made of him the ready companion of undesirable and dissolute persons. Among the poets, he took the greatest delight in Poe and was able to recite much of his verse without effort, so deeply had it impressed itself upon him. It is possible that in Poe he recognized a kindred genius; at least, the similarity of their careers is evident to the close of Foster's life. In order to obtain ideas for his songs he was in the habit of visiting camp meetings where, listening to the strange and fervent hymns, particularly those of the negroes, his poet

soul would be lifted into the realm of lyric invention. Riding in the stages up and down Broadway, New York, was another and singular means which he employed to excite the flow of melodious numbers. During a portion of the later years he had as a boon companion the poet George Cooper, and in collaboration they would compose songs and from the proceeds of the sales of the manuscripts gratify their convivial tastes, the work of composition, the sale and the squandering of the money having been in the case of some songs the experience of a single day. Foster's last words, spoken to the nurse who was about to dress his wound, were: "Oh, wait till tomorrow!"

Though his songs, not only of themselves, but in transcriptions of almost infinite number and variety are pulsating around the earth, the name of Stephen C. Foster is little known and honored. It is not to the credit of his countrymen that no adequate monument stands to his memory, fitly inscribed. Like the career of many another child of genius, his was a sad and an erring one, but we should not neglect to cherish in affectionate and honorable remembrance a man who has done so much to entertain, soothe, sweeten and purify the life of the world.

THE PRIME FAMILY

The lineage of the Primes may be traced by a fairly distinct ascent to the sixteenth century, when during the Spanish persecutions in the Low Countries, Flemish refugees bearing the name emigrated for safety to England. As far back as the year 1179 a chief magistrate of the city of Ypres, Flanders, was of this cognomen and the records reveal that from this time on for five centuries, or till 1680, there were fifteen others of the name who held this honorable position. The annals of London, Norwich and other parts of England disclose the name, though under the various spellings of Pryme, de la Pryme, Priem and Prime, all derived undoubtedly from one original source. The first representative of the family who came to this country was James Prime, a Puritan, who in the year 1638 cast his lot with a group of English colonists at Milford, Conn. It is not possible, however, to demonstrate the positive lineage of the American branch of the family from the Primes of England, though it is morally certain that such a connection exists.

But if a real lineal association does not admit of proof concerning a blood relationship, it is readily seen that the name has ever stood for religious convictions of a positive nature, and of loyal courage, if denied their exercise, to turn their backs upon their native lands and seek their freedom in foreign parts, characteristics which it will be observed further on, members of the American group well exemplified.

James Prime, of Milford, called in the records of that place "Freeman" and "Planter," and who left a large estate the inventory of which may still be read in the records of New Haven county, died in 1685 leaving a son, James Prime, 2d. Making his home at Milford, James Prime, 2d seems to have lived an uneventful life, engaged in the management of his extensive landed estate, a portion of which was located in the township of New Milford, on the Housatonic river, a large tract jointly owned and settled by families of the original town of that name. He was the father of three sons and seven daughters, the names of the former having been James, Joseph and Ebenezer; he died at Milford at the great age of one hundred and three years. It being the purpose of this article to write as exclusively as convenient

of the remarkable family of Rev. Nathaniel Scudder Prime, it is inexpedient to deal with other children of James Prime, 2d, than Ebenezer, through whom the direct line descends to the main subjects of the paper. It might also be said here that the family of Mark Prime, of Rowley, Mass., and his descendants, presumably of the same lineal stock, offers an interesting field for discussion, but it is too remote a branch of the present subject to be entertained at this time.

The third son of James Prime, 2d, Ebenezer, was born at Milford on July 21, 1700, was educated at the institution of learning afterwards called Yale College, prepared for the ministry and was installed in his first pastorate at Huntington, Long Island, at the age of twenty-three years. He is said to have been "a man of sterling character, of powerful intellect, who possessed the reputation of an able and faithful divine." Not long after his settlement at Huntington he purchased a farm conveniently located to his church, which ceased not to be owned and occupied by himself and his direct descendants of the name for a period of more than one hundred and fifty years. The church over which he officiated, which was a Congregational organization, united

during his pastorate with several neighboring communions and together subscribing to the Presbyterian system, formed themselves into the Presbytery of Suffolk, Rev. Ebenezer Prime being chosen to serve as its first moderator. His family, congregation and church edifice suffered severely during the Revolution through the depredations of the British troops, who during the war overran Long Island.

The pulpit and pews were torn from the church and used for fuel, the building was employed as a military store-house and his home as a barracks for the English soldiers, who tore up the books of his library, using them for kindling their fires. Like his Flemish and English Puritan ancestors, he had positive convictions and concerning them refused to keep silence, proclaiming boldly for the cause of the Colonies, which attitude in his seventy-seventh year brought upon him this cruel persecution, so that for the two remaining years of his life he was compelled to minister to his parish as best he could, preaching in their homes and laboring under discouraging and dangerous circumstances. As evidencing the hatred entertained by the British troops for the people of Huntington and the pastor of the Presbyterian

church, they used the gravestones of the cemetery for floors to their ovens, so that the bread baked therein bore upon it in raised letters the epitaphs of the dead, while the officer commanding the troops here gave orders that his tent be set up at the head of the grave of the now departed Pastor, Rev. Ebenezer Prime, so that he might tread on " the — old rebel every time he went in and out."

Benjamin Young Prime, M. D., son of Rev. Ebenezer Prime and his wife, Experience Youngs, was born at Huntington, December 9, 1733. He was graduated with honor in 1751 from the College of New Jersey, (Princeton) studied medicine, finished his professional education in Europe, receiving his medical degree from the University of Leyden, and returning to the United States began the practice of surgery in New York City. He was a ripe scholar, an accomplished linguist, and being very patriotic employed his literary talents in the Revolution to further the cause of the struggling Colonists. Dr. Prime was a poet of considerable distinction and was the author of three books of verse. During the excitement caused by the passage of the Stamp Act he wrote a song for the Sons of Liberty, of New York, which indicates that the old Prime

spirit of independence still fermented in the blood of that family. One stanza reads:

> In story we're told
> How our fathers old
> Braved the rage of the winds and the waves,
> And crossed the deep o'er
> To this desolate shore,
> All because they were loath to be slaves, Brave boys,
> All because they were loath to be slaves.

During the latter years of the life of his father, Dr. Prime made his home with him at Huntington, where he married Mary Wheelwright, widow of Rev. John Greaton of that place. At an early period of the Revolution, when the encroachments of the British began, Dr. Prime and his family were compelled to leave their home and were absent for a period of seven years, till the end of the war. When they returned they found the Prime property sadly dilapidated, but the family silver which Mrs. Prime in haste had placed in a sack and lowered into the well, was safe and intact, though the well had been in use by the British during their absence. Dr. Prime died at Huntington of apoplexy in 1791; his widow, who from her forethought and strategy concerning the silver plate gives a hint as to her

capability, was a practical and energetic woman, and after the death of her husband, coming into the control of the Prime estate, so handled its affairs as to liquidate it from the losses sustained in the Revolution. She died in 1835 at the advanced age of ninety years. Dr. Prime well exemplified the religious, scholarly and literary traits which characterize the Prime family line. An interesting side-light is thrown upon his disposition in the naming of his youngest son, Nathaniel S. Prime, after his friend, Dr. Nathaniel Scudder, who had been his beloved companion in preparatory school, his room-mate in college, and associate in the study of medicine. Dr. Scudder was a man of talent, prominent in public affairs and serving with the Continental army was killed in an action with the British at Shrewsbury, N. J., in 1781.

We have now arrived at the birth of Nathaniel Scudder Prime, D. D., who with his wife and talented five sons and two daughters will be the subjects of the remaining pages of this paper; that which has gone before, though not perhaps without interest, has been but introductory to the lives of the Primes now to be considered; for even the parents of these children and all the

other worthy representatives of the name who have been mentioned would never have figured in biography had not these scions of Nathaniel S. Prime by their lofty characters, unusual piety, profound scholarship and brilliant literary abilities lifted their forbears from the deep sea of obscurity and forgetfulness.

Nathaniel S. Prime was born at Huntington on April 21, 1785; he was a graduate of Princeton, class of 1804; prepared for the ministry and was licensed in 1805 by the Presbytery of Long Island. Having had several years of employment in home missionary work on Long Island and in Connecticut he was ordained at Huntington in 1809, having married in the previous year Julia Ann Jermain, of Sag Harbor, L. I. After preaching two years in Long Island he accepted in 1812 an invitation to a small and weak Presbyterian congregation in the little village of Milton, Saratoga county, N. Y. Up to this time his career had been far from encouraging, with the prospect for a wide usefulness and a liberal livelihood quite unpromising, while the outlook in his new field was not reassuring. The Milton church had no parsonage for their minister, nor were there any accommodations there for his

family; in this embarrassing situation the Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ballston Springs offered to house them temporarily in his commodious dwelling, which generous proposition was gratefully accepted. Here his third child was born to him: Samuel Irenaeus Prime; and during the winter the family removed to Milton, six miles away. His pastorate at this place was of brief duration and in the following year, 1813, receiving a call from the Presbyterian church of Cambridge, Washington county, N. Y., twenty-five miles east of Milton, he accepted, and the farmers of that congregation making a "bee," came over across the Hudson river with their teams and made sure of their Pastor, an eagerness which must have seemed to the worthy minister, so accustomed to the experience of hardness, a delightful occurrence.

Dr. Prime ministered to the church at Cambridge for a period of fifteen years. His congregation was distributed over a wide territory embracing an area of twelve square miles, a beautiful and fertile country in the Cambridge valley, at the border of the Green Mountains, and occupied by an industrious, thrifty and intelligent people. During the latter portion of his resi-

dence here he served, in addition to his pastoral labors, as principal of the Cambridge Academy, which then and for many years after was an educational institution of considerable distinction. He was thus able to indulge his scholarly tastes and abilities, for he was throughout his career deeply enamoured of study, general culture and scientific investigation. His voice and pen were ever unequivocally employed against slavery and intemperance at a time when heroism was required to antagonize these evils, and far beyond the limits of his parish his influence was felt and acknowledged. At that early period clergymen not infrequently indulged too freely in the flowing bowl and they kept wine and liquor conveniently at hand for the regalement of their guests; but Dr. Prime having on a day in 1811 read the epoch-making essay of Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, on the deleterious effects of alcohol, thenceforth ceased to dispense ardent spirits to his callers. He was a versatile and energetic man, interested and active in every movement which promised better advancement for the people, and was an authority on Presbyterian ecclesiastical law and polity; in the official meetings of his denomination he was a marked indi-

viduality both on account of his wide information and for his cordial manners and fine personal appearance; when he addressed his hearers his voice rang out with a clarion tone in which the convictions of the speaker were apparent in the very inflections of his words and in the commanding attitude of his impressive figure. As can easily be imagined, a man of this fearless and uncompromising nature must have aroused opposition, which proved to be the case in his Cambridge parish, and though the great majority of his congregation stood with Dr. Prime, he finally found it expedient to seek occupation in another field. From Cambridge he was called in 1830 to the principalship of Mount Pleasant Academy, Sing Sing, N. Y., where as at his previous home he employed himself also as Minister of the Presbyterian church. Space does not admit of the detailing of his further activities, his contributions to the press and his authorship of three books, viz.: A Collection of Hymns (1809), Christian Baptism (1818), and History of Long Island (1845), the last devoted largely to ecclesiastical annals. He died on the 27th of March, 1856, having spent the day in preparing

a sermon on the text, Love is the fulfilling of the law.

Thus far in this sketch attention has been devoted almost entirely to the fathers of the Primes, which really appears not only ungallant but positively a remission of biographic completeness and accuracy, a criticism, however, that cannot be laid at the door of the present writer, for the reason that the mothers, though an equal portion of their blood flows in the veins of their progeny, have been treated, so far as memorials of them are concerned, as though they were negligible factors. It is appropriate, therefore, that we pause a moment to indite in justice a word of appreciation and praise for Julia Ann Jermain, the wife of Nathaniel S. Prime, and the mother of their distinguished children, and to say of her that she was one of the best and noblest of women, who like many another wife whom history neglects, in the quiet life of the home was perhaps in a greater degree the fashioner of their notable careers than the husband. She was a beautiful and cultivated woman, rich in those graces of mind, heart and character which attract friends and dispense high and lasting influences, which elements are still reflected in the

biographies and books of her children. She died on August 24, 1874, having survived her husband upwards of eighteen years.

We will now give a brief account of the lives of the seven children of Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, taking them up in the order of their births:

Maria Margaretta Prime, who was born at Sag Harbor, L. I., on August 14, 1809, was a precocious child and while under fifteen had translated and committed to writing some of the Greek and Latin classics, finishing her education at the Seminary of Emma Willard, in Troy, N. Y. Beginning at the age of fifteen years she served as assistant to her father in the Cambridge Academy and in 1831 they founded at Sing Sing, N. Y., the Mount Pleasant Female Seminary, in which institution she taught, both there and at Newburgh, N. Y., to which city it was removed in 1835. In the capacity of a teacher she was very influential, having aided several young men while at Cambridge in their preparation for college, and while at Sing Sing and Newburgh young ladies from all parts of the country were in her classes. She was married in 1836 to Mr. A. P. Cumings, who was an editor of the New York Observer, to which paper and to other

periodicals Mrs. Cumings was a contributor. She was a woman of high excellences of character with literary talents of considerable note, having published two books, The Missionary's Daughter, and Memorial of Mrs. Catharine Ann Jermain, of Albany. Her death occurred on December 28, 1905, at her home in Brooklyn, in the ninety-seventh year of her age.

Alanson Jermain Prime, M. D., like all his brothers and sisters, received his early education at Cambridge, where the father as Principal of the Academy was able to personally prepare his older sons for college and to gain the increase of income above his salary as Pastor, whereby he might maintain them there. He was born at Smithtown, L. I., March 12, 1811, was a student at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y., and later studied medicine at Cambridge with Dr. Matthew Stevenson and with Dr. Adrian K. Hoffman, of Sing Sing. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, of New York in 1832, practiced for a brief season in Schenectady, N. Y., and then opened an office at Grand Haven, Mich. Soon after his settlement here he was prostrated with malarial fever and was compelled to return to

the East, where upon his recovery he became Principal of the Newburgh Academy, from which position he after a time resigned and for a year practiced his profession at Plattekill, Ulster county, N. Y. He was married to Miss Ruth Higbie, of Troy, N. Y., in 1836. From 1848 to his death in 1864, he practiced medicine at White Plains, N. Y. He was of a literary and scientific turn of mind, contributing to leading periodicals and with Prof. Emmons, New York State Geologist, in 1845, started a serial which was published at Albany, N. Y., for two years, called the American Quarterly Journal of Agriculture and Science.

Samuel Irenaeus Prime, D. D., had his nativity at Ballston Springs, N. Y., November 4, 1812, while has father was Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Milton, a few miles away, and living temporarily at the former place. When, in the following summer, the family moved to Cambridge, Irenaeus was less than a year old, and hence all his early recollections up to the age of young manhood clustered, and very fondly, around this attractive rural community, concerning which he ever entertained the most loyal and affectionate remembrances, many of which are

beautifully enshrined in his classic book, The Old White Meeting House. On August 29, 1873, the Centennial anniversary of the old town of Cambridge was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies, Dr. Prime being one of the distinguished sons present as a speaker, and near the close of his address he spoke feelingly as follows:

"Alas how many of the youth who were my companions forty years ago are now beyond the centuries in the eternities! How changed the scenes that my heart rejoiced in! The streams in which the trout waited for me, and came out at my invitation, are almost dry. The streets and lanes are no longer those in which I played and strayed. The fields that were once harvested for corn are now covered with beautiful houses, but the same old hills are here — the eternal hills — they stand sentries of this glorious plain, and the same skies bend lovingly over it, and the same God is Father of us all. Like Jerusalem, old Cambridge is dear to her sons, who take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof, and we can piously say, 'If I forget thee, old Cambridge, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.'"

When less than seventeen years of age he graduated from Williams College in 1829, having one of the honors of his class. After spending three years in teaching he entered Princeton

Theological Seminary, which he was compelled to leave through infirmity of health, but was later, in 1833, licensed to preach, and in the same year became head of the Academy at Weston, Conn. This year was an eventful one in his career, for in it he was also married, his bride being Miss Elizabeth Thornton, daughter of Hon. Edward Kemeys, of Sing Sing.

