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with
Biographies

by E. A. Douglass.

Vol. 2.

NEW YORK,
JOHNSON WELSON & COMPANY,
27 Beekman Street

PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF EMINENT

MEN AND WOMEN

OF

EUROPE AND AMERICA.

EMBRACING

HISTORY, STATESMANSHIP, NAVAL AND MILITARY LIFE, PHILOSOPHY,
THE DRAMA, SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

WITH

BIOGRAPHIES.

BY

EVERT A. DUYCKINCK,

AUTHOR OF "PORTRAIT GALLERY OF EMINENT AMERICANS," "CYCLOPEDIA OF AMERICAN LITERATURE," "HISTORY OF THE WAR
FOR THE UNION," ETC., ETC.

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FROM

ORIGINAL PORTRAITS BY THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

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Charles Cornwallis

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

THE ancestry of Daniel O'Connell is traced to an ancient lineage in the early annals of Ireland, the surname, according to the authority of Irish writers, emanating from Conal Gabhra, a prince of the royal line of Heber, son of Milesius, from whom the districts of Upper and Lower Connelloe, county of Limerick, acquired their denomination. From this district the O'Connells removed to Iveragh, in the western extremity of Kerry, and remained there for a considerable period, until the rebellion of 1641, transplanted them, with other victims of that event, to the county of Clare. Daniel O'Connell, of Aghgore, in the barony of Iveragh, having taken no part in the insurrection, preserved his estate. His eldest son, John, was in the service of James II., and distinguished himself at the siege of Derry and at the battles of the Boyne and Aughrim. Leading representatives of the family were subsequently engaged in the French service. Of these, Daniel O'Connell greatly distinguished himself in military affairs, holding at the time of his death, at his chateau, near Blois, on the Loire, in 1833, at the age of ninety, the rank of

General in the French, and the oldest Colonelcy in the English service. The O'Connells generally lived to a good old age, Maurice O'Connell, the uncle of the "Agitator," attaining the age of ninety.

Daniel O'Connell, the subject of this sketch, the eldest son of Morgan O'Connell, was born at his father's residence, at Carhen, near Cahirciveen, in Kerry, at the head of the harbor of Valentia, August 6th, 1775. His childhood and boyhood were passed at his birth-place, with the exception of long visits to Darrynane, the seat of his uncle Maurice just mentioned, to whose estate he long afterward succeeded, in 1825, and who, in the early years of Daniel, took, in a great measure, the charge of his education. "A poor old hedge-master," by name David Mahony, is recorded in the biography by John O'Connell, as having first taught his father Daniel his letters. At the age of thirteen, with his brother Maurice, a year younger than himself, he was sent to the school of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, a Catholic clergyman, at a place called Redington, in the Long Island, near Cove, the first school publicly opened and held by a Catho-

lic priest after the abolition of the penal laws, forbidding so innocent a proceeding. At the end of a year, the brothers were removed from this school by their uncle Maurice, in order to be sent to the Continent to pursue their studies to a better advantage. For this purpose they sailed in a packet for London, to be landed on the way at Dover, where they might cross at once to Ostend. The tide being out when they reached Dover, they were of necessity taken ashore in a boat, which was upset in the surf; and thus Daniel was first introduced to England through a rough plunge in its waters—a symbol of his subsequent stormy career in the country. It was the intention that the boys should study at Liege, but, on their arrival there, they were found to have passed the age at which they could be admitted as students; so they retraced their steps to Louvain, where they awaited orders from their uncle. It was characteristic of Daniel, that, in this period of suspense, instead of employing himself solely with the novel amusements of the country, he attended a class in one of the halls of the town as a volunteer; and, before letters from home had arrived, had risen to a high place in the school. The uncle's orders were that they should be entered at St. Omer, whither they proceeded, and remained a year from the beginning of 1791. At its conclusion, they passed some months at the English College of the Benedictines at Douay. On being called upon by the uncle for an opinion as to the capacities of the two brothers under his charge, Dr. Stapylton, the President of the College of

St. Omer, after a longer account of Maurice, whom he commended, with some qualifications, wrote "with respect to the elder, Daniel, I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society."

The residence of the young O'Connell at Douay was cut short by the progress of the French Revolution, which was reaching its crisis at Paris, and which brought in its train the persecution of Englishmen who were living in the country. The brothers were consequently called home, and after some anxious delay, set out for Calais, in January, 1793, the very day the king was beheaded, the news of which startling event was first borne to England in the packet in which they crossed the channel. O'Connell and his brother had been compelled for safety to wear the tricolor cockade, but they indignantly plucked it from their caps and threw it into the sea before they had left the French harbor. His mind at this time and long after, was vividly impressed with the horrors of the Revolution; and the folly and insanity of pursuing schemes of political reform by violence and bloodshed. Constant advocate as he became of all measures for the peaceful emancipation of Ireland, he deprecated the insurrectionary proceedings, so unfortunate for his country, in their means and issue, of 1798.

The Revolutionary era, however, brought great relief to his country in the relaxation of the savage code of penal laws inflicted upon it by the old

Protestant ascendancy. Before 1793, no Catholic could become a barrister. O'Connell was one of the first to profit by the new privilege. In January, 1794, he entered Lincoln's Inn as a law student, was subsequently admitted of the King's Inns, Dublin, and in the Easter term of 1798, was called in due course to the Irish bar. He brought to the profession the most diligent study and the extraordinary force of his powerful mental and bodily constitution. He was universal in his application, "a good lawyer," as he is described by one of his biographers, "in every branch of the profession, and in more than one without an equal. He had all the qualities of a lawyer—quick apprehension, clearness, the power of analysis and arrangement and, that knowledge of men and things, which to some minds seems to come intuitively, and enables them to penetrate motives by a glance. To these powers and the learning which was their instrument, he possessed eloquence, humor, and inimitable tact. He was a great 'verdict winner,' and a first-rate cross-examiner. The class of men on which the government relied for its evidence in a criminal prosecution, was frequently the very worst; and O'Connell delighted in breaking down their testimony by making them convict themselves of all kinds of villanies; even Orange juries could not convict in the face of such exposures. In civil causes, particularly where intricate questions of property were concerned, he was equally successful."

A sketch originally contributed to a London periodical by Mr. Shiel, the eminent Irish barrister and politician,

furnishes an interesting picture of O'Connell at this period. "If any one," he writes, "being a stranger in Dublin, should chance, as you return upon a winter's morning, from one of the 'small and early' parties of that raking metropolis—that is to say, between the hours of five and six o'clock—to pass along the south side of Merrion Square, you will not fail to observe that among those splendid mansions, there is one evidently tenanted by a person whose habits differ materially from those of his fashionable neighbors. The half-opened parlor-shutter, and the light within, announce that some one dwells there whose time is too precious to permit him to regulate his rising with the sun. Should your curiosity tempt you to ascend the steps, and, under cover of the dark, to reconnoitre the interior, you will see a tall, able-bodied man standing at a desk, and immersed in solitary occupations. Upon the wall in front of him there hangs a crucifix. From this, and from the calm attitude of the person within, and from a certain monastic rotundity about his neck and shoulders, your first impression will be that he must be some pious dignitary of the Church of Rome, absorbed in his matin devotions. But this conjecture will be rejected almost as soon as formed. No sooner can the eye take in the other furniture of the apartment—the book-cases clogged with tomes in plain calf-skin binding, the blue-covered octavos that lie about on the table and on the floor, the reams of manuscript in oblong folds and begirt with crimson tape—than it becomes evident that the party meditating amid such

subjects, must be thinking far more of the law than the prophets. He is, unequivocally, a barrister, but apparently of that homely, chamber-keeping, plodding cast, who labor hard to make up by assiduity what they want in wit—who are up and stirring before the bird of the morning has sounded the retreat to the wandering spectre—and are already brain-deep in the dizzying vortex of mortgages and cross-remainders, and mergers and remitters; while his clients, still lapped in sweet oblivion of the law's delay, are fondly dreaming that their cause is peremptorily set down for a final hearing. Having come to this conclusion, you push on for home, blessing your stars on the way that you are not a lawyer, and sincerely compassionating the sedentary drudge whom you have just detected in the performance of his cheerless toil. But should you happen, in the course of the same day, to stroll down to the Four Courts, you will be not a little surprised to find the object of your pity miraculously transformed from the severe recluse of the morning into one of the most bustling, important, and joyous personages in that busy scene. There you will be sure to see him, his countenance braced up and glistening with health and spirits—with a huge plethoric bag, which his robust arms can scarcely sustain, clasped with paternal fondness to his heart—and environed by a living palisade of clients and attorneys, with outstretched necks, and mouths and ears agape, to catch up any chance opinion that may be coaxed out of him in a colloquial way, or listening to what the client relishes still better (for

in no event can they be slid into a bill of costs), the counsellor's bursts of jovial and familiar humor; or, when he touches on a sadder strain, his prophetic assurances that the hour of Ireland's redemption is at hand. You perceive at once that you have lighted upon a great popular advocate; and, if you take the trouble to follow his movements for a couple of hours through the several courts, you will not fail to discover the qualities that have made him so—his legal competency—his business-like habits—his sanguine temperament, which renders him not merely the advocate, but the partisan of his client—his acuteness—his fluency of thought and language—his unconquerable good humor—and, above all, his versatility.”

From the beginning of his career as a lawyer, O'Connell was foremost in the advocacy of the national cause of his country. His first public speech was against the proposed union of the English and Irish parliaments. It was delivered at a meeting of the Roman Catholics of Dublin, assembled at the Royal Exchange in that city, for the purpose of petitioning against that measure. In 1802, contrary to the wishes of his uncle, he was married privately to his cousin Mary, the daughter of Dr. O'Connell, of Tralee, a physician. He was then in possession of a not very lucrative practice, and the marriage brought him no fortune. But he soon rose to a high degree of popular favor and influence. For a period of about forty years, comprehending the whole remainder of his life, he was in one way or other battling with the English legislature, and

the public opinion of England, for measures of reform in the administration of his country. As the organizer and chief support of various political organizations, as the 'Catholic Board' and 'Committee,' and finally the 'Catholic Association.' He kept constantly before the world the claims of his country to religious liberty in the removal of disabilities and representation in the British parliament. "For more than twenty years," he wrote to Lord Shrewsbury, "before the passing of the Emancipation Bill, the burden of the cause was thrown upon me. I had to arrange the meetings, to prepare resolutions, to furnish replies to the correspondence, to examine the case of each person complaining of practical grievances, to rouse the torpid, to animate the lukewarm, to control the violent and inflammatory, to avoid the shoals and breakers of the law, to guard against multiplied treachery, and at all times to oppose, at every peril, the powerful and multitudinous enemies of the cause."

In the course of his contest, in 1815, with the corporation of Dublin, having denounced the municipality with some severity of expression, he was openly insulted by one of its members, a Mr. D'Esterre, with whom he fought a duel at a place called Bishop's Court, in the County of Kildare. At the first fire his antagonist, who was thought to have great advantage as a practised shot, fell, mortally wounded. Though the quarrel had been pertinaciously forced upon O'Connell, he always deeply regretted the act; and, though he, on some other occasion, arising from the boldness of his course,

appeared in the field again as a duelist, and was on the point of meeting Sir Robert Peel, then Secretary for Ireland, when the law interposed; he at length cut off all further violations of his conscience in this respect by making a solemn vow never to engage in a duel again.

There is a pleasant account in the Diary of Crabb Robinson, of that amiable gentleman's acquaintance with O'Connell, during a visit to Ireland in 1826. He is first attracted to him in the court-room, at Cork, where "with the judges as well as the Bar and people, he seemed to be a sort of pet; his good humor probably atoning for his political perversities, and, what must have been to his colleagues more objectionable, his great success." A coach journey follows to Killarney, in which Robinson has "the glorious counsellor" to himself all the way, and is delighted with his frank, genial conversation, and is struck by the universal regard with which he is held by the people along the way, who assemble at various points to cheer him. An invitation to Derrynane follows, which is accepted, and affords the most charming proofs of the affections of the tenantry towards their illustrious chieftain, who acted as their judge, and decided their causes and differences, as he rode along among them. At Derrynane, the old home of the O'Connells, everything seemed tempered by a certain patriarchal dignity and simplicity. "I was delighted," says Robinson, "by his demeanor towards those who welcomed him on his arrival. I remarked (myself unnoticed) the eagerness with which he sprang from his horse, and

kissed a toothless old woman, his nurse." Anecdotes like these show how his warm heart held the love of his countrymen.

The question of Catholic Emancipation was finally, when the passage of the act could not be much longer delayed, tested by O'Connell in a practical manner. In 1828, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of Clare County, he was proposed as a candidate, and after a vigorous contest, returned, when he proceeded to take his seat in the British Parliament. As a Roman Catholic, he could not, of course, take the rigid oaths intended for the exclusion of that body. The discussion of the question came at a time when matters were reaching a crisis. The agitation in Ireland seriously threatened civil war. Under these circumstances, the Catholic Emancipation Bill was brought in and conceded. O'Connell was re-elected, and took his seat under the new conditions, in May, 1829. In the following year, at the general election, consequent upon the death of George IV, he exchanged the representation of Clare for that of his native county of Kerry. He represented Dublin from 1832 to June 1835, after which he was returned for Kilkenny; again, in 1837, for Dublin, and subsequently, in 1841, for the County of Cork. To carry on more effectively the agitation in behalf of the political interests of his countrymen, he had relinquished his professional practice, and as a compensation for his loss of income, an annual subscription was organized, which came to be known as the "Rent."

"Nothing," says a writer in a news-

paper of the day, in a sketch of his career, "showed the wonderful powers of the man more than the facility with which, at the age of fifty-five, he adapted himself to his new career in parliament. It is said that lawyers seldom make effective speakers in the House; but O'Connell could harangue a mob, address a jury, and speak in the House of Commons with perfect command over each of them. He was, in style and manner, almost as distinct as if he had been three different men. He used his powers to procure a series of measures for Ireland, that were the necessary consequences of the Emancipation Bill. He pointed out the social evils of Ireland, her poverty, her risks of famine; he urged, he wrote, he spoke, he implored the government to think of the necessities of the land, and provide for them. And as measure after measure was brought forward for England, he supported it with all his strength; and to O'Connell and Ireland are Englishmen mainly indebted for the Reform Bill. But all he proposed for Ireland was met by determined opposition from Earl Grey's Cabinet and the Tories. Lord Stanley was his chief foe; their animosity was most intense, and the conflicts in which they engaged were like wars of the giants. His motion for a Repeal of the Union, made on the 22d of April, 1834, was defeated by an immense majority, his speech on the occasion occupying six hours. Year after year he waited, in hopes that some real legislation would be commenced for Ireland. After the accession of Sir Robert Peel to power with the Conservatives, in 1841, he organ

ized the Repeal Association on a more extensive scale, absented himself from parliament, and devoted himself wholly to the agitation. Repeal was debated for a week in the corporation of Dublin; the agitation continued and increased through 1842; in 1843 came the 'monster meetings;' the Repeal rent amounted to many hundreds a week. Hundreds of thousands of men gathered on the Hill of Tara, the Curragh of Kildare, the Rath of Mullaghmart. A great meeting was announced at Clontarf, and this the government prohibited by proclamation, and some show of military force, which the ready compliance with the command of the authorities, at O'Connell's express injunction, rendered unnecessary. The intended meeting at Clontarf was fixed for the 8th of October, 1843; on the 14th of that month, O'Connell received notice to put in bail, to appear to an indictment for sedition. On the 2d of November, proceedings commenced in the Court of Queen's Bench; the whole of Michaelmas Term was consumed by preliminary proceedings, and the actual trial did not begin until the 16th of January, 1844, and lasted till the 12th of February. At length O'Connell was sentenced to pay a fine of £2,000 and be imprisoned for a year. He immediately appealed to the House of Lords, by writ of error; but, pending the proceedings on the question thus raised, he was sent to the Richmond Penitentiary, near Dublin. On the 4th of September, the House of Lords reversed the judgment against O'Con-

nell and his associates; O'Connell was therefore immediately liberated, and a vast procession attended him from prison to his residence in Merrion Square, and made his liberation a triumph.*

With the return of the Whigs to power, in 1846, O'Connell entered the House of Commons again to assist in abolishing the Corn Laws. His health, however, was now failing; wearied and disappointed, in the beginning of 1847, he left England with the intention of proceeding to Rome. Journeying by Paris and Marseilles, he reached Genoa in May, where he sank rapidly. On the 15th he expired in that city, consoled to the last by the most devoted religious feeling. "He never murmured," wrote the correspondent of the London "Times" from Genoa, "though his internal sufferings, at times at least, must have been very great. Every one was struck with his serenity, his recollection and fervor in receiving the last rites of religion. The adorable name of Jesus and the prayer of St. Bernard, to our Blessed Lady, mingled from time to time with verses from the Psalms, and the most earnest and contrite aspirations were almost perpetually upon his lips. Up to a few moments before he expired, he continued to recognize his confessor, and to respond to his suggestions." In accordance with his dying request, his heart was embalmed and carried to Rome, and his body was conveyed to Ireland for interment.

* Illustrated London News, May 29, 1847.

ANNA JAMESON.

IN the absence of any detailed biography — for absolutely nothing worthy of the occasion has yet been given to the world—the story of Mrs. Jameson's career must be confined mainly to the record of her published works. This, indeed, is generally the case with most voluminous authors, whose researches afford them time for little other adventure than is to be found in the passage from one library to another, in search of information; in the composition of the books which they publish; and their reception by the critics and the world. Much, however, may be held in reserve which does not appear on the printed page, in the story of difficulties of fortune overcome, of private sorrows and griefs shrinking from the eye of the public, till they are revealed in the confessional of an autobiography, or the diligent memoir by personal friends. However desirable a narrative drawn from such accounts may be, we have as yet no opportunity to present it in the case of Mrs. Jameson. The notices which we have of her life, compared with those of most of her literary contemporaries of equal claim to distinction are meagre and unsatisfactory. We have

been told scarcely anything of her family history or of her early education. She was born in Dublin, May 19th, 1797, the daughter of an artist named Murphy, who was of some reputation in his profession, having been appointed Painter in Ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. At the age of twenty-seven, Anna was married to a barrister, Mr. R. Jameson, who, some years after, received a high government appointment in Canada, whither his wife followed him, and, not long after, was separated from him—the marriage, we are told, being practically if not legally dissolved. After this, Mrs. Jameson appears in the independent character of an author, and all we know of her history, as we have stated, is to be derived from her works. In the history of intellectual exertion, among the productions by which the present century has profited, and which are likely to be of advantage to posterity, they will be found to hold no inconsiderable place.

The first publication of Mrs. Jameson appeared anonymously in 1826. It was entitled "The Diary of an Emuycée," a book of travel in France and Italy, recording the result of ob-



Anna Jameson

servations in those countries, under the protection of a slight veil of fiction, which disguised the personality of the writer. The device proved a highly successful one, giving a certain piquancy to details, which, if they had been conveyed to the public in the ordinary fashion of a lady tourist's journal, might long since have been forgotten, with other meritorious productions of the class. A shade of melancholy, with a certain languor of sentimental reflection, appealing to the sympathy of the reader, are not unattractive qualities to many minds, to which instruction may be modestly conveyed which might otherwise be resented. To a young writer in particular, the resource has many obvious advantages. Truths may be expressed, and novelties of opinion brought forward which might else have an unpleasant air of dogmatism and superiority. Sterne, who had a keen insight into human nature, knew well what he was about in enveloping his travelling observations on the continent in the exquisite philosophies of his "Sentimental Journey;" and, though he has had no rivals in the perfection of his art, many have profited by a more or less distant imitation of his style. His little book, with its combination of wit, wisdom, humor, and sentiment, enhanced by a thousand graces of language peculiarly his own, is indeed unapproachable, the most compact, varied, felicitous prose work of its size in the language. Mrs. Jameson, of course, had no intention of coming into competition with such a master-piece of literature. She makes no pretensions to wit or humor, though not insensible of any absurdities

which she may meet with on her way; nor has she that trick of pathos, the only adequate explanation of which, spite of his many shortcomings, is to be found in the genuine nature of the man. The illness of the tourist and her *ennui*, it is easy from the beginning to see are but pretences; for the thoughts and observations in the book are those of an eminently healthy person, of a vigorous intellect, and a constitution capable of no little exertion in that hardest of all toils, the labor of continual sight-seeing. There is a great deal of complaint, certainly, in the interstices between the excitements of one great capital and another, as we pass from the enjoyment of nature to the beauties of art; from theatre to theatre; opera to opera; and picture gallery to picture gallery; but we feel, all along, that we are in company with a strong and cultivated fellow-traveller, capable of any required physical or mental exertion in the fatiguing rounds of the grand tour; we listen to the diseased lamentations with a great deal of indifference, and are quite incredulous when we read, in a note in fine print at the close of the volume, that "four days after the date of the last paragraph, the writer died at Autun, in her 26th year, and was buried in the garden of the Capuchin Monastery, near that city." We know perfectly, without the aid of a literary encyclopædia, that the author of the book, so full of promise, kindling with youthful interest and susceptibility, was only laying down her pen for the moment to resume it again in many a fair page of manuscript in the development of the many subjects dear to her heart,

with which she was here, as it were, but making a first acquaintance.

It is difficult to select from a book where the topics are so varied, passages which may represent its general spirit. But we may notice particularly the inclination of the writer to the study of art, a field which she afterwards cultivated with so much skill and painstaking. Opening the volume almost at random, we alight upon a characteristic comparison of the great masters in the representations of the Holy Family. "There is one subject," she says, "which never tires, at least never tires *me*, however varied, repeated, multiplied; a subject so lovely in itself that the most eminent painter cannot easily embellish it, or the meanest degrade it; a subject which comes home to our own bosoms and dearest feelings; in which we may 'lose ourselves in all delightfulness,' and indulge unreproved pleasure. I mean the Virgin and Child, or in other words, the abstract personification of what is loveliest, purest, and dearest under heaven—maternal tenderness, virgin meekness, and childish innocence, and the beauty of holiness over all. It occurred to me to say (at Florence), that if a gallery could be formed of this subject alone, selecting one specimen from among the works of every painter, it would form, not only a comparative index to their different styles, but we should find, on recurring to what is known of the lives and characters of the great masters, that each has stamped some peculiarity of his own disposition on his Virgins; and that, after a little consideration and practice, a very fair guess

might be formed of the character of each artist, by observing the style in which he has treated this beautiful and favorite subject. Take Raffaello, for example, whose delightful character is dwelt upon by all his biographers; his genuine nobleness of soul, which raised him far above interest, rivalry or jealousy; the gentleness of his temper, the suavity of his manners, the sweetness of his disposition, the benevolence of his heart, which rendered him so deeply loved and admired, even by those who pined away at his success and died of his superiority—as La Francia, at least so runs the tale—are all attested by contemporary writers: where, but in his own harmonious character, need Raffaello have looked for the prototypes of his half-celestial creations? His Virgins alone combine every grace which the imagination can require—repose, simplicity, meekness, purity, tenderness; blended without any admixture of earthly passion, yet so varied, though all his Virgins have a general character, distinguishing them from those of every other master, no two are exactly alike. In the Madonna del Seggiola, for instance, the prevailing expression is a serious and pensive tenderness; her eyes are turned from her infant, but she clasps him to her bosom, as if it were not necessary to see him, to feel him in her heart. In another Holy Family in the Pitti Palace, the predominant expression is maternal rapture: in the Madonna di Foligno, it is a saintly benignity becoming the Queen of Heaven: in the Madonna del Cardellino, it is a meek and chaste simplicity; it is the 'Virgine dolce e pia'

of Petrarch." Corregio, Guido, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Carlo Dolce, Carlo Maratti, Caravaggio, Rubens, Michael Angelo, Carlo Cignani, Sasso Ferrato, are then successively passed in review, in relation to their works in this great department of art, with nice discrimination throughout, and a taste and skill for which the author no doubt was much indebted to her paternal education. In her works we are constantly reminded of the daughter of the artist. The book also affords an early indication of her prolific fancy and the eloquence with which she decorated every topic on which she wrote. Thus, in little space, she happily characterizes the Italian cities. "Genoa, though fallen, is still 'Genoa the proud.' She is like a noble matron, blooming in years and dignified in decay; while her rival, Venice, always used to remind me of a beautiful courtesan repenting in sackcloth and ashes, and mingling the ragged remnants of her former splendor with the emblems of present misery, degradation and mourning. Pursue the train of similitude, Florence may be likened to a blooming bride dressed out to meet her lover; Naples to Tasso's "Armida," with all the allurements of the Syren and all the terrors of the sorceress; Rome sits crowned upon the grave of her power, widowed indeed, and desolate, but still, like the queenly Constance, she maintains the majesty of sorrow—

'This is my throne, let kings come bow to it!'

The next appearance of Mrs. Jameson in print, was as the author of a couple of volumes published in London, in 1829, entitled, "Memoirs of

the Loves of the Poets," a series of biographical sketches of women celebrated in ancient and modern poetry. In a prefatory address to the reader, the author tells us that the sketches "are absolutely without any other pretension than that of exhibiting, in a small compass and under one point of view, many anecdotes of biography and criticism, and many beautiful poetical portraits, scattered through a variety of works, and all tending to illustrate a subject in itself full of interest,—the influence which the beauty and virtue of women have exercised over the characters and writings of men of genius. But little praise or reputation attends the mere compiler, but the pleasure of the task has compensated its difficulty;—'song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy,' these 'flowers of Paradise,' whose growth is of earth, were all around me; I had but to gather them from the intermingling weeds and briars, and to bind them into one sparkling wreath, consecrated to the glory of women and gallantry of men." After several preliminary chapters, bringing before the reader the honors paid to the gentle passion in the days of chivalry, and by the songs of the troubadours, the Laura of Petrarch, the Beatrice of Dante, Chaucer's Philippa, Surrey's Geraldine, and various time-honored delights of the muses, are passed in review, bringing the story, by successive ages and in different lands, with glimpses of Waller's Saccharissa and Donne's sweet married affection, and other heart memorabilia, to our own era, which can boast in the affluent enthusiasm of Burns tributes to the power and glory of the sex, un-

rivalled in grace and tenderness by all the Anacreons and Ovids of preceding generations. In her preface, Mrs. Jameson, impressed with the deep philosophies involved in such a theme, sighs for the critical power and judgment of Madame de Staël. Had she brought them to bear upon the subject, she might have produced a less agreeable book. There was a foolish criticism upon the work in the *London Literary Gazette*, on its first appearance. The writer, probably the editor Jerdan himself, after some minor objections, objected to any such work being written at all. "A poet's love," he said, "is like the veiled statue of Isis—its very divinity is its mystery. Who is there but has some shadowy yet beautiful *ideale* floating in the innermost recesses of his soul—some vague but lovely likeness of those beings whose smile made the inspiration of those poets whose love may have interpreted his own? Who can endure to have this Vaucuse of his heart broken in by the broad daylight of dictionary research, and these 'fair creatures of the element' ranged in alphabetical order, and Martha Blunt and Lady Mary Wortley Montague *affiché* with the same sentimentality, meant to supply the place of sympathy, with Beatrice and Leonora. Our illusions are like flowers—they will not endure being gathered, tied up in nosegays, and paraded, without fading. We shall conclude with a traveller's story; one who, arriving at Vaucuse, was directed to a little public-house, on whose sign was painted, 'entertainment for man and horse; good beer *à Petrarch et Laure.*'" Notwithstanding this flip-

pant censure, the book was well received, and continues a favorite; the last edition, an American one, being in an elegant pocket volume, a frequent companion of gentle readers.

The *Literary Gazette* seems to have repented its hasty judgment of Mrs. Jameson, for we find it, a year or so after, heartily praising her next book, which also dealt with memorable women, though often of a sterner cast than the fair beings who had engaged the affections of the poets. This was the "Memoirs of Celebrated Female Sovereigns," a book which has had many readers in America, having been included in Harper's "Family Library." The list begins with Semiramis and Cleopatra, and ends with Maria Theresa and Catherine of Russia. There is call enough here for picturesque description of events, philosophical appreciation of character, and sorrow for misfortune; and the author fairly meets the demand, as, in animated style, she runs rapidly over the story of events which will probably never cease to engage the attention of students and readers. Unlike most biographers, the author is unwilling to sacrifice everything to her heroines. Though a champion of the rights of women, she is by no means of opinion that one of those rights is the right to a throne. On the contrary, she evidently looks upon female rule with a great deal of suspicion, looking either to the welfare of the ruler or the ruled. "There may be a difference of opinion," she says, "as to whether women ought, or ought not, to be intrusted with the executive government of a country; but if, in a very complicated and arti-

ficial system of society, the rule of a woman be tolerated or legalized as a necessary evil, for the purpose of avoiding worse evils arising from a disputed succession and civil commotions, then it remains a question how far the feminine character may be so modified by education as to render its inseparable defects as little injurious to society, and its peculiar virtues as little hurtful to herself, as possible. Women in possession of power, are so sensible of their inherent weakness, that they are always in extremes. Hence, among the most arbitrary governments recorded, are those of women. They substitute for the dominion of that superior strength, mental and physical, which belongs to the other sex, and with which should rest 'all lawful rule and right supremacy, the mere force of *will*; and call that power which is founded in weakness. Christina, of Sweden, has left a memorable sentence under her own royal hand, expressing the true feminine idea of empire; namely, the privilege of saying *je le veux*; and however modified by the character of the individual, however dissembled—for all had not the frank audacity of Christina—we may trace the same feeling, the same principle of action, in every woman who has either inherited power, or achieved political greatness; and not more in the acute Elizabeth, and the haughty, energetic Catharine, than in the stupid, heartless Anne and the amiable Maria Theresa." The reader, upon laying down the book, impressed with the prevalent story of great crimes and great misfortunes, may well be disposed to echo the sentiment of the words

placed by Shakespeare on the lips of Anne Bullen, in the tragedy of Henry VIII:—

"By my troth
I would not be a queen!
————— verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden sorrow!"

Mrs. Jameson's next book was one of profounder thought and deeper feeling, one which called forth her best powers; and remains, though it was surpassed by her later works in labor and extent, upon the whole the finest and most original product of her mind. The "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical and Historical," published in 1832, devoted to a philosophical study of the female characters of Shakespeare, places her in the foremost rank with those who have taught the present generation of readers to admire and appreciate, as they were never popularly loved or understood before, the consummate creations of the great dramatist. Hallam, in his "History of the Literature of Europe," reviewing what has been done by the pretentious race of commentators in elucidation of the works of Shakespeare, from the days of Johnson to our own, closes his enumeration with a distinguished compliment to our authoress, "In the present century," says he, "Coleridge and Schlegel, so nearly at the same time that the question of priority and even plagiarism has been mooted, gave a more philosophical, and at the same time a more intrinsically exact view of Shakespeare than their predecessors. What has since been

written, has often been highly acute and æsthetic, but occasionally with an excess of refinement, which substitutes the critic for the work. Mrs. Jameson's "Essays on the Female Characters of Shakespeare" are among the best. It was right that this province of illustration should be reserved for a woman's hand. Mrs. Jameson was, indeed, the first of either sex who fully entered upon the work. In her recent studies she had become familiar with many a phase of character in the memorable women of history and biography, tracing their experience, summing up their virtues and defects, with an inexhausted interest theme, where she had found the common trials of life elevated and refined by poetical associations, and the grandeur inseparable from the lofty stations of queens and sovereigns. Out of such materials, drawn from the realities of every-day life and historic dignity, Shakespeare, adding to the stock the immense wealth of his loving sympathy and creative imagination, had by his "so potent art," created his Lady Macbeth, his Constance, his Portia, Miranda, Rosalind, and their fellows, in that rare gallery of his dramatis personæ. Nor was it less an advantage to his critic, beside her acquaintance with the "Loves of the Poets" and the "Female Sovereigns," that, thrown in a measure on her own resources in the world, and pursuing authorship as an art, she had been compelled to enter profoundly into the consideration of that great question, now pressing more and more upon her sex, the determination, through a just estimate of her capabilities, of the true development of

the womanly life, and her position in society and the world. With these advantages, some of which had been forced upon her, she entered upon the study of Shakespeare, particularly of his female characters, not, we may be sure, as a task for the bookseller, but for its own "exceeding great reward." Her book is divided into four sections, "Characters of Intellect, Characters of Passion and Imagination, Characters of the Affections, Historical Characters." Portia is a type of the first; Juliet, of the second; Desdemona, of the third; and Constance, with Lady Macbeth, of the fourth. The last division, constructed on accidental circumstances, is less philosophic than the others. The historical personages are, after all, chiefly interesting by their passions and affections, and might be ranked in the other classes, where the characters are also variously affected by their different stations in life, and the peculiar demands thus made upon them. In the execution of this design, Mrs. Jameson brings to her work a high reverence for her author and just conception of the capabilities of his art, never forgetting that he is the many-sided or, as he has been called, the "myriad-minded" Shakespeare. A single illustration which she employs, indicates her understanding of the difference between her previous historic studies, moving, as it were, on a single line and for a single purpose, to this new world, varied by all the possibilities, the infinite freedom of human emotion and action. "Characters in history," she truly says, "move before us like a procession of figures in *basso re-*

lievo; we see one side only, that which the artist chose to exhibit to us; the rest is sunk in the block: the same characters in Shakespeare are like the statues *cut out* of the block, fashioned, tangible in every part: we may consider them under every aspect, we may examine them on every side. As the classical times, when the garb did not make the man, were peculiarly favorable to the development and delineation of the human form, and have handed down to us the purest models of strength and grace—so the times in which Shakespeare lived were favorable to the vigorous delineation of natural character. Society was not then one vast conventional masquerade of manners. In his revelations, the accidental circumstances are to the individual character what the drapery of the antique statue is to the statue itself; it is evident, that, though adapted to each other, and studied relatively, they were also studied separately. We trace through the folds the fine and true proportions of the figure beneath; they seem and are, independent of each other to the practised eye, though carved together from the same enduring substance; at once perfectly distinct and eternally inseparable. In history we can but study character in relation to events, to situation and circumstances, which disguise and encumber it: we are left to imagine, to infer, what certain people must have been, from the manner in which they have acted or suffered. Shakespeare and nature bring us back to the true order of things; and, showing us what the human being is, enable us to judge of the possible as

well as the positive result in acting and suffering. Here, instead of judging the individual by his actions, we are enabled to judge of action by a reference to the individual. When we can carry this power into the experience of real life, we shall perhaps be more just to one another, and not consider ourselves aggrieved, because we cannot gather figs from thistles, and grapes from thorns."

The last observation points to a trait which gives a peculiar value to the "characters." It is not only Isabella, or Cleopatra, or Viola, that we are studying, but ourselves and the human nature about us. We are learning at the same time to have a higher regard for each other, by comprehending how "the soul of goodness is mixed with things evil," and of what, under pressure, our common nature is capable, and also how to look tenderly upon its occasional shortcomings. This is the great privilege and worth of the dramatist, to place us intimately for the time, in the situation of others, with all their burdens upon us, struggling with hope and faith, and manifold exertion to emerge in the better life; or, failing in will and endeavor, overcome by evil, to perish in the last act of life's tragedy. This, however, is incidental to the author's main work, the analysis of Shakespeare's poetic and dramatic creations; for the two, with him, are always united. The main excellence which she has attained in proving this, is thus indicated by a writer, in the *Edinburgh Review*. "It is in the debateable land, as it were, of character, that the criticism of a woman of genius may so often throw

light on the singularities or moral enigmas of the past; while even in those where there are no inconsistencies or difficulties to solve, a thousand little shades of meaning and delicacies of feeling and traits of character are made palpable by her delicacy of analysis, which have escaped the notice of others, who have occupied themselves only with the more marked lines of character, and to whose duller vision their microscopic features have been either invisible or meaningless. This is the service which, in many particulars, Mrs. Jameson has rendered to the female characters of Shakespeare; in some cases placing the whole character in a new light; in almost all, elucidating and bringing out unsuspected beauties in individual situations or speeches, in looks, in actions, in smiles or sighs, in half sentences, in silence. Meaning is seen to lurk, intimations of character are detected, and all these little traits are woven together with so much art into a consistent whole, and so set off by the graces of language and illustration, that it is hardly too much to say that in these *Characteristics* the full beauties of Shakespeare's female characters have been for the first time understood or portrayed. Nor is the service thus rendered to Shakespeare confined merely to the better understanding of his heroines; for often, from the new or clearer light thrown over these, a light is reflected back even on all the other personages of the play, and much that was startling or embarrassing in the construction of their characters rendered consistent and intelligible."