Two years later, in 1835, he was ordained and installed Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Ballston Springs, where a former Pastor of which had entertained his father for several months in his home in 1812, and where he was born. His wife having died in 1834, he married in 1835 Miss Eloisa Lemet, daughter of Mr. Moses Williams, of Ballston Springs, and on account of failing health resigned about this time from the pastorate and afterwards was made Principal of the Academy at Newburgh. Having devoted himself to this occupation for a period of two years, he became Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Matteawan, N. Y., in 1837, where he remained till 1840, when the state of his health made it necessary for him to relinquish his pastorate. Having become stronger, he accepted the editorship of the New York

Observer, a position which he held till his death and which proved a place where his genius was adapted to shine and where he won a very large measure of distinction and exercised a wide influence for usefulness. Beginning in 1853, he made three extensive travel trips to Europe, the first extending to Palestine and Egypt, accounts of which under the pen-name of "Irenaeus" he contributed to the Observer in weekly letters, which were read with interest and became a prominent feature of that periodical. His life was from now on one of extraordinary activity,—editing, traveling, writing over forty volumes of books, in addition to pamphlets, tracts and addresses; he was prominent in many philanthropic, religious and educational societies, at the meetings of which he was conspicuous from his amiable disposition, witty remarks and enlightening counsel. Yet he was subject throughout his life to lapses of health, which was the cause in a measure at least of his first trip abroad, which should be taken into account in summing up the wide scope and vast volume of his work, concerning which it may be said that some of his books were printed in foreign languages and in great editions. He died of a paralytic stroke at Man-

chester, Vt., where he was stopping, on July 18, 1885.

Edward Dorr Griffin Prime, D. D., was born at Cambridge, November 2, 1814, graduated at Union College with one of the honors of his class in 1832, and later assisted his father as teacher in the Cambridge Academy and in the Mount Pleasant Academy at Sing Sing. He studied medicine for a time but abandoned it to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, and having entered Princeton Theological Seminary he graduated in 1838. Not long after finishing his course here he was called to be an assistant to Rev. Methuselah Baldwin, of the Scotchtown, Orange county, N. Y., Presbyterian church, and on the death of Rev. Mr. Baldwin in 1847, he assumed the pastorate of the charge. While at Scotchtown he was married in 1839 to Miss Maria Darlington, daughter of Mr. John S. Wilson, of Princeton, N. J. Having contributed articles with the pen-name of " Eusebius " to the New York Observer, he acted as editor of that paper in 1883 while his brother was traveling in foreign parts, and continued after his return as associate editor of the periodical until the death of Irenaeus in 1885. He served as chaplain of

the American Embassy in Rome during the winter of 1854–5, and returning home assumed again his editorial work on the Observer. He was married in 1860 to Miss Abbie Davis, daughter of Rev. William Goodell, D. D., of Constantinople. Being at this time in poor health, he in company with Mrs. Prime began a tour around the world which occupied, with prolonged visits in different parts of the East, a period of ten years, during which time he studied the religious situations in the various lands in which he sojourned, and in his letters to the Observer laid before its readers the results of his observations, particularly concerning the status of Christian missions. His principal literary work was a volume dealing with his studies and experiences in this journey and was entitled, Around the World: Sketches of Travel through Many Lands and over Many Seas, published in 1872. On the death of his brother Irenaeus he was made editor of the Observer, but continued but a year to serve in this capacity owing to the delicate condition of his health. His death occurred on April 7, 1891, in New York. He was also the author of the work, Forty Years in the

Turkish Empire; or Memoirs of Rev. William Goodell, D. D., (1876) his father-in-law.

Cornelia Prime was born at Cambridge on November 29, 1816, was educated under the care of her father and sister, became a teacher in the Mount Pleasant Female Seminary at Sing Sing, and in 1841 married Rev. Paul E. Stevenson, then Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Staunton, Va. From 1844 to 1849 her husband was Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Williamsburg, N. Y., and from thence was called to the congregation of the same denomination at Wyoming, Pa. He now began to devote himself to educational pursuits and was principal of schools at Luzern, Pa., and at Bridgeton and Madison, N. J. Just how far Mrs. Stevenson may have been influential in encouraging her husband in this change of occupation is not known, but it is stated that she was associated with him in the establishment in 1866, in Paterson, N. J., of the Passaic Falls Institute for Young Ladies. Four years later Rev. Mr. Stevenson died, and for a number of years thereafter his widow was at the head of the school. She possessed the inherited literary talent so prominent in the Prime family

and employed it in the preparation of contributions to the magazines.

Gerrit Wendell Prime whose birth occurred at Cambridge on July 13, 1819, died in his eighteenth year while a student in Union College. In the spring of 1837 while going down the Hudson river to visit his home, the steamer having become stalled in the ice, he walked ashore on the fragments and on to the city of Hudson, where, upon arriving at his hotel, he was attacked with typhoid fever and died on the 12th of April. He was a young man of promise who purposed to make the gospel ministry the occupation of his life.

William Cowper Prime, LL. D., the seventh and youngest child of Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, was born at Cambridge on October 31, 1825. He entered the sophomore class of Princeton in 1840, graduated three years later, and having studied law was admitted to the bar of New York in 1846. He practiced his profession here till 1861, when he became part owner and the editor of the New York Journal of Commerce. He was married in 1851 to Miss Mary Trumbull, daughter of Hon. Gurdon Trumbull, of Stonington, Conn. He traveled in Europe and

the East and published as the fruit of his journeys two uncommonly able and interesting volumes, viz.: Boat Life in Egypt and Nubia, and Tent Life in the Holy Land. The former work, published in 1864, still remains an exceedingly realistic and illuminating treatise on Egyptian antiquities, written in a charming style and interspersed with occasional exhibitions of real eloquence; — the author lays before the reader in an easy, familiar manner descriptions of the wonderful ruins and ancient subterranean burial cavities with startling distinctness and detail. History, geography, topography and incidents of travel are all attractively treated in this scholarly but truly fascinating book. Dr. Prime from his young manhood up was an enthusiastic collector of art specimens and in later years his thorough study of this subject made him an authority in such branches and led to his writing two books treating of certain of them, one being entitled, Coins, Medals and Seals, Ancient and Modern (1861); the other, Pottery and Porcelain of all Times and Nations (1878). He had the greatest literary gifts of any of the name, and besides possessed the family characteristics of scholarship and the attitude of devout religious

conviction; he was a devotee of beauty, following it in art and nature with enthusiastic relish. His books of essays, as Later Years (1854), and, I Go a Fishing (1873), discover this ardent bent of mind together with his romantic spirit and gift of eloquent diction.

In the introduction to his collection of essays, Later Years, the author in a few words discloses the motive of his literary life. He says: "I have but one rule in preparing these sketches. It has been to make my readers, as far as possible, my companions in the enjoyment of the beautiful wherever I find it, whether in nature, art, memories or dreams. I have lived for it, I have worshiped nothing else."

Several of these sketches are dated at "Owl Creek Cabin," the stream being that which flows south through the village of Cambridge, his early home, and down through the valley to enter the Hoosac river. Though the author was not more than five years old when his family left Cambridge, he cherished ever a deep affection for this wide, meandering creek and for the fair pastoral scenes through which it lazily winds, and visiting it and loitering with rod and line along its banks, indited the first of his literary ventures. These

were printed in the New York Journal of Commerce and afterwards collected in three volumes, the first being entitled The Owl Creek Letters (1848).

Soon after the founding of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, Dr. Prime became one of its most active supporters and by his wide and accurate knowledge of the subjects to which it was devoted was of great and lasting aid to the institution, having served it as acting president and in other capacities through a long period of time. He was made professor of art history in Princeton College in 1884.

An unique and valuable memorial of the Prime family is the complete library of books and pamphlets written by the members of the American branch, the collection of which was commenced by Rev. Samuel I. Prime. One of the most interesting volumes in the library is the old Greek Testament bearing date, Amsterdam, 1740, which being first owned by Rev. Ebenezer Prime, was passed on to his son, Benjamin Y. Prime; it then became the text-book in college and through his ministry of his son, Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, from whom it descended to his son, Rev. Samuel I. Prime, to be inherited by his son, Rev. Wendell

Prime. The Testament has thus been studied by five generations of the family, the long continued service having required it to be bound at three different times. Another notable volume in the collection is, A Treatise of the Sacraments, by Rev. John Prime, of Oxford University, and dating back to the sixteenth century. As if anticipating the abundance of books of which his family in the future years would be the authors, and as if making justification for the same, he says in his introductory pages:

"The endlesse making of bookes was a vanitye in the days of Solomon, when printing was not. The end of all is the feare of God. Certainly men may not make it a light matter of conscience to trouble the worlde with unprofitable writinges. Yet as in the shew-bread that was shewed to the people as a figure of Christ, the olde loaves having served their use were removed, & other supplied in their roome, yet still bread in nature & twelve loaves in nomber; so these writinges that figure out Christ & set foorth Christian duetye may be oftentimes treated of, & eftsoone repeated & added to other mens doings notwithstanding no great variety in the matter of handling," etc.

The village of Cambridge and its Presbyterian church cherish a worthy pride in their previous associations with the family of Prime, the salutary influences of which still invisibly leaven the community. The writer of this article, who was born here and has been for many years a member of this Old White Meeting House communion, as he goes about the pleasant streets of this beautiful village, observes its fine modern hospital, erected through the munificence of one of the sons of Old Cambridge, adorning one of the hills above, its handsome library building below, and evidences of prosperity and Christian culture everywhere, is confident that the teachings of Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime did not return unto his Lord and Master void of permanent efficacy, but are today operative for good in Cambridge and all along the valley of the classic Owl Creek, and, through his gifted children, to the ends of the earth.

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disinterested purposes. He felt himself to be the chosen emissary of God to carry the gospel to heathen peoples and resolved to devote the profits to accrue from his hoped-for discoveries to the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of unbelievers. The very names he bore were to him providentially indicative of the part he was to play in the conversion of the populations he was to find; Christopher signifying "Christbearer," and Columbus, "dove;" that is, he believed himself commissioned from on high to introduce Christianity to the West in the power of the Holy Spirit. In reference to this conviction it is interesting to note that he named the first land which he discovered, "Savior," or Salvador. Though Columbus was a learned and practical geographer and an experienced mariner, having followed the sea for many years, he was yet a dreamer and a man of poetic inclinations; he was, moreover, of a superstitious mind and fancied he sometimes heard voices talking to him out of the void of the air.

The real greatness and shining distinction of Columbus is evident in his persistent though discouraging labors, extending through many years, while he was vainly soliciting aid from court to

court of Europe to fit him out a fleet for a western expedition of discovery. Poor, almost friendless, derided as a visionary, he never throughout eighteen years of petitioning faltered in his work until it was achieved. His proposition was assailed and ridiculed by more learned men than he, while the proud science and intolerant religion of his day either considered him unworthy of serious attention or pompously laid objections before him which now appear ridiculous.

Finally he came to Ferdinand and Isabella, King and Queen of Spain. These monarchs, though interested in his scheme and disposed to render him aid, were so much occupied with the war with the Moors that they could promise no definite date when their assistance would be available. After having occupied seven years in this fruitless endeavor, following the court from place to place as an object of royal charity, and taking part in some of the military activities, he at last abandoned hope of success in Spain. Eighteen of the best years of his life had now been evidently wasted in the attempted promotion of his mighty adventure, and all that he had won with his toil and sacrifice was the reputation for being a visionary and the title, "The Pauper Pilot."

While in poverty and discouragement he was journeying through Spain to the west coast, he called at a convent for refreshment, where the prior, impressed by his distinguished air despite his evident need, engaged him in conversation. Columbus laid before his listener his ambitious plans of discovery and the prior called in able scientists and qualified mariners, that they might hear his arguments and decide upon their feasibility. As a result of the council it was decided to communicate with the Queen in behalf of Columbus' proposition. The prior, Juan Perez, had been father confessor to Queen Isabella and in the visit which he now made to the Spanish court at Santa Fe was favorably received, and obtained the promise of the Queen to furnish ships and men for the proposed expedition.

The Queen was a woman of noble qualities of mind and soul and fair to look upon; light complexioned, blue eyed and of medium height. Though quiet and unassuming in manner, she was yet of a strong and vigorous mind, capable of originating and prosecuting extensive enterprises. A woman of simple tastes, of a kindly nature, she was a friend of Columbus whose memory may well be dear to America. An in-

teresting and pathetic scene, which evidences the sympathetic heart of Isabella, was enacted at Grenada when Columbus was brought back from his third expedition. Appearing before the King and Queen with the burden of dishonoring chains upon him, he was kindly received, Isabella being deeply moved as she considered the indignities which had been unjustly laid upon this great-souled discoverer and world benefactor. When Columbus beheld the tears of his Queen, though until now he had carried himself proudly, his pent up grief escaped control and he fell on his knees weeping bitterly; then the King and Queen left their royal dais and with their own hands lifted him to his feet.

Columbus in person was above the average height, strongly built, athletic, and of dignified manners. His complexion and eyes were light, while his hair, which originally had been sandy, had through the hardships which he had endured become in early manhood, white. He was of an amiable disposition, eloquent in the presentation of his ideas and of deep, sincere religious convictions.

Columbus sailed from the port of Palos, Spain, on August 3, 1492, his fleet consisting of three

small ships and a total of one hundred and twenty persons. A stop of about three weeks was made for repairs at the Canary Islands, but from thence to the discovery of land was but the space of thirty-three days. The crews were composed of the lowest order, many criminals being among them, for a sufficient number of respectable men could not be found to man the vessels bound on what was deemed so wild a venture. These men were fairly representative of those who followed them in the years immediately after the discovery;—adventurers and fortune seekers whose purpose, like that of King Ferdinand, was to wring from the virgin territories their treasures of wealth. The friendly and inoffensive natives of the Bahamas, accustomed to lives of indolence, were sacrificed by tens of thousands in arduous labors in order to fill the coffers of their Spanish masters. Ship loads of islanders were sent to Spain and sold as slaves, of whom Columbus had written:

"The natives love their neighbors as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling, and so gentle and so affectionate are they, that I swear there is not a better people in the world."

Yet, taking advantage of their childlike credulity, the Spaniards shipped 40,000 of them to Hispaniola (Haiti) to die in the mines, telling them they were being taken to the place of their departed friends and relatives. In the midst of all this cruelty and resulting misery the name of Las Casas, Spanish missionary, shines with a benevolent and lasting light; for he did much through a ministry of many years to alleviate the sufferings of the natives.

Columbus, it must be admitted, was a party to the forcing of tributes of gold from the savages, for he was solicitous to win favor from his sovereigns, though Isabella disapproved of these inhuman practices. His conviction was that the persons and property of pagans were rightfully the spoil of Christians, and believing that he had reached the borders of India, (or Asia) he expected to find and appropriate the fabulous wealth of Cathay, of which he had read in the pages of Marco Polo.

Columbus died in poverty and neglect at Seville on May 20, 1506. Isabella, his royal friend, who had ever appreciated his genius and advanced his interests, had died two years earlier, and Ferdinand, of a jealous and avaricious disposition, re-

fused to bestow upon him the honors and emoluments to which he was entitled. History scarcely affords a more despicable instance of meanness and ingratitude. The remains of Columbus after having been removed from place to place, were in 1796 finally deposited with all possible honors in the Cathedral at Havana, Cuba, on the soil of an Island which he had first made known to the world.

Columbus, Columbus, prince of discovery!
Thy faith was stronger than the waves and wider than the sea;
It builded up a continent and all its destiny.

The thought that burned unquenched by fear within thy earnest breast,
Was not of longing for thyself by fame to be expressed;
Thy zeal untiring was not thine, but a divine behest.

Far off upon the shore of Spain thy sails in hope were set;
Hope was thy stay when mutiny spread round its fateful net.
Thy faith and hope are ours today, and we discoverers yet.

The billows of futurity stretch out beyond our ken;
O nations of the continent, O mariners be men!
We sail for an America unknown to chart or pen!

THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY AND THE ORDINANCE OF 1787

The Northwest Territory! What visions of a fertile wilderness lying unreclaimed at our doors did this term suggest to the American colonists! A vast equilateral triangle with one point at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi and broadening out in the embrace of those noble rivers, having for its northern boundary four of the great lakes and comprising within its borders the coming States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin. This group of commonwealths enjoy the distinction of having been born as the first fruits of the Revolution; five radiant sisters to stand as monuments and shining testimonies to the faith and valor of George Rogers Clark and the pioneers associated with him.