The "*Characteristics*" was followed

the next year by "*Memoirs of the Beauties of the Court of Charles the Second*," written to accompany a series of portraits after Sir Peter Lely and other artists of their day. The list includes Queen Catherine of Braganza, the Duchess of Cleveland, the Countess of Ossory, Mrs Middleton, Miss Jennings, not forgetting Nelly Gwynn, a score or more, in all, of ladies, exceptional personages for an English court, most of them, familiar enough to us in the pages of Grammont, and the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys, of whom every one reads with a certain sort of interest, when the historical conscience is asleep and the fancy is entertained with the pictures of that "merry, laughing, quaffing and unthinking time." Mrs. Jameson, never overstepping the bounds of propriety, presents an animated picture of the scene. The book was originally handsomely issued in quarto for the sake of the engravings. In such publications the accompanying letter-press is seldom of any extraordinary value; but the memoirs are of sufficient interest by themselves. It is a book of anecdotes, and the anecdotes are well told. Every page sparkles with wit and piquant adventure. The whole thing is so unlike any thing in England of the present day, that the story has an air of unreality about it; and we seem transported into a world of fiction, where ill example, from its remoteness from every day-life, is comparatively harmless. Where artists and their works are to be noticed, the author shows herself peculiarly at home. In the "*Introduction*" she treats the subject generally from that point of view,

passing in review the chief portrait painters of the age, Lely, Huysman, Wissing and Kneller, continuing the sketch to the days of Reynolds and Lawrence, between whom she institutes a comparison, or rather contrast. The passage is of value for the appreciation of these great artists, and for the suggestion at the close of special exhibitions of portraits, which has been carried out in London more than thirty years afterwards. "The excellencies," she says, "of Sir Joshua Reynolds are more allied to the Venetian school, those of Sir Thomas Lawrence to the Flemish school. Sir Joshua reminds us more of Giorgione and Titian; Sir Thomas, of Vandyke and Lely. Both are graceful; but the grace of Sir Joshua Reynolds is more poetical, that of Sir Thomas Lawrence more *spiritual*; there is more of fancy and feeling in Sir Joshua, more of high bred elegance in Sir Thomas Lawrence. The first is the sweeter colorist, the latter the more vigorous draughtsman. In the portraits of Sir Joshua there is ever a predominance of sentiment; in those of Sir Thomas a predominance of spirit. The pencil of the latter would instinctively illuminate with animation the most pensive face; and the genius of the former would throw a shade of tenderness into the countenance of a virago. Between both, what an enchanting gallery might be formed of the Beauties of George the Third's reign—the Beauties who have been presented at St. James's during the last half century! Or, to go no further back than those painted by Lawrence, since he has been confessedly the Court painter of England—if the aerial love-

liness of Lady Leicester; the splendid beauty of Mrs. Littleton; the poetical sweetness of Lady Walscourt, with mind and music breathing from her face; the patrician grace of Lady Lansdowne; in the pensive elegance of Mrs. Wolfe; the more brilliant and intellectual graces of Lady Jersey; in Mrs. Hope, with eyes that anticipate a smile, and lips round which the last *bon-mot* seems to linger still; the Duchess of Devonshire; the Lady Elizabeth Forster; Miss Thayer; Lady Blessington; Lady Charlotte Campbell; Mrs. Arbuthnot, etc.—if these, and a hundred other fair 'stars,' who each in their turn have blazed away a season on the walls of the Academy, 'the cynosure of neighboring eyes,' and then set forever to the public—if these could be taken from their scattered stations over pianos and chimney-pieces, and assembled together for one spring in the British Gallery, an exhibition more interesting, more attractive, more dazzlingly beautiful, can scarcely be imagined; but if the pride of some, and the modesty of others, would militate against such an arrangement, we know nothing that could prevent the Directors of the British Institution from gratifying the public with a regular chronological series of British historical portraits, beginning with the age of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, as illustrated by Hans Holbein, Antonio More, Oliver, etc., and bringing them down to the conclusion of the last century."

In 1834, Mrs. Jameson republished "The Diary of an Ennuyée," with an additional volume of traveling observations, and a series of essays, mostly

in the form of dialogue, on art, literature and character, under the general title, "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." In this work, she first made the English reading public generally acquainted with the art treasures of Munich and the rising school of modern German artists. A visit to Moritz Retzsch, while at Dresden, supplies us with a most interesting account of this simple-minded enthusiastic artist, whose graphic illustrations of the works of Goethe, Schiller, and, above all, Shakespeare, have, through their cheap method of reproduction, found their way into every well-educated English household. He had then just entered upon his studies of Shakespeare, and there is nothing said of his praise by Mrs. Jameson which he did not make good in the later productions of his pencil. After visiting this artist in his city studio, she accepts an invitation to his home or country place, when her narrative presents us with a truly idyllic picture: "Whether it were farm-house, villa, or vineyard, or all together, I could not well decide. The drive was delicious. The road wound along the banks of the magnificent Elbe, the gently-swell-ing hills, all laid out in vineyards, rising on our right; and, though it was November, the air was soft as summer. Retzsch, who had perceived our approach from his window, came out to meet us—took me under his arm as if we had been friends of twenty years' standing, and leading me into his picturesque *domicile*, introduced me to his wife—as pretty a piece of poetry as one shall see in a summer's day. She was the daughter of a vine-dresser,

whom Retzsch fell in love with while she was yet almost a child, and educated for his wife—at least so runs the tale. At the first glance, I detected the original of that countenance, which, more or less idealized, runs through all his representations of female youth and beauty; here was the model, both in feature and expression. She smiled upon us a most cordial welcome, regaled us with delicious coffee and cakes prepared by herself; then, taking up her knitting, sat down beside us; and while I turned over admiringly the beautiful designs with which her husband had decorated her album, the looks of veneration and love with which she regarded him, and the expression of kindly, delighted sympathy with which she smiled upon me, I shall not easily forget. As for the album itself, queens might have envied her such homage; and what would not a dilettante collector have given for such a possession.

The scene in the writings of our authoress next changes to Canada, in a record published in 1838, of her experiences in that country, and some of the adjoining parts of the United States, under the title "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." In this work we have an interesting account of her residence at Toronto, with some rather piquant observations on the society of the place, with notices of the scenery and a sketch of a winter tour to Niagara, with which, for a novelty, she confesses herself disappointed, though she makes amends for this in her admiration in another visit to the spot in the summer. When the spring opens, she traverses the London dis-

trict on the northern shore of Lake Erie, crosses Lake St. Clair to Detroit, and thence pursues her way to Mackinaw, where she forms an interesting acquaintance with the Schoolcrafts, and beyond, to the Sault St. Marie. While on this route, she makes a particular study of the Indians, who were still personages of some importance in the region, surveys their manners closely; and, by the aid of Mr. Schoolcraft and his wife, is able to reconstruct some of their songs and legends, which, for the time, occupy her attention, to the exclusion of those recollections of Weimar, of Goethe, Schiller, and other German literary favorites which are freely interspersed through the other portions of the two agreeable volumes in which she narrates these American adventures.

Her next publication, in 1840, carries us back again to her beloved Germany, which had taught her so much in literature and art. This was a translation entitled "Social Life of Germany, illustrated in the Acted Dramas of Her Royal Highness, the Princess Amelia of Saxony," with an introduction and notes to each drama, of which five were chosen out of the fifteen written by the noble authoress. In preparing this work, Mrs. Jameson was naturally desirous of exhibiting to the world of English readers, a new example of the capacity of the female intellect in furtherance of her views of the widening sphere of woman's resources and employments; while her main object, of course, as the title of the book indicates, is to exhibit the simple and varied manners of German life, drawn by a lady of a

princely house, celebrated for its accomplishments in literature and art. Incidentally, she remarks that the difficulties of exertion, and the attainment of success in the paths of authorship are not confined to the indigent and lowly, but may be felt checking the budding intellect in the courts of princes. She appears, indeed, of opinion, that a new and most curious chapter might be added to such works as "The Pursuit of Knowledge Under Difficulties," by carrying the search for materials into royal halls. "If," says she, "'many a gem of purest ray serene' lie hidden in dark unfathomable depths of poverty and misery; many a flower, born to diffuse fragrance and blessedness through God's world, droops faint, or runs rank in the confined atmosphere of a court, or in some similar hot-bed, where light and heat (which are truth and love) are admitted by measure. It were to be wished that the two extremes of society could be a little more just to each other; while you shall hear the vulgar great, wondering and speculating over genius and refinement in a Ploughman Poet and a Corn Law Rhymer, you shall see the vulgar little, incredulous of the human sympathies, the tender yearnings, the brilliant, though often unemployed capacities of those lifted above their sordid wants and cares: yet are they all one brotherhood and sisterhood. Many a genius rests mute and inglorious within a trophied vault, as well as in a village church-yard, equally stifled and smothered up by impediments and obstructions infinite." The Princess Amelia shared these difficulties in her youth,

from the excessive restrictions of the court etiquette in Saxony; and, had it not been for the varied experience of life in exile, to which she was subjected in the Napoleonic wars, she probably never would have been enabled to appreciate the life which she depicted in her domestic dramas, which, in simple story, actuated by a pure morality, "lead us into the country-house of the farmer, the laboratory of the physician, the back-parlor of the banker, even the still-room of the notable *fraulein* who mixes up cookery, account-keeping, and a passion for Schiller, so as to form an agreeable picture of industry and accomplishment."

With the exception of several minor publications, growing out of her advocacy of the just claims to employment for women, as her *Essay on Woman's Position*, and that on the relation of "Mothers and Governesses," included in a collection of "Memoirs and Essays illustrative of Art Literature and Social Morals," published in 1846, and two Lectures on "Sisters of Charity Abroad and at Home," and "The Social Employment of Women," delivered ten years later, the literary efforts of Mrs. Jameson were to be henceforth exclusively devoted to her favorite topic of art illustration. As her essays in biography had culminated in her sympathetic and philosophical appreciation of the Female Characters of Shakespeare, so her studies of art widened in extent and rose in interest till they were concentrated on the important topics of Christian Art, to which all her previous acquaintance with painting from her childhood was made accessory. We have noticed her

familiarity with ancient and modern German art. In 1842, recognized as an authority on such subjects, she was employed in the preparation of a Handbook to the Public Galleries of Art in and near London, embracing the National Gallery, the Royal Collections at Windsor, those at Hampton Court, the Dulwich Gallery, Soane's Museum, and the collection of Barry's Pictures. This was followed by a companion volume, two years later, including the Buckingham Palace, Bridgewater, Sutherland, Grosvenor, Lansdowne, Sir Robert Peel, and the poet Rogers's collections. In 1845, appeared, in two volumes of Charles Knight's popular "Shilling Library," a series from her pen of some thirty biographies of artists, "Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy, from Cimabue to Bassano." Three years later, in 1848, the first of her series of elaborate works on Christian Art appeared in two elegant small quarto volumes, from the press of Longmans. It was entitled "Sacred and Legendary Art," containing descriptive and critical essays on the legends of the angels and archangels, the evangelists, apostles, doctors of the Church, Mary Magdalene, the patron saints and virgin patronesses, the Greek and Latin martyrs, the early bishops, the hermit and the warrior saints of Christendom. This was followed, in 1850, by a special volume on the "Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in the Fine Arts," succeeded in 1852, by a similar volume of "Legends of the Madonna." There yet remained the sacred theme, crowning the whole, to

which a longer period of labor was devoted, and which remained unfinished in her hands at the time of her death. This was "the History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art; with that of His Types; St. John the Baptist; and other Persons of the Old and New Testament." This work, continued and completed by her friend, Lady Eastlake, was published in 1864. Throughout the several series there runs a uniform purpose to present, in a clear and attractive light, with candor, and yet with reverence, all that may exhibit, in full and fair proportion, the devotion of art, through many ages, to the sublime characters and vast array of secondary personages, associated in ecclesiastical history, with the promulgation of the Christian faith. The first desire of the author is, evidently, to be eminently useful to the reader and student; to bring before them—a feat never before attempted in English book-making—by diligent research and study, an abstract of the vast accumulations of learning on the several subjects. To this Mrs. Jameson added an unwearied diligence in personal observation of the works of art she describes, many of which are exhibited in engravings for the volumes, from designs by her own hand. The enumeration just given of the leading divisions or sections of these six volumes, may afford some indication of the extent of labor involved, in which, it must be remembered, there were at every stage critical difficulties to be met and decided upon. It was an undertaking indeed, of no slight magnitude, to be divided among several per-

sons, requiring unwearied industry and sagacity of the highest order;—and all this, with the exception of the supplementary work of Lady Eastlake, was accomplished by a single woman at the close of a life extending to more than threescore. Seldom, indeed, has there been raised a more distinguished monument of literary industry. The subjects are imperishable in interest; will attract more and more attention as, in the course of time, they recede farther in the historic period; while the name of Mrs. Jameson will justly be associated with them in these books, which, from her long practice and accustomed felicity in narrative writing of this class, please equally the learned and the unlearned.

The life of Mrs. Jameson was literally closed in the midst of her labors. After a visit to the Reading Room of the British Museum, in March, 1860, she complained of a cold; in two or three days a severe attack of bronchitis succeeded, from the effects of which she expired on the eighteenth of the month.

The mind of Mrs. Jameson was well balanced. She possessed what is rare in both sexes, and especially so in the female writer, a well-regulated enthusiasm. She could be true to her own Protestant culture and conviction, in treating, as she had so often occasion to do in her works on Christian art, the Roman Catholic legends, without giving needless offence to the Church from which they sprang, or doing injustice to their spirits. She could discuss the vexed question of Woman's Rights, and demand for women an enlarged sphere of occupations, without

setting up any assumptions, or claiming for the sex anything beyond its legitimate province. Dwelling much in her writing upon the past, and its themes of romance, she was not insensible to the poetic grandeur of the age in which she lived. Writing of Venice, in one of her essays, entitled "The House of Titian," she characteristically says, "Not to forget the great wonder of modern times, I hear people talking of the railroad across the Lagune as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the 'dull catalogue of common things;' and they call on me to join the ontery, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of "Murray's Handbook;" but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more—to great sources of thought one yet greater. Those persons, methinks, must be strangely prosaic *au fond* who can see poetry in a Gothic pinnacle, or a crumbling temple, or a gladiator's circus; and in this gigantic

causeway, and in seventy-five arches, traversed with fiery speed by dragons, brazen-winged,—to which neither Alp nor ocean can oppose a barrier—nothing but a common-place. I must say I pity them. *I* see a future fraught with hopes for Venice—

"Twining memories of old time,
With new virtues more sublime!"

I will join in any denunciations against the devastators, white-washers, and so-called renovators; may they be—rewarded! But in the midst of our regrets for the beauty that is outworn or profaned, why should we despond, as if the fountains of beauty were reserved in heaven, and flowed no more to us on earth? Why should we be always looking back, till our heads are well-nigh twisted off our shoulders? Why all our reverence, all our faith for the past; as if the night were already come 'in which no man can work'—as if there were not a long day before us for effort in the cause of humanity—for progress in the knowledge of good?"



J. W. Goethe

JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

SIR JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, Bart., the only son of Sir William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer of the reign of George III., and inheritor of his fame, of Hanoverian descent, was born at Slough, near Windsor, in England, March 7th, 1792. Educated at Cambridge, at St. John's College, he distinguished himself there from the first, by his high mathematical genius, and a fondness for physical science in all its branches. He took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1813, with high honors as Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman. From that time, till the death of his father in 1822, he was occupied chiefly in mathematical studies and researches in theoretical physics. His first work of note was "A Collection of Examples of the Application of the Calculus to Finite Differences," published at Cambridge in 1820. It was not till after his father's death that he devoted himself in an express manner to the continuation of that immense work of astronomical research and investigation, which his father had begun and carried on through a life of such magnificent results. Abandoning other pursuits, or making them for the

time subordinate, he commenced, about the year 1825, a series of observations of the sidereal heavens, after his father's methods, and with his father's instruments. In this labor, in which, for a time, he co-operated with Sir James South, he proposed to himself at first, to use his own words, "no further object than a re-examination of the nebulae and clusters of stars discovered by his father in his 'sweeps of the heavens,' and described by him in three catalogues presented to the Royal Society, and published by them in their 'Transactions' for the years 1786, 1789, and 1802." The execution of this undertaking occupied eight full years, and involved results much more extensive than had been at first contemplated. As regards nebulae and clusters of stars, the results were exhibited complete in the year 1833, when they were presented to the Royal Society in the form of a Catalogue, arranged in the order of Right Ascension, which was published in their "Transactions" of the same year. "In this work," says the author, "are recorded observations of 2,306 nebulae and clusters; of which 1,781 are identical with objects occurring in my fa-

ther's catalogue, in the small but interesting collection published by Messier, in the "Memoires de l'Académie des Sciences," for 1771, and the "Connaissances des Temps" for 1783, 1784, and in M. Struvé's "Catalogue of Double Stars: the remaining 525 are new." But these were not the only results of the eight years' survey. A great number of double stars of all classes, and orders had also been noticed and observed, and their places taken, "to the amount altogether," says Sir John, "of between 3,000 and 4,000;" the observations of which, reduced and arranged in the order of their right ascension, had, from time to time, in the course of the surveys, been published in six catalogues, in "Transactions of the Royal Astronomical Society," the first in 1825, the others in subsequent years. Results so important, obtained by labor so systematic, fixed Herschel's place as the man who, among living astronomers, was pre-eminently the successor of his father.

As early as 1826, this was recognized, when the Royal Astronomical Society voted to him and Sir James South, a gold medal each, for their observation of double stars; but, at the close of the survey, in 1833, the associations with his name were correspondingly increased. In addition to the labors of the survey, he had by that time given to the world proofs of his industry and versatility, which even alone would have counted for much—namely, various scattered memoirs published in the "Transactions of the Astronomical Society;" a "Treatise on Sound," published in 1830, in the "En-

cyclopædia Metropolitana; a "Treatise on the Theory of Light," published in the same work in 1831; and his more celebrated and popular "Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," published in "Lardner's Cyclopædia" in the same year. This last-mentioned work, admitting, as it did, from the nature of its subject, more of general philosophic thought than the author's special treatises on individual topics of physical science, gave the author a place in the higher didactic literature, as well as in the science of his country.

In 1836, there appeared in the same "Cyclopædia" a "Treatise of Astronomy," also by Herschel, and proving his power as a popular expositor on the peculiar science of his family. Before the publication of this work, however, he had undertaken and commenced a second great design in practical astronomy, in continuation and completion of that which he had concluded in 1833. The southern heavens still remained to be surveyed, as well as the northern; and Herschel resolved, if possible, to add this, till then, comparatively unknown hemisphere to the domain of astronomy, so as to complete for mankind the survey of the whole sphere of the sidereal space. His own account of his intention and hopes is surprisingly simple. "Having," he says, "so far succeeded to my wishes, and having by practice acquired sufficient mastery of the instrument employed (a reflecting telescope of eighteen and one-quarter inches clear aperture, and twenty feet focus, on my father's construction), and of the delicate process of polishing the

specula; being, moreover, strongly invited by the peculiar interest of the subject, and the wonderful nature of the objects which presented themselves in the course of its prosecution, I resolved to attempt the completion of the survey of the whole surface of the heavens, and for this purpose to transport into the other hemisphere the same instrument which had been employed in this, so as to give a unity to the result of both portions of the survey, and to render them comparable with each other."

In execution of this great design, he set out, with the telescope mentioned and other necessary apparatus, for the Cape of Good Hope, as affording the most suitable station for his purpose. He reached the Cape on the 15th of January, 1834, and, after some search, selected the mansion of a Dutch proprietor at Feldhausen, about six miles from Table Bay, and situated in a beautiful and well-shaded spot. Here he set up his instruments, not one of which had suffered injury on the voyage; and on the 5th of March, he was able to begin a regular course of sweepings of the southern heaven. His observations were continued without any intermission, save that occasioned by the weather, over four years, or from March, 1834, to May, 1838; and all at his own expense. Immense interest was felt by the scientific world of Europe and America in the progress of his solitary and sublime labors. From time to time curiosity was gratified by accounts of some of the observations, conveyed over to friends; but it was not till the year 1847, or nine years after his return to England, that the

collected and digested results of his four years' residence at the Cape were published in a regular form. This was done in a large quarto volume, published that year, under the title of "Results of Astronomical Observations, made during 1834-'38, at the Cape of Good Hope; being the Completion of a Telescopie Survey of the Whole Surface of the Visible Heavens, commenced in 1825." The nature and extent of the observations and disquisitions in this work may be judged from a list of its contents. It is divided into seven distinct portions—the first treating of "the Nebulae of the Southern Hemisphere;" the second of "the Double Stars of the Southern Hemisphere;" the third of "Astronomy, or the Numerical Expression of the Apparent Magnitudes of Stars;" the fourth of "the Distribution of Stars and the Constitution of the Galaxy in the Southern Hemisphere;" the fifth of "Observations of Halley's Comet, (as seen at the Cape towards the close of 1835), with remarks on its physical condition, and that of Comets in general;" the sixth of "Observations of the Satellites of Saturn;" and the seventh of "Observations of the Solar Spots." It will be seen from this list of contents, that, though the astronomer's main object in the southern hemisphere, as in the northern, had been the detection of new and the re-examination of old nebulae, yet his observations had extended themselves so as to include all the objects for which his position was favorable. In fact, not only was a mass of new observations appertaining to the southern heavens, and exhausting those heavens

of what they could be made to yield, added to astronomical science by the survey; but many of the extreme speculations of the elder Herschel and others, relative to the highest problems of astronomy, were reviewed afresh in the light of the new observations.

Herschel's residence at the Cape was beneficial also to Meteorology. While there, he suggested a plan of simultaneous observations to be made at different places—a plan subsequently developed in a publication of his, issued under official military authority in 1844, and entitled "Instructions for Making and Registering Meteorological Observations at various stations in Southern Africa." On his return to England, in 1838, he was received with every public honor. During his absence, the Royal Astronomical Society had again voted him their gold medal; on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria he was made a D.C.L. of Oxford; and there was a proposal to elect him to succeed the Duke of Sussex as President of the Royal Society. In 1848, he was President of the Royal Astronomical Society. Having by that time completed the digest and publication of his observations at the Cape, he was free to pass on to other labors. Among these was his work entitled, "Outlines of Astronomy," enlarged from his former treatise in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," published in 1849. In December, 1850, the office of Master of the Mint was conferred upon him, a position which he held for five years, when he resigned it in consequence of ill-health. He contributed the articles on "The Telescope" and "Meteorology and Physical Geo-

graphy," to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and wrote several articles on scientific subjects for the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, which were collected and published in a separate form in 1857, with some of his lectures and addresses on public occasions. By the side of his scientific pursuits he gave much attention in his latter years to literature, publishing an English version in hexameters of Homer's Iliad. His death occurred on the 11th of May, 1871, at his seat of Collingwood, near Hawkshurst, Kent.

To this outline narrative of the career of Sir John Herschel, for which we are indebted to the "English Cyclopædia," an excellent authority in this field, we may add some passages from the genial analysis of the astronomer's methods and faculties, contributed, after his death, to the "Cornhill Magazine," by Mr. Richard A. Proctor, one of the foremost scientific writers of the day. "It would be difficult," says he, "to say in what department of astronomical research Sir John Herschel was most eminent. That he was the greatest astronomer of his day, even those who rivaled or surpassed him in special departments admit without question. He was, indeed, *facile princeps*, not merely among the astronomers of his own country, but among all his astronomical contemporaries. He held this position chiefly by reason of the wide range of subjects over which his mastery extended. He was unequalled, or rather unapproached, in his general knowledge of the science of astronomy. It need hardly be said that he was proficient in the mathematical departments of the sci-

ence (perhaps no one of whom this cannot be said may be regarded as an astronomer at all). In his knowledge of the details of observatory work he was surpassed by few, and his acquaintance with the specialties of astronomical instruments was such as might have been anticipated from the excellence of his mathematical training. He was by far the greatest astronomical observer the world has known, with one single exception—Sir W. Herschel. That, in certain respects, other observers surpassed him may be admitted very readily. He had not the eagle vision of the late Mr. Dawes, for instance; nor had he the aptitude for accurately measuring celestial spaces, angles, and so on, which some of the German astronomers have displayed of late years. But such *minutiae* as these may well be overlooked, when we consider what Sir John Herschel actually achieved as an observer. Thousands of double stars detected, measured and watched, as they circled round each other; upwards of two thousand nebulae discovered; the southern heavens gauged with a twenty-foot telescope—these, and like achievements, dwarf into insignificance all the observational work accomplished by astronomers since Sir W. Herschel ceased his labors. In one respect, and that noteworthy, Sir John Herschel even surpassed his father. Only one astronomer has yet lived who had surveyed with a powerful telescope the whole sphere of the heavens—that astronomer was the younger Herschel. He went over the whole range of his father's observations, in order (to use his own words) that he might obtain

a mastery over his instrument; then in the southern hemisphere he completed the survey of the heavens. He alone, then, of all the astronomers the world has known, could boast that no part of the celestial depths had escaped his scrutiny. I need not dwell on Sir John Herschel's success in expounding the truths of astronomy. We owe to him, beyond all question, the wide interest at present felt for the science, as well as the special fervor with which the younger astronomers of our day discuss its truths. And lastly, (passing over many departments of astronomical study), Sir John Herschel's position as a theorist in astronomy is unquestionably a most eminent one.

“Let the position of scientific theorizing be rightly apprehended. We hear much of theory and practice, or, in the case of such a science as astronomy, of theory and observation, as if the two were in some sense opposed to each other. Nay, unfortunately, it is not uncommon to hear some observers speak of the astronomical theorist as if he held a position quite apart from theirs. Theorists do not, on the other hand, adopt a corresponding tone in speaking of observers. And this for a very simple reason—the theorist must needs value the labors of the observer, because it is on such labors that he must base his theories. But observers—at least such observers as do not themselves care to theorize—are apt to contemn the theorist, to suppose that the hypotheses he deals with have been evolved from the depths of his moral consciousness, instead of being based on those very observations which they mistakenly

imagine that the theorist undervalues. The fact, indeed, is really this—that the theorist alone values observation as much as it deserves. The observer is too apt to value observations for their own sake; the theorist sees in them a value beyond that which they possess in themselves—a value depending on their relation to other observations, as well as a value depending on the application of suitable processes of manipulation, or, as it were, of manufacture. It is not going too far, indeed, to say that observations as originally made are as raw material—highly valuable it may well be (and the manufacturer will be better aware of this than the producer of the raw material), but owing their value to their capacity for being wrought into such and such fabrics. It would be as reasonable for the miner to despise the smith and the engineer, as for the observer in science to condemn him who interprets observations and educes their true value. Let me quote here a passage from those too little studied essays, the papers contributed by Sir W. Herschel to the ‘Transactions’ of the Royal Society. The passage is interesting, as belonging to the opening of that noble essay in which he first presented to the world his ideas respecting the constitution of the celestial depths. ‘First let me mention,’ he says, ‘that if we would hope to make any progress in investigations of a delicate nature, we ought to avoid two opposite extremes, of which I can hardly say which is the most dangerous. If we indulge a fanciful imagination and build worlds of our own, we must not wonder at our going wide from the path of truth and nature;

but these will vanish like the Cartesian vortices, that soon gave way when better theories were offered. On the other hand, if we add observation to observation, without attempting to draw, not only certain conclusions, but also conjectural views from them, we offend against the very end for which only observations ought to be made.’ ‘I will endeavor,’ he adds, speaking of the special work he was then engaged upon, ‘to keep a proper medium; but if I should deviate from that, I could wish not to fall into the latter error.’

“Sir John Herschel has himself described in clear and powerful language the quality which is primarily requisite in the theorist. ‘As a first preparation, he must loosen his hold on all crude and hastily-adopted notions, and must strengthen himself by something like an effort and a resolve for the unprejudiced admission of any conclusion which shall appear to be supported by careful observation and logical argument, even should it prove of a nature adverse to notions he may have previously formed for himself, or taken up, without examination, on the credit of others. Such an effort is, in fact, a commencement of that intellectual discipline which forms one of the most important ends of all science. It is the first movement of approach towards that state of mental purity which alone can fit us for a full and steady perception of moral beauty as well as physical adaptation. It is the ‘euphrasy and rue’ with which we must ‘purge our sight’ before we can receive and contemplate as they are the lineaments of truth and nature’

These just principles have been perhaps as clearly laid down by other men of science; but it may be questioned whether any has ever more thoroughly obeyed them than Sir John Herschel. The enforced mental purity with which he approached a subject on which he proposed to theorize was indeed so remarkable that to many it was scarce even intelligible. His determination to remove from his mind all the effects of preconceived opinions, whether adopted independently, or received at the hands of others, was mistaken by some for an undue humility of mind. The completest proof which a man of science can give of this 'mental purity,' is afforded by a readiness to submit to some crucial test a theory which he has strong reasons for desiring to see established. I draw a distinction here between testing a theory and the search for evidence respecting a theory. One who is not free from prejudice may yet none the less eagerly search for evidence respecting the theories he desires to advocate. But to test a theory crucially, to enter on a series of researches which must needs reveal the weak points of a theory, this is what only the true man of science is capable of. 'This,' as Professor Tyndall well remarks, 'is the normal action of the scientific mind. If it were otherwise—if scientific men were not accustomed to demand verification—if they were satisfied with the imperfect while the perfect is attainable, their science, instead of being, as it is, a fortress of adamant, would be a house of clay, ill-fitted to bear the buffetings of the storms to which it has been from

time to time, and is at present, exposed.'

"I know of no more remarkable instance of Sir John Herschel's readiness and skill in interpreting observed facts than the way in which he dealt with the features he had recognized in the Magellanic Clouds. He was the first to survey those strange celestial regions with a powerful telescope. He mapped down and pictured multitudes of star cloudlets, scattered among the myriads of minute stars which produce the milky light of the Magellanic Clouds. At this point, others might have ceased their labors. *There* was an array of interesting objects contained in certain regions of the heavens—what more could be said? But Sir John Herschel was not thus satisfied. He reasoned from the shape of the Magellanic Clouds to the distances of the star-cloudlets within them, and thence to the scale on which these star-cloudlets are formed. He was able to deduce in this way perhaps the most important conclusion to which astronomers have ever been led by abstract reasonings—a conclusion interpreted by Whewell, Herbert Spencer, and in my own inquiries into the star-depths, to mean nothing short of this: that, so far as the only available evidence we have is concerned, all orders of star-cloudlets belong to our own star system, and not to external galaxies.

"For another instance of Sir John Herschel's power in this respect, I would refer the reader to his discussion of the phenomena presented by Halley's comet during its approach towards and recession from the sun in

the years 1835–1836. A brief *resume* of this discussion will be found in the charming volume entitled ‘Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects;’ but the student of astronomy should also read the original paper in the ‘Results of Astronomical Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope.’ Here I shall merely quote the conclusion of the reasoning, as summarized in the ‘Familiar Essays,’ in order to show how much which was certainly not directly contained in the observations was deduced in this instance by abstract reasoning. It was ‘made clear’ that the tail of this comet ‘was neither more nor less than an accumulation of luminous vapor, darted off, in the first instance, *towards* the sun, as if it were something raised up, and as it were exploded, by the sun’s heat, out of the kernel, and then immediately and forcibly turned back and repelled *from* the sun.’

“Another faculty which the theorist should possess in a high degree is a certain liveliness of imagination, whereby analogies may be traced between the relations of the subject on which he is theorizing and those of objects not obviously associated with that subject. This faculty Sir John Herschel possessed in a very high degree—almost as strikingly as his father, who in this respect probably surpassed all other astronomers, unless we place Kepler and Newton on the same level. It is obvious that the faculty is of extreme importance, though it is one which requires a judicious control, since if it be too readily indulged, it may at times lead us astray. One of the finest illustrations of Sir John

Herschel’s aptitude in tracing such analogies is to be found in his reasoning respecting the zones in which the solar spots ordinarily make their appearance. I give this reasoning as it was originally presented, in the fine work to which I have already so often referred, the “Results of Observations made at the Cape of Good Hope.” ‘Whatever be the physical cause of the spots,’ says Herschel, ‘one thing is certain, that they have an intimate connection with the rotation of the sun upon its axis. The absence of spots in the polar regions of the sun, and their confinement to two zones extending to about latitude thirty-five degrees on either side with an equatorial zone much more rarely visited by spots, is a fact which at once refers their cause to fluid circulations, modified, if not produced, by that rotation, by reasoning of the very same kind whereby we connect our own system of trade and anti-trade winds with the earth’s rotation. Having given any exciting cause for the circulation of atmospheric fluids from the poles to the equator and back again, or *vice versa*, the effect of rotation will necessarily be to modify those currents as our trade winds and monsoons are modified, and to dispose all those meteorological phenomena on a great scale, which accompany them as their visible manifestations, in zones parallel to the equator, with a calm equatorial zone interposed.’ Herschel then proceeds to inquire ‘what cause of circulation can be found in the economy of the sun, so far as we know and can understand it?’ With this inquiry, however, we are not at present con-

cerned, save only to note how the aptitude of the theorist in the recognition of analogies leads him to inquiries which otherwise he would not have entered upon.

“Sir John Herschel, indeed, entertained a singularly strong belief in the existence of analogies throughout the whole range of created matter. As an evidence of this, I venture to quote a passage from a letter of great interest, which I received from him in August, 1869. It relates to the constitution of the heavens, referring especially to a remark of mine to the effect that all forms of star-cloud and star-cluster seem to be included within the limits of our own sidereal system. ‘An opinion,’ he wrote, ‘which the structure of the Magellanic Clouds has often suggested to me, has been strongly recalled by what you say of the inclusion of every variety of nebulous or clustering form within the galaxy—viz: that if such be the case; that is, if these forms belong to and form part and parcel of the galactic system, then that system includes within itself miniatures of itself on an almost infinitely reduced scale; and what evidence then have we that there exists a universe beyond?—unless a sort of argument from analogy that the galaxy, with all its contents, may be but one of these miniatures of that vast universe, and so on *ad infinitum*; and that in that universe there may exist multitudes of other systems on a scale as vast as our galaxy, the analogues of those other nebulous and clustering forms which are not miniatures of our galaxy.’ This, perhaps, is the grandest picture of the uni-

verse that has ever been conceived by man.

“Next in order comes that faculty by which the chain of causes and effects (or of what we call such) is traced out, until the true correlation of all the facts dealt with by the theorist is clearly recognized. Adequately to illustrate the action of this faculty, however, would obviously require more space than is available in such a paper as the present. I shall mention but one instance of Sir John Herschel’s skill in this respect, selecting for the purpose a passage (in the first edition—1833—of his treatise on astronomy), the opinions expressed, which have been erroneously supposed to have been in the first instance enunciated by the celebrated engineer, George Stephenson. Tracing out the connection between the action of the central luminary of our system and terrestrial phenomena, Sir John Herschel remarks that “the sun’s rays are the ultimate source of almost every motion that takes place on the surface of the earth. By its heat are produced all winds, and those disturbances in the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere which give rise to the phenomena of lightning, and probably also to those of terrestrial magnetism and the aurora. By their vivifying action vegetables are enabled to draw support from inorganic matter, and become in their turn the support of animals and of man, and the sources of those great deposits of dynamical efficiency which are laid up for human use in our coal strata. By them the waters of the sea are made to circulate in vapor through the air, and irrigate

the land, producing springs and rivers. By them are produced all disturbances of the chemical equilibrium of the elements of nature, which by a series of compositions and decompositions give rise to new products and originate a transfer of materials. Even the slow degradation of the solid constituents of the surface, in which its chief geological changes consist, is almost entirely due, on the one hand, to the abrasion of wind and rain, and the alternation of heat and frost, and, on the other, to the continual beating of the sea-waves, agitated by winds, the results of solar radiation.' He goes on to show how even 'the power of subterranean fire,' repressed or relieved by causes depending on the sun's action, 'may break forth in points where the resistance is barely adequate to their retention, and thus bring the phenomena of even volcanic activity under the general law of solar influence.'

"As respects Sir John Herschel's skill in devising methods for throwing new light on questions of interest, it is only necessary to remark that we owe to him the first experimental determination of the quantity of heat received from the sun, as well as a solution of difficulties which seemed to Sir William Herschel almost insuperable in the problem of estimating the relative brightness of the lucid stars. I may add also that he was among the first, if not actually the first, to suggest that the prismatic analysis of solar light might 'lead us to a clearer insight into its origin.'

"Nor is it necessary to dwell specially on that most notable quality of Sir John Herschel's character as a theorizer—the light grasp with which he held those theories which he had himself propounded. This characteristic is so intimately associated with the mental purity, the necessity of which Sir John Herschel kept so constantly in his mind, as I have shown above, that, having exhibited instances of the last-named quality, it is hardly necessary to point to cases by which the other has been illustrated. Suffice it to say that no theorist of modern times has surpassed Herschel, and few have equalled him, in that complete mastery of self whereby it becomes possible for the student of science not merely to admit that he has enunciated erroneous opinions, but to take in hand the theories of others, and to work as patiently and skilfully in placing such theories on a firm basis as though they had been advocated in the first place by himself.

"A remarkable era in astronomy observational and theoretical, has come to a close with the death of Sir John Herschel—an era lasting nearly a full century, during which two astronomers, father and son, have stood forth more prominently than any save the greatest names in astronomical history. With all our faith in the progress of the human race (and my own faith in that progress is very strong), we can yet scarcely hope that for many generations astronomy will look upon their like again."

LORD PALMERSTON.

HENRY JOHN TEMPLE, Viscount Palmerston, was a member of a family, the ancestry of which may be traced in England to the period of the Norman conquest. In the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, the Temples were of some distinction; but their best-known representative in public affairs was Sir William Temple, the political confidant of William III., and famous in literary history, by his elegant learning and authorship, and as the early friend of Swift, who entered upon life as his Secretary. It was from a younger brother of Sir William that the subject of this notice was directly descended. His son Henry was, in 1722, created Baron Temple, of Mount Temple, county Sligo, and Viscount Palmerston, of Palmerston, county Dublin; both dignities being in the Irish peerage. He died in 1769, and was succeeded by his grandson, Henry Temple, the second Viscount Palmerston, who is described as "an accomplished and fashionable gentleman, a lover and appreciator of art, which he studied in Italy. He was also an admirer of beauty, of which he gave proof in his second marriage to Miss Mee, who is

said to have been the daughter of a respectable Dublin tradesman, into whose house, in consequence of a fall from his horse, the peer was carried. Though not of aristocratic birth, this lady, from all accounts, appears to have been not only handsome, but accomplished and agreeable, and to have taken, in a becoming manner, the place in Dublin and London society which her marriage opened to her."

Of this somewhat romantic marriage, our popular English statesman and premier, was born at the family estate of Broadlands, near Ramsey, in Hampshire, on the 20th of October, 1784. His father, the fashionable and diletante Viscount, being a frequent visitor to Italy, took his son with him to that country in his boyhood, and the youth thus acquired a familiar knowledge of the Italian language, which he always spoke fluently. His regular English education commenced at Harrow school, from which, at sixteen, he passed to Edinburgh, where he lived with Dugald Stewart, and attended the lectures at the University. In the three years which he thus spent among the scholars of the northern capital, and in its intellectual society, he says, in

his Autobiography, "I laid the foundation of whatever useful knowledge and habits of mind I possess." No more favorable position for a youth of quick intellectual perceptions could be desired, than the intimacy and guardianship of the amiable philosophic Stewart, whose writings at this day are still among the noblest incentives to mental cultivation. And young Temple proved himself worthy of the association. Stewart found him quite a model pupil. Writing of him at the time, he says, "His talents are uncommonly good, and he does them all possible justice by assiduous application. In point of temper and conduct, he is everything his friends could wish. Indeed, I cannot say that I have ever seen a more faultless character at his time of life, or one possessed of more amiable dispositions." When, in after years, Sir William Hamilton undertook the publication of Stewart's lectures, which had been, in a great measure, unwritten, he found the notes taken at the time by Lord Palmerston of much use to him. It was during this Edinburgh period, in 1802, by the death of his father, that young Temple succeeded to the title, thus becoming the third Viscount Palmerston.

In the following year, he was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge. "I had gone further," he writes, "at Edinburgh, in all the branches of study pursued at Cambridge, than the course then followed at Cambridge extended during the two first years of attendance. But the Edinburgh system consisted in lectures without examination; at Cambridge there was a half-yearly examination. It became

necessary to learn more accurately at Cambridge what one had learned generally at Edinburgh. The knowledge thus acquired of details at Cambridge was worth nothing, because it evaporated soon after the examinations were over. The habit of mind acquired by preparing for these examinations is highly useful." The remark is characteristic of Lord Palmerston's practical intellect. He certainly lost no time in turning his collegiate education to account in a public career. In 1806, the same year in which he received his degree of Master of Arts from the University, when he was just of age, he became a candidate for the representation of that body in Parliament, and came out third at the poll, his competitors being Lord Henry Petty, subsequently Marquis of Lansdowne, and Lord Althorp. In such a contest, he writes, "it was an honor to have been supported at all, and I was well satisfied with my fight." At the general election of the same year, he was returned for Horsham; but, the election being disputed, was thrown out. He then stood again unsuccessfully for the University; but soon after obtained the coveted seat in Parliament as the representative of a borough in the Isle of Wight. In 1811, he was returned for the University of Cambridge.

Following the account of the public career of Lord Palmerston, in the "English Cyclopædia:" "from his first entrance into Parliament, his conduct and manner were such as to impress his seniors with his tact and ability, and to mark him out for promotion and employment. He spoke seldom,

but always in an interesting manner, and to the purpose; and his talents for business were, from the first, conspicuous. In 1807, on the formation of the Tory administration of the Duke of Portland and Mr. Perceval, he was appointed, though then only in his twenty-fifth year, a junior Lord of the Admiralty. In this capacity he made, perhaps, his first important parliamentary appearance as a speaker, in opposing a motion of Mr. Ponsonby, in February, 1808, for the production of papers relative to Lord Cathcart's expedition to Copenhagen, and the destruction of the Danish fleet—measures which had been ordered by the government, for fear of an active co-operation of Denmark with Napoleon I. On this occasion, Lord Palmerston broached those motions as to the necessity of secrecy in diplomatic affairs on which he ever afterwards acted. In 1809, when Lord Castlereagh resigned the office of Secretary of War under the Perceval ministry, Lord Palmerston succeeded him; and, in February, 1810, he, for the first time, moved the Army Estimates in the House of Commons. It seemed as if the Secretaryship-at-War was the post in which Lord Palmerston was to live and die. He held it uninterruptedly through the Perceval administration; he continued to hold it through the long Liverpool-Castlereagh administration which followed (1812-'27), the first three years of whose tenure of power were occupied with the final great wars against Napoleon; he held it still during Canning's brief premiership (April to August, 1827); he continued to hold it under the ministry

of Lord Goderich (August, 1827, to January, 1828); and he held it for a while under the succeeding administration of the Duke of Wellington. Under this last ministry, however, he found himself unable to act. Never appearing to interest himself much in general politics, but confining himself as much as possible to the business of his own department, he had yet, towards the close of the Liverpool administration—especially after Canning's accession to the Foreign Secretaryship, on the death of Castlereagh in 1822—shown a more liberal spirit than was general among his colleagues. He seemed to attach himself to Canning and to share his opinions: like him, he was a friend to Roman Catholic emancipation; and to the cause of constitutional, as distinct from despotic, government, on the Continent; though, like him also, he opposed, for the time, all projects of parliamentary reform at home. These tendencies, growing more decided after Canning's death, unfitted him for co-operation with the Duke of Wellington's government; and in May, 1828, he seceded from it, along with Huskisson and others of the Canning party. Meantime he had spoken much on foreign affairs, and with such ability, that, after Canning's death, he was felt to be the greatest parliamentary master of that order of subjects. Before leaving the Wellington ministry, he had opposed the Test and Corporation Bills; but he had done so on the principle that he could not relieve Protestant Dissenters till the emancipation of the Roman Catholics had taken place.

“As an independent member, Lord Palmerston devoted himself especially to foreign questions. He kept up the character of being Mr. Canning’s successor, the inheritor of his mantle. His speech on the 10th of March, 1830, in which, in moving for papers respecting the relations of England with Portugal, he developed Canning’s idea of the necessity of increased sympathy on the part of England with the cause of struggling nationality abroad, was accounted a great parliamentary success. This motion was lost by a majority of 150 to 73; but it marked out Lord Palmerston as the future Foreign Secretary, as soon as a ministry should be formed of which he could become a member. Such a ministry was formed in November, 1830, when the Duke of Wellington resigned, and the Whigs came into office. Twenty years Secretary at War as a Tory, Lord Palmerston now became Foreign Secretary as a Whig; but his known attachment to the liberalized Toryism which Canning had professed and introduced, was felt to constitute a sufficient transition. Roman Catholic Emancipation, of which he had always been a supporter, had already been carried; and the only question, where a modification of his previous opinions was requisite, was that of Parliamentary Reform—the very question which the Whig ministry had been formed to settle. Lord Palmerston’s assent to the Reform Bill policy of his colleagues led to a disagreement with the Cambridge University electors; and, losing his seat for Cambridge, he fell back, in 1831, on his old borough of Bletchingley.

Representing first this borough, and then, after the Reform Bill, in 1832, the County of South Hants, Lord Palmerston remained Foreign Minister till December, 1834, when the Whigs went out of office, and were succeeded by the Conservative ministry of Sir Robert Peel. The ministry lasted till April, 1835, when the new Whig administration of Lord Melbourne was formed, and Lord Palmerston, who had lost his seat for South Hants at the general election, and been returned for the borough of Tiverton, resumed his functions as Foreign Minister. He continued to exercise them till September, 1841; and these six years were the period during which he attained that reputation for brilliancy, alertness and omniscience as a Foreign Minister, which made his name a word of exultation to his admirers, and of execration and fear to some foreign governments. It was during this time, that, over the Continent, from Spain to Turkey, the name Palmerston began to be used as synonymous with English diplomatic activity; and it was during the same time that a party of erratic politicians sprang up in England, who sought to prove that he was a voluntary tool of Russia, and argued for his impeachment. Records of this state of feeling, with respect to Lord Palmerston, may be found in the pamphlets of Mr. Urquhart and his friends, as regards England; and in Count Fiequelmont’s “*Lord Palmerston, L’Angleterre et la Continent*,” as regards Europe at large. The opposition of the Conservatives in Parliament was a more normal matter. It was during this period of his For-

eign Secretaryship that Lord Palmerston married the daughter of the first Lord Melbourne and the widow of the fifth Earl Cowper.

“On the re-accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, in 1841, Lord Palmerston retired from the Foreign Secretaryship; and he continued in opposition till 1846, when, on the retirement of Sir Robert Peel, after the abolition of the Corn Laws, in July, 1846, he again became Foreign Secretary, as a member of the new Whig ministry of Lord John Russell. He continued to direct the diplomacy of the country in this capacity—steering the policy of Britain, in his characteristic fashion, through the many difficult and intricate foreign questions which arose, and, amongst them, through the many questions connected with the European revolutionary movements of 1848-’49, including the Italian and Hungarian wars—till the year 1851, when differences with Lord John Russell and with his other colleagues induced him to resign. The year 1850, in fact, closed that part of Lord Palmerston’s history which is connected with his tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship in particular. But such a man could not remain long out of office. Broken up mainly by Lord Palmerston’s secession from it, the ministry of Lord John Russell gave place, in December, 1852, to the coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen. As Lord Aberdeen had been the Foreign Minister under previous Conservative governments, and was therefore regarded as the rival, and, in one respects, the antagonist of Lord Palmerston in this particular department,

Lord Palmerston, in joining the coalition ministry, took the office of Home Secretary, while the Foreign Secretaryship was taken by Lord John Russell. The business of his new office was discharged by Lord Palmerston with his customary activity, allowing for a short period of threatened rupture with his colleagues, in 1853, till the dissolution of the Aberdeen ministry, in 1855, when his lordship ascended to the apex of power as the First Lord of the Treasury and Prime Minister of Great Britain. In that capacity it fell to him to conduct the greatest war in which England had been engaged since 1815—the war with Russia; and in the conduct of that war to establish a new system of alliances with continental powers, more especially with France. From the time of the *coup d’état* in France, Lord Palmerston had always expressed his respect for Louis Napoleon; and consequently, in the conduct of the war, and of the negotiations which concluded it, Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston are supposed to have deferred to each other, and to have acted systematically in concert. As regards other powers, there was not, on the part of Lord Palmerston, at this time any strong direction of the policy of England one way or the other. Thus, while always keeping up the language of Canning as to the propriety of encouraging freedom and constitutional government abroad, and while using this language more especially with respect to Italy, he constantly asserted the maintenance of the integrity and power of the Austrian empire as a necessity in the European system. This principle appears to

have regulated his conduct also, as Foreign Minister, in the matter of the Hungarian wars of 1848-'49. He gave no approbation to the popular movements; but he supported Turkey in refusing to give up the refugees, and advised the governments to leniency when the movements were suppressed, and to more moderate rule afterwards.

"A combined opposition in March, 1857, carried a resolution, declaring the course pursued by Sir John Bowring and the British officers in China to be unjustifiable, and consequently censuring Lord Palmerston's administration for having pursued that course. Of the alternatives of resignation and an appeal to the country, Lord Palmerston chose the latter, and Parliament was dissolved on the 21st of March. Two days afterward, the Premier, in his address to the electors of Tiverton, the borough which he had long represented, declared his policy to be peace abroad, on the conditions of honor and security; and at home, economy, progressive improvements, the continued diffusion of education among the people, and well-considered measures of reform. The majority he secured in the new Parliament was sufficient to enable him to continue his administration until February, 1858, when he was compelled to resign, on account of his reputed anxiety to accommodate the Emperor of the French, at the expense of English honor and independence, exhibited in the Conspiracy to Murder Bill. He was succeeded by the Earl of Derby, whom he in turn displaced in June, 1859; and signalised an administration

which endured till his death, on the 18th of October, 1865, by his conclusion of a commercial treaty with France, by the sympathy which he manifested in the welfare of Italy, by his conduct of the relations with America, and by his management of the obligations of England in respect to the Schleswig-Holstein question. His health and mental vigor were preserved until a very short time before his death; and, in spite of his advanced age, his career was considered to have been prematurely closed by imprudent exposure to the sudden coldness of the season. It was his own desire to be interred in the cemetery at Romsey; but Lady Palmerston yielded to the express wish of the Queen and the vehemence of the national desire that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey. Here he was accordingly interred on the 27th of October, when his funeral was attended by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the representatives of fourteen foreign States, and deputations from various public bodies, whilst ten cabinet ministers bore his pall. The death of Lady Palmerston, who had been for more than twenty years a discreet and able fellow-worker for his political success, and a sharer in his social popularity, took place in September, 1869, at Bocket Hall, Hertfordshire."

The first portion of a Life of Lord Palmerston, with Selections from his Diaries and Correspondence, by the Hon. Sir Henry Lytton Bulwer, was given to the public in 1870. It exhibits, especially in the Diaries, the vivacity of Lord Palmerston's character, and

that genial familiarity with society which doubtless aided greatly to keep his faculties so long in repair. Of the habits of mind which characterised the statesman, Sir Henry Bulwer gives us this well-considered estimate. "The most distinguishing advantage," says he, "possessed by the eminent person whom I am about to describe, was a nature that opened itself happily to the tastes, feelings and habits of various classes and kinds of men. Hence a comprehensive sympathy, which not only put his actions in spontaneous harmony with the sense and feeling of the public, but, presenting life before his mind in many aspects, widened its views and moderated its impressions, and let it away from those subtleties and eccentricities which solitude or living constantly in any limited society, is apt to generate. In the march of his epoch, he was behind the eager, but before the slow. Accustomed to a wide range of observations over contemporaneous events, he had been led by history to the conclusion that all eras have their exaggerations, which a calm judgment and an enlightened statesmanship should distinctly recognise, but not prematurely or extravagantly indulge. He did not believe in the absolute wisdom which some see in the past, which others expect from the future; but he preferred the hopes of the generation that was com-

ing on to the despair of the generation that was passing away. Thus there was nothing violent or abrupt, nothing that had the appearance of going backwards and forwards in his long career. It moved on in one direction, gradually but continuously, from its commencement to its close, under the influence of a motive-power formed from the collection of various influences, the one modifying the other, and not representing in the aggregate the decided opinion of any particular party or class, but approximating to the opinion of the English nation in general. Into the peculiar and individual position, which in this manner he by degrees acquired, he carried an earnest patriotism, a strong, manly understanding, many accomplishments derived from industry and a sound early education, and a remarkable talent for comprehending and commanding details. This, indeed, was his peculiar merit as a man of business, and wherein he showed the powers of a masterly capacity. No official situation, therefore, found him unequal to it, whilst it is still more remarkable that he never aspired to any prematurely. Ambitious, he was devoid of vanity; and, with a singular absence of effort or pretension, he found his foot at last placed on the topmost round of the ladder he had been long unostentatiously mounting."

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË, the author of "Jane Eyre," and other works of fiction, better known by this, her maiden designation, to the reading world, than by her later name derived from her husband, Mr. Nichols, was born at Thornton, in Bradford Parish, Yorkshire, England, on the 21st of April, 1816. Her father, the Rev. Patrick Brontë, was a native of the county Down, in Ireland, a man of character and intelligence, who had shaped his own course in life by his energy and youthful exertions. At the age of sixteen, he had opened a public school in the north of Ireland, to which his father had removed, and prosecuted this work successfully as a means of living for several years, when he became a tutor in the family of a clergyman of the country, and was led, in his twenty-fifth year, to enter himself as a student at St. John's College, Cambridge. Obtaining his bachelor's degree after a four years' residence at the University, he was ordained to a curacy in Essex, from which he removed into Yorkshire, where he became the incumbent of the parish of Hartshead. While at this place, he was married, at the close of the year

1812, to the daughter of a Mr. Branwell, a merchant at Penzance, in Cornwall. She was on a visit to her uncle, a clergyman living near Leeds, when she first met the Rev. Mr. Brontë, who was at once struck with her refined ways and appearance. They were united after a brief courtship. She is described by her daughter's biographer, Mrs. Gaskell, as "extremely small in person; not pretty, but very elegant, and always dressed with a quiet simplicity of taste, which accorded well with her general character." In her own family, she was spoken of as a person of talent and great amiability of disposition, meek and retiring, while possessing more than ordinary ability, which she inherited from her father; and her piety was genuine and unobtrusive."

Two daughters, Maria and Elizabeth, were born of this marriage, at Hartshead; after which, Mr. Brontë succeeded to the curacy at Thornton, where the other children, Charlotte, a son, Patrick Branwell, Emily, and Anne, followed in quick succession. The eldest of the group, Maria, was little more than six years old, when, early in the year 1820, the family were



Brontë

finally installed in another Yorkshire parsonage at Haworth, a small semi-rural village, in the neighborhood of the manufacturing town of Keighley. It was a somewhat peculiar location where they were now established. The general aspect of the country is bleak and desolate, a region of hills covered with wild moors, oppressed by long and severe winters, with a scant vegetation from a reluctant soil in summer. The buildings of the village are mostly of the abundant grey stone of the vicinity; and, in the scarcity of wood, this material is used for the floors and stairways. The parsonage was so built, a house of two stories, with a line of four windows on the front, looking, at a distance of a hundred yards, upon the old parish church, the ancient graveyard occupying the greater portion of the interval, and nearly surrounding the dwelling. Being on the edge of the town, the parsonage had easy access to the moors beyond. A few mill-owners of the middle-class, with a greater number of operators in the woolen manufactories of the district, composed the principal occupants of the place. The discharge of the usual parochial duties, mainly in visiting the sick and attendance upon the schools, supplied the chief intercourse between the curate's family and the persons living around him. Having the retired disposition of the scholar, little disposed to thrust himself upon others, who, according to the customs of the country, would have resented any distinct professional approaches, this social intercourse was generally very limited. The life at Haworth Parsonage was thus solitary and re-

mote from the usual resources of the world. The wild scenery of the moors became the main resort of the children, and with certain home influences, encouraged in them the growth of the imaginative temperament with which they were all endowed at their birth. The father kept himself closely to his study. He was, moreover, a man of some eccentricities, and of erotchety views on the subject of education. Dyspeptic himself, he always dined alone, and imposed the plainest fare upon his children at their table. The mother, afflicted with an incurable disease of a painful nature, was confined to her bed-room, and did not long survive the removal to Haworth. Her death occurred in September, 1821, in the thirty-ninth year of her age. Her place in the care of the family was supplied, about a year after, by the arrival of one of her older unmarried sisters from Cornwall, who taught the girls sewing, and the good housewifery for which the parsonage became celebrated. Their other instruction, at this time, was derived from their father, to whom their lessons were said, and whose conversation on the affairs of the day, of which, through the medium of newspapers, he was a diligent student, gave them thus early an intelligent appreciation of the great world outside of their restricted observation.

About three years after the death of their mother, the two older girls were sent to a school opened at a place called Cowan's Bridge, in Yorkshire, not far distant from Haworth, under the superintendence of a benevolent clergyman, to assist his poorer brethren in the church in the education of

their children. The institution was partly supported by charitable donations. Charlotte, with her sister Emily, were soon sent there to join her sisters. By neglect or mismanagement, in the poor and insufficient supply of food, and in the tyranny of a harsh teacher, who figures in the pictures drawn from this establishment in "Jane Eyre," as Miss Scatcherd, the school appears to have been practically little better than those in the same county for the care of boys which Dickens so ingeniously satirized in "Nicholas Nickleby." It was certainly a most unfortunate position for the tender and sensitive Brontë children, in whose constitutions the seeds of consumption were already developing themselves. After less than a year's experience of its unwholesome atmosphere, injurious diet, and other severities, the two elder ones, Maria and Elizabeth, came home to die, within a month of each other, the one in her twelfth, the other in her eleventh year. For a short time in the next session, Charlotte and Emily continued at school; but finally left it on the approach of winter.

Charlotte was then about the age of nine, and was taught at home with her younger sisters, by her aunt, Miss Branwell; her father's conversation, and her own eager thirst for knowledge, rendering every means at hand available for her instruction. Like most children of genius, she was in a great measure self-educated, which means that she turned every opportunity to her advantage, rather than that she was independent of others. The father, naturally reserved, in greater se-

clusion after the death of his wife, the children were, in an unusual degree, dependent upon the company of each other, and got to live in a little world of their own, presided over by Charlotte, a little in advance of her brother and sisters in age, and more in intellectual development, care and anxiety. Being all of them of an impressionable character, of bright mental capacity, their own thoughts and studies took an intensely real, and at the same time, imaginative aspect. Charlotte led the way among them in a rare species of juvenile authorship. By the time she had completed her fourteenth year, she had prepared in manuscript, no less than twenty-two volumes; tales, dramas, poems, romances, with various miscellaneous compositions, a substitute for the usual sports of their age, with the children of that remarkable Brontë family. Some of these were of a wild fanciful interest, others of the nature of moral essays, and quite a number were woven together in a series of juvenile "Magazines." In the tales of adventure, Charlotte's favorite hero, for whom she had acquired a great admiration from her father's newspapers and his discussion of the political movements of the time, was the Duke of Wellington, whom she invested with all sorts of splendid qualities. Everything which she saw, heard, or read of, was utilized in these compositions; so early and naturally came to her the translation of life into literature. Specimens of some of these early writings exhibit great ease and fluency, with a readiness to turn facts to account, as well as to run riot in the wildest en-

thusiasm of the fancy. Her poetical pieces, which were numerous among these effusions, were also of much promise, marked, as they were, by thought and feeling.

The reader may be interested in a personal description of Charlotte, as she appeared about this period of her youth. "In 1831," writes Mrs. Gaskell, "she was a quiet, thoughtful girl, of nearly fifteen years of age, very small in figure—'stunted' was the word she applied to herself—but as her limbs and head were in just proportion to the slight, fragile body, no word, in ever so slight a degree suggestive of deformity, could properly be applied to her; with soft, thick brown hair, and peculiar eyes, of which I find it difficult to give a description, as they appeared to me in her later life. They were large and well-shaped; their color, a reddish-brown; but if the iris were closely examined, it appeared to be composed of a great variety of tints. The usual expression was of quiet, listening intelligence; but now and then, on some just occasion for vivid interest or wholesome indignation, a light would shine out, as if some spiritual lamp had been kindled, which glowed behind those expressive orbs. I never saw the like in any other human creature. As for the rest of her features, they were plain, large, and ill set; but, unless you began to catalogue them, you were hardly aware of the fact, for the eyes and power of the countenance overbalanced every physical defect; the crooked mouth and the large nose were forgotten, and the whole face arrested the attention, and presently attracted all

those whom she herself would have cared to attract. Her hands and feet were the smallest I ever saw; when one of the former was placed in mine, it was like the soft touch of a bird in the middle of my palm. The delicate long fingers had a peculiar firmness of sensation, which was one reason why all her handiwork, of whatever kind—writing, sewing, knitting—was so clear in its minuteness. She was remarkably neat in her whole personal attire; but she was dainty as to the fit of her shoes and gloves."

A new school was presently found for Charlotte, kept by Miss Wooler, in a cheerful country house at Roe Head, about twenty miles from Haworth, on the road from Leeds to Huddersfield. There were but few scholars, and the preceptress was of a kind, considerate disposition, with a faculty for teaching. The influences were favorable to Charlotte's development, and she profited by them greatly, carrying home with her, after a year's residence, an increased ability for the instruction of her sisters. This occupation now furnished her regular morning employment, which, with her drawing, which she steadily prosecuted, her reading, and household duties, agreeably filled up the day. The parsonage furnished her a good stock of books, including the writings of Scott, Wordsworth, and Southey; and the children had ready access to the circulating library at Keighley, four miles distant. Charlotte's own tastes in literature, at this time, are indicated in a letter to a female friend who had asked her advice on the subject. "If you like poetry," she wrote, "let it be first-rate;

Milton, Shakespeare, Thomson, Goldsmith, Pope (if you will, though I don't admire him), Scott, Byron, Campbell, Wordsworth, and Southey. For history, read Hume, Rollin, and the 'Universal History,' if you *can*; I never did. For fiction, read Scott alone; all novels after his are worthless. For biography, read Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' Lockhart's 'Life of Burns,' Moore's 'Life of Sheridan,' Moore's 'Life of Byron,' Wolf's 'Remains.' For natural history, read Bewick, and Audubon, and Goldsmith, and White's 'History of Selborne.'"

As the children grew up, the limited means of their father offered them little provision for their future support, and they were driven to look around for some suitable occupation. Charlotte received two proposals to become a private governess, which she declined; and accepted an offer from her former instructor, Miss Wooler, to become a teacher in her school at Roe Head. She entered upon this duty at the beginning of her twentieth year, and continued in it for two years, when she returned home. It was a period of much anxiety for her. Her sister Emily, who, at the outset, went with her as a pupil, of a sickly temperament, pined for the independence of her home and the freedom of the moors, and soon left the school, to become, the following year, herself a teacher at a school at Halifax, where her delicate constitution was exposed to severe hardships. Branwell, the brother, was growing up to manhood. He had been educated by his father, showed

remarkable talent, with a particular liking for painting; it was proposed to send him to London as a student at the Royal Academy. Anne, the youngest sister, had succeeded Emily as a pupil at Miss Wooler's school, where she shortly exhibited the tendency to consumption common to the family. The health, too, of Charlotte soon began to fail her in her occupation as a teacher. She fell into a distressed nervous condition, with self-questionings, and a disposition to melancholy. The prospect was not bright before her; and, in one of her vacations at home, thinking of literature as a means of living, she addressed a letter to Southey, asking his advice and opinion of some of her poems. He replied, entering into the situation as far as he could, prudently reiterating the old cautions respecting the assumption of a literary career, as dangerous and out of place for a woman, while he exhorted her to "write poetry for its own sake; not in a spirit of emulation, and not with a view to celebrity," but as "a wholesome exercise, both for the heart and soul, capable of being made the surest means, next to religion, of soothing the mind and elevating it." The advice was feelingly expressed, and had the effect for the time of checking the applicant's aspirations in the field of authorship.

On the conclusion of her engagement at Miss Wooler's school, Charlotte accepted a situation as governess in the family of a wealthy Yorkshire manufacturer, where she remained but a short time to experience some of the hardships and miseries too often attached to that position. Her health

was again failing under these influences. Anxious for the future, her thoughts turned at one time upon keeping a school in the house, a favorite plan thwarted by the inability to meet the necessary expense; and at another, on literature. She began the composition of a story, a portion of which she sent anonymously to the poet Wordsworth, who seems to have been interested in its perusal, and with whom she corresponded on the subject, under her assumed initials. The novel, of which a portion only was written, was projected with materials, she says, for half a dozen volumes, probably of the class she refers to, of her unpublished prentice efforts in the preface to "The Professor," a long-drawn literal picture of ordinary realities. Nothing came of this at the time; and the author, as yet, uncertain of her powers, soon accepted another situation as governess, this time in a kind-hearted family. A position of this kind, however, was, at best, an irksome one to her; and she longed earnestly to be with her sisters at home, assist their wants and be the much-needed guardian of their failing health. The school project was again revived, with a closer view of its requirements. An adequate knowledge of French was needed for the undertaking, and, to secure this, she proposed a residence for a time at a boarding-school in Belgium. The savings of her aunt, generously tendered to her, would supply the means. Resigning her situation as governess, which she had held during the greater part of a year, early in 1842, she was taken by her father to Brussels, where the wife

of the chaplain of the British Embassy was ready to receive her, and further her objects. Her sister Emily accompanied her, to remain with her; and they soon found lodgings together, as pupils, in a well-conducted girls' school of the city. It showed some resolution for a person of Charlotte's self-reliant disposition, thus, at the age of twenty-six, to become a school-girl again. She notices the incongruity in one of her letters, but cheerfully accepts the situation. "It felt very strange at first," she writes, "to submit to authority instead of exercising it—to obey orders instead of giving them; but I like that state of things. I returned to it with the same avidity that a cow, that has long been kept on hay, returns to fresh grass. Don't laugh at my simile. It is natural to me to submit, and very unnatural for me to command." The sisters enjoyed their new life, assiduously devoted themselves to their studies; and, under the discipline of the intelligent conductors of the school, Madame Héger and her husband, soon acquired skill in the use of the French language, and an intelligent appreciation of its literature. It was Charlotte's intention at the outset to stay at Brussels only six months, to the summer vacation; but the offer which she received at the end of this time from Madame Héger, of employment as an English teacher, the compensation for which would be her board and instruction in French and German without charge, induced her to remain for a longer period. In the midst of these new employments, the sisters were recalled to England, by news of the serious illness of their

aunt, who died before their arrival at Haworth. Charlotte subsequently returned alone to the school at Brussels. At the close of 1843, nearly two years after her first arrival in Belgium, she finally returned home, the immediate inducement being the care of her father, who was now suffering from increasing blindness.

The plan of the school, for which the sisters were now fully instructed, was again under consideration, and an attempt was made, by the issue of circulars, to carry it out; but pupils were not to be obtained, and it was finally relinquished. The parsonage no longer offered the facilities which were once relied upon. The health of the father, and the wretched life of intemperance into which his son Branwell had fallen, induced by a peculiar train of events, oppressed the household with many cares. Fortunately, in the midst of these anxieties, the beneficent genius of literature was present to solace the present and open a path of glory in the future. We have reached the year 1845, and Charlotte is approaching the age of thirty. One autumn day of this year, a manuscript volume of her sister Emily's verses was accidentally taken up by Charlotte, who was struck with "their peculiar music, wild, melancholy, and elevating." Her liking for these effusions induced the youngest sister, Anne, to produce some of her own, which also struck her sister as possessing "a sweet, sincere pathos." Charlotte, too, had a stock of poems, and it was resolved by the sisters that they would join their pieces, and, if they could find a publisher, issue a volume together. "Averse to

publicity," writes Charlotte, in an account of the affair, "we veiled our own names under those of Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell; the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names, positively masculine, while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because, without at the time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine,' we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice; we noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward, a flattery, which is not true praise."

It was, of course, not easy to find a publisher; but as the authors were willing to issue the book on their own account, paying for its cost, a house in Paternoster Row, Messrs. Aylott and Jones, undertook the work; and it was accordingly sent forth in the spring of 1846, with the simple title, "Poems by Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell," the initials indicating the Christian names—Charlotte, Emily, and Ann—of the respective writers. The poems were mingled together in the volume, each being marked by the assumed signature of the writer. The poems in general have an introspective character, and are distinguished by a tender melancholy, the themes being drawn mostly from the sorrowful experiences of the household. There are comparatively few allusions to natural scenery, and no descriptive poems of the favorite moor land which lay around the writers, and might have been looked for in such a volume. Their thoughts

were turned within, to the world of thought and emotion, sometimes with a cry of passion, oftener with a simple expression of religious feeling. The book which contained these heartfelt sighs and aspirations of the gentle sisterhood was not likely to attract any extraordinary notice in the multiplicity of the verse productions of the day. The authors remained anonymous, and their work but little known, till a new interest was excited in it by the success of their subsequent prose writings.

The next literary project of the sisters, of the following year, was also a contemplated joint undertaking, the publication together of three prose tales, "Wuthering Heights," by Emily; "Agnes Grey," by Anne, and "The Professor," by Charlotte. After some efforts, a publisher was found for the two former; the last, Charlotte's work, was steadily rejected, and had long to remain in manuscript. It was not till some years after the author's death that it was given to the world. The last publishers to whom it had been sent, when it was first written, were Messrs. Smith and Elder, in London. Unlike the replies of others of the trade, their letter of refusal was kindly worded; and showed that the work had been intelligently and considerately regarded. The want of interest complained of in the story, was acknowledged by the writer; and another tale "of a more striking and exciting character" at once proposed. This was rapidly pushed along to a conclusion; and in August, 1847, the manuscript was forwarded to Smith and Elder. The new work was entitled

"Jane Eyre." Its merits were at once appreciated; it was accepted and published the following season. Practiced judges immediately saw its merits; it was praised by the "Examiner;" but the public were far ahead, in their enthusiastic reception of the book, of any eulogy of the critics. Its passionate interest, its bold and forcible scenes, its insight into character, with its strong sensational incidents, universally enchained the attention of novel readers. Who, it was everywhere asked, could be the author of a fiction so new and startling? Not even the publishers, at the outset, were acquainted with the real name of the writer. Their correspondence was carried on with Currer Bell, and it was not known whether the designation was that of a man or a woman. There were qualities in the book which favored either supposition. There was an intense individuality in the work; the characters and scenes, whatever they might owe to the imagination, were evidently based on stern realities. Who could have had these experiences?

So closely had the secret of the authorship been kept, that it was not known to Charlotte's own father, till one day, when he was recovering from an operation which had been performed for the relief of his blindness, she took a copy of the printed book with her into his study, when the following conversation occurred, reported from her own lips by her biographer: "Papa, I've been writing a book." "Have you, my dear?" "Yes, and I want you to read it." "I am afraid it will try my eyes too much." "But it is not in manuscript; it is printed."

"My dear! you've never thought of the expense it will be! It will be almost sure to be a loss, for how can you get a book sold? No one knows you or your name." "But, papa, I don't think it will be a loss; no more will you, if you will let me read you a review or two, and tell you more about it." "Jane Eyre" was then left with him to peruse. When he came into tea, he said, "Girls, do you know Charlotte has been writing a book, and it is much better than likely." A second edition of this book was soon called for, and was dedicated to Thackeray, whom the author then knew only by his writings, but whose acquaintance she afterwards made in London. She was a keen appreciator of his genius. Following the public demand, the critics set to work to explain the nature of the book which had created this popular enthusiasm. It was soon understood that a new author had arisen in the north, distancing by her power and earnestness the great number of her competitors in the field. The two stories by her sisters, "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," accepted before "Jane Eyre" was concluded, did not appear in print till after that work was published; and so, though they by no means equalled its success received a certain advantage from its popularity.