Never before had there been so tempting a territorial prize;— vast and fertile prairies, beautiful and fragrant with wild flowers; limitless forests, grandly silent through their shadowy aisles; riches untold of copper and iron and coal;

magnificent rivers abounding with fish, and leading into the interior of these elysian lands given over to the Indian, the buffalo and beasts of prey; while along the northern border were the mighty lakes, connecting with navigable waters the northwest and northeast angles, and these within easy reach of the southern extremity by means of the Ohio and Mississippi and their tributaries. An ideal habitation for men, abounding in all that makes life opulent and successful.

And those majestic waters of the north had, besides their wealth of fish and transportation facilities, grand and inspiring elements of themselves: — Superior, with her fifteen hundred miles of rock-ribbed shores, noble, towering headlands and lofty, frowning cliffs; Huron, with her blue-tinted crystal waters and her thousands upon thousands of islands; Michigan, reaching her friendly arm and genial tempering breath far into the interior; Erie, with her shallow, turbid, storm-smitten and tempest-tossed waters, sublime but dangerous; all this, together with the illusive mirage dwelling like enchanting dreams above the wide expanse of waters, associated the northern limits with reverential awe, mystery and haunting beauty.

It had been a fond dream of the French dwelling in Canada to possess themselves of this desirable region, as well as of all the lands west of the Alleghenies, extending to the Mississippi and reaching on the north to the great lakes. The domain had early become known to them through the exploration of John Nicolet, a Frenchman in the employ of Champlain. He made his journey in 1634, his purpose being primarily to conciliate and secure to the French the Indian tribes inhabiting the land, and to gain their trade. He returned with an encouraging report and accompanied with seven of the natives as specimens of them. But Champlain saw no futher fruition of his ardent hope, for he died on Christmas Day of the same year in which Nicolet visited the coveted territory.

The French from the first were industrious in planting a cordon of settlements and forts through their alleged possessions, following the line of the great lakes and the Mississippi river, and at later periods establishing posts in the interior, notably Fort Duquesne, now Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, which they had captured from the English. A source of weakness,

however, in their work of colonization was, that their efforts were confined principally to fostering trade and religion, while agriculture and the mechanical employments were for the most part neglected. But the Catholic religious worship which they introduced, with its emblematic ritual, was attractive to the Indians, and with the cordiality of the French, their presents and the conveniences of trade which they supplied, they easily made friends of the tribes.

On the other hand, the English dwelling along the comparatively sterile coast of the Atlantic were deficient in the qualities with which to ingratiate themselves into the good favor of the Indians, their manners being less cordial and their religious worship simple and unadorned. Yet, it might be said here that Sir William Johnson as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, by the employment of the gracious methods of the French, made himself master of the great Iroquois confederacy, controlling them for a period of many years in fealty to the English.

From the year 1748, when with the organization of the first Ohio Land Company, the great struggle for the Northwest Territory began, until 1759, when with the fall of Quebec the French

claims were rendered void and their authority throughout America interdicted, there was battle upon battle, massacre upon massacre, fearful chapters of history portraying the French with their Indian allies fighting for supremacy and the control of the vast and virgin wilderness. For the English had become the aggressors; plain, vigorous, fearless, determined people with domestic tastes and agricultural ambitions. Many were immigrants from the north of Europe, and with the growth of population the enticing lands to the west were inviting the people, and they responded. They felt, too, that they were the rightful owners of the territory, for royal grants to the colonies had given them titles extending to the Pacific.

During the Revolution, acting largely on the prudent policy of gaining possession of the Northwest Territory in order to be able to enter a valid claim for it when peace should be declared, the colony of Virginia in 1778 sent George Rogers Clark at his own request on an expedition against the settlements located in the disputed lands. He took Kaskaskia on the Mississippi and other places in that vicinity, following up the advantage gained by compelling the surrender of the French

troops at Vincennes on the Wabash. He also erected a fort on the Ohio, from which as a nucleus grew the city of Louisville. The colony of Virginia as the result of Clark's successes, claimed all this territory and constituted it the county of Illinois. In the deliberations of the peace commissioners at the Treaty of Paris, at the close of the Revolution, the British representatives contended that the Northwest Territory should remain the dependency of their nation, but when it had been conclusively shown that Kaskaskia, Vincennes and other posts taken by Clark were held by Virginia, giving the possession of the territory to that colony, the objections were withdrawn and the treaty signed.

To General Clark, therefore, belongs the honor of securing to the Union the Northwest Territory. It was he who first proposed the expedition, appealing for aid to the Virginia Legislature, and having been refused, laid the proposition before the Governor, Henry Clay, who granted him all the help that was at his disposal. He was in all respects an exceptional man; — physically robust with a noble, commanding presence, dignified manners and fearless, in-

defatigable determination. Unlike many who have possessed military abilities and great hardihood and resourcefulness in the presence of difficulty and danger, General Clark had a wide and intelligent political grasp and was at home in the business of colonization schemes and territorial acquisitions. His contemporaries accorded him while in the full tide of his success and honors, ample distinction, bestowing upon him the sobriquet, "The Hannibal of the West;" but his invaluable services to the country were in his later years forgotten and he was left to pine and die in poverty. The account given in his memoirs of the expedition against Vincennes, in which he dramatically recounts the extraordinary hardships and perils which he and his men endured, is a classic in that field of literature. He died at his home, "Mulberry Hill," three miles south of Louisville, on the Kentucky shore, February 18, 1818, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

James A. Garfield, in his address on the "Western Reserve," eulogizes General Clark and animadverts on his neglect by the people:

"It is a stain upon the honor of our country that such a man — the leader of pioneers who

made the first lodgement on the site now occupied by Louisville, who was in fact the founder of the state of Kentucky, and who by his personal foresight and energy gave nine great states to the republic — was allowed to sink under a load of debt incurred for the honor and glory of his country."

The allotment of the lands of the Northwest Territory proved to the national government, on account of the indefinite and conflicting claims of different states, a difficult task. Several states, as has been pointed out, held charters entitling them to lands extending across the continent, while Virginia laid claim to what is now embraced in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Thus, there were overlapping titles and the situation hopelessly baffled solution. Earnest appeals were made by the government, as the only means of settling the difficulty and of opening the wilderness to purchasers, that the different states relinquish their claims in favor of the national authorities. This request having been complied with, the Continental Congress sitting in New York, erected the domain of the Northwest Territory and passed an Ordinance for its government on July 13, 1787.

This charter had its advent during the time that the Constitutional Convention was deliberating in Philadelphia, which juxtaposition has doubtless served to eclipse the merits and importance of this notable instrument. It deserves to stand as one of the three immortal legacies from the Revolution, viz.: The Declaration of Independence, the Ordinance for the Government of the Northwest Territory, and the Constitution of the United States. Well has the Ordinance been called, "The Magna Charta of the West."

Its distinguishing features are its briefness and certain sociological requirements, expressed in unequivocal language, in marked contrast to the voluminous national constitution whose framers studiously avoided positive religious and ethical references. The Ordinance in its second paragraph, as if in haste to eliminate an aggravated and chief grievance, prohibited the operation of the English law of primogeniture in these words:

"Be it ordained, That the estates of both resident and nonresident proprietors in the said territory, dying intestate, shall descend to and be distributed among their children, and the descendants of a deceased child, in equal parts * * * and where there shall be no children or descendants, then in equal parts to the next of kin, in equal degree."

Six "Articles of Compact" were incorporated to remain forever binding between the original states and the territory, for the purpose among others, of "extending the fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty, which form the basis upon which these republics, their laws and constitutions are erected; to fix and establish those principles as the basis of all laws, constitutions and governments, which forever hereafter shall be formed in the said territory."

The essentials in the compacts are as follows:

Art. 1. No person, demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner, shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or religious sentiments, in the said territory. . .

Art. 2. The inhabitants of the said territory shall always be entitled to the benefits of the writ of habeas corpus, and of the trial by jury; of a proportionate representation of the people in the legislature, and of judicial proceedings according to the course of the common law. . .

Art. 3. Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged. The utmost good faith shall always be observed towards the

Indians; their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent. * * *

Art. 4. The said territory, and the states which may be formed therein, shall forever remain a part of this confederacy of the United States of America. * * *

Art. 5. There shall be formed in the said territory, not less than three nor more than five states. * * *

Art. 6. There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in the said territory, otherwise than in the punishment of crimes, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted. * * *

The article prohibiting slavery was, perhaps, the most far-reaching, important and beneficial of the compacts; after having been made an ordinance in many states of the land it was finally placed as an amendment in the Constitution of the United States.

Though Congress deliberated but the space of four days upon the Ordinance, it is considered by jurists and publicists of the highest distinction as one of the greatest of constitutional declarations. The appreciations of a few are quoted:

" Justice Story: 'The laws of Massachusetts, as to the rights of persons, property, etc., were made the root or

germ of all our territorial laws east of the Mississippi, by being made the material parts of the Ordinance of Congress for the government of the United States territories northwest of the Ohio, and from time to time extended to their other territories, as will appear from examining the Ordinance itself.' * * * 'To him (Mr. Dane) belongs the glory of the formation of the celebrated Ordinance of 1787, which constitutes the fundamental law of the states northwest of the Ohio. It is a monument of political wisdom and sententious skillfulness of expression. It was adopted unanimously by Congress, according to his original draft, with scarcely the alteration of a single word.'

"Senator Hoar: 'One of the three title deeds of American constitutional liberty.'

"Judge Thomas M. Cooley, after a life spent under its beneficent influences, stamped it as immortal for the grand results which have followed from its adoption, not less than for the wisdom and far-seeing statesmanship that conceived and gave form to its provisions. 'No charter of government in the history of any people,' says he, 'has so completely withstood the tests of time and experience. * * * Its principles were for all time. * * * It has been the fitting model for all subsequent territorial government in America.'"

Charles Moore, in his "The Northwest under Three Flags," says: "Who shall trace the origin of the Ordinance! Like a tree, its roots were

deep down in free soil, and its leaves drank nourishment from an air filled with the makings of constitutions. Jefferson had planted and Monroe and Rufus King had watered the tender plant."

The authorship of the Ordinance was claimed by Daniel Webster and Justice Story for Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, while Hayne and Benton, desiring the honor for the South, held that Thomas Jefferson wrote it, and certain leading historical works state that he drafted the instrument. Dane, however, has practically a clear title to the distinction, he having been chairman of the special committee that reported the Ordinance to Congress, while Jefferson was absent from the country, serving as Minister to France (1785–89). Dane was a Harvard graduate, an able lawyer and in later years made himself further distinguished by publishing a learned legal work in nine volumes, entitled "Abridgment and Digest of American Law."

But the honor of securing the passage of the Ordinance must be divided with Rev. Manasseh Cutler, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, a graduate of Yale, a man of extraordinary and diversified gifts, and active and enterprising in practical and political affairs. Besides his theological educa-

tion, he acquired a good knowledge of medicine and filled for a considerable time the place of a physician as well as minister in his parish; he possessed a store of legal information and excelled as a botanist; added to all this erudition was his acquaintance with general science, of which he was a diligent student and writer.

Dr. Cutler having in 1786 become associated with a group of men proposing to purchase lands northwest of the Ohio river and to settle there, was very active in Congress in securing the passage of the Ordinance, knowing that it would give a basis of law and an element of security to the colony. While Mr. Dane as a member of Congress was active in popularizing the Ordinance measure in that body, Dr. Cutler in the lobby was exerting all his persuasive powers as a shrewd politician to carry it through. The credit has been given him of being the author of the social features of the instrument, though Mr. Dane is said to have been the sole originator of the section prohibiting slavery.

Dr. Cutler as agent of the Ohio Company having purchased 1,500,000 acres of land in the territory located on the Ohio at the junction with it of the Muskingum river, led a party there and

made a settlement at Marietta on April 7, 1788. The event of the setting-out of the expedition from Dr. Cutler's house with forty-five men in December, 1787, has been compared in importance with the sailing of the "Mayflower." A prominent feature of the cavalcade was a canvas-covered wagon upon which were inscribed the words, "Ohio, for Marietta on the Muskingum," indicating that the settlement had a name before it had an existence, and even prior to the expedition. The name it was to bear, however, was natural and appropriate, standing for Marie Antoinette, the French queen, who was admired throughout the states for her influence in inducing the king, Louis XVI, to make an alliance with the colonists during the Revolution. At a later time Dr. Cutler rode to Marietta in a sulkey, making the trip of 750 miles in twenty-nine days. But he did not prove so good a pioneer on the field as he had been in making the preparations and in leading the way thither, for, true to his scientific predilections, he devoted himself more to the study of the prehistoric mounds of the vicinity than to the affairs of the infant settlement. After a stay of a few weeks he returned

to his home in the East, and the work of carrying on the enterprises connected with the building up of the colony fell to General Rufus Putnam.

As superintendent of the Ohio Company, General Putnam applied himself to the work of establishing the community at Marietta, and having been a man of wide experience in the handling of practical affairs of important public character, he made a success of the undertaking. He was a cousin of General Israel Putnam and a self-made man, who had become distinguished from his military and engineering connections with the Revolution. He had been a leading spirit in the movement to settle the Northwest Territory and had presided at the meeting held in Boston on March 1, 1786, at which the Ohio Company was formed. General Putnam accomplished more, at least in the way of continuous service in the preliminary agitation and for the settlement and development of the eastern part of the Northwest Territory, of which Marietta was the first permanent town, than any other, not excepting Dane and Cutler. In after years he occupied a judicial position in the Territory, and under the national government held important military and civil offices, finally sealing his devotion to the

home of his adoption by closing his career at Marietta on May 1, 1824.

This sketch would be lacking without a few remarks concerning the Western Reserve. As has been stated, several of the colonies had been granted in their royal charters unlimited bounds to the west, even to the Pacific. In 1786 Connecticut ceded to the United States all her western claims except those lands lying in the present State of Ohio north of parallel 41° to 42° 2′, and extending 120 miles beyond the western border of Pennsylvania. The reservation was called in the early days, "New Connecticut." From its western part were set off by the legislature 500,000 acres for the reimbursement of those who had sustained losses through fire and depredations of the enemy in the Revolution, and hence were called "The Fire Lands." Another and larger block of the Reserve, consisting of about 3,000,000 acres, was disposed of in 1795 to the Connecticut Land Company for forty cents per acre, General Moses Cleaveland becoming the general agent of the association. In the spring of the following year the company sent a corps of surveyors with about forty other persons to occupy the newly-purchased lands, the route

having been from Schenectady, the starting place of the expedition, up the Mohawk river to Oneida lake, then to Lake Ontario, on to Lake Erie, and thence to their destination. The journey was made with privations and hardships. At this time there was but a single family living at what is now the city of Buffalo, while the lands now occupied by the State of Ohio were, except for Marietta and settlements on their eastern border, a wilderness country. Five years later the number of settlements in the Reserve had increased to thirty-two, though no government worthy of the name had been inaugurated. It was deemed expedient, therefore, to remit the jurisdiction of civil affairs to the national government, the State of Connecticut maintaining its land claims, from the subsequent sale of which it derived its school fund. A territorial government was established at Marietta in 1788 by General St. Clair, the governor, and in 1800 Connecticut relinquished all her political rights to the United States.

The greatest municipal monument of the Western Reserve is the city of Cleveland, laid out and founded by Moses Cleaveland in 1796 as agent of the Connecticut Land Company. There is a tradition that in 1830, when the first

newspaper of the city, "The Cleveland Advertiser," was making up the forms for its maiden issue, that the printer finding that the title of the sheet was too long to be accommodated, eliminated the letter "a" from the name, leaving it "Cleveland," which thereafter became the established spelling. Western Reserve University, of that city, perpetuates the remembrance of the New England influences still potent in Ohio and which lend a distinct Connecticut atmosphere to her social, educational and religious institutions.

In this fragmentary review of the history connected with the acquirement of the Northwest Territory, of the birth and character of the Ordinance for its government, and of the beginnings of its settlement, it has been possible to indicate but a few of the leading events. Associated with the subject are conditions and experiences of human life which have disappeared never to return — the deep, primeval forest; the elusive, treacherous savage; the politic, shrewd and covetous French; the American pioneers, pressing on, pressing on undaunted, facing danger and hardship cheerfully; days of romance, ardent hope and lust of land; primitive days of the coonskin cap, the steel, tinder and flint, the hunting knife

and the long, unerring rifle; when meditation was without opportunity and action first in demand and valiantly responded to everywhere; days of heroism and the steady nerve and the invincible heart. Such were the men who entered and subdued the Northwest Territory — a Titan race, not only physically, but intellectually and ethically and spiritually; at the very thresholds of the wilderness they erected the schoolhouse and the church. Their lives for the greater part are forgotten, but they live in the noble manhood and womanhood of tens of thousands who inhabit, and in the great institutions which adorn, five shining commonwealths of the United States, the foundations of which they worthily laid.

TRANSCENDENTALISM

It is now about a century since the religious and philosophical cult known as Transcendentalism developed in New England, to become on the part of the majority of Americans a butt of ridicule, though to create in many of the best minds of the country a deep and abiding conviction of its truth and value, and to remain forever among the people and their institutions as a beneficent influence. It was not a new theory, but one which in essence had been taught by Plato, and having been adopted by the German philosopher Kant, had been appropriated and carried into England by Coleridge and Carlyle, and in the pages of their books transported to the thinkers of New England. Though Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, 1825, and Carlyle's Sartor Resartus, 1833, were the most largely influential in introducing Transcendentalism into this country, the ideas which it embraced percolated in through various channels; during the period 1817–25, American students returning from the German University of Gottingen, Edward Everett, among others, professor of Greek literature in

Harvard, first disseminated here a knowledge of the writings of Kant and Goethe; in 1825 Dr. Charles T. C. Follen, a distinguished German scholar, was secured for Harvard as teacher of the German language; three years later he was given the chair of Ecclesiastical History, and was appointed professor of German literature in 1830, remaining in this capacity for a term of five years. He was a diligent man, contributing to magazines, delivering lectures, and having prepared for the ministry, was pastor of Unitarian churches. Added to all this propagandism of the German language and ideas was the publication in the North American Review and Christian Examiner of translations of French and German writings, in which Transcendentalism was ventilated.

It is a notable fact that the movement was confined to eastern New England, for the reason that its seeds were first and most prolifically sown in and about Boston, and it is still more interesting to learn that in no other part of the world did this philosophy develop to maturity and power, bestowing its full fruition, but in this limited territory. In Germany itself, and in England and France, it found no congenial soil for

its propagation, the ideas which it published being accepted only by the cultured few, while the commonalty, living under the fixed and immutable conditions of old and rigid governments, were not of a mind to entertain the mystic and soaring views of the new philosophy; but in New England, with its free speech and liberal institutions, was a favorable field for the fructification of this wandering embryonic theory, searching through the world for a habitation, and it was embraced with avidity by ripe scholars and fervent Christians in whose minds and hearts it germinated and developed into great proportions.

For all things there are appropriate causes and it is always interesting to inquire, particularly in phenomenal cases like this we are considering, as to what it may have been. At this time there pervaded the English-speaking world the material philosophy of Bacon and Locke, which held that matter was the essential sphere of creation, and that the mind could claim nothing that was not first derived through the senses from the visible surroundings. The utilitarian teachings of Benjamin Franklin encouraged this view of life, and his sayings, like "Diligence is

the mother of good luck," were read, approved and practiced everywhere in the land, which was absorbed in the practical labors of developing a new country. Religion and literature were saturated with this mundane and unaspiring philosophy, while theology was, as represented in the different sects, dead systems of cut, dried and labeled specimens of ecclesiastical opinions, stern, cold and devoid of any attractive charm or sentiment. That real religion was neglected and that public worship had largely become a mechanical exercise without faith and love as essential elements is testified to by the authoritative writers of that day. It can readily be understood that in the midst of such conditions the liberal and inspiring ideas of Aids to Reflection and Sartor Resartus were welcomed and appropriated by the cultured and spiritually minded young men of New England, who embraced these hopeful and attractive views as a new evangel, and with consecrated and enthusiastic devotion set themselves to define, develop and apply to life and religion the Transcendental philosophy.

The utilitarian views entertained generally in this country during the first half of the nine-

teenth century may be inferred from the commotion which these fresh ideas created when originally introduced among the people, for these teachings read to-day seem devoid of any revolutionary tendency in faith or practice, this philosophy having since been unconsciously assimilated and adopted by the more intelligent classes, and the old-time materialistic deadness having been sloughed off. As late as 1870, Transcendentalism was still the laughing-stock of many who could make nothing of it and who esteemed it but the idle vaporings of partially demented persons whose writings were outside the pale of practical understanding. All this has changed, and although the cult has practically been forgotten, insensibly the very principles for which it contended: the wider substitution of the spirit of religion for the letter and the law; the exaltation of the higher faculties of the mind and soul above the lower sphere of sensual knowledge and practice,— are carried out in every institution and activity of human life.

It must be admitted, however, that there were grounds for the lack of respect which in its earlier history prevailed in New England for the new philosophy, for among its advocates were

those who carried their ideas to extremes and reveled in mystical spheres of thought and imagination; there runs, indeed, through all the writings of its great teachers this illusive element which Coleridge, as one possessing it, thus defines: "A mystic is a man who refers to inward feelings and experiences, of which mankind at large are not conscious, as evidences of the truth of any opinions." Another handicap to the growth of the cult was the fact that most of its leading sponsors were ministers of the Unitarian Church, a denomination which was not popular with the masses of the country, yet it is remarkable to relate that from this alleged unpromising source emanated a national revival of a genuine spiritual, evangelical Christianity on the dead works of formalism.

It should be said to the credit of the Transcendental school of thought, that it not only developed in the midst of the prevailing skeptical influences, but that it withstood later the subtle, insinuating and ably advanced theories of evolution as taught by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley and other brilliant scientists, it all having a materialistic tendency, threatening at one time to undermine the foundations of the Christian

Church; but the ethereal and spiritual truths which Transcendentalism had been spreading throughout the country held the people to the rule of faith, and as time went on, evolution, with its mighty array of profound learning, came to be seen as a not at all destructive, but a tame and even unproved, contention. On the other hand, Darwin, according to his own admission, believed that "science had nothing to do with Christ," and said that he did "not believe that there ever has been any revelation." He also states that his former fondness for poetry, music and pictures had practically deserted him, a confession that affords a hint of what his works are capable of effecting in the soul of those who devote themselves too unreservedly to them. And here note should be made of the fact that while Darwinism and evolution tend to minimize personality and to make of the individual a mere cog in the wheel of an ever-turning and irresistible fate, Transcendentalism, by its emphasis of the idea of the ever-developing, godlike character in human nature, exalts the soul into a realm of illimitable honor, dignity, goodness, happiness, power and usefulness.

But the disciples of Transcendentalism erred in following their ideas too far and in allowing themselves in their enthusiasm to be carried out of the paths of the common workaday world; many or most of them became recluses, though ever in essay, lecture and sermon expressing ardent humanitarian and philanthropic views; but as a class they refrained from going down into the actual arena of reform and mingling in the dust, sweat and turmoil of contention, preferring to sit on the pleasant upper seats and to smilingly observe the combat, while they volunteered wise counsel to the champions of the Right. The communistic institution which they organized and maintained for several years at Brook Farm, segregated in an un-American manner from human society, evidences the retiring and intolerant spirit of its membership. The characterization of the Transcendentalists given by Father Isaac T. Hecker, an eminent Catholic priest, is quoted here. Father Hecker when a young man was a member of the Brook Farm community, where he served as a baker, remaining about a year, and afterwards converted to the Catholic faith, became the founder of the Paulist Fathers. He says: "A Transcendental-

ist is one who has keen insight but little warmth of heart; one who has fine conceits, but is destitute of the rich glow of love. He is *en rapport* with the spiritual world, unconscious of the celestial one. He is all nerve and no blood — colorless. . . . He prefers talking about love to possessing it; as he prefers Socrates to Jesus. Nature is his church, and he is his own God."

Though there was some justification for these remarks, they are overdrawn and misleading, for these cultured men and women, possessed by exalted religious, social and political ideas, could not well do otherwise than view with sorrow and reprehension the sordid and impoverished spiritual and intellectual life which prevailed around them, and entertain a desire to remove from its midst; yet, despite this unchristian attitude, the Transcendentalists had among their number wonderful men, having splendid intellectual gifts, high and liberal spiritual endowments, heroic fearlessness, whose shining individualities refused to submit their opinions to the dictation of any man. In their day they were scorned, ridiculed and contemned, as clergymen they were driven from their charges as obnoxious and mischievous outcasts from the folds of Christianity,

and is it to be thought strange that they would, from a human standpoint, long to hide themselves from the world and its bitterness? But these devotees to what they believed to be the truth, though they were fallible men with faults and extravagances of mind, had the wealth of heavenly worth in their lives and preachments, though admixed with the waste and dross incident to all human activity and rhetoric, and they left behind them lasting memorials of help and inspiration to posterity.

Dr. William Ellery Channing may be said to be the father of both Unitarianism and Transcendentalism in the United States, and here it might be stated that Unitarianism is really not so destructive an agency as many believe it to be, for it stands more to designate a protest against the old hard-and-fast theology than as a definite system of religious belief, made up as it is of a wide and versatile difference of opinion among its members; it is, indeed, a church of great liberty of thought. Dr. Channing, though classed as a Unitarian, denied that he was a follower of any sect, but claimed to be a free lance and a seeker after more light; it is, therefore, unfortunate that so many have banned his helpful and uplift-

ing writings and those of his associated Transcendentalists, on account of their alleged heretical opinions, for these men, with all their shortcomings, were prophets who should be read by all.

The first great event in the development of the Transcendental movement in America occurred in 1819, when Dr. Channing preached a sermon in Baltimore at the ordination of Rev. Jared Sparks, in after years the distinguished historian. This discourse, which is a clear and able setting forth of the new theology which, more or less, has since influenced all denominations, was circulated in pamphlets throughout the country. Whatever criticisms may be made of it, this sermon has the breath of devotion and conviction, for Channing was above all else sincere and of an honest, gentle disposition, a man to whom controversy was very distasteful. Though he was not, properly speaking, a Transcendentalist, he was intimate with the leaders of the movement, while his teachings though not devoted particularly to that end, were yet in their independent spirit, lofty aspirations and spiritual zeal, in harmony with that school of philosophy and religion.

The next epoch-making figure to arise in the history of Transcendentalism was Ralph Waldo Emerson, called the seer of the cult, a Unitarian clergyman, and descended from a line of eight Christian ministers. While yet a young man and serving as pastor of the Second Unitarian church, of Boston, he resigned in 1832 from the ministry and thereafter devoted himself to literature and lecturing. It is perhaps not generally known that his reason for leaving his church was his opinion as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper being a permanent institution; he claimed that this contention could not be shown from the Scriptures, and his parishioners not consenting to discontinue its observance, he refused longer to minister to the congregation, a decision which reflects no credit on Emerson, inasmuch as a faithful pastor in love with his work, would have submitted to the administration of an ordinance which is so highly prized by the mass of Christian people, though he personally considered it unessential. He was by far the greatest exponent of Transcendentalism, and this not from any signal intellectual power, but from his mild and lovable nature, dreamy and attractive ideas of truth, goodness and beauty, his easy, graceful diction

and the many pregnant phrases which he was able to coin; as a debater or as an originator of profound thought he was a minus quantity, and whether designedly or not, he scrupulously avoided the statement of any position which might afford ground for contradiction and dispute; — it is impossible to quarrel with Emerson, for he dispenses in a kindly, benignant manner his poetic, beautiful and uplifting ideas, almost intoxicating the reader with his own mystically buoyant nature. Having, therefore, left no gaps in his harness through which an enemy's dart might penetrate, his philosophy lives on, and while not so impressive intellectually as those of the great system-makers like Kant, he has more readers and perhaps a wider influence.

In 1838 Emerson gave an address before the senior class of Divinity College, Cambridge, Massachusetts, in which he deplored the formalism of the religion and preaching of the day and dwelt on the transcendentalism of the individual soul, a discourse which was called at the time a great innovation, but which now excites no opposition or criticism, for if we do not acquiesce in the doctrines set forth, we appreciate and respect the views and the sincerity of the author.

One paragraph from this famous address is quoted as Emerson's own idea of the sphere and the method of the prophet:

"It is very certain that it is the effect of conversation with the beauty of the soul, to beget a desire and need to impart to others the same knowledge and love. If utterance is denied, the thought lies like a burden on the man. Always the seer is a sayer. Somehow his dream is told; somehow he publishes it with solemn joy — sometimes with pencil on canvas, sometimes with chisel on stone; sometimes in towers and aisles of granite, his soul's worship is builded; sometimes in anthems of indefinite music; but clearest and most permanent in words."

Theodore Parker, of Roxbury, near Boston, also a Unitarian clergyman, was one of the audience that heard Emerson speak these words, and he was encouraged by the address to announce similar ideas which were fermenting within him. He was an unusually brilliant man who from a farm boy became an alumnus of Harvard College, attending it only at examinations, and laboring meantime in the field or employing himself in teaching, and who while yet a young man had acquired an astonishing fund of learning. He was the greatest preacher of New England next to Channing, but departed

furthest from the accepted theological beliefs of his day, so as to be in a manner banned by the Unitarian church and its ministry. He was, however, a man of most attractive personality, religiously devoted, witty and emotional, a fearless advocate of what he believed to be the truth, and was the most prominent of the Transcendentalists as a reformer, not hesitating to jeopardize his life in a good cause. After listening to Emerson's address, his "instinctive intuitions" clamored for expression, and when in 1841 he was invited to deliver an ordination sermon in Boston, he chose for his theme, The Transient and Permanent in Christianity, in which discourse he held that the permanent dwelt in the ethical and spiritual teachings of Christ and that these transcended the miraculous,— a contention that brought him immediately into ill-repute with his denomination.

It has been said of English Transcendentalism that Coleridge was its philosopher, Carlyle its preacher and man of letters, and Wordsworth its poet; in America it might be held that Emerson was its philosopher, Bushnell its theologian, Parker its preacher and Whitman its poet. As a thinker and developer of the transcendental

ideas, Horace Bushnell was perhaps the ablest of all. A Congregational minister, he in common with other forward-looking clergymen of New England, went far beyond the borders of the ecclesiastical ideas of his denomination and suffered for his temerity. Whitman exhibits most positively that almost arrogant individualistic bent of Transcendentalism,—that utter disregard of all but divine authority, when it antagonizes the high soul of man, in which independent spirit this poet revels and which constitutes the weight of his message; but it is a powerful one, of such almost superhuman strength that it enthralls the reader and infinitely exalts his conception of his own soul's greatness and dignity. Thoreau was another author who embraced the Transcendental creed, or lack of creed; was an intimate friend of Emerson, and while living an humble hermit life at Walden Pond, cultivated a proud and derisive character of mind, making friends with mice and chipmunks and despising the ordinary ideas and employments of human life. Both he and Whitman were semi-pagan in their philosophy, but wonderful in their reverence for the honor, dignity, independence and power of their own individual souls,—teachings which human

society, cluttered up as it is with so much adventitious and distracting concomitants, would profit by heeding.

Though Transcendentalism formulated no set system of philosophy or religion, and while no real treatises upon it have been written save a tract by Emerson and an address by Parker, and though no architectural memorial has ever been erected to its honor, there is a space of ground which was once owned and occupied by its enthusiastic followers, but long since with its proprietors passed almost into forgetfulness,—Brook Farm. Here, a few miles out of Boston and upon pleasant meadow and upland, the Transcendentalists in the spring of 1841 set up a social and agricultural institution, which though small in numbers was great in genius and in the widespread, beneficent influence which it exercised. George Ripley, a graduate of Harvard and a Unitarian clergyman, was the leader in this scheme of introducing a rudimentary paradise upon earth, which was begun with a colony of only eighteen persons. The community was composed from first to last of many rare and gifted men and women, but the fatal defect of the plan was that it did not fulfill the requirement of pure

and undefiled religion, which consists not only in keeping oneself unspotted from the world, but also in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, which latter duty can only be fulfilled by living midst the common life of men. Their aims, however, were high though in a manner selfish, the constitution which they adopted setting forth clearly the society's transcendental desires and purposes. The document is here presented:

"In order to more effectually promote the great purposes of human culture; to establish the external relations of life on a basis of wisdom and purity; to apply the principles of justice and love to our social organization in accordance with the laws of Divine Providence; to substitute a system of brotherly cooperation for one of selfish competition; to secure to our children and those who may be entrusted to our care, the benefits of the highest physical, intellectual and moral education, which in the progress of knowledge the resources at our command will permit; to institute an attractive, efficient and productive system of industry; to prevent the exercise of worldly anxiety, by the competent supply of our necessary wants; to diminish the desire of excessive accumulation, by making the acquisition of individual property subservient to upright and disinterested uses; to guarantee to each other forever the means of physical support and of spiritual progress; and thus to impart a greater free-

dom, simplicity, truthfulness, refinement and moral dignity to our mode of life;— we, the undersigned, do unite in a voluntary association and adopt and ordain the following articles of agreement," etc.