The following year, 1848, proved a sad one in the records of the Brontë family. In September, after a painful career, died Branwell, at the age of thirty; and was followed to the grave three months later by his sister Emily, who had recently completed her second novel, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." In

the spring of the next year, Anne also died of a slow decline, singing her death song in her last poem, a few simple verses abounding in Christian resignation. Charlotte, the last of the children, was then left alone to struggle on in the old parsonage, by the side of her infirm and aged father. Her literary faculty appeared all that was left to her. Shortly after the publication of "Jane Eyre," she had commenced another novel, "Shirley," founded on the observations of her school-days at Roe Head, and much of it was written before her sisters died. It was a painful task for her to conclude it, when she had no longer their sympathy and support. Her own health, too, was precarious. "Shirley" appeared in October, 1849. Though the author had thus far preserved her incognito, partly in consideration for her sisters, linked with her in the public eye, concealment was no longer easy, and, on her visit to London the ensuing season, in which she was greeted by several of the chief authors of the day, she finally threw it off; and the wonder was all the greater when it was discovered that her two successful books were the first publications of a simple, retired young lady, the daughter of a country clergyman, in an unpromising manufacturing district of Yorkshire. A third novel from her pen, "Villette," was published in 1852. In the interval, she had visited different parts of England, and was in friendly intercourse with many of the best authors of the country. The boldness and sensational character of her writings was sometimes discussed; but their vigorous realities and power in depict-

ing character were universally admitted.

During these later years, the Rev. Mr. Brontë had been assisted in his church duties by an estimable curate, Mr. Nichols, who had conceived a warm affection for Charlotte, and, in 1853, offered her his hand in marriage. Owing to a disinclination to the match on the part of her father, it was then refused; but he afterwards became reconciled to it, and in June, 1854, they were married. A visit to Ireland followed, after which, the old residence at Haworth was resumed. It was not of long continuance. On the last day of May, 1855, she fell a victim to the wasting consumption, which had already preyed upon so many members of the family, and was laid by their side in the church-yard which surrounded their dwelling. The father, the last survivor of the household, lingered a few years longer, dying in 1861, at the age eighty-four.

When the memoir of Charlotte Brontë by Mrs. Gaskell, was published, it was made the subject of a pathetic sketch by Thackeray — one of the "Roundabout Papers," in the "Cornhill Magazine." The feeling humorist recalled the time when he had first seen her in London, when he was just recovering from an illness from which he had not expected to survive. "I remember," says he, "the trembling little frame,

the little hand, the great honest eyes. An impetuous honesty seemed to me to characterize the woman. New to the London world, she entered it with an independent, indomitable spirit of her own; and judged of contemporaries, and especially spied out arrogance or affectation, with extraordinary keenness of vision. She was angry with her favorites, if their conduct or conversation fell below her ideal. I fancied an austere little Joan of Arc marching in upon us, and rebuking our easy lives, our easy morals. She gave the impression of being a very pure and lofty, and high-minded person. A great and holy reverence of right and truth seemed to be with her always. Such, in our brief interview, she appeared to me. As one thinks of that life—so noble, so lovely—of that passion for truth—of those nights and nights of eager study, swarming fancies, invention, depression, elation, prayer; as one reads the necessarily incomplete, though most touching and admirable history of the heart that throbbed in this one little faame—of this one amongst the myriads of souls that have lived and died on this great earth—this great earth?—this little speck in the infinite universe of God—with what wonder do we think of to-day, with what awe await to-morrow, when that which is now but darkly seen shall be clear!"

CAMILLO BENSO DI CAVOUR.

COUNT CAMILLO BENSO DI CAVOUR was descended from an ancient and noble family, founded, it is believed, by a Saxon named Odibert. His ancestors have been traced to the middle of the 12th century. They belonged to the flourishing community of Chieri, holding fiefs which are still possessed by their descendants. During the Middle Ages the Bensos numbered several distinguished statesmen and warriors. The Count Geoffrey Benso defended the Castle of Montmeillan, then the bulwark between France and Savoy, for thirteen months with great bravery and skill, against Louis XIII. At a later period the family contracted alliances with the noble French house of Clermont-Tonnerre. The title of Count of Cavour was conferred upon Michele Antonio di Benso, from a small town in the province of Pinerolo.

Camillo was the second son of the Marchese don Michele Giuseppe Benso di Cavour and of Adelaide Susanna Sellon, a lady of Geneva. He was born on the 10th of August, 1810. It is not a little curious that one of his

sponsors was Pauline Borghese, the sister of the first Napoleon. His father, although an amiable man, and much beloved in his family, had rendered himself unpopular by his aristocratic manners and reserve, and by his connection with the absolute party. A share of his unpopularity long fell upon his son. Like most young men of rank, Camillo was sent to the military academy. The army was then almost the only career open to a youth of noble birth. The civil service of the State was despised, and few in his position could be prepared for it by a suitable education. He soon distinguished himself by his diligence and ability, and was chosen as a royal page, then the next step to successful entrance into patrician life. His position at the Court seems to have been irksome to him. He took little pains to conceal his distaste for it, and was soon dismissed from its duties. Returning with renewed energy to his studies, chiefly directed by the celebrated astronomer Plana, he completed his military education at eighteen, leaving the Academy with the rank of Lieutenant in the Engineers, and the reputation of an able mathemati-

* Abridged from an article in the "Quarterly Review."



Clavon

cian, and one of the most industrious pupils of the institution. He was soon employed as an engineer, although only nineteen years old, in important works. In a letter, dated the 9th of March, 1829, he writes: "I have passed the whole winter in the Appennines, to make the plan of a new fort, the object of which would be to close the road between Nice and Genoa!" A singular entry into life of the statesman who, thirty years later, was called upon to transfer the frontiers of his country to this very line of defence. From Genoa, he was sent to finish some works at L'Esseillon, a fort perched upon precipitous heights, and commanding the pass of the Mount Cenis into Italy. He writes with a keen enjoyment of the grand mountain scenery which surrounds it.

He had been placed under arrest for a short time in the Fort de Bard, on account of political opinions expressed with too much freedom. Like most of the educated young men of Italy, his sympathies were altogether with the party of liberty and progress. But, unlike many of them who were hurried into unhappy excesses, his views from the very beginning seem to have been singularly moderate and practical. There is no greater proof of the miserable tyranny which then weighed upon Italy, and which attempted to crush every noble aspiration and every development of human intelligence, than that such a man should have been the object of suspicion and persecution. This policy was only calculated to breed conspirators and nourish hatred. Cavour took a wiser part than to join secret societies and to en-

gage in hopeless plots. He threw up his commission in the Engineers in disgust, and set to work heart and soul to study the political and social questions of the day, and to prepare himself for the work that was before him, and to which he even then looked forward. A remarkable letter has been preserved, written by him about this time, in which he says that, in his dreams, he already sees himself the Minister of the kingdom of Italy. The events of 1830 made a deep impression upon him. The French Revolution; the fall of the Bourbons; the establishment of constitutional government under Louis Philippe; the Reform agitation in England, and the growing strength of the Liberal party, led him at first to hope that the wrongs of Italy would be redressed, and that she would share in the progress which appeared to be in store for the West of Europe.

His eyes were constantly turned to England. He thoroughly mastered its language, applied himself to the study of its political literature, and watched with an interest extraordinary in a stranger and so young a man—for he was only twenty-two years of age—the progress of the great questions which then agitated the public mind in Great Britain.

"All our attention," he writes to a friend in that country, "is now directed towards England. We wait with great anxiety the final decision of the Reform question. More than any other nation, Italy is interested in the triumph of the Liberal party in England, because more than any other nation she stands in need of the power

ful and disinterested help of Great Britain for obtaining, in some manner, the redress, at least, of a portion of the intolerable grievances which afflict her since 1814." Cavour hailed the passing of the Reform Bill as a dawn of freedom for Italy; "and in the miserable position in which we are placed," he exclaims, "we need indeed a ray of hope."

When, in the course of his Italian travels, he visited Milan, the watchful Austrian authorities had already their "eye upon him." His character and opinions were well known; spies were set to dog his steps; the houses he frequented were "denounced." When the archives of the police fell into the hands of the Italian party in 1848, amongst the vast collection of papers which related to almost every man of eminence and ability in Italy, was found a detailed report upon Cavour. He was pronounced a dangerous character, and one of far too much capacity not to be regarded with the utmost jealousy.

In 1833, Cavour's father had been elected to the laborious post of Mayor of Turin, and was compelled to give up the superintendence of his own property, which consisted principally of "vast agricultural and commercial undertakings." His eldest son was absent from Italy, and the management of the family affairs devolved upon Camillo. In 1835 he was called by the illness of his aunt, the Duchess of Clermont-Tonnerre, to Geneva. He was connected through his mother's side with many of the most distinguished families of the republic, with whom, to the last, he was in constant

and affectionate intercourse. He now visited Paris, and crossed over to England. The political and social condition of this country was of special interest to him. He investigated with the utmost eagerness, but at the same time with the calm, penetrating, and business-like judgment of a statesman, the great problems of the day. Nothing is more striking in his early letters than the love of truth and the desire of attaining to it that they display. Marvelling as he did at the wealth and freedom of England, he did not suffer his enthusiasm to mislead him. He had prepared himself to examine dispassionately the sources of her greatness, not as a mere curious man, but as a practical one. Blue books, parliamentary returns, papers on financial, social, and industrial questions, improvements in manufactures, husbandry, agriculture; reports upon factories, schools, poor-laws, and trade; even treatises on the laying out and management of flower and botanical gardens, were all read with the same ardor, and illustrated and verified by his own inquiries. His attention was especially turned to parliamentary proceedings. He was constantly present at the debates in the House of Commons, and soon attained that acquaintance with its complicated modes of procedure, with the tactics of its leaders, and with the rules observed in discussion, which subsequently proved of such singular advantage to him. No one who has carefully examined the career of Cavour, or who knew him, will be inclined to doubt that his early study of the great questions then chiefly agitated, and nowhere more strikingly illus-

trated than in England, mainly influenced his future life, and led to the formation of those opinions, and to the adoption of those principles, upon which he subsequently acted when called into the service of his country. He scarcely ever made a speech or wrote a paper in which some allusion to England will not be found, in which he does not summon, as justifying a policy or a principle, the great names of Chatlam, of Pitt, of Canning, or of Peel, in which he does not point to a maxim or a rule of the House of Commons for the guidance of the Italian Chambers, in which he does not show that he was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the English Constitution. His admiration for England—not an irrational, blind, or frivolous admiration, as his enemies wished Italy to believe, but a deep, earnest reverence for those principles which had led to her greatness and her freedom—subsequently earned for him the title of which he certainly felt no shame, of the “Anglomane.” Cavour’s visit to England was the turning-point of his life. Its fruits were soon visible. He had already, in 1835, published an account of the English poor-law; and one of his first literary works, when he was again settled in Turin, was a paper upon Ireland, published during the winter of 1843-’44, in two parts, in the “Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève.” It attracted general attention. A translation was published in England in 1845.

Cavour, by his pen and his connection with several public institutions, had now begun to take an active part in public affairs. On the 25th of Au-

gust, 1842, the King, Charles Albert, had approved by a royal patent the “Società Agraria,” of which Cavour had been one of the originators, and of which he was soon after appointed resident councillor. Its ostensible object was the improvement of agriculture, and of the arts and sciences connected with it; but the founders of the society had other ends in view. It was their intention that it should become a bond of union between men of liberal opinions, and should ultimately open the way to the establishment of a constitution in Piedmont. Other questions than those strictly relating to agriculture were, consequently, discussed at their meetings and in their journals. Their principal organ was the “Gazetta dell’ Associazione Agraria,” to which Cavour became the principal contributor. His articles at once attracted attention by their boldness, the novelty of their opinions upon Free Trade, and their advocacy of constitutional institutions. He especially opposed the establishment, by the Government, of model farms, which were then much in public favor. He entered into an examination of the condition of agriculture in Piedmont, and contended that it was not for the State to undertake experiments at the public expense, but that the true mode of developing the resources of a country was to encourage the industry of the people, and to remove all restriction upon it, by wise and liberal laws; that all real progress came from their intelligence, and not from the interference of their rulers. These broad and liberal views produced their political effect. Insensibly, and without excit-

ing the jealousy or suspicion of the Government, they gave an impulse to that intellectual movement which owed its origin mainly to Gioberti, Balbo, Massimo d'Azeglio, and other eminent Piedmontese, who, by their writings, were preparing the way for constitutional freedom. Amongst the papers which he published at this time were a comprehensive inquiry into the subject of railways for Italy, and an able argument against Communist doctrines.

Finding too limited a scope for the expression of his political opinions in his "Agricultural Journal," he founded in 1847, with his friends Cesare Balbo, Santa Rosa, Boncompagni, Castelli, and other men of moderate constitutional views, the "Risorgimento," of which he became editor. The principles of the new periodical were announced to be "independence of Italy; union between the princes and people; progress in the path of reform; and a league between the Italian states."

Cavour now threw himself into more active political life. One of his first public acts was to unite with his colleagues in the press in calling upon the King of Naples to abandon his anti-Italian policy for the course of reform then followed by Pius IX., the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and Charles Albert, "in the policy of Providence, of pardon, of civilization, and of Christian charity." In the beginning of the eventful year 1848, a meeting had been called of the principal political leaders in Turin, to consider the steps to be taken with regard to a petition from the inhabitants of Genoa to the King, demanding, amongst other measures, the expulsion of the Jesuits and the

organization of a national guard. After several persons present had given their opinion that a deputation from the capital should accompany that from Genoa to present the petition, Cavour exclaimed with great vehemence, "Why should we ask in a roundabout way for concessions which end in little or nothing? I propose that we should petition to the King to concede to us the inestimable benefits of public discussion in the face of the country, in which the opinions, the interests, and the wants of the whole nation shall be represented. I propose that we should ask for a constitution." Whilst this proposition was approved by the more moderate of those present, the extreme democrats, with the exception of Signor Brofferio, declared themselves against it. Out of this division of opinion grew the two parties in the Piedmontese parliament; of one of which, the Constitutional, Cavour became the recognized leader.

He himself informed the King of what had passed at the meeting, assuring him that the Constitutional party had no other object in view than the support of the throne and the true interests of the people united with those of government. Shortly afterwards, Charles Albert, on the petition of the municipality of Turin, granted a constitution. Cavour was named a member of the commission, of which Balbo was the president, to draw up a scheme for the election of deputies. He took the principal part in its proceedings, and prepared the electoral law. The first electoral college of Turin sent him to the new chamber as its representative. He at once assam-

ed a first place in the assembly by the ability, the vigor, and the matter of his speeches.

The events of 1848 seemed to promise at last a day of freedom for Italy. He shared in the general hope, and did not even shrink from advocating with enthusiasm the declaration of war against Austria, and the union of Lombardy to Piedmont. When the King seemed to waver in his decision of advancing to the assistance of the Milanese, Cavour urged Balbo to proclaim himself dictator, and to march upon Milan, declaring that he was ready to accompany him bare-footed. After the defeat of Custoza he actually enrolled himself as a simple volunteer. The armistice concluded at Milan, however, rendered it unnecessary for him to join the army. But in common with the wisest and most moderate of his countrymen, he soon became alarmed at the pretensions and excesses of the democratic party. He declared himself unhesitatingly against their doctrines and their policy, and foretold the dangers into which they were hurrying Italy. He exposed them in the "Risorgimento," and in his speeches; and thus earned for himself that hatred which never flagged to the day of his death. He had now become so unpopular that, when the King was compelled to form a Democratic Ministry under Gioberti and to dissolve the Chambers, an unknown candidate was chosen in preference to him by the city of Turin as its representative. He continued to condemn the policy of the extreme party in the "Risorgimento," but at the same time he gave his support to those measures of Gio-

berti, while their moderate character so exasperated the democrats, that when that Minister proposed to interfere in Tuscany to check the misrule of the Republicans, he was obliged to resign.

We need only refer to the fatal events of 1849. The folly, the jealousies, and the excesses of the Democratic party in Italy, and the weak and treacherous policy of France, had ruined the cause of Italian freedom. The battle of Novara had left Piedmont prostrate at the feet of Austria. French Republicans had illustrated their doctrine of universal fraternity by shooting down their brother Republicans at Rome. Venice, deserted by Lamartine and his Government, who had betrayed her to Austria, and had sought to place the shame on England, fell, after a glorious resistance, giving an example of noble sacrifice which alone casts any lustre upon the history of that unhappy period. Tuscany, wearied by a state of uncertainty, and alarmed at the prospect of invasion, invited the Grand Duke to return. Men of moderate opinions throughout Italy had long separated themselves from the extreme party represented by Mazzini and his colleagues. They had held aloof from all share in the events of this year of revolution. It was Ricasoli and the leaders of the constitutional party who recalled the Grand Ducal family to Tuscany. Even Gioberti himself proposed that the Pope should be invited back to Rome.

The Italian states, again brought under the direct influence of Austria, were governed in a jealous and severe spirit, some of them with a cruelty which roused the indignation of Eu-

rope. In their bitter disappointment, the hopes of the Italians were turned to Piedmont, and that kingdom necessarily became the rallying-point for Italian freedom.

Cavour was re-elected a member of the Chambers in December, 1849. His foresight, and the justness of his views during the lamentable crisis through which the country had just passed, had now been fully recognized. The place which he accordingly held in public estimation, and the confidence reposed in him, rendered him peculiarly fitted to lead the constitutional party in Italy. In Piedmont alone could that party gather strength and influence; everywhere else it had been confounded and crushed with the democrats and republicans. The unfortunate Charles Albert had been succeeded by a young King who was willing to govern as a constitutional monarch, and who afterwards justified the trust placed in him. Even most of the Republican leaders now saw that the sole hope of freedom for Italy rested in this constitutional party, and they determined to renounce their own views and to rally round it. Manin, the most virtuous, disinterested, and noble-minded of these men, after a visit to England, wrote his celebrated letter calling upon the republicans of Italy to give their entire support to Piedmont. Mazzini alone, pursuing his dark and mischievous plots and intrigues, preferred his selfish ends to the welfare and happiness of his country; but his followers were so much discouraged, that his party was extinct, except where blind and cruel acts of despotism gave it temporary strength.

Cavour's popularity was soon increased by his vigorous and able support of the Siccardi law, abolishing ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He succeeded on this occasion in uniting the moderate men of all parts in the Chambers, and in forming that Parliamentary majority which enabled him subsequently to carry out his own policy. On the death of Santa Rosa (October 11, 1850), he was named his successor as Minister of Agriculture and Commerce. Soon afterwards he was, in addition, charged with the Department of Marine. One of his first acts was to call upon the syndics of the various provinces to abolish the local taxes upon bread, a measure which was received with general favor. Notwithstanding the difficulties with which he had to contend in the political and financial condition of the country, he lost no time in putting into practice those principles of free-trade which he had so long adopted, and of the truth of which he had so earnest a conviction. To this end he concluded treaties of commerce with England, Belgium, and other European powers. His views met with determined opposition from both the retrograde and the extreme democratic sides of the Chambers. His desire to establish close and intimate relations with England was especially condemned as opposed to the traditional policy of Piedmont. The attacks upon him by the Protectionist party were at one time so violent that they led to a duel; not an uncommon end at that period to a Parliamentary contest. His adversary was the challenger. They fought with pistols at twenty-five paces, each con-

batant being allowed to advance five. Neither was hit after the first fire, and the quarrel was made up. Cavour behaved with great courage and with his usual calmness. Immediately before the duel he had made a long and excellent speech in the Chambers.

He was now the recognized leader of the majority in the Chambers. He had soon shown himself the only man capable of directing their deliberations by his tact, his knowledge of the principles of constitutional government, and his acquaintance with the forms of Parliamentary procedure. However, a difference of opinion with his colleagues, in opposition to whom he had succeeded in persuading the Chambers to elect Ratazzi as their president, led to the resignation of the Ministry, which was reconstructed in a few days, with Massimo d'Azeglio at its head, but without Cavour. He took advantage of his exclusion from office to pay a hasty visit to England and France, and to renew the friendships he had formed with many of the most eminent men of both countries.

A weak and vacillating Ministry could not long hold together when deprived of its ablest member. Having become involved in a serious dispute with the Holy See on the question of civil marriages, it resigned on the 26th of October. Cavour was called upon to form a Government, but, finding it impossible to come to terms with the Pope's agent, who put forward the monstrous pretension of the exclusive jurisdiction of Rome in all ecclesiastical matters, he withdrew. After several ineffectual attempts to bring together a Ministry, the King

yielded to the condition upon which alone Cavour would accept office—resistance to the demands of Rome. He became the chief of a new Government, as President of the Council and Minister of Finance.

From this period is to be dated Cavour's career as the "Minister of Italy," and that bold and vigorous foreign and domestic policy which enabled Piedmont to gather round her the whole Italian race, and to become, from a third-rate State of little importance, one of the great powers of Europe. During the following two years he passed a number of important measures, which tended to develop the resources and increase the prosperity of Piedmont. A system of railroads was planned for the country, chiefly with the assistance of the able engineer Paleocapa, whom he named his Minister of Public Works. The principles of free-trade were further extended, and a convention was signed with England in 1854, for the reciprocal opening of the coasting-trade.

In 1854 the war broke out between the Western Powers and Russia. In January of the following year, a treaty was concluded between England, France, and Sardinia, by which the latter agreed to send an army of 14,000, afterwards increased to 25,000 men, to the Crimea. This treaty was a master-stroke of policy. It affords the strongest proof of the wisdom of its author, and would alone establish his claim to the title of a great statesman. Cavour was not disappointed in the estimate he had formed of the Sardinian army. By their courage, their discipline; and their soldier-like

qualities, they established a reputation not inferior to that of the best troops in Europe. But, what was of no less importance, the glory gained on the field of battle removed that feeling of discouragement which had arisen after the fatal defeat of Novara, and a nucleus of Italian soldiers was formed around which would be gathered in time an Italian army. In the autumn of 1855, Cavour accompanied the King to France and England.

What Cavour had so clearly foreseen now came to pass. The treaty of alliance with England and France made Italy. From henceforth Italy was to be recognized as a nation, and to take her place accordingly in the councils of Europe. Peace was to be concluded by conferences in which the Great Powers were to be represented. Sardinia claimed her right to be present as a belligerent. In spite of the remonstrances of Austria, she was admitted, and Cavour brought before the assembled statesmen the condition of Italy. For the first time the national wishes and hopes had been expressed by an Italian in a European council. For the first time Italy had been heard in her own justification and defence; and, fortunately for her, she had found an advocate in the most able, the most wise, and the most moderate of her sons. Cavour made a deep impression upon his colleagues by the clearness of his views, and the singular ability with which he urged them. He spoke seldom, but always to the point; and his opinions had much weight. Unable to enter fully into the Italian question at the conferences, he addressed two state papers upon it to Lord Clarendon. In

them he proved, by indisputable facts, how impossible it was for Piedmont to develop her material resources, or her free institution, whilst hemmed in on all sides by Austrian bayonets, exposed to endless intrigues, and compelled for her own safety to make a constant drain upon her finances. It is evident by his language in the Congress, and by these documents, that Cavour still looked to a solution of the Italian difficulty in the withdrawal of the French and Austrian troops from the territories of the Pope, and in a reform of the Italian governments themselves. His plan—at any rate for the temporary settlement of the question—was a confederation of Italian states with constitutional institutions, and a guarantee of complete independence from the direct interference and influence of Austria; and the secularization of the Legations with a lay vicar under the suzerainty of the Pope. At that time he would have been even willing to acquiesce in the occupation of Lombardy by Austria, had she bound herself to keep within the limits of the treaty of 1815.

The language of Cavour at the Conferences of Paris had only tended to embitter the relations between Austria and Sardinia. Mutual recriminations led at length to the recall of the Austrian Minister from Turin, on the 16th of March, 1857, followed by the withdrawal of the Sardinian Minister from Vienna. War now became sooner or later inevitable. Neither the finances nor the political condition of Sardinia could bear the presence of a vast and threatening army on her frontiers. On the other hand, constitutional institu-

tions and a free press in Piedmont, the gathering-place of refugees from all parts of the Peninsula, who fomented discontent in the neighboring states, were incompatible with the tranquility of Lombardy. Open war was preferable to this hostile peace. Austria increased her troops by sending about 50,000 men across the Alps. Cavour asked the Chambers to sanction a loan of forty millions of lire to enable the Government to prepare for any events. He was resolutely opposed by the reactionary party, but obtained a majority after a remarkable speech delivered during the best part of two days' sittings.

The good understanding which had hitherto existed between Cavour and the English Ministry had suffered since the Treaty of Paris. In advocating with France the union of the Danubian Principalities, he had opposed British policy. This slight estrangement was increased by the temporary cession of Villafranca to Russia as a harbor for commercial steamers and a coal depôt.

These differences with the English Government, and the absence of anything more than a cold sympathy on its part in the quarrel with Austria, led Cavour to turn for aid to France. He felt that the war which was impending, a war in which the very existence of Piedmont as a free state would be imperiled, rendered a close alliance with that nation absolutely necessary. Overtures were consequently made to the Emperor which led to the celebrated interview at Plombières in the autumn of 1858. On that occasion an arrangement was come to, soon afterwards to be ratified by the marriage

of the daughter of Victor Emmanuel with Prince Napoleon. Its first result was the memorable speech addressed by the Emperor to Baron Hubner on the first day of the new year—the signal for alarm throughout Europe and for hope in Italy. Still Cavour believed that war would be deferred. He nevertheless obtained from the Chambers another loan of fifty millions of lire to place the country in a state of defence—justifying this step in a very able circular addressed to the Sardinian Ministers at foreign courts. For a time the abortive Congress proposed by Russia gave some hopes of peace. But the change of Government in England, misunderstood by Austria, led her to believe that a change of policy would follow, and encouraged her in refusing concessions which might have averted a war. When asked in the early spring whether hostilities were imminent, Cavour still expressed a belief that Austria would shrink from them. “When,” added he, “you hear that I have intrusted Garibaldi with high command, you may be certain that war is inevitable.” Suddenly that celebrated chief was named commander of the corps of volunteers. One morning a rough, bearded man, wearing a slouched felt hat and a countryman’s blouse, demanded an audience of the Minister. Declining to give his name, he was refused admittance; but as he insisted upon seeing the Count, the servant went to his master, and, describing the uncouth appearance of the stranger, warned him of the risk of receiving unknown persons. “Let him come in,” said Cavour, in his good-natured way; “it is proba-

bly some poor devil who has a petition to make to me." It was Garibaldi. Cavour had never seen him before. A long interview gave him the highest opinion of the character and capacity of this remarkable man, whom he made up his mind to employ as soon as the time for actual war had arrived.

On the 25th of March, Cavour paid a hasty visit to the Emperor, at Paris, and at a final interview came to a full understanding with him as to the course to be pursued in the event of the breaking out of hostilities. Still neither France nor Piedmont was thoroughly prepared for war when, on the 19th of April, Count Buol sent his ultimatum, demanding the immediate disarmament of Sardinia, and allowing three days for a reply. Cavour called together the Chambers at once, and, in a short speech, proposed that the Constitution should be temporarily suspended, and that full powers should be conferred upon the King. The ultimatum was rejected, and on the 29th the Austrians crossed the Ticino. The French troops, still unprepared for a campaign, wanting supplies and ammunition, and even a proper medical staff, were partly hurried across the Alps, and partly sent by sea to Genoa. Delays and incapacity on the side of the enemy gave the French and Sardinian armies time to unite and to occupy the principal defensive positions. The withdrawal of the Austrian troops from the Legations, and a series of disastrous defeats, ending in the great battle of Solferino, left the French the masters of all Central and Northern Italy, except Venetia. During this eventful period, the activity and energy of Cavour was

surprising. He always rose between three and four o'clock; indeed, it was his common habit when in office, to make appointments for six o'clock in the morning, winter and summer. He superintended the administration of almost every department of the State. In a series of masterly circulars to the Sardinian diplomatic agents abroad, he explained the situation of affairs, and boldly declared his policy. The rapid success of the allied armies seemed to have placed within his reach the object of a life of toil and hope—a free and united Italy. It may, then, be imagined with what dismay and sorrow he received the news, almost by accident, of the interview of the two Emperors at Villafranca, and the conclusion of the armistice, which was to end in peace.

For a moment he seems to have lost his usual control over himself. He felt that his country had been betrayed, her dignity offended, and his own pride mortified, by the step which had been taken by the Emperor without consulting either his sovereign or himself. He remonstrated urgently with the King, insisted that the terms of peace should be rejected, the Piedmontese armies withdrawn from Lombardy, and the Emperor left to carry out his policy as best he could. The King was in favor of calmer counsels. He felt that much had been gained by a great addition to his territories secured by treaty. Cavour insisted that to accept the proposed conditions would be to betray the Italian cause and those who had already compromised themselves in its behalf. He pointed out the infamy of calling upon men to rise on one day, and then to abandon

them on the next to those who never forgot or forgave, and upon whom the most solemn pledges were not binding. But these arguments were urged in vain. Overcome by his feelings, the indignant statesman is believed to have addressed words to the King which led to his dismissal from the royal presence. He resigned at once, and retired to his farm at Leri. He refused even to see the Emperor, declining an invitation sent to him to dine at the imperial table.

During the period of his retirement from office Cavour lived mostly at Leri. Although his mind was engrossed with public affairs, he found time to attend to the management of his brother's estates and his own. Many of his friends visited him. The railway station nearest to the small village adjoining the farm is Livorno, between Turin and Novara. There the Count's carriage was usually in waiting, and a rapid drive over a road deep in mud or furrowed with ruts, according to the season of the year, brought his guests to Leri. The dwelling-house itself is one of those buildings common in this part of Italy, distinguished more by its picturesque neglect than by any architectural pretensions. In front is an extensive court-yard, surrounded by stables and granaries, the outer walls of which are hung with graceful festoons of grapes, or with the golden heads of the Indian corn. A few rooms had been added to the farm for the comfort of visitors. But Cavour himself usually inhabited a small half-furnished chamber in which he transacted business. On a holiday his "fattore" or bailiff, the village doctor and priest, and one or

two farmers of the neighborhood, generally dined with him at his mid-day meal. In appearance and dress he was not unlike one of them. His simple, easy manners, his hearty laugh, and his cordial greeting, were those of an honest country gentleman. There never was a man who looked less like a statesman upon whom rested the fate of nations. He was full of frolic and fun. He would slyly hint to the doctor that the stranger who just arrived was Mazzini himself, or he would invent for the priest, with the humor and gravity of Charles Lamb, some marvellous story of the discoveries in unknown regions made by an English traveler who had joined the party. He would enjoy the joke like a very child, rubbing his hands quickly together, as he was wont to when pleased, and keeping up the "mystification" with infinite relish. But if one of his neighbors asked him a political question, he would reply as if he were addressing the Chambers, explaining the facts with the greatest clearness, and giving his own opinion upon them. This was the time to see the real character of the man; to understand that union of rare qualities which made him the idol of the Piedmontese people, and led them almost to overlook the greatness of the statesman in their love for his personal worth.

When the meal was over, and the guests, as is the custom of the country, had dispersed, Cavour resumed his gravity, without losing the extreme simplicity of his manner. Under the outward calm and good humor there lurked a feeling of deep indignation against the French Emperor. He

chafed and fretted at the check which had been given to his magnificent schemes for the liberation of all Italy; but he was comforted by the confidence which his countrymen had placed in his patriotism and wisdom, and by the unexampled constancy and prudence they had shown in an hour of the severest trial. He felt that his temporary retirement would ultimately secure the triumph of the great cause with which his name and fame were for ever connected. Above all, he rejoiced at the manner in which the tortuous and uncertain policy of the Emperor had been baffled by the uncompromising firmness of the Italians themselves.

As regards the peace of Villafranca, Cavour attributed it to no distinct policy, but rather to a variety of motives: "There is no profound secret or mystery about it," he said; "it was rather an impulse than the result of any well-considered design. Two splendid victories had added sufficiently to the glory of the French arms. The horrible scenes he had witnessed on the field of battle had made a deep impression upon him. He felt much disgust at the quarrels amongst his generals, who were sacrificing the honor of their country to personal jealousies. Then there were the heat, the dust, and the labor, for he did not spare himself; indeed, he did everything. His exertions and the fatigue he went through were amazing. His health was beginning to give way. He had had enough of campaigning and its hardships, and was anxious to get back to Paris. To add to all this he could not resist the temptation of dealing in person with

a legitimate Emperor, as his uncle had before him, of imposing, without consulting any one, the conditions of peace, and of earning at the same time, by his generosity and moderation, the gratitude, and perhaps eventual support, of a still powerful, though vanquished enemy. These various motives and considerations together led him to abandon the great cause in which he had embarked, and to forget the proclamations, the promises, and the hopes of the day before." Cavour was convinced that the difficulties of an attack upon the Quadrilateral had been greatly exaggerated. He believed that the fortresses would have soon fallen. The result of subsequent inquiries made by the Austrian Government itself into a state Mantua and Verona fully confirmed his opinion. After the fatal day of Solferino a panic had seized the Austrian army. The result of the battle was first known in Verona by a vast rabble of soldiers and camp followers blocking up the gates leading into the city. The greatest disorder prevailed even in the forts, which were without the necessary guns and ammunition, and in some of which the troops had been gained over. At the same time the inhabitants of the city were ready to rise. It is believed that Louis Napoleon was not unacquainted with these facts, and that he urged them upon the Emperor of Austria at Villafranca to obtain his acceptance of the conditions of peace.

After the resignation of Cavour several ineffectual attempts were made to form a ministry. At length his strong hand was succeeded by the feeble grasp of Ratazzi and La Marmora

But from his farm at Leri he really governed Italy. His fame had never been greater; the confidence in him by his countrymen never more complete. The peace of Villafranca had been received with one feeling of scorn and indignation. By his opposition to it he had gained unbounded popularity. Encouraged by his example, and strengthened by his advice, the Italians made a stern and effectual protest against the treaty by simply refusing to fulfil its conditions, and to receive back the Princes they had expelled. It was evident that no ministry of which he was not the head could stand. Those who had succeeded him were soon sending day by day, almost hour by hour, to consult him. It was not long before he was invited to attend the meetings of the Cabinet. A reconciliation took place with the King, and Cavour was named the representative of Piedmont to the Congress of Paris, which was to have settled the affairs of Italy, but which never met. In the beginning of 1860, the Ratazzi Ministry resigned, and he again became Prime Minister.

Cavour had scarcely returned to office when it became known that the Emperor had demanded the cession of Nice and Savoy. It would be unfair to overlook the enormous difficulties with which Cavour had to contend in this question. He had to choose between assent to the Emperor's demand, however unjust and ungenerous, and the sacrifice of his great scheme so near its accomplishment for the liberty and unity of Italy. Had he refused to make the sacrifice, and had the hopes of Italy been rudely disappointed,

what would have been the feelings of the Italians themselves? Would they not have looked upon him as a traitor to the national cause? They were willing to pay the price demanded by the Emperor. There was no voice raised from one end of Italy to the other against Cavour for acceding to it. Even in the Chambers scarcely any but the deputies of the province of Nice protested against it.