This is a statement of noble purposes, and though the community which adopted it had but a brief existence, it is pleasant to reflect that its constitution lives on and will never perish; that while the organization was premature, impolitic and monastic, and for those reasons resulted in failure, its principles were of such high and progressive quality that they are destined, like all truth and virtue, to eventually be adopted generally. Thus, the members of the Brook Farm Association were benefactors to mankind; they were brave souls living beyond their time, who felt, as one of their number, Rev. John S. Dwight, expressed it, " We do not properly live in these days; but everywhere with patent inventions and complex arrangements are getting ready to live. The end is lost in the means; life is smothered in appliances; we cannot get to ourselves — there are so many external comforts to wade through."

At the end of three years the experiment at Brook Farm seemed to have been successful and

a prosperous future for it assured; the Farm embraced 208 acres, and the assets of the society amounted to about $30,000; the school, which attracted students from outlying communities, was an established feature, and the association was convinced " that their belief in a divine order of society had become an absolute certainty." The number of those dwelling on the Farm was never above one hundred and twenty persons at one time, and two hundred would embrace all those who were members of the community during the six years that it existed. At the time of which we are writing, the Farm and premises had been developed, additional buildings erected and in every way the association was flourishing; but at this juncture (in 1844), it was deemed advisable to introduce the French communistic plan at Brook Farm, which attractive and plausible scheme had been widely popularized in this country by Mr. Albert Brisbane. The Fourier system was put into operation at the Farm in the following year, and from that time the prosperity of the society began to decline; it had departed somewhat from its original purpose and was maintained at a loss; the final scene occurred with the burning of one of its principal buildings in

the spring of 1847, and in the fall of the year the community ceased to exist.

Fourierism, which proved the undoing of Brook Farm, was perhaps the most enticing communistic scheme that has ever been designed, and caught in its meshes other distinguished people besides the members of this association, Horace Greeley, among others, who listening to the siren voice of Brisbane, its enthusiastic advocate in this country, became its ardent disciple. Greeley was from time to time a visitor at Brook Farm, and possibly through his influence and the advocacy of Fourierism in a column of The Tribune (which Brisbane for a period had at his disposal), this plan was adopted there. The doctrines of Fourier had obtained a large following in the United States, numbering in 1846 no less than about 200,000 persons, and several newspapers opposed to the movement began an attack upon the new socialistic scheme which proposed to revolutionize human society and its institutions for their betterment throughout the world; Greeley and The Tribune, its chief sponsors, replied with zeal and ability, till after a war of words extending through six months, the strife ended with the victory evidently in the hands of

Greeley's antagonists. This notable but forgotten debate was afterwards republished in a book.

Another institution quite as widely known and talked of in its day as Brook Farm and Fourierism, was a periodical issued by that community and called The Dial, the quarterly organ of the Transcendentalists and a magazine of very high standards, devoted to general literature, art, science, sociology, philosophy and religion. The Dial ran for four years with a circulation never reaching to five hundred copies, the first issue, with Margaret Fuller as editor, appearing in April, 1840. Miss Fuller was a noble and extraordinarily brilliant woman, "almost a Christian," of a singular and arrogant personality, yet having attractions which only her contemporaries who knew her could appreciate. An enlightening view of the purposes of the magazine is obtained through its salutatory, a portion of which is quoted:

"We invite the attention of our countrymen to a new design. * * * Many sincere persons in New England reprobate that rigor of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone, which renounces hope, which looks only backward, which asks only such a future as the past, which suspects improvement and

holds nothing so much in horror as new views and the dreams of youth. No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England without remarking the progress of a revolution. It is in every form a protest against usage and a search for principles. If our Journal share the impulse of the time, it cannot now prescribe its own course. It cannot foretell in orderly propositions what it shall attempt. Let it be one cheerful, rational voice amid the din of mourners and polemics."

The Dial started with a subscription list of but thirty names or more, and throughout its career it had a struggling existence, though for a part of the time having Emerson for its editor and for contributors such able writers as Theodore Parker, George Ripley, James Freeman Clarke and William Ellery Channing. Its musical critic was John S. Dwight, while Christopher P. Cranch served as editor of the art department. All these were clergymen whose souls aspired beyond the boundaries of the formal religious ideas of their day, and all of them afterwards had distinguished careers. In the four now scarcely-opened volumes of this unique and brilliant periodical are embalmed the rare prose and poetry of those gifted men and women, who lived not for the more or less selfish ends which prompt

the most of humanity, but for ideals. At the time of The Dial's suspension, George William Curtis wrote to a friend what might stand as its benediction. He said: "The Dial stops. Is it not like the going out of a star? Its place was so unique in our literature! All who wrote and sang for it were clothed in white garments; and the work itself so calm and collected, though springing from the same undismayed hope which furthers all our best reforms. But the intellectual worth of the times will be told in other ways, though The Dial no longer reports the progress of the day."

No wonder that Curtis deplored the demise of The Dial, for in its pages as a fledgeling he had first tried his literary wings; here too Thoreau and Charles A. Dana, the great editor of The New York Sun, together with other authors, began their literary careers which ever reflected credit on Brook Farm and its periodical.

The consideration of Transcendentalism, though foreign to the spirit of the day, is nevertheless a study that is sorely needed; if the good people of Brook Farm in their enthusiastic devotion flew on too wide a tangent in the direction of the ideal, we of this generation are even more

deluded in our deflection towards the material, and of the two errors, that of the Transcendentalists was the lesser, for at least their aims were very high. Their great mistake lay in neglecting the actual world and in segregating themselves from general society;— they provided no ballast, and hence soared too high. But their hermit-like predilection had an element of reason, though carried too far; like the life in monasteries, there was in their similar practice at Brook Farm a modicum of truth, for it is to the quiet and self-contained soul that wisdom speaks, and not so much to him burdened and absorbed with the things of practical life; he must dispossess himself of the crowds of worldly thoughts and sights, and render his mind still and neutral, that his higher intellectual and spiritual faculties may have room and opportunity to exercise themselves. "Be still," say the Scriptures, "and know that I am God!"

TELEPATHY OR THOUGHT-TRANSFERENCE

The purpose of this article is to examine in a practical and unbiased way the claims of telepathy to credence and to inquire concerning its history and development to the present day. It is an exceedingly wide, diversified and complicated study running down under various guises from remotest time, ever associated with superstition, fraud and charlatanry and remaining after centuries of controversy an undecided question with the mass of the people. Innumerable detailed accounts of instances of thought-transference are on record, which if true would substantiate its authenticity, but it has been found that in careful examinations of these cases by scientific and disinterested investigators that the evidence is not conclusive. The incredulous attitude of the public is due largely to the fakers, "professors" and "doctors" who simply for gain parade in advertisements, and as show-men in public halls, alleging themselves to be hypnotizers, clairvoyants and mind readers. From the

Fox sisters of Rochester, N. Y., with their "Rochester rappings," modern spiritualism took its rise in 1849, which, though from the first regarded with suspicion, spread with incredible rapidity throughout the United States and Europe; it has numbered among its followers many distinguished persons in spite of the fact that the frauds practiced under its name have been legion. Also, the English Society for Psychical Research announced in 1885 that the messages alleged by Madame Helena Blavatsky, who introduced the cult of Theosophy into this country, to have been received from the dead, were fraudulent and unworthy of belief. It was in fact the claims of the followers of this woman to occult powers of mind that led to the foundation of this society in 1882, a learned organization made up of some of the most distinguished scientists and which has accomplished a series of investigations comprising hundreds of cases of so-called telepathic and kindred phenomena, and filling upwards of fifty volumes with their reports. While thought-transference is not as yet an established scientific fact, the weight of evidence seems to preponderate for such a conclusion, a very important testimony being that so

able and scholarly an association as the Society for Psychical Research would not have had a being and persevered for years in its labor, were there not a strong presumption that such occult elements of mind have an existence.

That telepathy has had so little competent study outside of the society just referred to is partially due to the fact that so far it has possessed no practical value, and thus remains in the realm of curiosity or sentimental gratification, while another handicap has been the opposition of the Christian church to occultism in all its branches. A sermon listened to years ago is recalled in which the minister, having reviewed the claims of spiritualism to belief, closed by acknowledging them, but giving as his opinion that the manifestations were of the devil, a conclusion which, in the light of the many nervous and mental wrecks which are made through dabbling in them, seems a fair decision. For those of excitable sensibilities, the result of flirting with these imponderable and mysterious forces is generally to render them unsuspecting dupes and credulous followers of deceitful persons seeking merely their money. Another discouraging feature in the consideration of

psychical study is its mixed and complicated character, which we hope to be able somewhat to clear up further on; thus, telepathy, the subliminal-self, the hypnotic sleep and spiritualism are all intimately related and interdependent.

That psychical science is still in its infancy is considered of providential arrangement, for in view of the evil purposes for which it might be employed by people of a low grade of ethical development, it would prove destructive of human society, perhaps, were its unlimited powers to be known and practiced by unprincipled men; thus, as an illustration, one writer has imagined the awful consequences which would have ensued had dynamite been invented and in the hands of the ancient barbarians. Further, were the truth of thought-transference established, both as to its operation in this world and on into the next, interest in this life would languish and die in the view of the present and future spiritual felicities, while the enterprises of human existence, in the workings of which the race ever develops strong and worthy character, would cease to operate.

The commonest manifestation of telepathic influence is that exhibited when a person, having been for a few moments under the gaze of an-

other, turns his eyes in unconscious response towards the individual who has been observing him. This strange and unexplainable power has been noted by everyone, and though a simple procedure which may easily be tested, is nevertheless a telepathic phenomenon. Another very frequently occurring evidence of inexplicable mental prompting is the simultaneous writing of letters, the two correspondents being moved to indite a message to the other at the same time, the notes meeting and passing each other in their transit. Still another common indication of the working of this mysterious influence is the ability sometimes to know the next words that a person shall utter, or the circumstance that shall immediately occur, an occult power to which many no doubt can attest from their own experience. Here is a present and personal instance somewhat along this line: while searching for a certain volume needed in the preparation of this article, I inadvertently took up a memorandum book in which were notes on telepathy that I had jotted down months ago and had forgotten, and the question presented itself, Was I not led to this source of information through the activity of my subliminal (or under the threshold) mind?

Psychic phenomena are of the most ancient record; hypnotism was practiced by the priests of the Chaldeans and alleged cures affected, while of those in the hypnotic sleep it was averred that they were able to foretell future events; Assyria had her Magi, Greece and Rome their oracles, Socrates obeyed a "voice," which was his monitor, Swedenborg claimed to have held discourse with heavenly intelligences for a period of thirty years and is said to have described a fire that was devastating a city many miles away. In recent times and in our own country a remarkable demonstration of supernatural mental power, which may still be perused, was the experience of a youth named Andrew Jackson Davis, born at Blooming Grove, Orange county, New York, in 1826. Reared in poverty and ignorance, having had practically no schooling, he exhibited in the hypnotic state at the age of sixteen remarkable clairvoyant capacities, astonishing those who heard him discourse on scientific subjects with scholarly understanding, while in his natural self being an ignoramus with only ordinary mentality. In 1845 he began, being in the clairvoyant condition, to dictate a book which he called The Principles of Nature; Her Divine

Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind; a wonderful work considering its source,—at least, such is the opinion of his admirers, and it has made the author famous in spiritualistic history, as the forerunner of modern spiritualism. It should be said here that still earlier preparation had been made for the introduction of this belief, by the prevalance in England and America of a widespread interest in the discussion of animal magnetism or mesmerism, to which phase of psychologic mystery it is now convenient to revert.

Many remarkable cures were made in England and Ireland in about the middle of the seventeenth century through the agency of animal magnetism communicated by stroking the persons of the patients, the efficacy of the treatment being endorsed by the highest scientific authority, but it was not till a century later, when Dr. Frederick A. Mesmer, of Vienna, reintroduced it to the world that it came to be a permanent therapeutic agent. Born in 1733, Mesmer studied medicine and having obtained his degree discovered in his practice that he was able to produce curative effects by stroking patients with magnets. At a later period, observing a Swiss priest making cures by simply stroking with empty hands, he

abandoned the use of magnets, calling the agency which he employed animal magnetism, which afterwards came to bear his name, as mesmerism. He located in Paris in 1778, where he created great public interest and excitement in the new and mysterious method by which he effected cures; through his success in healing and the publication of his books he made himself of world-wide distinction. He employed, however, as an adjunct to his main reliance on animal magnetism, a good deal of trumpery in order to impress the minds of his patients with a sense of mystery, which he conceived would add to the efficacy of his treatment. Deep silence, gentle music, expressive odors, mirrors and dim lights characterized his rooms, while Mesmer himself went among his patients arrayed in fantastic garments, making passes and in other appropriate ways ministering to them. Though a large part of this procedure was of course mere mummery, there remained an element of real therapeutic value, and altogether many wonderful cures were accomplished, while great excitment prevailed throughout Paris as a result. The medical profession, however, rose in opposition to him and his treatment, while the government, so great was the controversy, ap-

pointed a commission to inquire into the merits of the strange remedial agent being employed by Mesmer. In due time it reported that while salutary effects were produced by his method, they were owing mainly to the imagination of the patients. This finding was the deathblow to Mesmer's career, and animal magnetism fell into the hands of charlatans while he, denounced as an imposter, retired to Switzerland where he died in 1815.

In 1813, Deleuze, a French scholar, published his Critical History of Animal Magnetism, in which he endorsed the potency of this healing agent, and four years later the Prussian government indirectly recognized it by prohibiting other than physicians from administering such treatment; but the greatest triumph which mesmerism ever gained was in 1831, when the Royal Academy of Medicine, of Paris, through a commission announced without a dissenting vote that the claims made for it by Mesmer were substantially valid. It was this favorable report which introduced mesmerism to the attention of the English-speaking world.

To follow the history of animal magnetism further would be foreign to our purpose, which

is to learn of that branch of the study which deals with thought-transference and the subliminal-self, the latter being that department of the mind which, according to Webster's definition of subliminal is, "Existing in the mind, but below the surface or threshold of consciousness; that is, existing as feeling rather than as clear ideas." This faculty or existence is believed to have a being unknown to the ordinary or supraliminal-mind and to embrace the accumulated stores of inherited and acquired tendencies, forgotten experiences, readings, conversations and incidents without number, with lapsed mental impressions and imaginings; it has its dislikes and preferences, different sometimes from those of the ordinary-self, possesses abilities far beyond the capacities of the natural faculties of the same individual, and is able to foretell future conditions and events; for the activities of life have buried in their rush vast stores of thought which compose infinitely more than that retained in the workaday mind, and concerning which the latter take no cognizance. Now, the strange and interesting claim is made that in the hypnotic sleep induced by animal magnetism, this subliminal-mind is liberated, comes to the surface and ex-

hibits itself in the wonderful manner described. Frequently this subliminal-self manifests its presence in dreams while the supraliminal-self is lost in sleep, though thought-transference is said on a great deal of authority to be accomplished in the natural or waking condition; but in the hypnotic state when the ordinary mind has thus been disposed of, the subliminal mind develops an extra-marvelous power evidenced by divulging the contents of letters, observing objects and circumstances at far-distant places, foretelling events, translating unknown languages,— in short, a vast accumulation of astonishing instances might be cited in this field, and seemingly trustworthy.

That such a department of mental activity really exists independent of the ordinary mind may be proved by the common experience of all; for instance, using a familiar illustration, few persons can state the positions of the letters and characters on the typewriter though in daily use by them, yet the locations of all are so well stored up in the subliminal-mind that they are unconsciously but rapidly and readily found in the process of writing. Other automatic exercises of this kind will occur to the reader, while the term itself is suggestive of automatic hand writing, or

inditing with a planchette or other suitable contrivance, through which telepathic messages are said to be transmitted.

Though the Christian church has generally assumed an antagonistic attitude towards the claims of telepathy, as unfounded and mischievous in tendency, subvertive of genuine faith and practice, it has been observed by different students of thought-transference that there exists a substantial ground of union between religion and this philistine belief. It is argued that the Bible is a network of telepathic communications from the Divine Being, and that without this fundamental source of power, instruction and inspiration, it would cease to be a perfect guide in life. Further, man having been created in God's intellectual and spiritual image, he has been endowed with more or less rudimentary telepathic capacity of mind, and while in this respect as in mental and spiritual gifts certain persons are highly equipped, there also exists a great inequality as to thought-transference, some individuals having little endowment of this kind, and others being so highly furnished as to be called " sensitives."