The state of Italy was now such, that no man with less influence, less wisdom, and less courage than Cavour, could have carried her through her difficulties. At the conclusion of the war the democratic party had again obtained importance through the success and reputation of Garibaldi, who unfortunately allowed himself to be guided by their evil counsels. Urged onwards by them, he had, in the autumn of 1859, planned an invasion of the Marches. His adherents, if not himself, had even gone so far as to tamper with the Piedmontese army. An outbreak at Bologna was only prevented by the firmness and courage of Farini, who threatened to place Garibaldi himself under arrest. The personal influence of the King restrained the impetuous chief for a time; but in the spring of the following year an abortive rising in Sicily was the signal for a general movement on the part of the Mazzinians. Garibaldi publicly announced his intention of going to the aid of the Sicilians, and an expedition was prepared at Genoa. The King and his government would have willingly prevented it. Cavour knew full well that the time for adding the Neapolitan dominions to the rest of

Italy had not yet come. The newly formed kingdom required peace and leisure to consolidate its strength, to develop its resources, and to recover from the struggle in which it had been recently engaged. He foresaw that if the expedition failed, he would be accused of sacrificing its leader; but that if it proved successful, Garibaldi would reap the glory, leaving him the far greater difficulty of dealing with the liberated states. But the feeling was so strong in favor of the Sicilians, that desertion threatened to become general in the Sardinian army. Cavour yielded, not without extreme reluctance, to the less of the two evils, and after having taken the only measures in his power to prevent the sailing of the expedition. He was probably not without expectations that it would fail in its objects.

Within almost a few days Garibaldi by his daring and genius had conquered a kingdom. With the exception of two great fortresses, nothing remained to the Bourbon family. The difficulties foreseen by Cavour now commenced. Garibaldi and his followers, elated by success, were prepared to advance upon Rome in defiance of the French army. Again the cause of Italian freedom was at stake through the rash and hopeless schemes of the democratic party. Cavour did not hesitate as to the course he should pursue. In order to forestall Garibaldi, he decided that the Piedmontese army should invade the Marches and join the Garibaldian forces now held in check by the line of defences occupied by the King of Naples. The result of this bold policy was the an-

nexation to Piedmont of all the remaining territory of the Pope, except that protected by the actual presence of French troops, and the transfer of the Neapolitan dominions to Victor Emmanuel.

On the 30th of May, 1860, while dressing, Count Cavour was seized with a slight shivering fit, which he attributed to indigestion. His full habit had long led him to dread an attack of apoplexy. He sent for his physician, and, according to his usual custom, had himself bled,—an operation which was repeated on the following day. During the night the bandages came loose, and he lost much blood. Next morning, however, he felt better, and his active mind returned to business. The state of things in the Neapolitan dominions, and the conduct of the Neapolitan Deputies in the Chambers, caused him much anxiety and irritation. He insisted upon seeing M. Nigra, who had recently returned from Naples, and an exciting conversation took place between them, which lasted two hours, and was only interrupted by a relation, who, entering the room, insisted that it should cease. The exertion and the excitement caused a relapse. Again and again, as he became weaker, he was bled. Still no uneasiness was felt until the morning of the 4th. Every attempt had failed to check the fever, and he seemed to be sinking. Those who were about him now became seriously alarmed, and the anxiety was shared by the population of Turin, which gathered round his house, and awaited with eager looks every report from the sick chamber. The King de-

sired that Dr. Riberi, the physician of the royal family, should be called in. When left alone a short time, whilst the medical attendants were in consultation, Cavour asked whether they had abandoned him. "It is of little matter," said he, laughing; "I shall leave them all to-morrow morning." His brother and others of his family were desirous that he should now receive the last sacraments of the church. He consented at once. His parish church, the Madonna degli Angeli, belongs to the order of the Capuchin friars. One of them, Fra Giacomo, had been employed by him in some negotiations upon ecclesiastical matters. Cavour had often asked him jokingly whether, in case of approaching death, he would administer the sacraments to one included in some of the many furious excommunications which the Pope had launched against the enemies of the Church. Fra Giacomo did not hesitate to obey the summons to his bedside. "You think me then an honest fellow, do you not, Giacomo?" said Cavour to him, with a smile.

Up to this time he had retained full possession of his senses. He had spoken calmly of his approaching end, but no words escaped him either of regret for what he had done, or which might lead to the inference that he recanted at the last one of those opinions steadily and consistently maintained during a whole life. On the contrary, he spoke as a man who had conscientiously performed his duty. The King, after seeing him later in the day, said that he had been greatly struck by the calm and sweet expression of his countenance. The

crucifix was placed between the lighted tapers, and the other mournful preparations were made in the sick chamber for the last religious rites. It was soon known abroad that the solemn ceremony was about to be performed. A vast crowd gathered round the house. When the tinkling bell which announces the approach of the Host was heard, a murmur of uncontrolled grief rose from the throng. The friar ascended the broad stairs amid the chants of the attendants. The room in which the Count lay was open, as is the custom in Italy, to those who followed the priest. A few of the relatives and friends of the dying man entered. As they stood around his bed a feeling of unutterable sorrow came over them at the calamity about to fall upon them and upon their country. Cavour himself was calm and collected. Addressing Fra Giacomo, he said, in a strong voice, "The time for departure is come;" using the words of one going on a journey.

In the evening the King came to his bedside. Raising himself with his two hands, Cavour exclaimed, "Majesty! you here!" and strove to seize his hand to press it to his lips. The King, deeply affected, bent over him and kissed his cheek, saying, "I have heard that you are suffering much, and I am here to see you." "I am suffering no longer," replied the Count. After a few more words his thoughts began to wander. "If you receive any letters," he said, with much animation, "let me have them immediately; it is very important that I should have them, and I cannot go to you." Then endeavoring to recollect himself, he

repeated, "Remember it is very important that I should have them immediately. As for the Neapolitans—purify them, purify them, purify them!" (*li lava, li lava, li lava!*). He then spoke of Italy. His whole soul was wrapt up in this one thought—in his country. During his illness no allusion to his own affairs or condition, no bitterness, no reproach to any one man, escaped his lips. His last trial—that indeed which had probably hastened his death—the state of Naples, left the last impression upon his waning mind. "No! no!" he repeatedly exclaimed, in the words which he had often used during the previous two months, "I will have no state of siege. Any one can govern with a state of siege!" The last intelligible sentences which he is said to have uttered were "*State tranquilli; tutto è salvato*"—"Be tranquil; all is saved;" and "*Oh! ma la cosa va; state sicuri che ormai la cosa va*"—"The thing (the independence of all Italy) is going on; be certain that now the thing is going on." As he gradually sank, he was heard at intervals to mutter, "Italy—Rome—Venice—Napoleon."

As the morning of the 6th of June dawned, he fell into a deep lethargy; at seven he passed away, almost imperceptibly, in the arms of his beloved niece, the Countess Alfieri.

As the sad tidings spread through

Italy, a gloom of mourning, like the shadow of an eclipse, seemed to creep over the face of the land. Even those who had differed from him in life grieved over the loss of a great and good man. The "Armonia," the organ of the priest-party, bore witness to his secret deeds of kindness and charity. Nay, even the very Austrian newspapers paid a generous tribute to the genius of a great statesman who had passed away. The day after his death the Count lay in state. The whole population came to gaze for the last time upon that familiar face. Men of every rank followed the body as it was borne to the parish church through streets hung with black and deep in funeral flowers. It was deposited there only for a time. His native city desired that his remains should be confided to it, to be placed beneath a monument worthy of the man, and of the capital which he had made the cradle of Italy's freedom. The King asked that they should be borne to the Superga, that he himself might one day be near the servant to whose genius and devotion he owed his unexampled prosperity. But Cavour's own wish was fulfilled. He rests in the small niche he had himself pointed out, beneath the old church of Santena, in the land which belonged to his forefathers, and where his kin have for generations lain before him.



Richd Colburn

RICHARD COBDEN.

THIS enlightened English statesman was essentially a man of the people, in the best sense of the phrase, sprung from them, educated in practical life, and ever studying the welfare, in their economical relations, of the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, in the broad light of a general philanthropy. He was the son of William Cobden, a farmer, of a family long settled in Sussex, and was born at the farm-house of Dunford, near Midhurst, June 3, 1804. He was educated at the grammar-school of that place, and, on the death of his father, was sent to London, where he served an apprenticeship in a Manchester warehouse, and afterwards became one of the travellers for the firm. In 1830, he joined with some relatives who were established in Lancashire, and speedily introduced a new system of business into the cotton-print trade. At the time when he first began his career as a public man, his share of profits was not much short of nine thousand pounds per annum, so successful had been the management of the "Cobden Prints." He travelled occasionally on the Continent, in the interest of the firm, visiting Greece, Egypt, and Tur-

key in 1834, and the United States in the following year. On his return, he began what may be called his literary career, by addressing several letters, anonymously, on political and economical topics, to the "Manchester Times." He also published a pamphlet, entitled "England, Ireland, and America, by a Manchester Manufacturer." The views which afterward became so familiar in connection with his name, were boldly stated and enforced in this his earliest work. Its publication produced a lively controversy, and several answers were made to it. His views then were, as they remained up to the latest moment of his life, that peace, retrenchment, non-intervention, and free trade, were the true policy for England. The first pamphlet was speedily followed by another, entitled "Russia," on the title-page of which he again described himself as "A Manchester Manufacturer." The same views were again forcibly stated and illustrated, and what he regarded as misconceptions concerning the Eastern question, were denounced in unsparing terms.

It was about this time that the policy of the Protective Corn-Laws began

to be called in question. The Anti-Corn-Law League was established in Manchester, in 1838; neither Mr. Cobden, nor Mr. Bright, subsequently his life-long associate in the work of political reform, were original members; but when they did join, they infused an immense amount of fresh energy. The country was divided into districts, subscriptions were raised, and lecturers were appointed; but the chief interest centred in the peregrinations of Mr. Cobden, Mr. Bright, and one or two other men of like mind, whose exertions were extraordinary. Mr. Cobden offered himself for Stockport, as a candidate for a seat in Parliament, on the dissolution which followed the death of William IV., in 1837; but he was then defeated by a manufacturer of the town. At the following dissolution, however, in 1841, when Lord Melbourne made his appeal to the country in favor of a fixed duty on corn, Mr. Cobden offered himself again, and was this time successful. He took every opportunity of advocating his views; and one of his impassioned speeches led to a singular scene. Soon after Sir Robert Peel came into power in that Parliament, his private secretary, Mr. Drummond, was shot by a madman of the name M'Naghten, in mistake for Sir Robert Peel himself. The circumstances naturally made a deep impression on Sir Robert's mind; and when, in the course of a free-trade debate, Mr. Cobden had warned the ministers of the "personal responsibility," they incurred by refusing the free importation of corn, Sir Robert rose in a state of great excitement, and accused Mr. Cobden of inciting to assassina-

tion. This, of course, was indignantly denied; but the agitation was kept up, the Minister at length gave way, and the Corn Laws were repealed. As soon as the contest was over, a proposal was made to raise one hundred thousand pounds by way of subscription, in recognition of the services of Mr. Cobden in the cause by which it was well understood his own private affairs had become impaired. The proposal was warmly taken up in various quarters, and though the sanguine anticipations of its promoters were not realized, the handsome sum of seventy thousand pounds was raised, with a portion of which the small property at Midhurst, on which he had worked when a boy, was purchased for him, while the remainder was invested by Mr. Cobden himself in American railway stock. The passing of the Corn Law Repeal Bill was the last act of the Peel Ministry, and the Cabinet went out of office on the day the Royal Assent was given. Lord John Russell became premier, and he intimated a wish to see Mr. Cobden a member of the Government; but the office was declined. His popularity was great, and the constituency of West Riding returned him to Parliament as one of their representatives without a contest. This seat he retained for ten or eleven years, devoting himself during the whole period to the advocacy of Radical views, and occasionally reverting to his early habits of itinerating agitation in the country districts, and advocating parliamentary reform, freehold land societies, &c.

"To the Derby government of 1852, and its successors, the Coalition Cabi-

net of Lords Aberdeen, Clarendon, and others, Mr. Cobden gave his decided opposition; and the war with Russia, which soon followed, was condemned by him in terms that gave some offence to the nation in general; and, though he succeeded in causing a dissolution of Parliament in 1857, by carrying a vote condemning the proceedings of Sir John Bowring in China, his course was so distasteful to his Yorkshire constituents, that he did not offer himself again for the West Riding. He became, however, a candidate for the town of Huddersfield, but was beaten by his opponent. For the next two years Mr. Cobden remained out of Parliament, and spent a good portion of the time abroad recruiting his health. But at the next general election, in 1859, when Mr. Cobden was in the United States, his friends nominated him for the borough of Rochdale, and had influence enough to return him for the seat. The issue of that election was unfavorable to the Conservative party, and Lord Palmerston, again Premier, kept the Presidency of the Board of Trade, with a seat in the Cabinet, vacant for some time, waiting for Mr. Cobden's acceptance. The latter, on arriving in England, hastened to the Premier, and had an interview with him; but the result was that he declined the offer.

“Though never a Minister, he in 1859, was employed as Plenipotentiary at Paris, where he had the chief direction of the commercial treaty with France. After negotiating that treaty, he refused, with rare disinterestedness, all public reward for his services beyond the bare repayment of the ex-

penses to which he had been put; which was the more honorable to him, as it was generally understood that his private affairs were not in the best order, owing to the depressed state of his American investments. Indeed, whilst he was out of Parliament, his friends proposed to raise a second subscription for him; but this he positively declined; and before long an improvement occurred in the share market, which rendered any such step unnecessary.

“For some years previous to his death, Mr. Cobden had suffered from ill-health, and he was strenuously advised (as he declined to go abroad) to avoid, as much as possible, exertion and exposure in the winter season; this he usually passed at Dunford, where he was much esteemed by all classes. He ordinarily followed the advice given; but on the occasion of his visit to his constituents at Rochdale, in last November, he spoke to an unusual length, his speech occupying more than two hours in delivery. Though apparently in an improved state of health, the exertion required in making that speech, coupled with the heated condition of the room, produced the illness that ended in his death. A severe attack of bronchitis confined him to his bed-room several weeks, and to his house during the whole of the winter. As the season advanced, his health began to improve; and about three weeks before his decease he wrote to a friend stating that he was perfectly well, and that he intended taking his seat in Parliament, to join in the debate on the Canadian defences. He arrived in London for

that purpose on the 21st of March, 1865; but the weather was so bitterly cold, that he was suddenly seized with a renewal of his complaint, and was obliged to hasten to his lodgings in Suffolk Street. Though very ill, it was believed that he would recover; but, after some alternations, his strength entirely gave way, and he died on the morning of the 2d of April, in his sixty-first year. His remains were interred on the 7th of the same month, beside his only son, who died some years before, in the church-yard of West Lavington, which is in the immediate vicinity of Dunford. The funeral was attended by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Milner Gibson, and upwards of fifty other members of Parliament, besides numerous deputations from Manchester, Rochdale, and other places.

Richard Cobden was one of those men whom the fertile soil of freedom never fails to cast up whenever there is a great deed to do, or a great reputation to make. In some respects he might appear, at first sight, one who was not peculiarly well qualified to conduct a great popular agitation. His manners, at least in private life, were gentle and courteous; he habitually shunned all occasions of giving offence; and, without deserting his opinions, took no particular delight in supporting them. Nature had given him tastes for both what is correct in design and elegant in language; but his voice had neither great flexibility nor power, and his manner and action were not such as greatly to commend him to turbulent and mixed assemblies. He probably was more at home in the House of Commons, than in those large

meetings over which he exercised so great and so decisive an influence. But, though he was scantily endowed with the external gifts and graces of oratory, Mr. Cobden had that within which amply compensated for these defects. His delivery was earnest and impressive; his language was clear, vernacular, and well-chosen; his appeals to the reason of his hearers weighty and well-directed; his power of argument singularly sustained and elastic. He could impress upon an uncultivated audience long and subtle arguments on matters far removed from ordinary experience; and, by the united power of language, vigor of thought, and homeliness of illustration, could convince as well as persuade, and win converts while he was overwhelming adversaries. No man took up the ground he meant to maintain, with more caution; no man saw clearly the weakness and difficulty of his own position, or the assailable points of his adversary. It was his habit to anticipate objections, and to answer arguments before they had been urged, and so to qualify and limit his position as to leave as few vulnerable points as possible. His English was clear, racy, and idiomatic, free from common and vulgar expressions on the one side, or from exaggerated or inflated phrases on the other. He was Nature herself; but Nature straining and bending all her powers to the attainment of a single object, to the establishment of a single point. He had a great mastery over every part of the Free-Trade controversy, such as nobody else could pretend to; and, in the number of speeches which he made on the

same subject, he showed a boundless fertility of illustration, and an inexhaustible ingenuity in varying the arrangement and the form of his arguments. Although not exempt from that inequality which attends even the best public speakers, there is no orator of the present day who was so sure to bring out the facts, to adduce the arguments, and to make the impressions that he desired. Such a man could not fail of great success, especially among the hard heads and shrewd understandings of the North. Year after year he labored on in the cause of Free-Trade, and it might be difficult to say what amount of progress he had made, when suddenly the whole edifice of protection crumbled away before him, and he found himself victorious in a struggle which many had considered as almost without hope.

At that moment he occupied a position as proud, perhaps, as has ever fallen to the lot of any English subject, who, by the mere exercise of energy and talent, had raised himself above his fellow-citizens. Just seventy years after the discoveries of Adam Smith were made public, the victory was obtained, and the twenty years of Mr. Cobden's life which succeeded this glorious epoch, witnessed the verification of his ideas and the gradual diffusion of his principles. Though at various times the object of bitter denunciation and unsparing attack from his political adversaries, Mr. Cobden lived to see his merits appreciated, and his great services acknowledged, even by some of his most vehement opponents. But of all the tributes paid to his character, none was more brilliant nor

better deserved than that which he received from the great leader of the Conservative party. On the 29th of June, 1846, in the course of a memorable speech, Sir Robert Peel said: 'In proposing our measures of commercial policy, I had no wish to rob others of the credit due to them. The name which ought to be, and will be associated with these measures is not the name of the noble lord, the organ of the party of which he is the leader, nor is it mine. The name which ought to be, and will be associated with those measures, is that of one who, acting as I believe from pure and disinterested motives, has, with untiring energy, made appeals to our reason, and has enforced those appeals with an eloquence the more to be admired because it was unaffected and unadorned; the name which ought to be chiefly associated with those measures is that of Richard Cobden.'

"Mr. Cobden's private character was unblemished, his habits extremely simple, and his discharge of all the duties of life exemplary. The Bishop of Oxford (a neighbor of Mr. Cobden's) writing to account for his non-attendance at the funeral, on the ground of ill health, said,—'I feel his loss deeply. I think it is a great national loss. But my feelings dwell rather on the loss of such a man, whom I hope it is not too much for me to venture to call my friend. His gentleness of nature, the tenderness and frankness of his affections, his exceeding modesty, his love of truth, and his ready and kindly sympathy—these invested him with an unusual charm for me.'"

Such is the account given of the

life and character of Mr. Cobden in an obituary article in the "Annual Register" for 1865. To this impartial and appreciative narrative, we may add the more particular tribute to his memory of his friend and political associate, Professor Goldwin Smith, contributed, at the time of his death, to an American journal, the Boston "Daily Advertiser." "Even in the midst of your struggle," he writes, "the hearts of Americans will, I am sure, be touched by the tidings that Richard Cobden has gone to his rest. His rest, it may be truly called; for it closes, with the peacefulness of evening, a long day's work in the service of humanity. Long his day has not been, if you measure it by hours; but it has been very long, if you measure it by the work done. Americans had a special interest in this man, as well as Englishmen. It was after over-exerting himself in speaking on your Presidential election, that he was taken home seriously ill. It was to protest against calumnious suspicions spread by your enemies respecting the designs of your Government, that he came, somewhat imprudently, to London to take part in the debate on Canadian defences, and thereby probably brought on the attack which ended in his death. He belonged, however, properly neither to England nor to America, but to mankind. His eulogy is pronounced by the French journals as well as by ours. Even in his death he reconciles nations. To the sober sense of a man of business (his original calling) Cobden had added the ardor of a crusader; and this union of sobriety and ardor marked the whole course of his political

career. The landlords fought for protection, as the slave-owners fight for slavery; and Cobden, as one of their great enemies, was of course one of the chief objects of their furious invectives. Yet his character remained more free from bitterness, perhaps, than that of any other party man. He could be moved to indignation, fiery indignation, against public wrong. But personal rancor he had none. A short time before his death he had a very angry correspondence with the editor of the 'Times.' But the calumny which on that occasion excited his wrath, and revealed the latent vehemence of his nature, had been leveled, not against himself, but against his friend. In fact, perfect devotion to a great cause had raised his mind, as far above everything that was mean, as above the meanness of personal hatred. That he was most disinterested, even his enemies allowed. Whether his principles were right or wrong, he lived, as all confessed, for them and for them alone. Not only did he disregard the emoluments of place, but all the grosser prizes of ambition. Of him, if of any public man, it might be said that he never did an act or uttered a word with a view to personal objects alone. He and Garibaldi were cast in such different moulds, and moved in such different spheres, that had they met they would scarcely have recognized each other as brethren. But in his perfect purity, at least, the Manchester manufacturer was the counterpart of the Italian patriot, and both were members of a new order of chivalry, and precursors of a coming age.

"Free-trade does not stand by itself,

either in the pages of Adam Smith, its great apostle, or in the real world. It is intimately connected with a general policy of peace and good will among nations, of which free commercial intercourse is the providential basis. Of this policy, and of the mutual reduction of armaments, and military taxation, which is a consequence of it, Cobden was, during the rest of his life, in conjunction with Bright, the worthy representative and the untiring champion. As the successful negotiator of the French Treaty, Cobden might, if he had pleased, have received the acknowledgement of his victory in the shape of a title or a seat in the Privy Council. These he declined, as well as all rewards of a more substantial kind. Not that he had the vanity to despise or affect to despise marks of public esteem. But, no doubt, he instinctively felt that such decorations as these belonged to the old, he to the new order of things. It would not have been easy to induce him to put on a court dress. That he should accept office under Lord Palmerston was not to be expected. Lord Palmerston was the embodiment of all that he thought worst both in domestic and foreign policy. And he was not the man either to compromise in a matter of principle or delude himself with the belief that he could do good by becoming a partner in the councils of evil. With a world still in arms, and with the condition of military despots yet unextinguished, the English nation, even the more pacific part of it, has perhaps scarcely embraced Cobden's doctrine on the subject of non-inter-
vention. But full justice has been

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done to the courage with which he, in company with Bright, faced the charge of cowardice and the temporary storm of popular hatred in attempting to save the country from the Russian war.

“The goodness of Cobden's heart and the purity of his motives made him, not only influential but popular in the House of Commons, with all except the most violent fanatics of the Tory party. His eloquence, simple, clear, earnest, and genial, flowed from his character as a stream from its spring. He never composed his speeches, but trusted that words would not be wanting to a full mind and a glowing heart. The most peculiar of his intellectual gifts was the perfect simplicity of view, which is likewise characteristic of Adam Smith, and of all great economists. He saw things exactly as they were. His modesty in his speeches, writings, and conversation equalled his strength of conviction. His conversation, which was charming, and his letters (a selection of which would be most delightful and instructive) advanced his principles almost as much as his public speeches.

“Few of those with whom he held intercourse could fail to venerate, none could fail to love him. He possessed, above all men, the talisman which wins hearts. Johnson said of Burke, that a stranger could not stand by his side for a moment to take shelter from the rain without discovering that he was a remarkable man. Five minutes' conversation made you feel that Cobden was a good man.

“Judged merely by his public

speeches, he might have seemed a man of a single subject, or of a limited class of subjects. But his modesty led him to confine himself in public to questions with which he was specially familiar, and to pay an almost excessive deference to the special knowledge of others on topics to which they had given more attention. Though his education had been limited, he had enlarged his culture as he rose in life, and could talk with interest and intelligence on any theme. This 'cotton-spinner' was not without a heart for beauty. 'There are two sublimities,' he said, 'in nature—one of rest, the other of motion, the distant Alps and Niagara.'

"Whatever there may be sordid in commercial pursuits, it had not touched his nature. No man ever felt a deeper contempt for the pretensions of hoarded wealth. 'That man,' he exclaimed, speaking of a covetous and dictatorial millionaire, 'talks as if his words were shotted with sovereigns; and yet it is not money that deserves respect, but a generous use of it!'

"His later years were spent (when he was not attending Parliament) at Dunford, a country house in a beautiful district near Midhurst, built for him by the gratitude of his political friends on the site of his father's farm. This was his Caprera, and, like Garibaldi's Caprera, it was the unostentatious centre of the great movements of the age. Never was there a more perfect picture than that country house presented of English family life, of frugal enjoyment, simple hospitality, and the happiness that flows from duty, friendship, and affection. Each

Sunday saw Cobden and his family walking by a pretty country path to the village church. Free (as the church of the future will be) from bigotry and sectarianism, he was yet a truly religious man, walking as in the presence of God, and thoroughly valuing the religious character in others. He would scarcely have trusted any one whom he believed to be without religion. He was accused by his enemies of being non-English, and of not loving his country. No man ever had a more thoroughly English heart, or loved his country better. But he loved her, not as an isolated tyrant, but as a member of the great community of nations and in just subordination to humanity. He knew that her interests were inextricably blended for the best purposes of Providence with those of her neighbors; that her strength lay, as that of a man among his fellow-men lies, not in her enmities, but in her friendships; and that the law of mutual good-will, not of mutual hatred, was the one which, as a nation of Christendom, she was bound to obey. Even her military security has been essentially practical by his policy of commercial alliances, which is uniting all the powers of Europe with us in a great confederacy, pledged to defend the common trade. But the grand proof that Cobden was a true Englishman is, that Englishmen of all parties have wept over his grave. In death at least he has put calumny under his feet, and pointed out the path of sure and enduring glory to all who have the courage to serve their country with singleness of heart, and to disregard not the only vulgar temptations of personal

ambition, but (what is more difficult for a generous mind) the popular passion of the hour. He rests at Lavington, amidst a quiet scene of English rural beauty, worthy in every way of such a grave. Faults, no doubt, and infirmities, Cobden had—we all have them, or we should not stand in need of each other. But our gratitude prevents our seeing them now. Assuredly, if the Being that rules the world is beneficence, to Him, we may reverently trust, this man's spirit has returned. Nothing in life can be happier than such a death. It is the setting of a harvest sun, pensive as all sunsets are, but glad with sights and sounds of Harvest Home."

To this noble eulogy from the pen of his able friend, nothing need be added of comment on his character, or illustration of the useful lessons of his life. Unlike most statesmen, who live only for their times, his work has not perished with him; for he was employed in sowing principles which have yet to bear their fruit, not only in local reforms, but in the comity and fraternity of nations. In this respect, he was a man in advance of his age. His projects of reform, only partially accomplished in his life-time, have yet much of prejudice, and many entanglements of old interests to contend with; but, with the progress of sound ideas of political economy and the advancement of Christian civilization, they will be more and more brought into the foreground, when his sagacity and disinterested morality will not be forgotten. It cannot be said of him that

he "to party gave up what was meant for mankind;" for he sought to infuse universal principles and a humanitarian policy into the acts of his supporters; and by these things his memory will live. America owes him a debt of gratitude for his exertions in support of her national life during her perilous war for the preservation of the Union, when it was his lot, in public life in England, to withstand the opposition of many in power and authority, less benevolent or keen-sighted than himself. His two speeches on the American War, delivered in the House of Commons on the 24th of April, 1863, and at Rochdale on the 24th of November of the same year, are examples no less of his acuteness in argument, than of his philanthropic spirit. For he knew how to place questions of morality on the ground of common sense and common interest. In the former, he argued ably in support of the obligations resting upon England, as well by her own laws as by the good example of America in previous cases, and by the claims of sound policy, to maintain a strict observance of neutrality obligations in such cases as the fitting out and escape of the "Alabama;" and in the second, he defended the United States from the charge of maintaining the war in the interests of protection against free-trade. In such terms had he spoken from the beginning of the contest, and he lived to witness the inevitable triumph; for, at the moment of his death, the surrender of Lee's army was imminent, an event which was consummated only a week after he expired.

CATHARINE MARIA SEDGWICK.

IN a fragment of autobiography, Miss Sedgwick traces her ancestry on the paternal side to Robert Sedgwick, who was sent by Oliver Cromwell as governor or commissioner to the island of Jamaica; and, while alluding to this personage, expresses her satisfaction at the thought, that, to have been thus chosen, he must have been a Puritan or Independent; for "a love of freedom," she says, "a habit of doing their own thinking, has characterized our clan." For two generations the family were settled, in no great prosperity, at West Hartford, Connecticut, when one of its members removed to an unproductive farm at Cornwall, where he opened a store. Dying suddenly of apoplexy, in middle life, he left a young family of six children. Of these, Theodore, the father of Miss Sedgwick, by the assistance of his elder brother, received a liberal education at Yale College; and, devoting himself to the study of the law, opened an office at Sheffield, Massachusetts, and rose to be one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State. He removed, about 1785, to Stockbridge. He was an eminent Federalist, a delegate to the old Constitutional Con-

gress, a supporter of the Constitution, and a member of the first Congress after its adoption. He married Pamela Dwight, the daughter of Brigadier-Colonel Dwight, of some celebrity in the old French war. Of this union there were seven children, of whom, Theodore, the oldest son, educated at Yale College, became distinguished as a lawyer and politician. He was also the author of a work entitled "Public and Private Economy." Catharine Maria, the sixth child, and second daughter, was born at the family residence, at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, December 28th, 1789. Writing, late in life, some recollections of childhood for her grand-niece, she says of that early period: "Education, in the common sense, I had next to none; but there was much chance seed dropped in the fresh furrow, and some of it was good seed, and some of it, I may say, fell on good ground. My father was absorbed in political life, but his affections were at home. My mother's life was eaten up with calamitous sicknesses. My sisters were just at that period when girl's eyes are dazzled with their own glowing future. I had constantly before me examples



B. M. Sedgwick.

of goodness, and from all sides admonitions to virtue, but no regular instruction. I went to the district schools, or if any other school a little more select or better chanced, I went to that. But no one dictated my studies or overlooked my progress. I remember feeling an intense ambition to be at the head of my class, and generally being there. Our minds were not weakened by too much study; reading, spelling, and Dwight's geography were the only paths of knowledge into which we were led. Yes, I did go in a slovenly way through the first four rules of arithmetic, and learned the names of the several parts of speech, and could parse glibly. But my life in Stockbridge was a most happy one. I enjoyed unrestrained the pleasures of a rural childhood; I went with herds of school-girls nutting, and berrying, and bathing by moonlight, and wading by daylight in the lovely Housatonic that flows through my father's meadows. I saw its beauty then; I loved it as a play-fellow; I loved the hills and mountains that I roved over. My father was an observer and lover of nature; my sister Frances, a romantic, passionate devotee to it; and, if I had no natural perception or relish of its loveliness, I caught it from them, so that my heart was early knit to it, and I at least early studied and early learned this picture language, so rich and universal."

Domestic associations, the pure affections and intellectual encouragement within her home, and the invigorating all-bracing nature without, were the influences that moulded her character for life. There was a similar felicity in the

mental and moral worth and kindly mutual relations of the members of this family. It was connected by marriage in several generations with the best blood of New England. Honored names in the professions and literature, in civil and political life continually recur in the record. There are early connections of blood or friendship with the family of Hopkins, the ancestors of the renowned President of Williams College, of our own day; with the Dwights, Sergeants, Hawleys, Worthingtons, the "River Gods," as these established gentry-folk on the banks of the Connecticut were then called. The American Revolution came as a test of character; there was a natural selection of worth and moral force in its instruments; and the Sedgwicks, with the Ellsworths, Wolcotts,* and their fellows of New England, ripened under its demands. With these, the acquaintanceships and intimacies of the family were formed. At home, the father of Miss Sedgwick, a gentleman of the old school, exercised no little influence by his intellectual vigor upon the mental growth of his children. He inspired them with a love of literature by his own delight in classic authors. His daughter Catharine recalls in her "Recollections of her Early Years," his reading aloud to the family in the evenings, Hume, Shakespeare, Don Quixote, or Hudibras. "Certainly," says she, "I did not understand them"—she was but eight years old at the time of which this is written—"but some glances of celestial light reached my soul, and I caught from his magnetic sympathy some elevation of feeling, and that love of reading

which has been to me 'education.'" She also speaks of the kindly influences in mental and moral culture of her early association with her brothers, Robert, Harry, and Charles. The charm of friendship seems to have been blended with family affection in their intercourse; and these genial impressions were always kept alive. "In looking back upon our family life," writes Miss Sedgwick, towards the close of her own, "from a position that is like that of a retrospect from another life, and in comparing it with any other that I have intimately observed, the love and harmony, kept aglow by a constitutional enthusiasm, seems to me unparalleled; and I look upon my parents, the source of it all, with an admiration and gratitude that I have no words to express."

The first books which found their way to Catharine in her childhood, were of a class of juvenile literature of a generation or two ago, which has not been much improved upon in the issues of stories for children at the present day. They were mingled, too, with others of a larger growth, the English classics, which are now quite, to their loss, seldom in the hands of the young. "The books that I remember," writes Miss Sedgwick,— "there were, perhaps, besides a dozen little story-books—are Berquin's 'Childrens' Friend,' translated from the French, I think, in four volumes—I know I can remember the form and shade of color of the book, the green edges of the leaves, the look of my favorite pages. Then there was the 'Looking-Glass,' an eclectic, which contained that most pathetic story of 'Little Jack.' Then

there was a little thin book, called 'Economy of Human Life.' That was quite above my comprehension, and I thought it very unmeaning and tedious. There was a volume of Rowe's 'Letters from the Dead to the Living,' which had a strange charm for me. I do not think that I believed them to have been actually written by the departed, but there was a little mystification about it that excited my imagination. And, last and most delightful were the fables, tales and ballads, in a large volume of 'Elegant Extracts.' I have sometimes questioned whether the keen relish which this scarcity of juvenile reading kept up, and the sound digestion it promoted, did not overbalance the advantage in the abundance and variety that certainly extinguishes some minds and debilitates others with over-excitement. All books but such as had an infusion of religion were proscribed on Sunday, and of course the literature for that day was rather circumscribed. We were happily exempted from such confections as Mrs. Sherwood's—sweetened slops and water gruel, that impair the mental digestion. We lived as people in a new country live—on bread and meat—the Bible and good old sermons, reading these over and over again. I remember, when very young, a device by which I extended my Sunday horizon; I would turn over the leaves of a book, and if I found 'God' or 'Lord,' no matter in what connection, I considered the book sanctified—the *taboo* removed."

Beside the surroundings of fine natural scenery and the happy waifs and strays of good books, there was another

er element in the culture of the family peculiar to those days which deserves to be recorded. It was the discipline in the formation of opinions and manners growing out of the intercourse with various people in the hospitality of the homestead, and its influence has been happily traced by Miss Sedgwick. "My father's public station," she writes, "and frequent residences in town, gave him a very extensive acquaintance, and his affectionate temper warmed acquaintance into friendship. There were then no steamers, no railroads, and a stage-coach through our valley but once a week. Gentlemen made their journeys in their private carriages, and, as a matter of course, put up at their friends' houses. My father's house was a general depot; and, when I remember how often the great gate swung open for the entrance of traveling vehicles, the old mansion seems to have resembled much more an *hostelrie* of the olden time, than the quiet house it now is. My father's hospitality was unbounded. It extended from the gentleman in his coach, chaise, or on horseback, according to his means and necessities, to the poor lame beggar that would sit half the night roasting at the kitchen fire with the negro servants. It embraced within its wide girth a multitude of relations. My father was in some sort the chieftain of his family, and his home was their resort and resting-place. Uncles and aunts always found a welcome there; cousins summered and wintered with us. Thus hospitality was an element in our education. It elicited our faculties of doing and suffering. It smothered the love and habit of minor com-

forts and petty physical indulgences that belong to a higher state of civilization and generate selfishness, and it made regard for others and small sacrifices to them a habit. Hospitality was not formally inculcated as a virtue, but it was an inevitable circumstance—a part of our social condition. The table was as cheerfully spread for others as for ourselves. We never heard that hospitality was a duty, nor did we ever see it extended grudgingly, or with stinted measure to any guest of any condition. This gathering into our ark of divers kinds of human creatures had a tendency to enlarge our horizon, and to save us from the rusticity, the ignorance of the world, and the prejudice incident to an isolated country residence."