These views are highly elaborated in a volume issued a few years ago (1913) entitled, Telepathy

of the Celestial World, by Horace C. Stanton, D. D., the author accepting as proved the authenticity of telepathic communications. His explanation of the process of a particular transmission is interesting. He says:

"The visual impression of a human figure is received by the organs of sight (in the peripheral system); and is transmitted to the brain (the central system).

"In the telepathic transmission of a personal vision, this order is just reversed. From the mind of A there is flashed into the mind of P the idea of the personality of A. Then in the mind of P there develops a vision of A, like a dream figure. But this does not come through P's senses; it begins in P's mind. If he is asleep, quite likely the vision will remain simply a dream figure. But if he is awake or becomes awake, that vision may stimulate first his brain (the inward nervous system), and then the outward nervous system. So the latter works in a reverse way. A visual impression is now made on these outer organs and the vision seems to become externalized. P seems to see A standing in front of him."

The author presents an attractive and inspiring view of the happy conditions in the future world of blessedness, in which the telepathic capacity shall be fully developed, widened, strengthened and purified, and the soul enabled thus to visit all places and realms instantaneously

and to commune with kindred spirits everywhere at will. He says enthusiastically:

"For the intercourse of radiant beings in the other world, separated by whatever distance, wonderful provision has been made. Words that flew out across the void, would be drowned in the ether sea. The sunbeam would faint, and then forget its errand. The lightning would grow dizzy and expire. But through calm and storm, through sunshine and through cloud, over the main and over the mountain, through abyss of darkness and abyss of light, past stars and suns and mighty constellations — the telepathic message comes. It faints not nor is weary. It has the right of way before all created things. Nothing in earth or heaven disturbs its flight. For its wings are the thoughts of God."

An interesting question arises in the consideration of thought-transference: Is it of a vestigial or rudimentary character; that is, is it the relic of an early stage in the development of the race, or is it the infantile manifestation of a faculty of the mind which is destined to evolve into unimagined power and enjoyment? This latter idea is a more attractive and hopeful one than the other, which suggests that the subliminal-mind

is a trace of the primitive means of communication employed by men in prehistoric times as a substitute for the unattained invention of language, and through lack of use become ordinarily unrecognizable.

This article has attempted to do little more than to point out a few of the landmarks of this vast and interesting subject, one to which in view of its importance, so little real attention has been given by competent students. The books which have been consulted by the writer abound in testimonies which, were they fully confirmed, would forever set at rest any doubt as to the reality of thought-transmission; but unfortunately such instances have been so frequently found valueless, that the subject remains vague and confused, though no candid reader can study it long without being convinced that truth is present though contaminated with error. Indeed, it would seem, arguing from analogy, that with discoveries of a marvelous character constantly being made in the material world,— the permanent recording of the human voice in word and song to remain indefinitely available, the wireless communication of messages over great distances,— it would seem that these and other remarkable evolutions in the

sphere of matter should be attended and equaled by the eagerly coveted development in the power and range of the mind, which advancement is perhaps betokened in the struggling idea of telepathy.

Never was conception of this kind more in demand than in this period of rank materialism when almost the only thought which commands attention is that of the practical mind, and when the high and profound realms of intellectual and spiritual exploration are for the most part neglected, with the subliminal-self sepulchred in our breasts, dead to its heavenly possibilities and enjoyments. Happily there may await a not far distant day when an understanding and development of this but partially appreciated faculty will bring to the race wonderful advancement in pure and undefiled religion and in all temporal affairs as well.

JUST ORDINARY PEOPLE

The scanning of the daily press, teeming with accounts of strikes, robberies, profiteering and universal unrest, is not an encouraging employment for those who trust in the efficacy and perpetuity of this American Republic. But there is a reassuring side to the situation that may not have occurred to all of us: the stability and dependability of just ordinary people.

It is observable that the headlines of the newspapers deal almost exclusively with the doings of the upper and lower strata of society and that they have little to say concerning the vast so-called middle class, whom we are prone almost to forget in the rush and confusion of passing events; for they are not making speeches and writing articles telling exactly how things are to be done; neither are they engaged in riots; as to robbing and being robbed, they cut no figure at all. It is upon this untold multitude of quiet, industrious men and women that our confidence may serenely rest; in the shock of revolution, should it ever occur, they will save the land and its institutions. In such

an unhappy event, great leaders would rise from the common people as if springing out of the ground, thoroughly equipped and furnished for the emergency, and they would become saviors of their country, writing their names imperishably on the page of history.

Just ordinary people are a distinct species of our population, neither rich nor poor, learned nor unlearned, proud nor humble, gay nor sad, fashionable nor unfashionable — in all respects a golden mean; they have let us say, an old-gold finish that doesn't dazzle but wears well. I have one of them particularly in mind; a retired farmer living next door. Of a pleasant morning he walks leisurely down to the post office and returning, looks over the daily paper with its grist of thrillers; after a time the sheet slips from his grasp and flutters to the floor while the reader, not at all agitated, lapses into a comfortable doze. "Uncle Bill," as we call him, has the plain practical wisdom of just ordinary people.

"I guess it'll come out allright," he says; "they's allers got to be about so much stewin' whether it's meat, veg'tables, politics or gov'-ment."

Uncle Bill would find it difficult to clothe his ideas in suitable words, but instinctively and at a glance he surveys the people of this village and surrounding communities, realizing that they are a part only of a vast aggregation of just such ordinary people living everywhere throughout the country, who like himself are true Americans, quiet, strong, sensible and standing immovable upon the principles cherished by the founders and preservers of this Republic.

Just ordinary people are of indispensable usefulness as the source of leaders for political, educational and religious activities; from their homes go forth men and women to adorn the higher walks of life, if I may judge from my own observation in this township of northern New York. From its farms have gone not a few who are today notable figures in the learned professions,— law, medicine, theology — some serving as educators in the higher institutions of learning, and as missionaries in foreign parts.

The explanation of this liberal contribution of leading men and women from so seemingly unpromising a source may be found in the humble virtues, industrious habits and unconventional methods of thought which generally prevail in

rural communities. These young men and women started in life unfettered by artificial ideas, and with the vigor of original minds and strong bodies carried the abilities, the independent spirit and the excellencies of just ordinary people, reinforced with the culture of college halls, into the presence of tens of thousands in widely separated parts of the world.

Of the three classes into which our people readily admit of being divided, the middle section stands as the conservative portion, serving as a shock absorber to the immature policies and half-truth agitations which are ever emanating from the lower strata of society, and for the arrogant and predatory activities of the higher. Just ordinary people thus occupy the pivotal portion of our national teeter-board, and with the see-sawing members at the extremities conspicuously making faces and throwing things at each other, the middle portion serve to maintain as a fulcrum a good and safe balance and to preserve order, though itself unnoticed and receiving no credit. Uncle Bill looks at the situation in the same way, but under a somewhat different light:

" It's allers a good plan," he says, " to put for the middle one of a three-hoss team, a stiddy old

animal, and the skittish nags on each side of him; val'able lives and big expense have been saved by keerfulness of this kind."

We need, of course, men and women of brilliant parts — poets, essayists, orators, statesmen, etc., but it has been frequently shown that such capacities do not always accompany an ability to take a common-sense view of a simple proposition; and the spectacle is ever before us of those distinguished for achievements in the higher realms of thought who in matters that could be quickly and properly decided by an ordinary person, betray an astonishing lack of understanding. This singular intellectual limitation is due, perhaps, to a mental law of equalization which commands that if any faculty of the mind be highly developed, it must be so at the expense of other departments of thought; but just ordinary people are not afflicted in this manner — they go to extremes in nothing. In love, joy, sorrow they make little demonstration, and when they come to die, they do so with submission and quiet dignity. It matters little whether success or failure has been their experience, they preserve a calm and cheerful demeanor and go forward in the path of life ignorant of the fact that they, perhaps, are ex-

hibiting a noble heroism and rare chivalry of character that kings might envy.

Just ordinary people particularly shine in the matrimonial sphere; while men and women of more highly organized minds and sentiments are apt to see Venuses and Adonises quite frequently, these plain people love moderately and long, rather than passionately and for a day. They have, of course, domestic " words," but they venerate and honor their marriage vows and do not hurry away to the divorce courts on every little provocation, and as the years come and go, with man, wife and children fighting out and living out the problems, difficulties and disagreements of family life, the virtues are born and developed which constitute just ordinary people the bulwark of the land.

THE CLASSICS OF AGRICULTURE

There was a time, and that not long ago, when it might have been doubted if there existed any classical writings with agriculture as the subject, so commonplace and uneventful was that occupation considered; but now, when a movement something akin to a revolution is in progress — a reversal of interest and purpose from the city to the country,— it may be easily admitted that such eminent literature may really have an existence. The day may yet arrive when to be the proprietor of a fine farm and mansion, and to dwell quietly and independently on one's own manor, may be considered the ideal way of living. It was thus in England and Scotland a century ago, when Sir Walter Scott toiled with his pen to make Abbotsford a noble rural estate, desiring that possession more than the fame of his authorship, of which profession he was somewhat ashamed.

The Works and Days of Hesiod is a poem that has the distinction of being not only among the first writings that have come down to us from the

remote centuries, but the first literature devoted to agriculture. Hesiod was a Greek farmer and lived, a contemporary of Homer, in the ninth century before Christ. The poet had a scapegrace brother named Perses, for whose benefit Works and Days seems to have been written, in hope of restoring him to habits of thrift and industry. Hesiod's lines are for the most part prosaic, as might be expected from the unattractive character of the neighborhood where he dwelt. He says, alluding to his father having located here:

> In Ascra's wretched hamlet, at the feet
> Of Helicon he fixed his humble seat:
> Uncongenial clime — in wintry cold severe
> And summer heat, and joyless through the year.

Though some fine passages may be found in Hesiod, he is for the greater part uninteresting, abounding in commonplace advice, ridiculous omens and forgotten superstitions.

The Roman people in their best days, before wide conquests and vast wealth had operated to corrupt them, were devoted to agriculture and such occupation was considered desirable by the best citizens. Cato, the Censor, who lived about two centuries before Christ and who hated and

opposed, in his rough and unconventional manner, the influx of eastern ideas and customs, naturally was a disciple of the soil, and he wrote a book on the subject of farming. Cato's work, however, is dull reading, being devoid of any element of fancy or sentiment. The following excerpt will convey an idea of it: (A landlord is giving instruction to his tenant.)

"He should know how to do every farm task and should do it often, without exhausting himself. If he does this he will know what is in the minds of the family (slaves) and they will work more contentedly. Besides, if he works he will have less desire to stroll about, and be healthier and sleep better. He should be the first to get up and the last to go to bed; should see that the country house is locked up, that each one is sleeping where he belongs and that the cattle are fed."

Marcus Terentius Varro, a remarkably prolific Roman writer of the first century before Christ, was the author of a work on agriculture in three books, an interesting feature of which consists of the foreword being inscribed to his wife, Fundania. He treats of the entire round of farm topics and touches on the side issues of fish and fishing, hunting, bees and watchdogs. Varro was a learned man, but he did not consider these

subjects beneath him, though we may easily imagine that Fundania encouraged him to honor them with his mighty pen. It is unnecessary to say that Varro's work has become valueless for practical purposes.

Vergil, the great Latin author (born B. C. 70), was perhaps the most conspicuous poetic genius who ever devoted his art to the honoring of agriculture; his Georgics, consisting of four books taken up respectively with farming, trees, cattle and bees, will ever be admired by scholars for their literary grace and beauty. Over the plain and unromantic occupation of husbandry he has cast the airy drapery of poetic radiance, until the farm and the farmer are made to appear as the ideal home and the happiest employment. Vergil occupied himself seven years in the writing of the Georgics, and so well did he do his work that after nineteen centuries it is still read and admired.

The first work on agriculture that appeared in England was published in 1534, an English Judge by the name of Fitzherbert being the author. This old treatise is remarkable in that though comprising but one hundred pages, it is still an excellent manual of general farming. The author had

profited by forty years experience and was thoroughly acquainted with his subjects. The antiquated spelling in his book seems now very curious and lends an antique and interesting flavor to his observations. Here is a passage:

"An housbande can not well thryve by his corne without he have cattell, nor by his cattell without corne. And bycause that shepe, in myne opynyon, is the mooste profytablest cattell that any man can have, therefore, I pourpose to speake fyrst of shepe."

Many an ambitious author and publicist in Fitzherbert's day dreamed of and labored for fame and is now forgotten, while this plodding old countryman with his hundred pages of practical farm-instructions has remained before the world for upwards of four centuries and is still consulted.

Jethro Tull, an Englishman who lived in the earlier part of the eighteenth century was an era-maker in agriculture, though his insistence that plant life depended not at all on fertilizers except as looseners of the soil, the minute particles of which he held to be only essential, brought his other really valuable ideas and inventions into disrepute. Tull introduced the method of frequent cultivation of growing crops, his purpose, how-

ever, being merely to pulverize the soil and to thus render it more available to be appropriated; he invented the seed-drill and the threshing machine, and was the pioneer of patient investigation and practical experience in husbandry. He brought the phrase, "Art of agriculture," to have a meaning, while his active and fertile mind made the path in which a system worthy of the expression might be constructed. In his day he was considered a visionary and an impractical man, and while afflicted with disease and yet endeavoring to prosecute his improvements, his men would not only neglect to follow his directions, but would purposely injure the ingenious implements and machines which he had contrived.

Another great light of agriculture was Arthur Young, an Englishman who was born in 1741 and who was the author and compiler of a mammoth work on farming extending through forty-five volumes, entitled, The Annals of Agriculture. Among those who contributed articles to the work was George III., the King, who signed himself "Ralph Robinson." Young went about on horseback, visiting France and Ireland and noting down everything that he considered of value to English farmers. He was an enthusiastic lover

of the soil, a painstaking experimenter, who discovered some of the rudiments of agricultural chemistry, and was above all a popularizer of his chosen calling. Moreover, he paved the way for another and a greater pathfinder.

That agriculture arrived at the dignity of a science was due to the genius of Sir Humphrey Davy, who in 1813 in his Elements of Agricultural Chemistry, published in England, treated of soils, plants and fertilizers in a systematic and scientific manner. This work was one of the greatest contributions to the advancement of agriculture that has ever been written.

It would be very difficult to select from the host of later books on agriculture those worthy to rank as classics in that department of literature, and hence without attempting to arrive at a perfectly satisfactory judgment I will only cite Fruits, Flowers and Farming, 1859, by Henry Ward Beecher. It is a singular fact that the author of this unique, interesting and even practically valuable book knew nothing of husbandry from actual experience. The young minister, long before he had won distinction, took up for diversion the study of Loudon's and other works of a similar character, and thus equipped, furnished an agri-

cultural paper with a series of articles which long after were resurrected by an enterprising publisher and issued in book form. Its many topics are briefly treated and handled in an easy and familiar manner with no attempt at literary dignity or finish, but the book derives no small part of its charm from this very spontaneity of style. It gains additional interest from the sage, humorous and ethical offshoots which from time to time unexpectedly appear in its pages. This is one of them: "The best stock a man can invest in is the stock of a farm; the best shares are plowshares, and the best banks are the fertile banks of the rural stream: the more these are broken, the better dividends they pay."

AMERICAN MAGAZINES, PAST AND PRESENT

Benjamin Franklin, among other distinctions, has that of having originated in Philadelphia in 1741 the first American magazine; it was a monthly and was called The General Magazine and Historical Chronicle, and ran for six months, when it ceased to exist. Though the first number of Bradford's Magazine, Philadelphia, appeared a few days earlier, the idea had been borrowed from Franklin. From this time on for a century and more, magazines came and went, nearly all of them having but a brief period of life, while men of real genius were ever ready to immolate themselves on the altar of the republic of letters, to heroically devote their lives and substance to the hopeless enterprise of maintaining a periodical dedicated to "polite literature." These old-time magazines have an antique atmosphere and appearance when compared with those of the day. Before me is a bound volume of The New York Mirror of 1834, a weekly, and "devoted to literature and the fine arts," its editors being George

P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay and Nathaniel P. Willis, all distinguished writers in their generation. The Mirror has eight quarto pages, no advertisements, and has songs with accompaniments, or instrumental piano pieces, in each issue; a few beautiful full-page steel plate engravings adorn the volume, and an excellent selection of prose and poetry appears in its pages. The practical and commercial phases are not in evidence; politics receives little or no consideration, while fiction and a high class of articles predominate, with the travel letters of Fay and Willis as conspicuous features. Though this old periodical has a somewhat tame and conservative spirit in comparison with our up-to-date and enterprising magazines, it commands respect for its calm and cultured management and for the air of refinement and amiable scholarship which pervade its columns, characteristics which, though they brought no reward of fortune to the proprietors, were yet an elevating influence in their day, and well appreciated, as this beautifully bound and carefully preserved volume attests.