In her religious views, the opinions and sentiments of Miss Sedgwick certainly were not formed, unless by a kind of antagonism, by the Hopkinsian Calvinistic teaching of Dr. West, for two generations the preacher at Stockbridge. She describes his small, well-made person, and graceless features, "save an eye ever ready to flow with gentle pity and tender sympathy," his formal visits, "stern as an old Israelite in his faith, gentle and kindly in his life as 'my Uncle Toby.' I dreaded him, and certainly did not understand him in my youth. He was then only the dry, sapless embodiment of polemical divinity. It was in my mature age and his old age that I discovered his Christian features, and found his unsophisticated nature as pure and gentle as a good and gentle as a good little child's. He stood up in the pulpit for sixty years, and logically proved the whole

moral creation of God—for this he thought limited to earth and the stars made to adorn man's firmament—left by him to suffer eternally for Adam's transgression, except a handful elected to salvation, and yet no scape-grace, no desperate wretch within his ken died without some hope for his eternal state, springing up in the little doctor's merciful heart."

But the child's education was not limited by the home or village-life at Stockbridge. There were visits to people at a distance, to a Federalist uncle and his well-fitted household at Bennington; and especially to New York, where the child of eleven years was taught by the one and only dancing-master of the city, at the close of the century; and where she had lessons from a French master; and where, more to her liking, she was taken to the theatre, and, for her first play, saw Hodgkinson as "Macbeth," and Cooper as "Macduff." "When they came to the final fight," she says, "I entreated my brother to take me out of the house. He laughed at me. I said, 'I know it is not real, but they are really enraged!' How much delight I had from the few plays I saw that winter! What an exquisite portion of the pleasures of imagination come, or have come, to the young through the drama."

There was school-life, too, at Albany, at thirteen, at good Mrs. Bell's, a lady who not much of a school-mistress in matters of education, but who "was always ready to throw out poetic riddles and conundrums;" and, at fifteen, another sojourn at a boarding-school at Boston, not a very exclusive sort of residence, for she seems to have been

much admired in a large and friendly circle outside of it. The succeeding years, until her arrival at womanhood, were pleasantly passed by Miss Sedgwick in the midst of those family cares and attentions, devotion to which ever occupied so large a portion of her life. Her mother died in 1807; and the following year, Judge Sedgwick, "to whose genial and affectionate nature," we are told, "widowhood was intolerable," married again. On his decease, in 1813, the stepmother returned to her family, and Catharine became housekeeper for her brothers, in the old Stockbridge home. She had in the meantime, when in New York, become a member of Dr. Mason's Presbyterian Church; and, though distrustful of his extreme Calvinistic tenets, remained with the "persuasion" until the formation of the first Unitarian Society in New York, in 1820, when she gradually became attached to that denomination. During this period of growth, her occasional letters, which have been published, exhibit her development. Her mind appears to have been open to all the genial influences of the time; while her affections were constantly strengthened by her new family relations. We find her expressing her pleasure in seeing "the unrivalled Kean" in "Lear," and saluting a new, unopened "Waverley novel, Kenilworth," "with as much enthusiasm as a Catholic would a holy relic." A journal, which she kept for her friends, while on a tour to Niagara and Canada, in 1821, shows a natural spirit and cultivation in writing, and a sense of humor premonitory of her coming authorship. It is of interest, also, as a record of a swift-

ly passing era. The Erie Canal was then in progress towards completion; Buffalo was a town of 1,200 inhabitants, with "several fine brick houses, some them quite as large as any in Albany." The Rev. Eleazer Williams, with no mention as yet of reputed Dauphinism and heirship to the crown of France, was a simple missionary in Oneida; and the Niagara Falls, then as now, were impossible to describe, in all their beauty and sublimity. A notice of a Yorkshireman and his wife, inhabiting an old stone store-house by the Falls, is characteristic: "The old man gave us a piteous account of his trials: he said when he laid in his bed, he could never tell when it rained nor when it thundered; for there was always a dripping from the dampness, and the deafening roar of the Fall; and then, his poor cattle, in winter, were always covered with icicles. It was a mighty fine thing to come and see, but we should be sick enough of it if we had as much of it as he had. '*Il n'y a rien de beau que l'utile*' is a fair maxim for a poor laborer. We expressed our sympathy, which was certainly more appropriate than our contempt would have been." In this there was a little foretaste of the philosophy which pervades Miss Sedgwick's many volumes.

The talent in writing which she had now displayed, encouraged by her intellectual relations, naturally went further. Her mental powers, stimulated by her associations with the Unitarians, found exercise in the composition of a short story, intended as an illustration of her new religious views. By the advice of her brother Harry, she en-

larged its scope and plan, and the result was her first publication, issued by Bliss and White, in New York, in 1822, entitled "The New England Tale." The scene was laid in her own Berkshire, and in her own day. "It was the first time," writes her early friend, Mr. Bryant, "that the beautiful valleys of our country had been made the scene of the well-devised adventures of imaginary personages, and we all felt that, by being invested with new associations, they had gained a new interest." The book was at once favorably received, though it appears to have been the subject of some discussion; "the orthodox," as we learn from a letter written at the time by Mr. Harry Sedgwick, "doing all they can to put it down," and Mr. Bliss, the most gentlemanly and kind-hearted of publishers, regarding its representation of the New England character as too unfavorable for general success. Writing to Mrs. Frank Channing, the author herself says: "My book! If all poor authors feel as I have felt since obtruding myself upon the notice of the world, I only wonder that the lunatic asylum is not filled with them. I hardly know any treasure I would not exchange to be where I was before my crow-tracks passed into the hands of printers' devils. I began that little story for a tract; and because I wanted some pursuit, and felt spiritless and sad, and thought I might perhaps lend a helping hand to some of the humbler and unnoticed virtues. I had no plans, and the story took a turn that seemed to render it quite unsuitable for a tract, and after I had finished it, I was persuaded to publish it. I claim noth-

ing for it on the score of literary merit. I have some consolation in the conviction that the moral is good, and that to the young and simple in our country towns, if into the hands of any such it should fall, it may be of some service."

Thus, at the age of thirty-three, Miss Sedgwick began her career of authorship. A short time after, we find her in communication with Maria Edgeworth, the aim of whose writings, and she could hardly have had a better model, fell in with her own tastes and habits of thinking, and excited an influence which was not diminished in later years. "I have received," she writes to her relative, Mrs. Watson, in 1823, "a very gratifying letter from Miss Edgeworth. This is quite an epoch in my humble, quiet life. The letter is entirely satisfactory to me, though some of my kind friends would fain believe that she ought to have buttered me up more." The following year, "Redwood," Miss Sedgwick's second novel, was published in two volumes, in New York, and with distinguished success. It fairly established her fame in that department of literature in America. As with her previous work, the scene was laid at home, and the manners were those of the present day. It was reviewed by Mr. Bryant, in the "North American Review," in an elaborate article, in which he exhibited the capabilities of American life and character, in their marked diversity and interesting peculiarities for the purposes of the novelist, and complimented the author on their judicious employment, and the moral value of her work in elevating

objects which had been regarded as simply ludicrous and laughable, by "connecting them, as we find them connected in real life, with much that is ennobling and elevated, with traits of sagacity, benevolence, moral courage, and magnanimity." There is one character in the book which has been much admired, "Miss Deborah," or "Debby Lenox," "the clear-headed, conscientious, resolute Yankee spinster, a combination of noble and homely qualities so peculiar, yet so probable, and made so interesting by the part she takes in the plot, that as we read, we always welcome her re-appearance, and she takes her place in our memory with the remarkable personages we have met with in real life."*

"Redwood" was followed the next year by a single volume, "The Travelers, a Tale designed for Young People," in which the author, availing herself of her former travelling experiences, carried a little family party of a brother and sister, with their parents, on a tour to Niagara and the St. Lawrence, improving the incidents by the way with a variety of instructive moral reflections. Later on, we shall find Miss Sedgwick largely engaged in the composition of works of a similar character for the young. About the time that "Redwood" was produced, Miss Sedgwick was much in New York, where, in an evening party in 1825, she sees, for the first time, the poet Halleck, then enjoying his celebrity as the author of "Fanny," and the "Croakers." In a letter to her brother, Charles Sedgwick, we have this men-

* Mr. Bryant's "Reminiscences of Miss Sedgwick."

tion of his appearance: "He has a reddish-brown complexion, and heavy jaw, but an eye so full of the fire and sweetness of poetry, that you at once own him for one of the privileged order. He does not act as if he spent his life in groves and temples, but he has the courtesy of a man of society. He dances with grace, and talks freely and without parade." She also, the same season, was called upon in New York by Daniel Webster, who "talked of birds and beasts as well as La Fontaine himself. His face is the greatest I have ever seen. It has all the sublimity of intellect." Shortly after, she is in Boston, at the famous Bunker Hill celebration, listening to the oration of Webster, in the presence of the "nation's guest," General Lafayette. An intimate acquaintance with Dr. Channing, also becomes to her a source of unmingled delight and intellectual gratification. The words in which she expresses her admiration give us an insight into the life of the wealthy and cultivated society around him. "One of the greatest pleasures," she writes from Boston, in November, 1826, to her brother Charles, "I have had here, or could have anywhere, has been seeing Mr. Channing. I have twice dined and spent the evening in his company, and sat next to him all the time. There is a superior light in his mind that sheds a pure, bright gleam on everything that comes from it. He talks freely upon common topics when he speaks of them. There is the influence of the sanctuary, the holy place about him. Such an influence cannot be lost, and I perceive a deep seriousness, an energy of religious

feeling in the conversation of some of my friends, that seems to me more like what I have read of than anything I have before seen. Elsewhere I have seen the poor, the sick, and the afflicted detached from the world, and turning to communion with the God of their spirits; but here I have met with some who have everything that the world can give, who feel that it is all very good, and yet their minds are intent on heavenly things. It seems to me that it would be impossible to live within the sphere of Mr. Channing's influence, without being in some degree spiritualized by it."

In her third novel, "Hope Leslie; or, Early Times in Massachusetts," published in 1827, Miss Sedgwick presented what may be called an historical picture of the country shortly after its first settlement, with its Puritan inhabitants in deadly and romantic conflict with the Indian warriors of the time. The Reverend Dr. Greenwood, reviewing the book in the "North American Review," thus characterizes it, in company with its predecessors, pronouncing it the best of the three: "In all, there is the same purity and delicacy; the same deep and solemn breathings of religion without parade, and of piety without cant or censoriousness; the same love of the grand and lovely in nature, together with the same power so to express that love as to waken it up ardently, devotionally in others; the same occasional touches of merry wit, and playful satire; the same glowing fancy; and, spread through all, and regulating all, the same good sense, leading to a right apprehension of human motives, restraining genius from

extravagance, giving an air of reality to the narrative, and securing our constant respect for the narrator." In her next novel, "Clarence, a Tale of Our Own Times," published three years after, the author introduces the reader to the fashionable world of New York; and, among other descriptions of the country, to the scenery of Trenton Falls. In 1832, she contributed "Le Bossu," a tale of the times of Charlemagne, to a collection published in New York by the Harpers, entitled "Tales of the Glauber Spa," to which Robert C. Sands, James K. Paulding, William Leggett, and William Cullen Bryant were her fellow contributors. Three years later, another novel by Miss Sedgwick, "The Linwoods; or, Sixty Years Since in America," was published with the like success, which attended her previous works. Immediately after this, she entered upon a new course of writings, in which she became greatly distinguished—a series of practical tales for illustrating every-day life and manners with a direct moral, philanthropic purpose in the improvement of social relations and the development of individual character. The first of these was entitled "Home," a second "The Poor-Rich Man and the Rich-Poor Man," followed at intervals by "Live and Let Live," and several delightful volumes of juvenile tales. "A Love Token for Children;" "Stories for Young Persons;" "Means and Ends; or, Self Training." The titles of these books indicate their subject-matter; the treatment was simple, earnest, humorous, and pathetic. They have been the most read, and are still the most in demand of the author's

numerous writings. "In those admirable stories," writes Mrs. Kirkland, in allusion to these little works, "that seem like letters from an observing friend—those, we mean, that have an avowed moral purpose, imagination and memory are evidently tasked for every phase of common or social experience that can by example or contrast throw light upon the great problem, how to make a happy home under disadvantages both of fortune and character. She might be well painted as a priestess tending the domestic altar, shedding light upon it, setting holy symbols in order due, and hanging it with votive wreaths, that may both render it proper honor, and attract the careless or the unwilling."

On the arrival in New York, in 1833, of Fanny Kemble, Miss Sedgwick admired her on the stage, and made her acquaintance in private life, an acquaintance which ripened into intimacy, and bore lasting fruits in their future personal relations. "We are just now," she writes, to Mrs. Frank Channing, "in the full flush of excitement about Fanny Kemble. She is a most captivating creature, steeped to the very lips in genius. Do not, if you can bear unmixed tragedy, do not fail to see her 'Belvidera.' I have never seen any woman on the stage to be compared with her, nor ever an actor that delighted me so much. She is most effective in a true woman's character, fearful, tender, and true. On the stage she is beautiful, far more than beautiful; her face is the mirror of her soul. I have been to see her: she is a quiet gentlewoman in her deportment." When the fa

mous "Journal" of the actress appeared, Miss Sedgwick records her perusal of "most of it with intense pleasure," with the remark, "It is like herself; and she is a complex being, made up of glorious faculties, delightful accomplishments, immeasurable sensibility, and half a hundred little faults." Miss Sedgwick, also, on the arrival of the Italian patriots, released from the tyranny of Austria, on condition of permanent exile, Confaloneri, Maroncelli, Foresti, and others, received them hospitably, and interested herself most warmly in their welfare.

In 1838, Mr. Robert Sedgwick, having suffered severely in health, visited Europe with his wife and eldest daughter, and was accompanied by Miss Sedgwick. The tour extended through nearly two years, and embraced England, Belgium, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Italy. Of this journey, after her return to America, Miss Sedgwick published a most interesting account in a brace of volumes, entitled "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." The notices of English life and manners in this work, are of especial value; and, without any violation of the privileges or delicacy of hospitality, we get glimpses of many literary and other celebrities, of whom it is always pleasant to hear. Thus, at the outset, we meet Captain Basil Hall, who shows the party much attention at Portsmouth; Miss Mitford in her rural home; Joanna Baillie, at Hampstead Hill; Macaulay, at a breakfast with the poet Rogers; Carlyle; Sydney Smith; Jane Porter; Mrs. Opie, and others. Nor was the attention of the traveller confined to eminent persons

or places. Her sketches of familiar every-day life are by no means the least attractive pages of her book. She carried her sympathizing human heart with her, and everywhere found occasion for the exercise of the affections. "In my strolls," she writes, soon after her arrival in England, "I avail myself of every opportunity of accosting the people; and, when I can find any pretext, I go into the cottages by the wayside. This, I suppose, is very *un-English*, and may seem to some persons, very impertinent. But I have never found inquiries, softened with a certain tone of sympathy, repulsed. Your inferiors in condition are much like children, and they, you know, like dogs, are proverbially said to know who loves them." There is something very pleasing in this road-side picture. "I will spare you," she says, "all the particulars of my wayside acquaintance with a sturdy little woman whom I met coming out of a farm-yard, staggering under a load of dry furze, as much as could be piled on a wheelbarrow. A boy not more than five years old was awaiting her at the gate, with a compact little parcel in his arms, snugly done up. 'Now take *she*,' he said, extending it to the mother, and I found the parcel was a baby not a month old; so I offered to carry it, and did for a quarter of a mile, while the mother in return, told me the whole story of her courtship, marriage, and maternity, with the last incident in her domestic annals, the acquisition of a baking of meal, some barm, and the loan of her husband's mother's oven, and, lastly of the gift of the furze to heat the oven. The woman seemed some-

thing more than contented—happy. I could not but congratulate her. 'It does not signify,' I said, 'being poor when one is so healthy and so merry as you appear.' 'Ah, that's natural to me,' she replied, 'my mother had red cheeks in her coffin!'"

After her return from Europe, the life of Miss Sedgwick flowed on in one uniform current, affording few novel incidents for the biographer. Her time was divided as before, between the city and the country. Family cares engrossed her sympathies; for, though living a single life, few mothers have exhibited in a greater degree the matronly qualities, or been regarded with more reverence and tenderness by the young. Her mind, ever open to instruction and culture, was diligently employed in the worthiest studies, and in communion with her many intellectual friends who valued her society. Her intercourse with Mrs. Frances Kemble, whose vivid impressions of life she always appreciated, stimulated her mental faculties. She was keenly alive to all the liberal interests of the day in literature and art, and actively participated in the rational work of philanthropy, as in her intimate connection with the Women's Prison Association of New York, and the kindred "Isaac T. Hopper Home," for the reception and employment of women discharged from prison. In the discharge of these voluntary engagements, she visited the prisons and public institutions, and personally ministered to the sick and suffering. In her visitations, we are told by a fellow laborer in this cause, who accompanied her, Mrs. James S.

Gibbons, "she was called upon to kneel by the bedside of the sick and dying. The sweetness of her spirit, and the delicacy of her nature, felt by all who came within her atmosphere, seemed to move the unfortunate to ask this office from her, and it was never asked in vain. So tenderly shrinking was she, that she sought opportunities for such ministrations when no ear heard, no eye beheld her; and many an erring sister was soothed and comforted as she passed through the dark valley, by the heavenly voice of this angel of merey."

Nor did she abandon her literary occupations. Her pen was frequently in her hand in the preparation of books for the young, among which may be mentioned "The Morals of Manners," and the "Boy of Mount Rhigi." "In 1857, her latest novel, entitled "Married or Single," was published by the Harpers, followed the next year by a memoir of her friend the philanthropist, Joseph Curtis, a book of singular interest and value. "I often thought," writes Mr. Bryant, "of her record of this good man's most useful, unostentatious labors for the relief of the wretched, and the instruction of the ignorant, when the Old World and the New, vied with each other in paying honors to George Peabody, the opulent banker, whose life was occupied in heaping up millions to be bestowed in showy charities, whose funeral procession was a fleet furnished by two mighty empires, crossing the wide ocean that separates the two great continents of Christendom, from a harbor darkened with ensigns of mourning in Europe to ar-

other in America, while the departure of Joseph Curtis called for no general manifestation of sorrow. But the memoir of Miss Sedgwick is his monument, and it is a noble and worthy memorial of his virtues and services."

Her retired rural life, meanwhile, at her brother, Mr. Charles Sedgwick's home, at Lenox, exhibited every grace of elegance and refinement. The home in which she lived, described with her mode of life, by her biographer, Mary E. Dewey, was "in a charming situation on the brow of the hill, commanding a vast and beautifully varied prospect. Here Miss Sedgwick's 'wing' received still further additions, notably that of a broad and well-inclosed piazza, looking to the south over twenty miles of valley, meadow, lake, and hill, to the blue Taghkonic range, in southernmost Berkshire. The terrace in front of it was bright with flowers which the assiduous care of their mistress kept in bloom both early and late, even upon that height, still so bleak in early spring and late autumn. She was an enthusiastic gardener, and thought no pains too great to save a favorite rose or geranium, or to coax a bed of violets into early blossom. Nor did she confine her care to flowers, but took a practical interest in the growing vegetables, and had her own strawberry-bed, from which it was her delight in the early morning, to gather the fruit with her own hands. When she gave her frequent breakfast-parties, which all who had the good fortune to be her guests, must remember as among the most fascinating banquets in their memory, alike for the place, with its summer-morning beauty fresh upon it,

the delicacy of the viands, the piquant or interesting talk that was sure to arise, and the radiant cordiality of the hostess, she would be in her garden by six o'clock, to gather fruit and flowers for the table, and unconscious inspirations of health and happiness for herself, of which she dispensed the latter, at least, as liberally as the more tangible harvest of her borders. Then, after arranging the table, and paying a visit to her tiny kitchen, where the more delicate dishes received the touch of her own skilful hand, she would make a rapid toilette, and appear, untired as the day, to greet her guests with that exquisite grace and sweetness, that genial warmth of welcome which made old and young, grave and gay, literary celebrities, distinguished foreigners, fashionable people from town, and plain country friends, all feel a delightful ease in her presence. Her vivacity, shrewdness, and tact in conversation, were never more charming than at these Arcadian repasts. She piqued herself upon her cookery, and with reason. 'Cooking is the only accomplishment of which I am vain,' she said. A New England life, especially in the country, makes a strong draft upon all the executive faculties of man or woman, and Miss Sedgwick fully and cheerfully accepted all its obligations. She could make cake as well as books, and provide for all household exigencies as ingeniously as she could construct a story."

As "in the eye of nature," she had lived, so amidst the cherished familiar scenes of Berkshire, her sympathetic spirit passed away. During her last few years, after a serious attack of

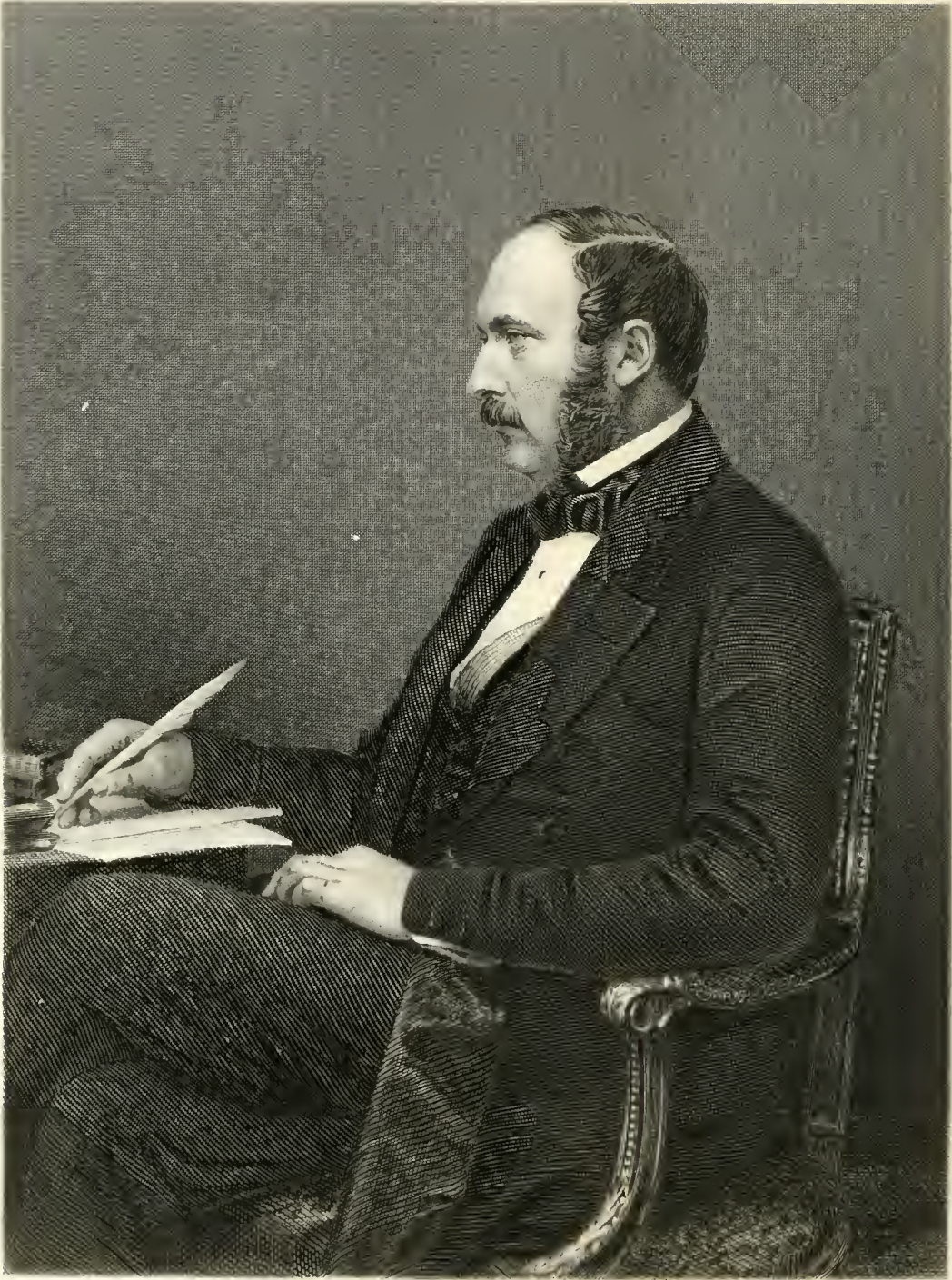
epilepsy in 1863, her health was much impaired. She survived till 1867. Her last published letter to Mrs. Charles E. Butler, bears the date Woodbourne, July 19th of that year. "I have a balcony," she writes, "out of Kate's window in the pine wood, where I lie all day, and where the mercies of God are continually pressing upon my senses." A fortnight after, she expired, in her seventy-eighth year.

"Perhaps," writes Mrs. Kemble, of Miss Sedgwick, "the quality which most peculiarly distinguished her from other remarkable persons I have known, was her great simplicity and transparency of character—a charm seldom combined with as much intellectual keenness as she possessed, and very seldom retained by persons living as much as she did in the world, and receiving from society a tribute of general admiration. She was all through her life singularly childlike, and loved with a perfect sympathy of spirit, those of whom it is said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Nothing could be more affecting and striking than the close affinity between her pure and tender nature, and that of the 'little children,' who were irresistibly drawn to her; alike those who lived within the circle of her love, and those

on whom only the kindly influence of her transient notice fell. I think, in her intercourse with the more 'sophisticate' elder members of society, Miss Sedgwick's acute sense of the ludicrous, in all its aggressive forms of assumption, presumption, pretension, and affectation, was so keen that in a less amiable person, it might have degenerated into a tendency to sarcasm, and made a satirist of one who was pre-eminently a sympathizer with her fellow-creatures.

* * * * * To the poor, who were rich in having her for a neighbor, she was the most devoted and faithful of friends, sympathizing with all their interests, soothing their sorrows, supplying their wants, solacing their sufferings with an exquisite tact, which her knowledge and skill in homeliest, as well as highest feminine accomplishments, rendered as efficient as it was tender and unwearied. * * *

Early in my acquaintance with Miss Sedgwick, my admiration for her became affection, and the love and respect with which I soon learned to regard her, increased and deepened till the end of our intercourse. Her memory now remains to me as that of one of the most charming, most amiable, and most excellent persons I have ever known."



Albert

PRINCE ALBERT.

ALBERT FRANCIS AUGUSTUS CHARLES EMMANUEL, as he was christened, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and consort of Queen Victoria of Great Britain, the second son of Duke Ernest I., of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and his wife, the Princess Louise, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg, was born at the Grand Ducal Castle of Rosenau, a summer residence of his father, near Coburg, on the 26th of August, 1819. The Princess Louise is spoken of in a memorandum by Queen Victoria, contributed to the narrative of "Early Years of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort," compiled under her direction by Lieut.-General, the Hon. C. Grey, as "having been very handsome, though very small; fair, with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her. An old servant who had known her for many years, told the Queen that when she first saw the Prince at Coburg, in 1844, she was quite overcome by the resemblance to his mother. She was full of cleverness and talent; but the marriage was not a happy one, and a separation took place in 1824, when the young duchess left Coburg, and never saw her

children again. She died at St. Wendel, in 1831, after a long and painful illness, in her thirty-second year. The Prince always remembered her with tenderness and sorrow; and one of the first gifts which he made to the Queen, we are told, was a little pin he had received from her when a little child. This anecdote is related by the paternal grandmother of Prince Albert, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, the mother of the Duchess of Kent, and consequently maternal grandmother of Queen Victoria. This Duchess of Coburg is spoken of by the Queen as "a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart, and extreme love for nature." Her son, King Leopold, of Belgium, also describes her as "in every respect distinguished; warm-hearted, possessing a most powerful understanding, and loving her grandchildren most tenderly." These children, Prince Albert and his brother Ernest, born a little more than a year before him, were much with their grandmother in their younger days. She would tell them stories in the evening from Walter Scott's novels, and

employ them in writing letters from her dictation. There was also another grandmother on the mother's side, the Duchess of Gotha, a woman of great intelligence and goodness, who likewise took a great interest in the children; while, in addition to their father's supervision, they always had the solicitude of their uncle, Prince, afterwards King Leopold. Prefixed to the Queen's memoir, there is an engraving from a picture by Doll, of Prince Albert, at the age of four, which, in its sweet, open, susceptible look, fully warrants the description of the child given in a letter written at the time, by the Duchess of Coburg, "lovely as a little angel, with his fair curls." When he was not yet two years old, she had described him by his pet diminutive name of endearment, "Little Alberinehen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel." These things may be considered trifles; but in the nurture of Prince Albert, they are very characteristic. He appears never to have been out of sight of the most affectionate solicitude, and his gentle, though resolute nature, seconded every effort for his improvement.

At the age of four, he was placed with his brother, under the care of an estimable tutor, M. Florschütz, who continued his superintendence of their instruction to the close of their University studies, a period of some fifteen years. Noticeable through all this time, and to the end of their joint career, was the affection of those brothers for one another. The earliest considerable anxiety of Prince Albert

occurred when, on their entrance upon manhood, they were first separated to pursue their different paths in life. Up to this moment, he writes, in a letter at the time, "we have never, as long as we can recollect, been a single day away from each other."

From the very beginning, Prince Albert was of a thoughtful, studious temperament, less robust in his childhood than his elder brother, but capable of holding his own by his more vigorous intellect. "To do something," says his tutor, of these early years, "was with him a necessity." A curious illustration remains of the systematic employment of his time in a journal, which he dictated in his sixth year, evidently not dictated to him, for it is full of honest, childish simplicities, as in these little passages from it:—"23d January, 1825.—When I awoke this morning, I was ill. My cough was worse. I was so frightened that I cried. Half the day I remained in bed, and only got up at three o'clock in the afternoon. I did a little drawing, then I built a castle, and arranged my arms; after that, I did my lessons, and made a little picture and painted it. Then I played with Noah's Ark, then we dined, and I went to bed and prayed." Again "I cried at my lesson to-day, because I could not find a verb; and the Rath pinched me, to show me what a verb was. And I cried about it;" and, again "I got up well and happy; afterward, I had a fight with my brother. After dinner, we went to the play. It was Wallenstein's 'Lager,' and they carried out a monk." Writing of these early years of their boyhood, when

they were thrown much together, his cousin, Count Arthur Mensdorff, says: "Albert, as a child, was of a mild, benevolent disposition. It was only what he thought unjust or dishonest that could make him angry. He never was noisy or wild; was always very fond of natural history, and more serious studies, and many a happy hour we spent in the Ehrenburg, the palace at Coburg, in a small room under the roof, arranging and dusting the collections our cousins had themselves made and kept there. He urged me to begin making a similar collection myself, so that we might join and form together a good cabinet. This was the commencement of the collections at Coburg, in which Albert always took so much interest." Men, says the poet Dryden, are but children of a larger growth, an observation he may have derived from Milton:

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day,"

and which again has been borrowed by Wordsworth:

"The child is father of the man."

The aphorism certainly has never been better illustrated, than in the career of Prince Albert. Germany is the modern land of system and method, definite in her requirements from her citizens as ancient Rome; and her princes, it would appear, are not exempt from the obligations of exact training. There are dispositions which may rebel against this constant care and solicitude of families and the State; but the tendency upon the whole, is to develop the individual to

the utmost, and produce, in the aggregate, a powerful nation. Certainly, whatever exceptions may be required—for genius, will, at times, demand a larger liberty and freedom—the system worked well in the case of Prince Albert. Nothing was lost by neglect or in desultory pursuits. Tutors and professors were bestowing their labors not upon a luxuriant, but a kindly soil. There was a basis of character to work upon, which made instruction easy, something to bring forth from the man which is the etymology and principle of education. With a great deal of system, also, there appears to have been in the case of the two brothers, no unnecessary restraint. There was provision for amusement as well as study, and for that social intercourse with their fellows, which is necessary at every period of life to strengthen manly dispositions, and render knowledge an available living force. During the whole time of their boyhood, it was the custom on Sundays, in the winter months, for Ernest and Albert to have with them twelve or thirteen boys of their own age, with whom they played as they liked, from two to six in the afternoon, when an hour was passed in a species of instruction. Each boy was then required to recite something; and, as they grew older, discussions upon a given subject in some foreign language were substituted for these recitations. The accession of the father of the princes to the Dukedom of Gotha, in 1826, enlarged the range of the residences of the family, introducing new scenery and ideas, with agreeable acquaintances, as the children at times passed from one to

the other. The summer excursions in the vicinity of two country retreats of Coburg and Gotha, at Rosenau and Reinhardsbrunn, afforded opportunities which were not neglected, of familiarity with the beauties of nature, and the practical pursuit of that healthiest of all studies, the study of natural history. Altogether it was a varied, cheerful, and pleasant, as well as carefully instructed childhood, which the brothers passed under the guidance of their tutor, M. Florschütz. At seventeen, the elder, Ernest, had arrived at the age when it is customary in Germany, to go through the religious ceremony of confirmation, and though his brother was a year younger, it was thought proper, such was the sobriety of his disposition, and so intimate his union with his brother, that they should enter upon this profession together. Accordingly, on Palm Sunday, in 1835, they were confirmed at a solemn service in the chapel of the castle at Coburg, which was followed the same day by appropriate public religious exercises in the Cathedral. In honor of the event, Counsellor Florschütz was presented by the town of Coburg with a diamond ring, in acknowledgment of his services in the education of the princes.

Immediately after this confirmation, the brothers were taken on a tour through Germany, including visits to Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna. The next year, in company with their father, they made an excursion to England, when Prince Albert, in a visit to their aunt, the Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Palace, for the first time, saw the Princess Victoria. In a letter

to the Duchess of Coburg, he writes: "Dear aunt is very kind to us, and does everything she can to please us; and our cousin also is very amiable." On their return from England, after a brief visit to Paris, the princes took up their residence at Brussels, the seat of the new government of their uncle, King Leopold, where they passed ten months under the care of Baron Weichmann, a retired officer of the English-German Legion, preparing by a course of study, chiefly in modern languages and history, for their introduction in the following year, to the University of Bonn. "After all our fatigues and amusements," writes the Prince, "we are now settled in our new home, and are really glad to be able to lead a quiet and regular mode of life. We live in a small, but very pretty house, with a little garden in front, and though in the middle of a large town, we are perfectly shut out from the noise of the streets. The masters selected for us are said to be excellent, so that everything is favorable to our studies; and I trust there will be no lack of application on our part." At all times, Prince Albert would seem to have preferred a life of quiet study to the entertainments and dissipations, the exacting requisitions of court, or fashionable society. On his first visit to England, he complains, in the letter already cited, of the severities of royal levees at the court of William IV. In the morning, a levee, "long and fatiguing, but very interesting," followed the same day by a dinner at court, and at night, a beautiful concert, at which we had to stand till two o'clock; and this succeeded the next day by a

Drawing Room for the King's birthday, at which nearly four thousand people passed before the King, Queen, and other high dignitaries, to offer them congratulations; a dinner and another concert in sequence. "You can well imagine," the Prince writes, "I had many hard battles to fight against sleepiness during those late entertainments." A tendency to sleepiness of an evening, very pardonable under the circumstances just narrated, seems to have been a constitutional trait of the Prince, which we are told, manfully as he strove against it, he never could entirely conquer. "Independently of this feeling," it is added by his biographer, Lt.-Gen. Grey, "he never took kindly to great dinners, balls, or the common evening amusements of the fashionable world, and went through them rather as a duty which his position imposed upon him, than as a source of pleasure or enjoyment to himself. Indeed, on such occasions, he loved to get hold of some man, eminent as a statesman, or man of science, and to pass the hours he was thus compelled to give to the world, in political or instructive conversation."

In the spring of 1837, the brothers left Brussels for the University of Bonn, where, still conducted by their tutor, Herr Florschütz, they pursued their studies for a year and a half, attending the lectures on history of A. W. von Schlegel; of Fichte, Perthes, Bethman, Holweg, and other eminent professors. The favorite subjects of Prince Albert were the natural sciences, political economy, and philosophy, in all which he made great pro-

gress. Of music, also, he was passionately fond, and is said to have shown considerable talent as a composer. Prince William of Löwestein, who was his fellow student, says, that "among all the young men at the University, he was distinguished by his knowledge, his diligence, and his amiable bearing in society. He liked, above all things, to discuss questions of public law and metaphysics, and constantly, during our many walks, juridical principles or philosophical doctrines were thoroughly discussed. On such occasions, the Councillor Florschütz used to turn the conversation to subjects of general interest." We also learn from the same authority, that the Prince possessed a lively sense of the ridiculous, as well as great talent for mimicry, with a turn for drawing caricatures, the University professors, of course, furnishing the subjects for the exercise of his talents in these exhibitions, while his "perfect good taste prevented his ever giving offence, even when he allowed the most uncontrolled play to his fun. The Prince was also an accomplished fencer; on one occasion, in a match, carrying off the prize from all competitors. He was also the life and soul of certain dramatic performances of an extempore character, in which the dialogue was supplied on the spur of the moment. In fine, he appears to have entered freely and heartily into all the studies and pursuits of the place, sparing no expense of labor and application in the development of his powers and faculties.

During his first season at the University, news came of the death of William IV., of England, and of the

accession of Victoria to the throne. On this occasion, he addressed to her a simple letter of congratulation, which, among such things, has been considered characteristic of the writer for its freedom from anything like flattery, and its recognition of a high sense of responsibility in the Queen's duties to her people. It reads: "Bonn, 26th June, 1837:—My dearest cousin, I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now, you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always, with you. I will not be indiscreet, and abuse your time. Believe me always your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant, ALBERT." Rumors being afloat of a projected marriage between the Prince and the Queen, by the advice of Leopold, to draw the attention from the former, he made during the ensuing summer vacation a somewhat extended tour through Switzerland, crossing the Simplon, and visiting Milan and Venice. When opportunity offered, the journey was made on foot, the Prince being a skilled pedestrian. After the fullest enjoyment of mountain scenery, he ap-

pears to have been much impressed with his first glimpses of the art treasures of Italy. "Milan, and still more heavenly Venice," he writes to his father, "contain treasures of art that astonish me." Nor was the Queen forgotten during the tour. The Prince collected views of the different places he visited, which he made into a book, with memoranda of dates, etc., and sent to her. He also sent to her a dried rose, which he had plucked at the top of the Rigi, and a scrap of Voltaire's handwriting, which he had picked up from a servant of the arch-satirist at Geneva.

The University career of the brothers closed with the summer term of 1838, when the elder went to Dresden to enter the military service, and Prince Albert, after a short stay at Coburg, (where, with great presence of mind, he assists in putting a out fire in his apartment of the palace,) he sets out on an extended Italian tour. Herr Florschütz having finished his duties with the termination of the University life, a new companion was found for the Prince, in an experienced "guide, philosopher, and friend" the Baron Stockmar, who had been long attached to King Leopold. The intimacy thus formed was, after the Prince's marriage, continued at the English court, and they were not separated till the Baron, in his later years, retired to his native Coburg. The Italian journey was commenced in December, 1838, and concluded with the return of the Prince to his home in the following spring. In these few months he visited Florence, Rome, and Naples. Though, from his position, he was necessarily

drawn much into society, his studies of literature and art were constantly pursued.

On his return to Coburg, Prince Albert was immediately engaged, towards the close of June, in the celebrations attending the coming of age of his brother Ernest; when he himself, also, by a special act of the Legislature, was declared of age, so that in his own words, in a letter to a friend, "I am now my own master, as I hope always to be, and under all circumstances," a declaration printed in the Memoir; to which the Queen adds in a note: "How truly this was ever carried out." After those formalities, he passed the summer in visits to Dresden, Carlsbad, and a short stay at Rosenau, whence, in October, he proceeded to England on the important mission involving the subsequent arrangements of his life.

A matrimonial alliance between Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, though little directly agitated, would appear for some time to have been a foregone conclusion. When the Prince was but three years old, he was told by his nurse that he should marry the Queen; and the jest, as he grew up, ripened into a kind of sober conviction. His education was undoubtedly directly to this end, and his Uncle Leopold, the King of the Belgians, always influential in the English court, seems never to have lost sight of this object. He had first broached the idea to the Queen; and, from him, the suggestion came to her with something of the authority of a father. The Baron Stockmar, whose judgment was always much relied on, and whose knowledge of the Prince from his early years was

of the most intimate nature, had, in 1836, written in express terms to King Leopold, "that no prince whom he knew, was so well qualified to make the Queen happy, or fitly to sustain the arduous and difficult position of Prince Consort in England," an opinion which would not have been given unless it had been directly called for. It was about this time that the Prince paid the visit to Kensington, already noticed, and became personally acquainted with the Princess Victoria—a visit which was opposed by the reigning sovereign, William IV., who had set himself against the Coburg alliance, having several other matrimonial projects of his own for the Princess. The following year; however, Victoria came to the throne, and, early in the next year, Leopold wrote a letter to the Queen, suggesting the alliance, which was favorably received, and led to a formal conversation on the subject between Leopold and Prince Albert, of which we have an account in a published letter of the King to Baron Stockmar, in March, 1838: "I have put the whole case," he writes, "honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honorable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that, therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoyances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object, than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he ob-

served with truth. 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But, if after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life.' There was some little delay in settling the affair, which the Queen afterwards regretted. The visit of the Prince, however, in the autumn of 1839, to England, speedily brought matters to a close. Accompanied by his brother, he arrived at Windsor Castle on the 10th of October, and, after a few days' participation in the ordinary routine of the place, in riding, hunting, dinner entertainments and the like, on the 15th was invited to a private interview with the Queen, in which, according to the requirement of royal etiquette in such a case, she made him a formal proposal of marriage.

The Queen, the same day communicated her resolution to her uncle, Leopold, and the Prince wrote on the subject to the confidential Baron Stockmar. In another letter, to his grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Gotha, he spoke quite unreservedly of the situation. "The Queen," he says, "sent for me alone to her room a few days ago, and declared to me, in a genuine outburst of love and affection, that I had gained her whole heart, and would make her intensely happy if I would make her the sacrifice of sharing her life with her, for she said she looked on it as a sacrifice; the only thing which troubled her was, that she did not think she was worthy of me. The

joyous openness of manner in which she told me this, quite enchanted me, and I was carried quite away by it. She is really most good and amiable, and I am quite sure heaven has not given me into evil hands, and that we shall be happy together. Since that moment, Victoria does whatever she fancies I should wish or like, and we talk together a great deal about our future life, which she promises to make as happy as possible."

The time of the marriage was now determined upon, an early day in the ensuing February being fixed upon for its celebration. At the end of a month, the Princes left Windsor for Coburg. A few days after their departure, a declaration of the intended marriage was made by the Queen to the Privy Council. In December there were great rejoicings at Coburg, on occasion of the public announcement of the betrothal. In January, the Queen opened Parliament in person, and gave formal notice of the marriage from the throne. An annual sum of thirty thousand pounds was voted to the Prince Consort, a reduction of twenty thousand from the sum first proposed. An act of naturalization of the Prince was passed the same day. About the middle of January, Lord Torrington and Colonel Grey were sent on an embassy to Gotha, to escort Prince Albert to England for the intended marriage. They bore with them a commission to invest the Prince with the Order of the Garter, which was carried out in an imposing state ceremony at Gotha. The departure from that little capital at the end of January, is described as quite an affecting scene.

The route of the procession by Cassel, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, Liège, Ostend to Calais, was attended with various rejoicings, and when the party arrived at Dover, on the 5th of February, the enthusiasm of the people was proportionately increased. There were various demonstrations at Canterbury. On the 8th, they reached London, and were received, on their arrival at Buckingham Palace, by the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, attended by the whole household. In the afternoon, the oaths of naturalization were administered to the Prince, and the day ended with a great dinner, at which the Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was present, attended by the Officers of State. The next day being Sunday, service was performed in the morning in an apartment of the palace, by the Bishop of London; and the rest of the day was spent in visits to the royal family, with another great dinner in the evening. On this day also, as we are told in a published extract from the "Queen's Journal," the Prince gave her, as his wedding gift, a beautiful sapphire and diamond brooch, while she gave to him the star and badge of the Garter, and the Garter itself set in diamonds. The marriage itself took place the following day, at the Chapel Royal, St. James' Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, the simple service of the Anglican church being followed throughout.

The life of the Prince Consort henceforth, apart from that of the Queen, is comparatively simple in its outline. His self-knowledge and judgment were such as not to allow him to be drawn into any circumstances where

the attention of the people, particularly in reference to political affairs, would be exclusively concentrated on himself. At the outset, it is undeniable that his position was, in many respects, an embarrassing one. He had hardly arrived at age, when he was called to share the councils of the Queen, not in any sense of direct responsibility to the nation, but necessarily as her most intimate adviser, and sure to be held accountable in any action of royalty which might run counter to the theories or prejudices of the day. There was also, as appears from the discussion of the question of precedence in Parliament in relation to him prior to his marriage, some jealousy or distrust on the part of the higher classes, as to his exact position at court. There was an attempt to define this; but it was wisely left to be regulated by itself. As there was an equal desire on the part of the Queen to bestow upon him every honor, and on his own to assume nothing which was not indispensable to his position, the result in the end was in every way satisfactory. He was naturally, however, beset by many difficulties. He was young, a foreigner, reserved to a certain degree, and apathetic; not cold in his temperament, but inclined to thoughtfulness, and with a sobriety of manner and discourse becoming a philosopher. As he had every quality to command the respect of the nation, so he had none of those weaknesses or irregular displays of temperament which sometimes, by making him familiar, gain for a prince the affections of his people. His life was exact, methodical, without license or excess,

eminently sincere, and governed by the most rigorous principle. There was with him always a high and pervading sense of duty which was never detected at fault. The exercise of it came naturally to the man, but it was not carried out without labor and self-denial, with a full consciousness of the effort. He was, in fine, that rare phenomenon in English court life, an eminently philosophic prince. The thorough knowledge of his faculties and of what he might attain, was instilled into him in his German education, and the lesson was available to him through life.

Character, thus, the sum and essence of every man's genuine life, was constantly before him with never-swerving fidelity to his high ideal. It might not make him an eminently great man, in that relative sense of greatness which is comprehended in a comparison of the deeds of men in their vast effects in changing the fortunes of nations by war or revolution; or in the grandeur of intellectual superiority in the triumph of literature or art; but it was a virtue, not often to be met in conquerors or reformers, the discipline of a meek and quiet spirit, intent on the calm performance of duty, shedding light and beauty on the daily pathway of life—a rare quality, indeed, but which has this advantage, that it is in a great measure within reach of the humblest citizen. The relations outside of the royal palace, in which the Prince Consort became known to the British people, clearly exhibit this. He always appears in some useful attitude, promoting some work of public utility. In the acts of

government he had nothing to invent or contrive; he had but to follow, under the best guidance, the principles of the Constitution; but in the adaptation and workings of these, there were, doubtless, frequent occasions when his private counsels to the Queen relieved the friction of the old cumbrous machinery. His influence was liberal and conciliatory, so far as it may have affected the politics of the country. It was in the wide field, however, of scientific and social improvements that his exertions were most conspicuous. Associated effort in voluntary organizations of the people in those works of beneficence and reform, is one of the leading characteristics of modern civil progress. The collection of "Speeches and Addresses," published after the death of the Prince Consort, which were delivered by him, shows the extent of his sympathies and attainments. They are no less than thirty in number, commencing with a few words in 1840, in behalf of an association for the abolition of slavery; and ending in 1860, shortly before his sudden decease, with an elaborate discourse on occasion of the opening of the International Statistical Congress of that year, in London. In the course of these twenty years, he had addressed meetings held on behalf of the most distinctive philanthropic societies of the day: he had spoken on the condition of the laboring classes, at the opening of schools, at the laying of the corner-stones of national buildings, and on several occasions for the instruction of the people in art. Science and cultivation were always favorite topics with him. In 1850, he spoke at the laying of the

foundation stone of the National Gallery at Edinburgh, commending the objects of the institution in their relation to the imperishable monuments of national life, exerting "so important an influence upon the development of the mind and feeling of a people, and which are so generally taken as the type of the degree and character of that development, that it is on the fragments of works of art, come down to us from bygone nations, that we are wont to form our estimate of the state of their civilization, manners, customs, and religion." The following year he addresses the distinguished gathering at the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, feelingly pointing out some of the moral conditions on which the successful pursuit of art depends, and the peculiar conditions of modern life assisting or inimical to its welfare.

He also made addresses on several other occasions, in which the claims of art and science were to be represented; but his most practical service to the cause, was in the active aid which he rendered in his personal attention in promoting the great London Industrial Exhibition of 1851, in which he stood in the relation of Chairman of the Council. It is claimed and admitted that it owed much of its eminent success to his taste and skill. He was also much interested in the development of agriculture, seeking to promote its improvement by the introduction of new scientific and chemical re-

sources. His model farms at Windsor were much noted.

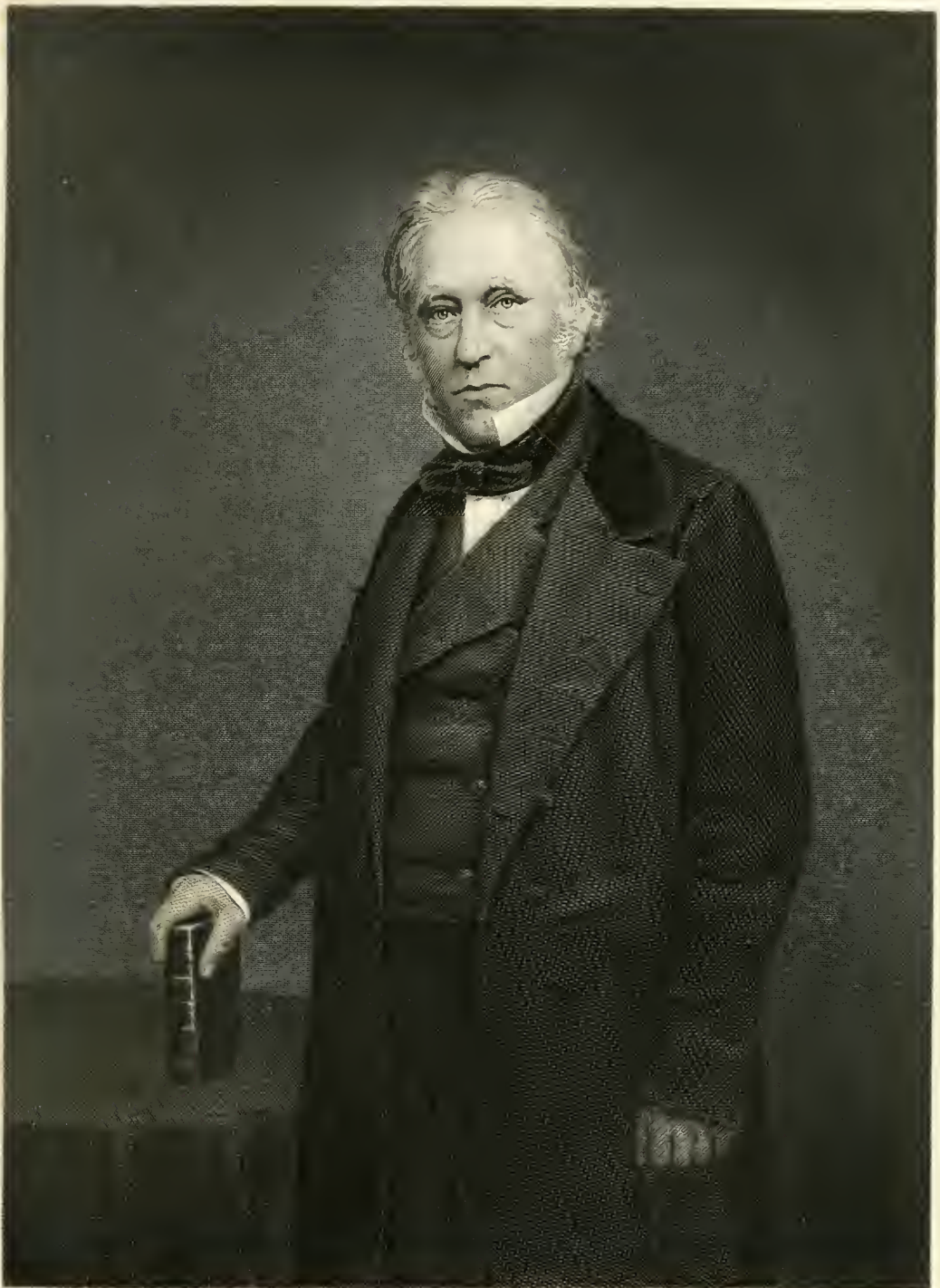
While pursuing this career of usefulness, and gaining that hold upon the esteem and affection of the English people, which his character, when fully understood, was certain to secure, he was, in December, 1861, taken ill, apparently with a feverish cold, which at the outset created no alarm; but which was developed into a malignant fever of the typhoid form, under which he suddenly sank and expired, his death taking place on the 14th day of the month, in his forty-third year.

The character of the Prince Consort has been sufficiently indicated in the course of this narrative. We have remarked his simple earnestness, his unflinching sincerity, the unwearied application of his faculties in his youthful studies, while he remained a student to the end; always inquisitive of knowledge, and ready to turn his acquisitions to practical account; his high sense of duty, his conscientious estimate of his position, his candid and liberal judgment of men and things. His death threw a sad, but brilliant light on all these things; for then he was really first thoroughly known and appreciated in England, and the nation learnt how much it had lost in the absence of his encouragement and living example. The numerous monuments and statues in his honor, erected in the United Kingdom, bear witness to this popular feeling of regret.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

THIS eminent orator, statesman, essayist, biographer, historian, and poet—one of the most brilliant products in English literature of the nineteenth century, came of a sound Scottish ancestry, the Macaulays of the island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides. When Dr. Johnson, in his famous tour to that region in Scotland, visited the Duke of Argyle at Inverary Castle, he was accompanied by the minister of the place, the Rev. John Macaulay, with whom, before he left the town, he had some sprightly conversation, as recorded by Boswell. This clergyman, who ended his days in a parochial charge at Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, where he died in 1789, was the father of Zachary Macaulay, the constant and familiar associate of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Granville Sharp, in the long philanthropic toil of the abolition of the British Slave Trade, in grateful memory of which he rests in an honored tomb in Westminster Abbey. Sir James Stephen has afforded us some glimpses of the man in an essay on "The Clapham Sect," as the little body of earnest religious men with whom Macaulay acted, got to be designated, from their

gatherings at the house of the benevolent Thornton, in that locality. He there describes him as "trained in the hardy habits of Scotland in ancient times, having received from his father much instruction in theology, with some Latin and a little Greek, when not employed in cultivating the paternal glebe on the Clyde. While yet a boy, he had watched as the iron entered into the soul of the slaves, whose labors he was sent to superintend in Jamaica; and, abandoning with abhorrence a pursuit which had promised him early wealth and distinction, he pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse? Turning to Sierra Leone, he braved for many years that deadly climate, that he might aid in the erection and in the defence of what was then the one city of refuge for the Negro race; and as he saw the slave-trade crushing to the dust the adjacent tribes of Africa, he again pondered the question—how shall the earth be delivered from this curse? That God had called him into being to wage war with this gigantic evil, became his immutable conviction. During forty successive years he was ever burdened with this



J. Macaulay

thought. His commerce, his studies, his friendships, his controversies, even his discourse in the bosom of his family, were all bent to the promotion of it. He edited voluminous periodical works; but whether theology, literature, or politics, were the text, the design was still the same—to train the public mind to a detestation of the slave-trade and of slavery. In that service he sacrificed all that man may lawfully sacrifice—health, fortune, repose, favor, and celebrity. He died, in 1838, a poor man, though wealth was within his reach.”

Such was Zachary Macaulay, the devoted philanthropist. He was married to Selina, daughter of Thomas Mills, a bookseller, in Bristol, of the Society of Friends, and of this union was born the subject of this notice, Thomas Babington Macaulay, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, on the 25th of October, 1800. The name Babington was derived from his uncle, a gentleman of fortune, in England, who, in his youth, had been taught by a son of Macaulay, the minister of Cardross, and had fallen in love with and married his preceptor's sister. This connection brought his brother-in-law, Zachary Macaulay, out of Scotland into England. The early education of the future historian was superintended by his mother till he was sent to a private academy at the age of thirteen. As a youth, he was precocious in talent, and attracted the attention of the venerable Hannah More, a good judge of juvenile character and ability. In a letter to his father, with whom, from their similar pursuits of religious and philanthropic subjects, she was in

friendly relations, she speaks of the child's "great superiority of intellect and quickness of passion" at the age of eleven; and of a certain ambition and power of will or authority in him, even then, suggesting that he should be brought into competition with others, and comparing him to "the prince who refused to play with anything but kings." She noticed also his active poetic faculty in making verses, his anxiety till he had poured them forth, and his indifference to them afterwards, which she thought a favorable indication." Two years later she notices, as something astonishing, "the quantity of reading Tom has poured in, and the quantity of writing he has poured out." His conversational talent was already remarkable, neat in expression, flowing in utterance, uniting "gaiety and rationality."

At the age of eighteen, this wonderful youth entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he at once became distinguished. In 1819 he gained the Chancellor's Medal for a poem entitled "Pompeii," and two years afterwards the same prize for another poem on "Evening." In the first there are evident tokens of the facility in picturesque narrative which afterwards proved so attractive in his writings; while the latter is illustrated by a picture of the sweet English landscape at twilight, and the delights of a learned fancy roaming over scenes of classic literature. In the "Pompeii" there is this happy passage, closing with an adaptation to human interests of a famous image by Pope.

“Then mirth and music thro’ Pompeii rung;
 Then verdant wreaths on all her portals hung;
 Her sons, with solemn rite and jocund lay
 Hail’d the glad splendors of that festal day.
 With fillets bound, the hoary priests advance,
 And rosy virgins braid the choral dance.
 The rugged warrior here unbends awhile
 His iron front, and deigns a transient smile;
 There, frantic with delight, the ruddy boy
 Scarce treads on earth, and bounds and laughs
 with joy.

From every crowded altar perfumes rise
 In billowy clouds of fragrance to the skies.
 The milk-white monarch of the herd they lead,
 With gilded horns, at yonder shrine to bleed;
 And while the victim crops the ‘broider’d
 plain,
 And frisks and gambols tow’rds the destined
 fane,
 They little deem that like himself they stray
 To death, unconscious, o’er a flow’ry way.
 Heedless, like him, th’ impending stroke await,
 And sport and wanton on the brink of fate.”

In 1821, Macaulay was also elected to the Craven Scholarship; he graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1822, was elected a Fellow of Trinity, and in 1822 graduated M. A. It was in the latter part of this course that he gave to the world the first striking proof of his varied literary accomplishments and attainments, in his contributions to “Knight’s Quarterly Magazine,” published in three volumes, from June, 1823, to November, 1824. This periodical was a kind of sequel to “The Etonian,” in which several of its leading contributors, Henry Nelson Coleridge, William Sydney Walker, and especially the poet, Winthrop Mackworth Praed, had given proof of their fine talents. It had also an earlier predecessor in the “Microcosm,” for which Channing wrote in his youthful days, and which was published by the father of Charles Knight, so that the new venture was quite in the line of a worthy literary succession. In its

first number, in a humorous paper written by Praed, in the character of editor marshalling his contributors, we have this characteristic introduction of Thomas Babington Macaulay, under a designation which marks his articles throughout the work. “‘Tristram Merton, come into Court.’ There came up a short manly figure, marvellously upright, with a bad neckcloth and one hand in his waistcoat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good humor, or both, you do not regret its absence.” And this figure proceeds to discourse in a rapid, oratorical, highly decorated way, of the days of Pericles and Aspasia, running on with a fertile crop of illustrations and similes from the Arabian Nights, Mahomet’s Legends, Southey’s Kehama, Zoroaster, Paul of Russia, and what not. The style of the young scholar was already well known to his friends. In his own proper way, Macaulay contributed to this first number of “Knight’s Quarterly” three characteristic articles, a picturesque “Fragment of a Roman Tale,” an eloquent appeal “on West Indian Slavery;” a pleasant satire “On The Royal Society of Literature,” and a couple of fluent lyrical effusions. All are marked by a warm glow of expression and an unfailing supply of picturesque illustrations. No writer, in this way, ever turned a fund of miscellaneous reading to better account. We find nothing further from our author’s pen in the second number, but the third gives us an Athenian dramatic sketch, a critical descriptive paper on Dante, and the two

"Songs of the Huguenots," which have become, in our school books and by public recitation, familiar as household words—"Montcontour" and "Ivry," to which were added, in the next issue of the Quarterly, the equally well known "Songs of the Civil War—The Cavalier's March to London, and The Battle of Naseby." Among the other papers in the work by Macaulay were critical Essays on "Petrarch," "The Athenian Orators," a review of "Mitford's Greece," and "A Conversation between Mr. Abraham Cowley and Mr. John Milton touching the great Civil War." Abundant proof there was in all this of the varied capacity of a writer whose pen apparently could produce nothing incapable of charming the reader.

Having adopted the law as his profession, he was called to the bar, a student of Lincoln's Inn, in 1826; but it was not as a lawyer that he was to achieve his fame; nor did he for some time enter upon his career in political life. His finest powers, in fact, were always to be displayed in literature. Already he was gaining a name as a contributor to the Edinburgh Review, in which he soon outdid the triumphs of Jeffrey, upon whose animated style he engrafted a greater wit and variety with a still more impetuous sweep of eloquence. His first article in that periodical was a paper on West Indian Slavery, published in the number for January, 1825, a review of a book on the subject, by James Stephen, a keen incisive discussion, meeting objections, laying bare fallacies, and urging on the work of humanity with a fertility of resource imparting new life to a

seemingly threadbare theme. This was followed in August by an article which first brought the writer permanently into notice, an eloquent paper on the genius and character of Milton. The popular admiration of this ornate composition somewhat annoyed the writer afterwards, when his style had attained a greater solidity, and he looked back upon this as a youthful rhetorical display; but its glow and fervor of admiration of the heroic subject will always gain it admirers, and it, upon the whole, worthily heads the volumes of the author's collected "Essays." The next year came a noticeable paper on "The London University," in which, among other things, the relative importance of the study of Greek and Latin and more modern forms of culture is discussed, with a call for a wider and more practical system of education than had hitherto prevailed in the higher institutions of learning in England. At the same time, he pays a scholar's glowing tribute to the language and literature of Greece, with some disparagement of the Latin. In 1827 we have several "Macaulay articles," as they soon began to be called in the Review; one on the "Social and Industrial Capacities of Negroes," in which the part of the oppressed race was taken against the conclusions in a report of a government commission appointed to look into the condition of certain Africans rescued from their captors in the suppression of the slave trade; another, a vigorous assault on the Tory Administration of the day; and a third, which displays the author's powers to the best advantage, a closely written Es

say on the Italian statesman, Machiavelli, chaste yet rich in style, finely thought out, and replete with the happiest illustrations. In 1828 came three quite as remarkable papers: a critical sketch of the poet Dryden, and two papers on "History;" one a general review of historical writers, the other an elaborate paper on the Constitutional History of England, suggested by the work of Hallam. During the two next years Macaulay's pen was actively at work in papers for the "Edinburgh;" reviews of James Mill's "Essays on Government," "The Utilitarian Theory of Government," "Southey's Colloquies on Society," "Sadler's Law of Population." The vivid presentation and able discussion of subjects like these, with the writer's family connection, pointed him out for usefulness to the Whig party, whose interests he advocated; and he was, in 1830, by the assistance of Lord Lansdowne, elected a member of parliament for the borough of Calne.

He at once made his mark as a speaker in the House of Commons. His first speech, delivered April 5, 1830, was on the "Bill to Repeal the Civil Disabilities affecting British-Born Subjects professing the Jewish Religion," a topic which he afterwards treated in an article in the "Edinburgh Review." It was, of course, in favor of the measure. Looking at it as it is reported in Hansard, we find it an acute, practical exposition of the inconsequential assumptions and fallacies of the opposition, with much of that downright application of logical tests which distinguishes the advocacy of reform by Sydney Smith. When

Macaulay had concluded, Sir James Mackintosh followed on the same theme, and spoke of the speech which he had just heard as well calculated to impress the house, and every way worthy of the name borne by the speaker. Macaulay spoke again briefly, in December, on the subject of Slavery in the West Indies; but it was in the series of speeches which he delivered during the discussion of Parliamentary Reform, in 1831 and 1832, that he fairly established his reputation as an orator. The qualities by which he succeeded were those by which he was gaining an unprecedented popularity as an essayist; a direct, energetic, business faculty in putting forward his views; a ready and unsparing use of logical weapons in discomfiting an adversary, a brilliant employment of an apparently inexhaustible stock of historical illustrations. Francis, in his book on the "Orators of the Age," published in 1849, when the speaker had achieved his chief work in parliament, speaks of "his bold, vigorous, uncompromising mode of handling a question; his acute analysis and firm grasp of his subject, mingling in a remarkable manner the persuasiveness of the advocate with the impartiality of the judge." With such resources, which have left his speeches still attractive to readers, one would expect corresponding physical graces in the orator. But, as Mr. Francis tells us, the contrast of the reality was striking. "Nature," says he, "has grudged Mr. Macaulay height and fine proportion, and his voice is one of the most monotonous and least agreeable of those which usually belong to our

countrymen north of the Tweed—a voice well adapted to give utterance with precision to the conclusions of the intellect, but in no way naturally formed to express feeling or passion. Mr. Macaulay is short in stature, round, and with a growing tendency to aldermanic disproportions. His head has the same rotundity as his body, and seems stuck on it as firmly as a pin-head. This is nearly the sum of his personal defects; all else, except the voice, is certainly in his favor. His face seems literally instinct with expression; the eye, above all, full of deep thought and meaning. As he walks, or rather straggles, along the street, he seems as if in a state of total abstraction, unmindful of all that is going on around him, and solely occupied with his own working mind. You cannot help thinking that literature with him is not a mere profession or pursuit, but that it has almost grown a part of himself, as though historical problems or analytical criticism were a part of his daily and regular intellectual food.”

In 1832, Macaulay was returned a member of the first reformed parliament as the representative of Leeds, and was the ensuing year made Secretary of the Board of Control. An elaborate speech on East Indian Affairs, in 1833, was followed, after a short interval, by his appointment as member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta, with the view of securing his services in the preparation of a new code of Indian laws. He accepted the office, and for two years and a half applied himself diligently to the work. The code was completed and publish-

ed after his return to England; but though it exhibited the author's acuteness and general ability, it was not adopted, being thought insufficient to meet in practice the exigencies of the country. The emoluments of the office being large, he secured by it the means of a future moderate independence. He had meanwhile kept up his contributions to the “Edinburgh Review.” Following the papers we have mentioned, among others were his reviews of Moore's “Byron,” Croker's “Boswell's Johnson;” papers on Hampden, “Lord Burleigh and his Times,” Mirabeau, Horace Walpole, the Earl of Chatham, and two important articles contributed while the author was in India, on the History of the Revolution of 1688, suggested by the work of Sir James Mackintosh, and one of his masterpieces, a general review of the “Life of Lord Bacon, and his Philosophy.”

Not long after his return from India, Macaulay, in 1839, re-entered parliament as member for the city of Edinburgh, and the same year accepted the office of Secretary at War, under the Whig administration of Lord Melbourne. He held this till Sir Robert Peel and the Tories came into power in 1841. He continued a vigorous member of the opposition till Lord John Russell became premier, in 1846, when he was appointed paymaster-general of the forces, with a seat in the cabinet. In 1847 he was before his constituents at Edinburgh for re-election, and was defeated in consequence of a disagreement with the majority growing out of his independent support of a grant to the Irish Roman

Catholic College at Maynooth. He was treated with much harshness and even insult at the hustings, and felt the indignity. In a speech to the electors, after the result was declared, he said: "I once did believe, and from what I have seen either of English or Scotch communities I was entitled to believe, that there existed none where any person would have made his appearance for the mere purpose of hissing the defeated candidate. Gentlemen, I stand before you defeated, but neither degraded nor dispirited. Our political connection has terminated forever. If ever I return, and I hope often to return to your city, it will be solely for the purpose of seeing the most beautiful of British cities, and of meeting in private intercourse some of those valued friends whose regard, I hope, will survive our political separation." Sick at heart, Macaulay retired for a time from parliamentary life, for he might have found, had he been inclined, another constituency. A poem of great beauty and feeling, written by him at this time, and not published till after his death, simply entitled, "Lines Written in August, 1847," discloses the exquisite sensibility of the man, and the devotion of his inner life to principles, and a solace out of reach of the disturbances of the day. In slumber in an old mansion, he sees the fairy queens who rule the future with their gifts appear at the cradle of the infant child. The queens of gain, of fashion, of power and pleasure, pass by the boy with disdain; till one, the genius of virtue and intellect, comes to shed upon him her choicest benedictions, promising him her support, not

only in all the refined enjoyments of life, but when all else should fail.

"Thine most, when friends turn pale, when traitors fly,

When hard beset, thy spirit, justly proud,
For truth, peace, freedom, mercy, dares defy,
A sullen priesthood and a raving crowd.

"Amidst the din of all things fell and vile.

Hate's yell and envy's hiss, and folly's bray,
Remember me; and with an unforced smile,
See riches, baubles, flatterers pass away.

"Yes; they will pass away; nor deem it strange:

They come and go, as comes and goes the sea:
And let them come and go: thou, through all change,

Fix thy firm gaze on virtue and on me.

The Edinburgh defeat was a serious loss to the House of Commons, but the world was the gainer by the opportunity afforded the disappointed candidate to devote himself, in a greater degree than hitherto, to his favorite literary pursuits. During the whole period of his services in parliament, indeed, they had never been intermitted. To the "Edinburgh Review" he had still been a contributor, continuing the series of his fascinating articles with the brilliant historical essays on Clive and Hastings, animated by his Indian study and experiences; and by the side of literary portraits of Madame D'Arblay and Addison, equally graphic representations of the career of Frederic the Great, of Barere, and the last of the series, the sequel to his former paper on the Earl of Chatham. He had also, in 1842, published his "Lays of Ancient Rome;" in which, in rapid and glowing versification, he had successfully reproduced, in a modern ballad form, the spirit of several of its memorable legends, the story

"How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old,—

The "Battle of the Lake Regillus;" the tale of "Virginia," and the Prophecy of Capys celebrating the martial glories of Rome. "As modern criticism had resolved much of the antique records of the people into mythical legend," it was the purpose of Macaulay, in his own words, "to reverse that process and transform some portions of early Roman history back into the poetry out of which they were made." In doing this, he borrowed something, as he tells us, from the old English ballads, and more from Sir Walter Scott, "the great restorer of our ballad poetry;" while he owed still greater obligations to the Iliad, from which, in accordance with the theory he had adopted, he had "reason to believe that some of the old Latin minstrels really had recourse to that inexhaustible store of poetical images." Every reader knows the felicity with which the author carried out his plan; the book has been among the most popular of his writings, where all are popular; and has, like his "Lays of the Cavaliers," furnished recitations for school-boys, and reappeared in many editions as one of the brightest literary productions of its time. The skill with which the author manages a crowd of Roman names is one of the most noticeable traits of the poem. In the ardor of his genius, they by no means, as in other hands they might have done, retard; but, on the contrary, accelerate the living movement of his verse.

Another and greater work in literature was yet before the author. His essays in the "Edinburgh" had led him, by the paths of biography and

criticism, to the wider region of history; and he now set before himself a task capable of employing all his resources and experience. The programme was announced in the first sentences of the introductory chapter of the work, two volumes of which appeared in 1849. "I purpose," says he, "to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second down to a time which is within the memory of men still living. I shall recount the errors which, in a few months, alienated a loyal gentry and priesthood from the House of Stuart. I shall trace the course of that revolution which terminated the long struggle between our sovereigns and their parliaments, and bound up together the rights of the people and the title of the reigning dynasty. I shall relate how the new settlement was, during many troubled years, successfully defended against foreign and domestic enemies; how, under that settlement, the authority of law and the security of property were found to be compatible, with a liberty of discussion and of individual action never before known; how, from the auspicious union of order and freedom, sprang a prosperity of which the annals of human affairs had furnished no example; how our country, from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers; how her opulence and her martial glory grew together; how, by wise and resolute good faith, was gradually established a public credit fruitful of marvels, which to the statesmen of any former age would have seemed incredible; how a gigantic commerce gave

birth to a maritime power, compared with which every other maritime power, ancient or modern, sinks into insignificance; how Scotland, after ages of enmity, was at length united to England, not merely by legal bonds, but by indissoluble ties of interest and affection; how, in America, the British colonies rapidly became far mightier and wealthier than the realms which Cortes and Pizarro had added to the dominions of Charles the Fifth; how, in Asia, British adventurers founded an empire not less splendid and more durable than that of Alexander."