In the old days of the newspaper and magazine, talented writers sought editorial chairs that they might have widely-spread exemplars of their

ideas, and thus periodical literature was then of a more individualized, pronounced and forward-looking character than it is today; for this reason the history of American magazines and newspapers furnishes many interesting names and careers of those who were prominent editors in the early years. It might be said again in passing that these editorial influences were eminently characterized by the personal element; great journals like The New York Tribune, The Times and The Sun, spoke not as in the present day, impersonally, reflecting merely the ideas of the controlling powers, but these newspapers in their creative editorials and entire management set forth the mind and the will of their respective editors — Horace Greeley, Henry J. Raymond and Charles A. Dana. The same may be said of the old magazines; the editors of them were generally men of independent convictions and of widely acknowledged literary abilities, for in those days it was scholarly and finished writing which was generally considered to be essential for the success of a periodical, and accordingly the securing of an editor known to be proficient as an author was deemed an attractive and paying feature of the serial. On this account the

history of American periodicals embraces not a few men and women of the highest literary reputation who have served in editorial capacities, beginning with Benjamin Franklin, the father of the magazine in this country, and continuing down to about fifty years ago, when the present methods began to be prominently introduced.

Thomas Paine, whose writings previous to and during the Revolution served immeasurably to promote the success of the Colonists, was first introduced to the people of this country as editor of The Pennsylvania Magazine, in which periodical under the *nom de plume* of "Atlanticus" he won his first laurels in America. At the time of Paine's assuming this editorship, in February, 1775, there appeared an article from his pen entitled The Magazine in America, from which the following interesting paragraph is quoted:

"It has always been the opinion of the learned and curious, that a magazine when properly conducted is the nursery of genius; and by constantly accumulating new matter, becomes a kind of market for wit and utility. The opportunity which it affords to men of ability to communicate their studies, kindles up a spirit of invention and emulation. An unexercised genius soon contracts a kind of mossiness, which not only checks its

growth, but abates its natural vigor. Like an untenanted house it falls into decay, and frequently ruins the possessor."

Charles B. Brown, in his day a popular writer, was the first typical and distinctive American author to appear, and he is also notable for having been the first man of letters in this country to follow authorship as a profession and for a livelihood; he, too, served as an editor — first, in 1801, of Conrad's Literary Magazine and American Review, Philadelphia, and later of The Annual Register. Though all magazine enterprises were then a forlorn hope, Brown was, so far as possible, successful, promoting the prosperity of the periodicals which he edited; but his literary fame rests entirely upon his epochal books of fiction.

The brilliant and eccentric genius of Edgar Allan Poe was also employed in magazine editorship, The Southern Literary Messenger, of Richmond, Virginia, having been his first experience in this line, but he was a passionate and somewhat dissipated person, and after quarreling with the owner of the periodical was compelled to resign; in 1837 he went to New York, where he was connected with the Quarterly Review of that city.

Remaining there for a year, he was then associated with Graham's Magazine, of Philadelphia, for a period of four years, a portion of the time serving as editor. Here he again had a disagreement with the publisher and sundered his relations with the periodical. Poe cherished an ambition to possess a magazine and to edit it according to his own ideals, and it is possible that, with his talents liberated from the embarrassing tutelage under which he ever labored, his genius might have more widely and deeply developed, but with his erratic nature and convivial habits it is unlikely that he would have achieved success either as editor or proprietor. It would appear, however, that he has been a much slandered person, while the commendable phases of his life and character have been slighted; it should be said to his credit that he was an industrious and painstaking writer, thorough and conscientious from a literary standpoint in all that he committed to print; during the fifteen years of his productive period he wrote voluminously at wretchedly inadequate rates, being ever harassed with poverty and anxiety, an invalid and beloved wife adding to the solicitude under which he

disadvantageously labored. Years ago Harper's Magazine published a fine description of Poe's personal appearance and of his mental characteristics, from the pen of a "Lady Love," and it is here reproduced:

"Mr. Poe was about five feet eight inches tall, and had dark, almost black hair, which he wore long and brushed back in student style over his ears. It was as fine as silk. His eyes were large and full, gray and piercing. He was then, I think, entirely clean-shaven. His nose was long and straight, and his features finely cut. The expression about his mouth was beautiful. He was pale, and had no color. His skin was of a clear, beautiful olive. He had a sad, melancholy look. He was very slender when I first knew him, but had a fine figure, an erect military carriage and a quick step. But it was his manner that most charmed. It was elegant. When he looked at you it seemed as if he could read your very thoughts. His voice was pleasant and musical, but not deep.

"He always wore a black frock coat buttoned up, with a cadet or military collar, a low, turned-over shirt collar, and a black cravat tied in a loose knot. He did not follow the fashions, but had a style of his own. His was a loose way of dressing, as if he didn't care. You would know that he was very different from the ordinary run of young men. Affectionate! I should think he was; he was passionate in his love.

"My intimacy with Mr. Poe isolated me a good deal. In fact my girl friends were many of them afraid of him, and forsook me on that account. I knew none of his male friends. He despised ignorant people, and didn't like trifling and small talk. He didn't like dark-skinned people. When he loved he loved desperately. Though tender and very affectionate, he had a quick, passionate temper and was very jealous. His feelings were intense, and he had but little control of them. He was not well balanced; he had too much brain. He scoffed at everything sacred, and never went to church. If he had had religion to guide him he would have been a better man. He said often that there was a mystery hanging over him he never could fathom. He believed he was born to suffer, and this embittered his whole life."

This is a remarkably clear pen-picture of a most interesting literary character — of a gifted, wayward and unfortunate child of genius; cold and indifferent must be that person who can read this intimate and pathetic summing up of his merits and demerits without a feeling of sympathy and regret. Poe's military air, which is mentioned, was no doubt derived from his brief experience as a cadet at West Point Military Academy.

A well-nigh forgotten literary light and editor of the old days was a writer who bore the sound-

ing, oracular name of Orestes Augustus Brownson, who, starting in life midst humble circumstances and with a limited education, became through self-instruction a man of prodigious learning, acquired several languages and by diligent study made himself deeply read in many departments of human knowledge. Of a literary turn and enthusiastic disposition, he eagerly committed to writing and to the press the results of his ever-enlarging studies and the ideas which he prolifically evolved from them, so that he left behind him at his death a great mass of profound and valuable writings having to do with religion, philosophy, science and many other topics; after having considered in his investigations all religious systems and placed his various ideas in print, he finally adopted the Catholic church and its creed as the model for his faith and practice, and was thereafter actively devoted to that denomination. He was the founder of Brownson's Quarterly Review, Boston, which ran from 1838 to 1843; soon after having embraced the Catholic religion, he revived this periodical in New York, and it became the most prominent organ of that church in the country. This was not the first field, however, of Brownson's editorial activity,

for in the earlier portion of his career, when he was a believer in Universalism, he had served as editor of two different periodicals devoted to the interests of that faith. He partook of that freedom of thought advocated and exercised by the Transcendentalists, and had been associated with Emerson and other prominent persons of that school of philosophy and religion, but the liberty of opinion which they assumed and moderately cultivated was abused by Brownson, who in the nineteen volumes of his works shows himself to have been wedded in a sort of intellectual bigamy to a variety of religious and philosophical beliefs, one after another, he himself admitting that he "had accepted and vindicated nearly every error into which the human race has ever fallen."

As one reverts from the practical literary policies of the day to the editors and writers of the years which we are considering, it is like visiting another land and another people, so different are the aims, and the methods employed. Those former days were notable in the literary sphere for sincerity, power and fecundity of thought, for an enthusiastic searching after ultimate truth, for a striving towards the realization of

ideals; and not for pecuniary profit, but for the enjoyment of the high enterprise and the anticipated gratification of the attainment.

There were giants in those days — poets, preachers, essayists, philosophers, novelists — and as in the pages of their books we trace their mighty strides, we mourn for the absence of their progeny, for they left no heirs of their greatness. But the favorable conditions in the midst of which these thinkers developed have ceased to exist; there were then fewer distractions, less of urban population and of the commercial spirit; the weekly newspaper was the principal channel of information for the most of the people; the dissemination of news and opinions was slow; human life was unartificial and its interests were largely centered and engrossed in the little neighborhood communities, with their postoffices, stores and artisan shops — the people lived within themselves and for the most part supplied their own wants; there were, therefore, opportunities to think, and where that exists — where there is room for thought — there will arise great thinkers. The advent of rapid printing presses, the employment of wood-pulp paper, cheap postage, the telegraph, telephone and other means of speedy

and general communication and distribution; the wiping out of the small villages by the centralized activities of the cities; the introduction of the rural post routes by which all are able to have daily papers; amateur photography and the invention of photo-engraving, by which agencies illustrated magazines have been multiplied and brought within the means of and made convenient to all, building up great periodical publishing concerns — all this has conduced to a superficial and general enlightenment, but it has not fostered original and deep thinking, and without profound thought little of real and permanent value is achieved. Periodical literature has degenerated to a commercial level; profiting by the great amount derived from advertisements, which depend, of course, upon the extent of the circulation, the popular magazines have use for only those writers who are competent to entertain the largest number of readers, which condition has had a discouraging effect upon the producers of a more thoughtful and permanent literature.

Standing in the middle ground between the old-time and the modern magazine proprietor is the unique personality of Robert Bonner; he was the first of that line of periodical magnates who by

the adoption of bold and daring business methods achieve success. Born in Ireland in 1824 and coming to this country at the age of fifteen, he became an apprentice in the Hartford (Conn.) Courant printing office. He developed into an expert and rapid compositor, and coming to New York was employed by The Evening Mirror, making use of his leisure hours to write news letters to The Courant. Having accumulated a modest capital, he purchased in 1851 The Merchants Ledger, of New York, converted it into a literary weekly, and engaged Fanny Fern, a popular writer of the day, to contribute to the periodical at one hundred dollars a column, which was considered an enormous amount at that time for such work. Fanny Fern was the pen-name of Sara P. Willis, a sister of Nathaniel P. Willis; she married James Parton who, in his day, was a widely known author and whose biographies of noted men are still read and admired. Bonner renamed his weekly The New York Ledger, and through the liberal advertising he gave it and from the employment of the highest writing talent available, it acquired a vast circulation and made a fortune for its owner. His outlay for advertising frequently amounted to twenty-five

thousand dollars a week, while Charles Dickens and other great literary men of the times were contributors; he paid Henry Ward Beecher, then the most famous clergyman of the country, thirty thousand dollars for his novel, Norwood, which appeared serially and was widely read. In the meantime, however, Bonner allowed no advertisements to appear in The Ledger, the periodical criterion of the day being no advertisements and no illustrations. Longfellow was not too proud and conservative to sell his poems to this frankly confessed money-making magazine; three thousand dollars were paid him by Bonner for his poem, The Hanging of the Crane; but the bulk of the reading matter which appeared in " The Ledger " appealed to the less discriminating portion of the public.

Bonner was fond of horses and spent as much as six hundred thousand dollars in the gratification of this hobby, purchasing the fastest trotters for fabulous prices, but never engaging in public races. This, of course, was an indirect method of advertising; the writer well remembers the astonishment which prevailed when the news was excitedly spread throughout the country that Bonner of The Ledger had bought " Dexter," a

trotting horse that held the world's record, paying for him a great price, and to be used merely as a pleasure driving horse. It may be said that two incongruous episodes gave The Ledger and its owner their greatest renown — the securing of Beecher's Norwood, and the purchase of "Dexter." Bonner was, however, an excellent and popular man, of an amiable and friendly disposition, a liberal contributor to philanthropic purposes and a faithful adherent of the church; altogether he was the most conspicuous, unique and successful periodical publisher of his generation.

To emphasize what has already been said: In recent years magazine publishing and editing has grown to be in many instances a purely commercial enterprise, with literary ideals forgotten in the rush for an enlarging circulation, though there are some exceptions. Beginning about the year 1870, advertisements began to appear profusely in the magazines, and with the great profits thus accruing, the success of periodical publishing was assured. As can easily be understood, this policy necessitated a departure from the former ideals which had been maintained in editorial rooms, and required an adaptation to

the ideas and activities of the day, in order that the circulation might be increased and thus higher prices afforded for the display of advertisements. Hence, the demand that the editors of such magazines now make upon writers is for fiction that has striking episodes, strange and unheard-of situations, droll phraseology, barbarian dialect — anything to attract and hold the attention of the masses and sell the periodical. As to material of rare and refined sentiment, or of a meditative, scholarly or historic character, it finds no market in the average magazine of today. Instead of the old-time editor, thoughtful, discriminating, wedded to the highest traditions of literature, with lofty ethical standards, refusing in agreement with the author, to have names appended to articles, so that merit and only merit might sway in them;— in place of this we have now a class of men making up the selections for many of our periodicals who are in close touch with the circulation manager and the news-stand, and who derive their cues from those practical sources. Guided by this policy the American magazine has developed to astonishing material success and arrived at proportions unequaled by any other nation on the globe,

for practically every family in this country is a subscriber to one or more monthlies or weeklies, and frequently to half a dozen. The older and conservative periodicals, threatened with extinction by the rush for the ephemeral and bizarre, are gradually succumbing to the popular demand.

These conditions have exercised, of course, a deleterious effect upon the writer fraternity, who, though certain of them have been pecuniarily successful beyond anything in the history of authorship, have been compelled to lower their standards, or to curb their aspirations for the attainment of the higher planes of literary achievement. Thus, there is now little opportunity as in former times for the independent and conscientious writer to rise into honorable distinction, for the great periodicals either have under contract or ready to respond to their calls, a group of writers who are experts in just the line of material which they employ. It is not uncommon for several periodicals to be owned and managed by one publishing concern, and in such cases it is the fashion to employ a staff of adept fiction writers on weekly wages, who furnish the stories used by the various magazines issued by the firm. The tendency to specializa-

tion which is operative in every field of human activity has manifested itself in the literary sphere, so that today an editor instead of depending upon unsolicited material sent in by unknown writers, delegates men of his staff, or other persons whom he deems competent, to write the fiction or prepare the article that he wishes; in fact, editors of magazines not infrequently block out for authors the treatment of the material they desire, even providing for story writers the plots of the yarns they are to build around them. It will be apparent from all this that the unknown and unfledged writer stands but little chance of gaining an acceptance from magazines of the character which we have been discussing.

But there is a brighter side to periodical literature in the United States; so far we have been dealing with the popular prints, those which sell to the hurrying, undiscriminating portion of the people, to those who have not the inclination or even the time to peruse thoughtful and instructive writings; but it should be remembered that there are a great many persons to whom the worthier type of magazine would appeal, were publishers willing to produce and authors to write them for the comparatively small remuneration which they

would achieve. This field, however, is being widely cultivated today, more than ever since the coming in of the floods of popular periodicals, by a host of religious, household, historical, fraternal, reform and educational magazines, many of which have very large circulations, are ably edited and attractively printed and illustrated, and though never seen on news-stands nor hawked on trains, are silently performing a great and cultural work. In the meantime the multiplying of a class of magazines aiming at the opposite effect — something to startle and dazzle — is a process of grave digging preparatory to death by starvation, scores of them having ceased to exist within the past few years, and the end is not yet. The great newspapers, particularly the Sunday editions, are, with their magazine features, rivaling and even distancing many of them in the race for popularity.

The eclipse of the old-time dignified magazine has been accompanied with the failing renown of the author;— no longer does he command the veneration of the people;— thousands are writing but generally without any distinctive personality; the output lacks individuality, sincerity, high purpose and ethical, cultural atmosphere; it

is common, ordinary, wanting deep and lasting merit, devoid of appeal to the best sentiments of the people, without which it is destined to go into the limbo of ephemeral literature. But in the decades to come there will perchance yet live some story, poem or article that a sincere and worthy soul has committed to writing and which the editor of some obscure periodical has appreciated and printed, which will shine on and on into the future, an inspiration to the reader and a lasting honor to the author.

THE BURDEN OF LIBERTY

Oh Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap,—
* * * A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth art thou; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven.
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armourers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems thee bound,
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward; terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.

— *Bryant.*

The assumption of the principle of political liberty is the taking of a fearful responsibility, whether individually or collectively — in either case it concerns the issue of national life or death.

This is a fact which is very imperfectly realized, the prevailing idea being that freedom is merely a loosening of restraint and an indulgence in pleasurable diversions and occupations; this is but a part, and the lesser part of the condition, the other being eternal vigilance and a ceaseless battle with the sleepless enemies of liberty. From the beginning of history this contention has been fiercely waged and it is still continuing with unabated fury, a terrible demonstration having been in the recent world war, and it will proceed, though not let us hope with the shedding of blood; for there can be no peace between liberty and oppression — one or the other must ultimately perish in the strife.

The whole creation partakes of the unappeasable conflict— the mineral elements are perpetually fighting to develop themselves in the midst of determined oppositions, giving humanity instances of their power in flood, hurricane, volcano and earthquake; every vegetable growth has its obstacles, its enemies which it must overcome or perish; all animal existence is the prey of destructive beasts and appropriate vermin —in short, the liberty of all things is disputed and hedged in so that nothing can succeed or even continue

except by persistent endeavor. For the virus of human depravity, with a spirit of arrogance and rebellion, has been communicated as a contagion to the earth which we inhabit and it has become a sad commentary on the contentions which rack the life and spirit of humanity.

Liberty in the perfection of her virgin grace and beauty, will not come to us; we must come to Liberty, and her home is ever shifting to pinnacles of a higher and higher trail, toilsome and full of peril, which heroes only are likely to follow; but it is a kind of mountain climbing that incorporates health into a nation and eliminates the political disease germs of cowardice and indifference.

Another consideration concerning liberty which is not well appreciated is, that it is really of an ethical or religious character, inasmuch as it is impossible of adequate attainment without the exercise on the part of the people of Christian faith and precepts. The Bible is the charter of our freedom — upon it the fathers of the nation built its foundations, and out of it the superstructure, all that is high and enduring, must be fashioned. It was with deprivation of their liberty and to be given into the control of their

enemies that the ancient Israelites were threatened if they disobeyed the law of God, an experience which invariably and repeatedly they were condemned to suffer; and this warning is for the benefit of the present generation of the world, as much as for those of a remote century of the past. There is, therefore, a great burden of accountableness imposed upon any people who propose to realize or maintain the principle of liberty, but it is one which like the yoke and burden of the Founder of Christianity, is easily borne if assumed in a right spirit.

Of the destiny of liberty, or rather of liberty lands, there is one unvarying condition which determines what it shall be — that ancient rock upon which the Israelitish nation was ruined — obedience to divine law, leading to prosperity and freedom; or disobedience, followed by misfortune and political dependence. The mere possession by a people of nominal liberty, not having the essence of it, is no guarantee of success and permanence, for injustice and tyranny may flourish in it, while evil influences may easily employ the very vehicle of freedom with which to oppress the people.

True liberty is a heavenly, precious possession, and as such is not to be cheaply obtained;— while it is to be had without money and without price, it can only be secured by the extravagant expenditure by both individual and nation of fealty to God, study of social and political problems, earnest community service, and cheerful, never-ending sacrifice of selfhood to the highest public interests.

THE ULTIMATE AIM OF HISTORY

It is the purpose of this paper to inquire as to what is the essential and final goal of history; to determine, if possible, the secret object which the centuries of the past have held, with their voluminous and diversified chronicles. For it should be considered that history of itself has no aim, that it is but a blind and irresponsible thing, a setting forth of facts devoid of the gloss of literature, neglectful of the theories of philosophy and scornful of the spirit of prophecy. But, as the world of nature to only the unattentive and materially minded is without design and harmony, so there is yet clearly discerned by the thoughtful and devout that a superintending divine agency also governs the making of universal history, directing the paths of nations and determining their destinies.

The further the race progresses the larger, more detailed, accurate and enlightened becomes its contributions to history, and the easier becomes the task of arriving at an intelligent opinion as to what this stupendous drama being

played on the world stage shall have for its ending. In the most ancient days there were no materials of history with which to learn of future prospects, except those consisting of brute power and barbaric pride, but in this advanced generation when the " sights " on the historical compass have become more widely set apart, it is an attractive and profitable employment to endeavor to trace out from the historical landmarks the inheritance the world offers its future inhabitants. To the real student this prophetic phase of the investigation must forcibly appeal, for it is hardly possible for one deeply interested in a subject to remain satisfied until he shall have viewed it in every light and turned upon it the illuminating rays of philosophy and religion.

Many readers of history are interested exclusively in some of its minor fields to the neglect of that high and comprehensive view which we are considering. Thus, memoirs of local significance only, bound the historic interest of many persons. Others are able to relish the portrayal of the past in no other guise than that of a striking and dramatic personage and demand of authors that they inject into their works life, movement and vigor, a requirement which has

been responded to in the historical novel, in which uninviting annals have been embellished and modernized in a manner to attract and hold the popular attention. There are still other groups of investigators who are specialists, taking up only those lines which relate to their particular tastes or callings, which studies while instructive and useful may by the holding before the attention of subordinate parts, obscure the grand outlook over the past in its entirety and prevent a just understanding of the essential trend of events universally considered.

It will be convenient to discuss the topic under the three following heads: First, The existence of a world-social development ever proceeding. Second, Ethical progression. Third, Evidences of a universal dominion of truth, justice and righteousness yet to be established.

Social Progression

To the superficial reader the history of his own country will appear an enigma of conditions and events, defying his attempts to trace the final plan and purpose of it all, while in the vast field of universal history he finds himself completely lost in the bewildering confusion of the rise and fall

of nations, the changing peoples, policies and religions of those world powers ever mounting to the ruined places of humiliated empires, and the never-ending amalgamations of races and languages to become influential in the achievements of the world. Attentive consideration, however, will convince him that from the dawn of history there has been a line of advancement, though the path must frequently be traced as it loops back to avoid perhaps some obstacle which we have not yet the means to discover.

Thus, history in its world-wide aspect, reaching from the earliest recorded times to the present, is at first view a pathless chaos of events, disconnected, unrelated, and following one after the other as in the sightless lottery of chance. But men of thought have discovered in this maze of local, national and international chronicles, coherent orders of progression and have made worthy and useful endeavors to lead tributary currents of history into one great river of advancement, seeking thus to unify and render intelligible the events of all times and peoples. In studies of this character the works of Hegel, Guizot, Herder, Mulford, Draper and Kidd among others are prominent as sustaining various

phases of the developmental theory of world progress.

Since the seventeenth century when Bacon and Descartes promulgated the doctrine of an inherent progressive spirit in the race, the idea has found more and more adherents until it has become a generally received article of historic faith. Guizot subscribes to it in the following words:

"For my part, I feel assured that a general civilization pervades the human race; that at every epoch it augments; and that there, consequently, is a universal history of civilization to be written. Nor have I any hesitation in asserting that this history is the most noble, the most interesting of any, and that it comprehends every other."

Elisha Mulford, an American philosophical writer of a high order, whom this nation might well more generally study, has this to say:

"The nation no more exists complete in a single period of time than does the race; it is not a momentary existence, as if defined in some circumstance. It is not composed of its present occupants alone, but it embraces those who are, and have been, and shall be. There is in it the continuity of the generations, it reaches backward to the fathers and onward to the children, and its relation is manifest in its reverence for the one and its hope for the other. * * * The nation has never existed

which placed a definite termination to its existence — a period when its order was to expire and the obligation to its law to cease. * * * The best attainments pass slowly from their germ to their perfectness, as in the growth of language and the law, the arts and the literature of a people. Chaucer and Spencer, through intervals of slow advance, precede Shakespeare, as Giotto and Perugino lead the way to Michael Angelo and Raphael. * * * In the fruition of the nation there is the work of the generations, and even in the moments of its existence the expression of their spirit, the blending of the strength of youth, the resolve of manhood, and the experience of the age — the hope and the aspiration of the one, the wisdom and repose of the other."

The German author, Herder, a most eloquent advocate of the idea which is being considered and a man who accomplished more, perhaps, than any other in popularizing it, thus expresses his belief:

" The philosophy of history is the true history of mankind, without which all the outward occurrences of this world are but clouds or revolting deformities. It is a melancholy prospect to behold nothing in the revolutions of our earth but wreck after wreck, eternal beginnings without end, changes of circumstances without any fixed purpose. The chain of improvement alone forms a whole of these ruins, in which human figures indeed vanish, but the spirit of mankind lives and acts immortally."

Silent, invisible, sleepless, there exists in the multitudinous aspects of history, ancient and modern, a controlling spirit of world progress, ever shaping and manipulating events for the bringing in of a better day of human advancement and happiness. Though the movement may seem to halt or tarry, or even to experience eclipse, as in the Dark Ages, the divine salutary determination is but preparing unseen the materials for an illumination which shall dispel the darkness and bring in an era of light of which the world before has had no conception. This renaissance cannot be confined to limits of time, for it belongs to the past, present and future and consists of a perpetual resurrection from the dead of angelic elements now sleeping in the hidden cells of the world-soul.

In our own day, while contending with gigantic powers of evil and oppression, it is not difficult to discern the agency of the world-spirit working for the amelioration of labor, the prevention of disease, the relief of poverty, the reformation of the vicious, the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the prevention of vice, the inhibition of cruelty to animals, the protection of children from immoral and physically injurious conditions and the

extending to larger and larger proportions of the people, irrespective of financial abilities, of the privileges, luxuries and enjoyments of life.

We are living in a day when the foundations of ecclesiastical, political, social and industrial beliefs and usages are breaking up and we are approaching the threshold of a new and better order of control and experience. We are ascending the mountain of progress and are disengaging ourselves of those burdens which in lower places were appropriate and useful and are adopting that equipment better suited for the higher altitude and the purer air. It is encouraging to think that our generation is living in the flood tide of progress and that we are in the direct line of history's aim for the development of mankind in all that is desirable and worthy. It is pleasing to meditate that conditions may not be far from us under which men will rival in intelligence, culture and general ability the Athenians of Pericles' day, when, through favorable civic regulations, the sordid struggle for a livelihood and a competency was largely remitted and leisure and opportunities afforded for enjoyment and the development of the heart and mind.

Yes, the spirit of history is a living, immortal excellency, progressive, rising ever to higher things on unwearied pinions. Its breath is idealism and it soars above the din and dust of commerce and manufacture and dreams forever of utopian days when mind shall claim the ascendency, when pure and elevated and disinterested enjoyments shall prevail and when strong and ambitious men shall vie with each other in the enterprises which have to do with the uplift and happiness of the people. I can conceive of that divine, patient, holy spirit looking down with undissembled grief upon the race bowed down in ignoble servitude, worshiping the god of gain and immolating on its altar the most precious and darling possessions which the Creator has bestowed upon us: even the heritage of our undeveloped souls and sentiments. As the Orientals destroy their children in the blind hope of propitiating their gods, so do we sacrifice under the rude trucks of practical affairs the infantile faculties which have been committed to us to love, foster and protect.

But throughout all the great tomes of history we may always detect the noble, benignant presence of its presiding genius and can fancy that

we hear the rustle of its wings as it flies down the dread centuries that have gone. We may trace its flight through the ruined epochs of the past, but we can more profitably search for it living and serene in the present or on the sun-kissed mountains of a better dawn, where it ever dwells for the hope and encouragement of men.

Ethical Progression

Taking up now the second division of our subject which relates to its ethical aspect, it should be said that this is no departure from the course of development which has been pursued, but that it is an evolvement from what has gone before; or rather an essential part of all true progress. Thus, following the ultimate aim of history, it is found that it is directed not only along the line of social development but on the upward trend of public and private ethical improvement.

At the outset it is pertinent to introduce a profound and highly interesting question, viz.: To which in the development of society is the greater influence to be attributed; to individual or collective improvement? There are those who maintain that the elevation of men in the mass in all their relations depends alone upon the ex-

cellence of character in the component units, while others argue that society in its written and unwritten laws compels or persuades the individual to live up to the standards proclaimed by the public voice. There could hardly be propounded a more weighty and vital question. Perhaps, however, Guizot's solution, in which a reciprocal action is pointed out, is the best. He says:

"Hence we may affirm that it is the intuitive belief of man, that these two elements (social and individual) of civilization are intimately connected and that they reciprocally produce one another. If we examine the history of the world we shall have the same result. We shall find that every expansion of human intelligence has proved of advantage to society; and that all the great advances in the social condition have turned to the profit of humanity. One or the other of these facts may predominate, may shine forth with greater splendor for a season and impress upon the movement its own particular character, * * * but when we look closely we easily recognize the link by which they are connected."

This opinion is not only mentally satisfying, commending itself to sound judgment and a sense of the fitness of things, but it provides a key by which many doors in the house of history may

be unlocked. Moreover, it is useful in impressing both upon those engaged in public and private capacities that we cannot shirk responsibility and toss it like a shuttle-cock this way and the other, but that upon each rests inevitably the burden of personal and public obligation.

To the reader of universal history there is disclosed an ethical hunger which from earliest times has urged on the race to high endeavors with as much zeal as it has followed the chase for means to gratify its physical needs. In the soul of man there has always existed a blind, struggling, unappeasable revolt against the lower nature within and the unyielding conservatism without, striving up to the realization of higher ideals. It constitutes a never-ending battle compared to which in both volume and results all the wars of the world are insignificant: a sublime belligerency involving every nation in history and every individual comprising them. Each generation, fighting hard, has won a little more of the enemy's territory, or at least has treasured up some of that which was committed to it, striving in the narrow field of its vision for what it seemed at that present most in need of; ever moving forward, though gaining but little, but leaving

for the far future to discern the way of its leading by the divine agency into the crowning glories of coming days.

The books of history open with unqualified authority sitting in the place of power, clothed with the garment of tyranny and oppression, lording it over the mind, body and estate of the wretches beneath. They must live the life of brutes, think as the throne thinks, fight and die at its behest. But dwelling in the souls of those serfs and slaves was the unquenchable spark of freedom's fire, and handed down, it in after years grew visible, mounted up higher and higher until in our times it has grown to be a world conflagration. Even the World War had for its purpose on the part of the Allies the humiliation of the pride and arbitrary power of the German government. Not only has the despotism of rulers been for the most part abolished and equal rights for the individual obtained, but the soul of man, liberated from the shackles which confined it, has revealed undiscovered faculties for disinterested service, constituting our times the most distinguished in history for humanitarian impulses.

The aim of the spirit of modern history has been to emancipate the individual from tyrannical government, to liberate the mind and soul from the present and its material rewards and fascinations and to project the governing influences of the thinking principle into the future. The god that the ancients worshiped, their chief deity, was the present, upon the altar of which were heaped all the treasures of mind, body and spirit. They lived for the present and they died for it. No deep, controlling ethical consideration influenced their lives; their motives in all things were frankly selfish and utilitarian. It is readily to be seen what vain and reactionary conditions of society so narrow a view of life would produce. Though splendid civilizations of ancient times challenge our admiration as we consider their glorious achievements, they are for the most part distinctions upon which is draped the pall of death, in that they embody practically nothing essential to the best estate of man. Not till Calvary's day is reached do we find the aim of history, which previous to that time had pointed to no high and universally absorbing ideal, looking steadily into the future. Here ethics took a new birth, and no longer to

be governed by the bargaining spirit of contemporaneous affairs, faced to the future as the destination of hope and the ultimate reward of virtue. On the foundation of this simple but profound and infinitely influential conception rises the living, progressive and immortal world-spirit of the twentieth century. The respect for and confidence in the gifts of the future have modified and purified the present; it has introduced into art, science and literature, and into social, political and practical affairs, ethical standards of beauty, liberty, truth and justice which rule our spirits, not from the burial urns of the dead past, but from the living, immortal hope of the future. For history is but the trellis upon which the world-spirit may train up the branches from the root of Christian ethics and faith to blossom and to fill the earth with fragrance. Garnish the dead wood-work however we may, all that the people will care for will be the beautiful foliage and flowers that hide it, and of these they will make garlands to cherish and to hand down to their children and children's children, while the handiwork of the craftsmen will presently fall to the ground to rot into the dust.

Triumph of Righteousness

The path to our third division is easy and natural, for ethical improvement being an inherent impulse, the aim of history is seen to embrace the world in a design to achieve for it a universal and inconceivably high development. When one meditates upon the number and diversity of international associations devoted to the advancement of religion, social reform, science, labor, commerce, and other departments of thought and endeavor, the conclusion is unavoidable that the world is more and more recognizing its unity and unconsciously preparing for an era of universal brotherhood and the abolition of war. Even on the battlefield are found at work international angels of mercy. Missions are flourishing and multiplying as never before, the curse of strong drink is fast disappearing from the world, civic corruption has been for the greater part driven from the land while religion is ridding herself of dead forms and coming into the possession of the primitive things of her birthright.

Surely, the aim of history can be none other than to ultimately record that infidelity, despair and war have fled the earth and that faith, hope and charity have come to the perfecting of the world.

THE END