A declaration like this has something of the air of the style of Gibbon; and, with many elements of unlikeness, there is a certain parallelism between the two historians in their respective histories. An unresting vigorous movement is common to both; each seems to exult in a plenitude of details and illustrations; they equally rely upon an accumulation of particulars drawn from incidental sources; they are actuated alike by a sympathetic poetic imagination, and the delight of the scholar and thinker in the successful exertion of intellectual power. The flowing sentences of Macaulay, sweeping onward in a majestic current, differ from the smart antithetical condensation of the compact periods of Gibbon, as befits the open and more free atmosphere of modern times. In one respect, unhappily, any resemblance between the two works ceases. Gibbon lived, with proud satisfaction, to complete his design; Macaulay left his unaccomplished. Two more volumes of the history appeared in 1855; a fifth was published after his death,

exhausting the manuscript which he had prepared, closing with the death of William III.

M. Taine, the brilliant philosophical critic of the day, in his work on English literature, has traced the excellence of Macaulay in his "History," to his talent as an orator. "True eloquence," he writes, "is that which perfects argument by emotion; which reproduces the unity of events by the unity of passion; which repeats the motion and the chain of facts by the motion and the chain of ideas. It is a genuine imitation of nature; more complete than pure analysis; it reanimates beings; its dash and vehemence form part of science and of truth. Of whatever subject he treats, political economy, morality, philosophy, literature, history, Macaulay is impassioned for his subject. The current which bears away events excites in him, as soon as he sees it, a current which bears forward his thought. He does not set forth his opinion, he pleads it. He has that energetic, sustained, and vibrating tone which bows down opposition and conquers belief. His thought is an active force; it is imposed on the hearer; it attacks him with such superiority, falls upon him with such a train of proofs, such a manifest and legitimate authority, such a powerful impulse, that we never think of resisting it; and it masters the heart by its vehemence, whilst, at the same time, it masters the reason by its evidence. * * * * In his 'History,' by his breadth of knowledge, his power of reasoning and passion, he has produced one of the finest books of the age, whilst manifesting the genius

of his nation. This solidity, this energy, this deep political passion, these moral prejudices, these oratorical habits, this limited philosophical power, this partially uniform style, without flexibility or sweetness, this eternal gravity, this geometrical progress to a settled end, announce in him the English mind."

As a partial effort for the discredit or neglect which had been shown him at Edinburgh, Macaulay was, in 1849, elected to the honorary office of Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. His address on occasion of his installation, was an eloquent retrospect of the early history of the institution, when it sprang into existence under the auspices of that friend to learning of the renaissance, Pope Nicholas the Fifth, and of the influences of that support in the century of the Reformation which ensued. A few years later, in 1852, Edinburgh herself made amends by electing him to a seat in parliament without any overtures or exertions on his part. Pleased with this mark of confidence, he again took his seat in the House of Commons. He bore, however, little part in its proceedings. A single speech on "The Exclusion of Judges from the House," delivered in 1853, is the only one of this new period introduced by him in the collection of his Speeches, which he edited the following year. In 1856, in failing health, he resigned his seat, and in 1857 was, unexpectedly to himself, raised by the Queen to the peerage, when he took the title of Baron Macaulay. He still continued, though with interrupted strength, his employments in literature, working steadily

upon the History, and contributing several choice biographies—of Johnson, Goldsmith, Pitt, Atterbury, Bunyan—to his friend, Adam Black's "Encyclopædia Britannica," in which his finest qualities were displayed. In the midst of these occupations, in his residence in London, he died suddenly of disease of the heart, on the 28th of December, 1859. He was buried in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey, by the grave of Johnson. He was never married, and his title died with him.

Departing from its usual custom, the "Edinburgh Review," which owed so much to his pen, in its succeeding number, in January, 1860, paid this tribute to his character and genius:

"Others will relate, as long as literary history excites the sympathy and the curiosity of future ages, the varied and inexhaustible gifts which marked out Thomas Babington Macaulay from all his contemporaries. The astonishing activity of his mind had ranged from early youth through every path of literary research; the capacity and precision of his memory retained and arranged for instant use every page, every thought, every incident, and every name which had at any time attracted his attention. All he read, all he knew,—and what had he not read? what did he not know?—was reflected by some spectral process on his memory, where it remained, subject to no change but that of mortality. Accordingly, the studies of his earlier years, the sublime language of the Hebrew Scriptures, the tragic grandeur of the Athenian stage, the eloquence and wisdom of the orators and historians

of antiquity, and even the discourses of the Christian Fathers, formed the basis of his mental culture, and were no less present to his mind than every other part of the vast structure of modern literature and history he raised upon it. But whilst the universal range of his acquirements had rendered him familiar with all that was beautiful and elevated in the literature of other ages and other lands, the focus of his genius centred in the history, the language, and the literary life of England. Profoundly versed in the story of her growth, and imbued with the spirit of her freedom; admirably skilled in the use of his mother tongue, of which it may be said, as Wordsworth said of Milton, that in his hands 'the thing became a trumpet;' incredibly familiar with the writings and the lives of every man who has left a trace in the letters of this country, till he seemed to have the power of recalling the dead by the vivacity of his own impressions of them, Lord Macaulay was essentially English in his habits of thought and in his tastes. The strongest of all his feelings was the love and pride excited in him by his native land; for he knew her and admired her, not only as the England of this age, but from the dawn of her annals to the fulness of her strength.

"In other men gifted with these extraordinary powers of memory, it has been remarked that the mind is overburdened with its own stores, and that powers of vigorous thought are not unfrequently wanting to animate and control the mass of acquired knowledge. The intellect of Lord Macaulay was more perfectly consti-

ted. He combined so vivid an imagination with so solid a judgment, that if he had not been a great historian he might have passed down to posterity as a great poet; and whilst the amount of his intellectual wealth would have overwhelmed a mind of less original power, with him it remained subordinate to the genius of the Master. No man was more remarkable for the nice discrimination of his critical powers, or for the ingenious combinations by which he threw a new and vivid light on the course of events, the play of human character, and the principles he lived to advocate and defend. It was this rare union, which gave so wonderful a charm to his style; every sentence was instinct with life; every word touched by his pen left its mark; and the same spell which captivated the most accomplished of his contemporaries, and overruled the hostility of his antagonists, gave him an unequalled popularity wherever the language of England is understood or admired.

"We speak of Lord Macaulay, mainly, as a man of letters, because without doubt that is his chief glory and his most imperishable character. For although we have seen and admired the part he sometimes filled in political debate, and his speeches in the House of Commons were not unworthy of himself, he early discerned that he was the heir of a loftier fame than political services can earn, or political distinctions confer. When called by the just favor of the Crown to the august ranks of the British peerage, and to that Senate which alas! he was never able to address, the nation felt that his coronet rested upon his

matchless literary eminence, and not upon mere party connexion. "No peerage conferred by a Minister was ever more cordially sanctioned by the nation, for it was felt that the lustre thrown by his genius upon the peerage surpassed the distinction conferred by the peerage upon himself. No doubt Lord Macaulay was strongly attached to his political friends, and deeply imbued with those immortal principles which have assigned to the Whig party so glorious a share in the annals and government of this country. But he raised those principles to a higher power. He gave them a broader and more universal character. He traced them along the mighty streams of history, and he expanded them till they embraced the noblest destinies of man. Enshrined in the memorable Essays which first appeared in the pages of this journal, and embodied in the great History, which though still incomplete, includes the most remarkable epoch and the most formidable crisis of British constitutional freedom, these truths will be remembered in the language he gave them, when parliamentary orators and the contentions of statesmen are forgotten. Above all things, his public career was singularly high-minded and pure; he was actuated by no selfish motives; he disdained every vulgar reward; and, bound by principle to the Whig par-

ty, he never made the slightest sacrifice of his own judgment and independence to the demands of popular prejudice or to the dictation of authority.

"The brilliant efforts of accomplished rhetoric, the graphic scenes traced by a vivid imagination, the energetic defence of political principles, would however, fail to secure to Lord Macaulay that place which he deserves in the memory of his countrymen, if his prodigious intellectual powers had not been allied to a still nobler temperament. * * * Though singularly inaccessible to the ordinary temptations of vanity or ambition, one wish of personal distinction we know him to have entertained, and that wish has been fitly fulfilled. He more than once expressed his earnest desire that his mortal remains might rest in that sepulture of the illustrious dead of England, which inspired one of the most exquisite contemplative essays in the language to Addison, and which has oftentimes been described as the last bourne of human renown by Macaulay. Between the men who made these names immortal there are now but a few feet of stone; both of them are gathered in the same spot to the silent company of their compeers. In that assemblage of poets, orators, statesmen, and patriots, there rests no nobler Englishman than he whom we have so recently laid there."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THIS amiable authoress, who, by her genial kindly successes in literature, won so honorable an esteem in the hearts of readers of the last generation—a regard well worthy to be continued at present and hereafter—was born at Alresford, Hampshire, England, the 16th of December, 1787. Her maternal grandfather, Dr. Richard Russell, was of the Bedford family, a parish clergyman, with a good private fortune. He was married to a Hampshire lady, also possessed of considerable property. Of three children, one only, a daughter, survived her parents, Mary Russell, who thus inherited the family estate, worth in lands and funds about forty thousand pounds. She was plain in appearance, with lady-like manners, ready and intelligent in conversation, with a kind, amiable disposition. At the age of thirty-five, a few months after she had come into possession of her fortune, when, by the death of her mother, she was “left alone in the oppressive solitude of a large house, with no companion but her father’s library,” she was courted and won by a Dr. George Mitford, of a good Northumberland family, a graduate of the Ed-

inburgh University, who had settled at Alresford as a physician—a man of a careless, joyous temperament, utterly improvident, with an outside show of talent and amiability, of rare personal beauty, addicted to dissipation and extravagance, already, at twenty-five, reduced to poverty, and ambitious of expensive living. The only child of this union, born two years after the marriage, at the date we have given, at her mother’s house, was the subject of this notice, Mary Russell Mitford.

She early exhibited great precocity of intellect. Before she was three years old, she was able to read, when, as she playfully tells us in her “Recollections of a Literary Life,” “my father would perch me on the breakfast-table to exhibit that one accomplishment to some admiring guest, who admired all the more, because, a small, puny child, looking far younger than I really was, nicely dressed, as only children generally are, and gifted with an affluence of curls, I might have passed for the twin sister of my own great doll.” The subjects chosen for these recitations were her father’s favorite leading articles in the Whig newspapers of the day,—a rather severe infliction on



M. R. Mott

the infant mind; but the child had her reward when she called upon her mother in turn to repeat for her the "Children in the Wood," a ballad which she looked for after every performance, "just as the piping bullfinch that hung in the window, looked for his lump of sugar after going through 'God save the King'—the two cases being exactly parallel." One day, her mother being out of the way, her father, whose memory was not so well stored, had to hunt up the ballad in Bishop Percy's Collection. The book was retained by the maid at the child's request, to be at hand for use; and thus, by the time she was four or five years old, she read the ballads herself, and grew into admiration of the work which, more than any other, has influenced the modern poetry of England. Her associations, too, at this time, were of the most delightful character. "The breakfast room," as she recalls it, "where I first possessed myself of my beloved ballads, was a lofty and spacious apartment, literally lined with books, which, with its Turkey carpet, its glowing fire, its sofas and its easy chairs, seemed, what indeed it was, a very nest of English comfort. The windows opened on a large, old-fashioned garden, full of old-fashioned flowers—stocks, roses, honeysuckles and pinks; and that again led into a grassy orchard, abounding with fruit-trees, a picturesque country churchyard, with its yews and lindens on one side, and beyond, a down as smooth as velvet, dotted with rich islands of coppice, hazel, woodbine, hawthorn and holly, reaching up into the young oaks, and overhanging flowery patches

of primroses, wood-sorrel, wild hyacinths and wild strawberries. On the side opposite the church, in a hollow fringed with alders and bulrushes, gleamed the bright, clear lakelet, radiant with swans and water-lilies, which the simple townsfolk were content to call the Great Pond. What a play-ground was that orchard! and what play-fellows were mine! the maid, Nancy, with her trim prettiness; my own dear father, handsomest and cheerfulest of men; and the great Newfoundland dog, Coe, who used to lie down at my feet, as if to invite me to mount him, and then to prance off with his burden, as if he enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Happy, happy days! It is good to have the memory of such a childhood! to be able to call up past delights by the mere sight and sound of Chevy Chase, or the battle of Otterbourne."

This reminiscence was given to the world in 1851, when, at the age of sixty-five, the writer was approaching the end of her pilgrimage. It is a cheerful retrospect, vividly bringing before us in a few sentences, the scenes of English nature and animal life in which she took an unflinching interest, and which no one has more exquisitely painted than herself. It was a serene setting to a troubled day, often clouded, but along which the rays of a cheerful, happy spirit were ever shining. Returning to the morning hour of childhood, to trace this chequered progress of the maiden life, we find the interruption of its felicity in the spendthrift habits of her father. In the course of eight or nine years after his marriage, he had contrived by

his reckless mismanagement or expense to dissipate all except a small secured fraction of his wife's property; the furniture and library were sold; the pleasant residence at Alresford had been given up for a temporary one at Lyme Regis; and that for a retreat in London, where, about the year 1795, the doctor was living with his wife and child on the Surrey side of Blackfriar's Bridge, and finding a refuge from his creditors within the rules of the King's Bench. In this strait, the daughter, child as she was, came as she ever did, to the end, to the rescue of the improvident father. Among other traits of his expensive disposition, he was fond of play; and, as a matter of course, when everybody indulged in this sort of dissipation, he was ready to dabble in the public lottery, which was then an established institution in England and America. He took Mary with him one day to the office to choose a number. She unhesitatingly fixed upon a certain one, which proved to be only the sixteenth of a ticket. As a whole one was wanted, the first suggestion was naturally to select another; but the little girl stoutly insisted upon her choice; and the father, from a superstitious feeling, let her have her way. The sixteenth was bought, and the other parts of the ticket were looked up and obtained at different offices. When the drawing took place, the ticket turned up a prize of twenty thousand pounds.

This, of course, set the doctor upon his legs again—for a time. The confined city lodgings were exchanged for a house at Reading, where, "with his phaeton, his spaniels, and his grey-

hounds, he enjoyed his good fortune with all his wonted hilarity of spirit, prodigality of expense, and utter want of consideration for the future." His daughter, too, shared the improvement in the family finances, by being sent to a fashionable boarding-school at Chelsea, kept by a French emigrant, where she learnt French and Italian, and passed five years very happily, education being carried on in that establishment in an open and liberal manner. It was a peculiarity of Miss Mitford's early life, that she appears never to have been thwarted or restrained by any rigorous rules; so that nothing interfered with the full development of her powers. Her intercourse with her parents seems always to have been on a footing of equality. They were easy and indulgent, and took pride in encouraging her talents; and, in consequence, she soon attained a remarkable degree of self-possession. A noticeable instance of an unhesitating expression of opinion in one so young, is contained in a letter written to her father from the school in Hans Place, when she was in her eleventh year. She is speaking of a visit of an uncle and his wife. Of the latter she writes: "I hope that I may be wrong in my opinion of my aunt; but I again repeat, I think she has the most hypocritical drawl that I ever heard." A less generous nature might have been spoiled by this species of confidence; but in the case of Miss Mitford, it was proof of little else than a vigorous mental activity and hardihood, for the support of which she was to have occasion enough in her passage through life.

On her return from school in 1802, she found her father engaged in another of his money-wasting enterprises. He had purchased a farm of about seventy acres, in the vicinity of Reading; and, not content with the quaint respectable old-fashioned house upon it, had resolved to pull it down and erect another of more modern construction in its place. This ancient mansion, which bore the name of Grasely Court, was consequently levelled and supplanted by a new building, to which, in commemoration of his family relationship with the Mitfords of Bertram Castle, he gave the name of Bertram House. Here, for awhile, the family pride was fostered by a life of liberal hospitality and expense. In occasional visits to London, Miss Mitford became acquainted with the art exhibitions and best theatrical performances of the day; while at home she was a most indefatigable devourer of books. A list of the novels which she read in a single winter month in 1806, preserved by her mother as a check on the bill of the circulating library, foots up more than fifty volumes of now, for the most part, forgotten productions. At all times she was an omnivorous reader; and, as her correspondence constantly shows, a most excellent judge and sympathetic appreciator of what was of value in literature. A journey with her father to Northumberland, among his family relations, under the auspices of a wealthy female cousin, Lady Charles Aynsley, was an important event for a young lady of nineteen, as it brought her into communication with the luxurious modes of life of the northern aristocracy. In the midst of

a succession of feastings and entertainments on this tour, she is suddenly left by her father, who departs unceremoniously to assist in an election at Reading, for which piece of eccentricity, he receives quite a pungent letter from his abandoned daughter, to whom he afterwards returns to accompany her homeward. The whole account of this journey in her correspondence, is spirited, and shows her quite at home in a relish and appreciation of high life.

The literary talents of Miss Mitford were first exhibited in her "Letters;" but she was also, at an early age, given to the composition of occasional verses on such topics of the day as the death of Sir John Moore, and the celebration of her father's political idols, Fox, Cobbett, and their associates. Of these, with others, recording her own love of nature and favorite pursuits, she made a collection, which, under the simple title, "Poems, by Mary Russell Mitford," was published by the Longmans, in 1810. The cost was of course defrayed by the family, and, as is usual in such cases, the production met with no success. It was rather roughly handled in the "Quarterly Review," then in its infancy, and ready to pounce upon game which, in its later years, would be thought unworthy of its notice. The article is said to have been written by the Rev. John Mitford, the editor of Gray. Though of the same name, he was not probably of the same family, or he might have been more indulgent to the school-girl verses before him, or not have noticed them at all. The only interest which attaches to the

volume, is from the indication which it affords of the early love of the writer for flowers and fields, and the natural scenery around her. Writing at this time to Sir William Elford, a fellow of the Royal and Linneæan Societies, a gentleman of much taste and culture, advanced in life, a friend of her father, who had the faculty of drawing out her powers, and to whom a long series of her voluminous correspondence is addressed, she says of this love of nature: "You are quite right in believing my fondness for rural scenery to be sincere; and yet one is apt to fall into the prevailing cant upon those subjects. And I am generally so happy everywhere, that I was never quite sure of it myself, till, during the latter part of my stay in town, the sight of a rose, the fragrance of a honeysuckle, and even the trees in Kensington Gardens, excited nothing but fruitless wishes for our own flowers, and our own peaceful woodlands. Having ascertained the fact, I am unwilling to examine the motives, for I fear that indolence of mind and body would find a conspicuous place among them. There is no trouble or exertion in admiring a beautiful view, listening to a murmuring stream, or reading poetry under the shade of an old oak; and I am afraid that is why I love them so well." From private letters written in this pleasing strain,—and her pen runs on for pages with her correspondents in an equally agreeable manner, it was but a short step into print to delight the public by her facile genius.

Succeeding to the publication of the *Miscellaneous Poems*, another of con-

siderable length was at once undertaken, entitled "Christina; or, The Maid of the South Seas," founded on the romantic incidents which followed the Mutiny of the *Bounty*, and which had then recently been brought to notice by Captain Folger's visit to Pitcairn Island, in 1808. In carrying this through the press, the author had the assistance of the advice of the poet Coleridge, to whom the proof sheets were submitted. The poem, on its publication, in 1811, became very popular, and passed through several editions in America. It was next year followed by another, "Watlington Hill," in the octosyllabic measure of Sir Walter Scott. In the meantime there was, in consequence of Dr. Mitford's extravagance and speculations—his fondness for gaming was alone sufficient to account for his frequent embarrassments—a sad want of money at Bertram House, in spite of the old lottery fund and legacies falling in. Servants were to be dismissed, books and pictures sold, and a general sacrifice of property and securities; all of which is plainly discussed by Miss Mitford in letters to her father. She is ready to part with anything to secure peace in a humble retirement with a small competency. As early as 1808 great reductions had been required in the establishment, and the handsome style of living in the family fell by various shifts from lower to lower grades of appearances and respectability, till there was next to nothing left to support the house. It was retained, however, till 1820, when it was finally relinquished for a humble cottage in the vicinity, a mile

nearer Reading, at the village of Three Mile Cross. The new habitation is thus described by Miss Mitford, in a letter to her friend, Sir William Elford. "Our residence is a cottage—no, not a cottage—it does not deserve the name—a messuage or tenement, such as a little farmer, who had made twelve or fourteen hundred pounds, might retire to when he left off business to live on his means. It consists of a series of closets, the largest of which may be about eight feet square, which they call parlors and kitchens and pantries; some of them minus a corner, which have been unnaturally filched for a chimney; others deficient in half a side, which has been truncated by the shelving roof. Behind is a garden about the size of a good drawing-room, with an arbor which is a complete sentry-box of privet. On one side a public house, on the other a village shop, and right opposite a cobbler's stall." But the cheerful disposition of Miss Mitford soon found consolation in the new restricted abode. The outer world of nature in which she revelled was still unchanged. "The cabin," she continues, "is within reach of my dear old walks; the banks where I find my violets; the meadows full of cowslips; and the woods where the wood-sorrel blows. We are all beginning to get settled and comfortable, and resuming our usual habits. * * * It is an excellent lesson of condensation—one which we all wanted. Great as our merits might be in some points, we none of us excelled in compression. Mamma's tidiness was almost as diffuse as her daughter's litter. Papa could never tell a short story;

nor could papa's daughter, as you well know, ever write a short letter. I expect we shall be much benefited by this squeeze; though at present it sits upon us as uneasily as tight stays, and is just as awkward looking. Indeed, my great objection to a small room always was its extreme unbecomingness to one of my enormity. I really seem to fill it—like a black-bird in a goldfinch's cage. The parlor looks all me."

This was certainly a kindly and philosophical way of looking at the family misfortunes; and, with Miss Mitford, it was no affair of mere sentiment, but a practical every-day virtue. Her father had brought a rich estate to ruin; and it fell upon the daughter, by her talents, to repair the fallen fortunes of the house. In doing this, she labored with her pen for long years, sacrificing health and constitution in the effort, cheerfully ministering not only to her father's wants but to his continued folly and extravagance. She soon found two lucrative resources in literary production, in writing for the magazines and the stage. To the first she furnished poetry, tales, criticism, and the series of descriptive sketches of the rural life around her, which, carried on for many years, made for her a distinctive reputation as a painter of landscape and village portraiture, as the author of "Our Village," as these papers were entitled in their collected form. "This work, or rather series of works," as the "Quarterly Review" remarks, making amends for its early harshness to the juvenile poems, "may be said, without caricature, to have become a classic, and to have set the fashion in literature of a

series of sketches of home scenery and natural life—akin to the wood-cuts of Bewick, or the etchings of Read of Salisbury, and will bear return and reprint so long as the taste for close observation and miniature painting of scenery and manners shall last.” The spirit and method with which she entered upon the sketches may be gathered from her remarks in the preface to the collected work. “The descriptions have always been written on the spot and at the moment, and in nearly every instance with the closest and most resolute fidelity to the place and the people. If I am accused of having given a brighter aspect to my villagers than is usually met with in books, I cannot help it, and would not if I could. I have painted as they appeared to me, their little frailties and their many virtues, under an intense and thankful conviction that in every condition of life goodness and happiness may be found by those who seek them, and never more surely than in the fresh air, the shade, and the sunshine, of nature.” Growing out of “Our Village” came numerous tales and sketches for the annuals and magazines, and the distinct publication, “Belford Regis; or, Sketches of a Country Town,” in which she drew her material from Reading.

Miss Mitford’s dramatic productions began with “Julian,” which was performed with Macready in the leading character, in the spring of 1823. It was followed by the “Two Foscari,” in 1826; “Rienzi,” with Young for the head, in 1828; and “Charles the First,” in 1834. All of these were successful, “Rienzi,” in the greatest

degree. Of their general characteristics, a writer in “Blackwood’s Magazine,” says, “besides the graceful and fluent writing, which is as remarkable in them as in the less ambitious narrative of the author, we may remark the animated and rapid action, so unusual to modern dramas. ‘Rienzi,’ indeed, reads like a sketch, so hurried and breathless is its story; and the ‘Two Foscari,’ if less impetuous, is singularly unencumbered with the tedious and unnecessary dialogue which forms so large a portion of ordinary dramatic writing.” In addition to these acted plays, Miss Mitford wrote two others, “Inez de Castro,” and “Otto of Wittelsbach,” with a volume of “Dramatic Scenes.” In all these plays, writes a competent critic, Mr. Henry F. Chorley, “there is strong, vigorous writing,—masculine in the free, unshackled use of language, but wholly womanly in its purity from coarseness or licence, and in the intermixture of those incidental touches of softest feeling and finest observation, which are peculiar to the gentler sex. A rich air of the south breathes over ‘Rienzi;’ and in the ‘Charles,’ though the character of Cromwell will be felt to vibrate, it is, on the whole, conceived with a just and acute discernment of its real and false greatness—of the thousand contradictions, which, in reality, make the son of the Huntingdon brewer a character too mighty for any one beneath a Shakespeare to exhibit.”

There is much that is interesting concerning the production on the stage of her plays, narrated by Miss Mitford in her published “Correspondence,” mingled with painful

glimpses of the sacrifices she was making in her unresting course of literary exertion, to alleviate her father's pecuniary distresses. It is upon the whole, a sad story, though it is constantly relieved by the writer's inexhaustible cheerfulness, as her increasing reputation brought her new friends, notably among them Miss Barrett, whose poetic and philosophic mind was to her a great encouragement and support. To her, in 1842, as a sympathizing listener, Miss Mitford communicates her anxieties respecting her father's health; for, spite of the sad sufferings he had brought upon the household, and the toil his selfish indulgence had inflicted upon herself, she loved and cherished him with the fondest affection to the last, thinking no effort too costly, if it conduced to his comfort. His death occurred in 1842. His devoted daughter survived him thirteen years. They were passed by her not without suffering from bodily sickness and infirmities, doubtless incurred by her overtasked powers, but solaced by the love of kind friends and the respect and admiration which reached her from the many readers of England and

America, who had been taught by her writings to look upon life and nature with a kindlier sympathy. Her correspondence was still kept up with unabated freshness; she was employed in the revision of her writings for new editions, and still wrote much for the press, among other things, a novel entitled "Atherton," and a most genial series of critical and descriptive essays, entitled "Recollections of a Literary Life; or, Books, Places, and People." A subscription was raised to pay her father's debts, and a moderate pension was granted to her by the English government. In 1850, the cottage at Three-Mile Cross, where she had so long resided, having fallen into decay, she removed to another simple residence, a few miles beyond it, at Swallowfield, where her last few years were spent. Her death, hastened by the effects of a fall from her pony-chaise, which kept her for a considerable period confined to the house, occurred at this place in her sixty-ninth year, on the 10th of January, 1855. Her remains were laid in the village church-yard, in a spot selected by herself, which is now marked by a granite cross, erected by a few of her oldest friends.

BENITO JUAREZ.

BENITO JUAREZ, President of the Republic of Mexico during an important period in its recent history, was descended from the Tapatecos, one of the native races of the country, and, with this Indian blood in his veins, is remarkable among its native rulers. He was born in 1806, near the village of Ixtlan, near Oaxaca. His education was the best the district afforded. He graduated at the College of Oaxaca; in 1830 was admitted a Member of the Institute of Arts and Sciences of Mexico; in 1833 was elected a member of the State Legislature, and the following year, having chosen the legal profession, was admitted to the bar, and appointed professor of Commercial Law in the Institute of Oaxaca. From 1834 to 1844, he was Secretary of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice; Substitute Judge of the same tribunal; Civil Judge of the First Instance, in the City of Oaxaca; Fiscal Judge; a second time member of the Legislature; and finally Attorney-General of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice of that department. He was elected in 1846 a representative from his district to the National Congress at Mexico, where he began the advo-

caey of one of the prominent measures of his subsequent administration, the appropriation of church property to secular uses, to serve the needs of the deficient treasury of the government. Two years later, in 1848, he was elected governor of his native State of Oaxaca, and distinguished his administration of its affairs, during the four years in which held this office, by many useful reforms. It is remarked as one of the virtues of his rule, that at its close, a creditable thing at any time in Mexico, there was left a balance in the public treasury. Being attached to the liberal party, when Santa Anna, in 1853, a second time became dictator of the country, Juarez, with others of his political views, was driven from the country. He resided at Havana and New Orleans the two following years, returning to Mexico in 1853 as a participator in the insurrectionary movement of Alvarez, by whom the despotie government of Santa Anna was overthrown, and the Republic again set up in its place. Alvarez became President; Juarez was returned to the National Congress in 1856, and the following year was chosen President of the Supreme Court of the



Devito Mary



Nation. Comonfort succeeding as President to Alvarez, Juarez held in his administration the office of Secretary of State. In 1858, the clerical party gaining the ascendancy in the city of Mexico, Comonfort was overthrown, when Juarez, refusing to recognize the usurper Zuloaga, retired to Vera Cruz, and, appropriating a large portion of the custom duties received at that port, maintained there a provisional government, assuming for himself the title of Constituent President. Zuloaga was shortly succeeded by Miramon, as the representative of the Church party, in the central authority or usurpation at Mexico. The latter asserting his supremacy, advanced with a military force upon Juarez at Vera Cruz. The attack was repelled, and Miramon and his troops subsequently defeated in the field by the Republicans. Utterly routed, Miramon fled to Europe, leaving Juarez master of the situation. He re-entered the city of Mexico at the beginning of 1861; and on the meeting of the new Congress, was elected President of the Republic for the term of four years. On entering upon the office, among his earliest measures, were the dissolution of the religious orders and the secularization of church property. Still embarrassed by financial difficulties, he decreed the suspension for two years of payments falling due from the State as well to foreign as to native creditors. This led to an active remonstrance on the part of England, France, and Spain, and a treaty was formed by those nations to enforce the claims of their subjects. A joint military expedition was sent, Vera Cruz was taken posses-

sion of, and other movements were in progress, when, in consequence of negotiations with the government of Juarez, England and Spain, in the spring of 1862, withdrew their forces from the army of occupation, leaving France to pursue her ambitious scheme of conquest. The struggle now became an obstinate one. Juarez was encouraged by the United States, whose settled policy was to resist any usurpation by foreign powers on the continent. There was a heavy drain in France for men and money to maintain her foothold in the country and prosecute her advance upon the capital. The contest lasted for more than a year. At the outset, the French troops were defeated at Puebla, but, later, were victorious in various actions, finally in May, 1863, taking possession of the city of Mexico, when the seat of government was removed by Juarez to Monterey.

Then ensued the unfortunate acceptance of the Crown of Mexico, at the instigation of the French Emperor, by the Austrian prince, Ferdinand Maximilian. This accomplished personage, brother of the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, and second son of the Archduke, Francis Charles, at the age of thirty-one, having held a distinguished position in his earlier days in the naval service of his country, and subsequently ruled with credit as governor of the Lombardo-Venetian territory, was now passing his days in a life of elegant leisure at the palace of Miramar, near Trieste. He had been for some years married to the Princess Charlotte, daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, was fond of literary and

scientific pursuits; had traveled much about the world; and, as his subsequent published writings show, had turned his observations to profitable account. It was in the enjoyment of these resources that he was approached in the autumn of 1863, in his Austrian home, by a deputation of the Mexican leaders tendering him, in pursuance of a decree of the government, sustained by French arms, the position of Emperor of Mexico. After some delays, the offer was accepted. Renouncing any future claim to the throne of Austria, he set sail from the Mediterranean in a national frigate, in April, 1864, arrived the following month at Vera Cruz, and, on the 12th of June, entered the city of Mexico amidst many demonstrations of popularity. He was accepted as Emperor by a large portion of the nation; the Church party was with him; he proclaimed the Roman Catholic religion to be that of the State, while advocating toleration; occupied himself with many liberal reforms; encouraged education; and, in a less turbulent state, or under other auspices than those of France, might have proved a beneficent and successful ruler. But in Mexico, as it was at this period, he was entirely misplaced. Resisted in the exercise of his authority by the powerful Republican party led by the able Juarez, he was enabled to maintain his position only by the aid of France; and when this assistance became too expensive a policy to the French Emperor, and was withdrawn, it was evident that the continuance of his rule would be every day more doubtful and precarious. To assert his power, he was driven to ex-

treme measures, in the summary execution of the Juarists in arms who fell into his hands. In a country whose normal condition is that of agitation and insurrection, such a policy provoked more violent opposition. The Republicans, by fighting and intrigue, gained ground; Maximilian was beset in his capital, and being finally taken prisoner at Queretaro, was tried by a court martial, and condemned to be shot. The sentence was executed on the 19th of June, 1867. Juarez, who had all along, during the progress of events, asserted his right *de jure* to the government, was now re-elected to the Presidency, which he continued to hold till the time of his death, which occurred suddenly, in the city of Mexico, July 18th, 1872.

In commenting upon this event, the *New York Herald* thus reviews some of the main incidents of this eventful life, notable even among the constant vicissitudes of a public career in Mexico. "For a period of fourteen years—a period of incessant wars against internal revolutionary factions of foreign invaders and usurpers—this remarkable man, Juarez, maintained his position as President of Mexico—the most extraordinary fact in the history of this most turbulent and revolutionary of all the turbulent Spanish-American republics. This long-continued administration of fourteen years, which, for Mexico, would be remarkable under any circumstances, has been made particularly conspicuous, first, from the overthrow by Juarez of the Church party as the supreme political power in the State; secondly, from his successful patriotic war against the

French armed occupation and imperial protectorate under Maximilian; and lastly, from the suppression of all the numerous revolutionary attempts which have followed the death of Maximilian, for the expulsion of Juarez from the government.

“We may here not unprofitably reproduce some of the leading facts in the eventful career of this extraordinary Mexican of the Aztec race. In 1858 there was a military outbreak in the City of Mexico, instigated by the Church party, against the constitutional authorities. President Comonfort, in this crisis proving faithless in attempting a dictatorship, was driven from the country, and for some time, like so many other exiled rulers, lived the life of a philosopher in New York. Juarez, Vice-President at that time, thus became President, and in this capacity, from Queretaro, he issued a strong pronunciamiento against the Church party, and the war commenced in earnest between this powerful party and this bold reformer. Driven from point to point, he was at length, at Vera Cruz, in April, 1859, acknowledged by the United States as the lawful head of the Mexican government; and, then and there, July, 1859, he issued his programme of reform, embracing religious liberty, independence between Church and State, the legality of civil marriages, the confiscation of the real estate of the Church as national property, and directing its sale, and the suppression of conventual establishments throughout the republic. After a sanguinary civil war of three years, Juarez, with the destruction of the army of Miramon, came

off the conqueror, and his proposed reforms were put into practice. But the defeated Church party, in the enormous properties and powers which had been held, and which might be reclaimed by them, had too much at stake to give up the contest in this fashion. Driven to this desperate extremity, they did not hesitate to invite foreign intervention; and it came with that French invasion and armed occupation which culminated in the setting up of Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico, “by the will of the people,” under the protection of the Emperor Napoleon and the army of Marshal Bazaine. The time was favorable for this daring Napoleonic idea. The United States could give no material aid to Juarez. They, at home, were engaged in a struggle of life or death with a gigantic rebellion, and Napoleon was satisfied that the issue of this struggle would give him the convenient ally of an independent Southern confederacy. Juarez, by Bazaine, was driven to the northern frontier of Mexico; but still the tenacious Indian maintained his rights as head of the State, and faithfully in this capacity was Juarez supported to the end by President Lincoln’s Secretary of State; Mr. Seward. At length, with the beginning of the end of our Southern confederacy, Napoleon, convinced that his Mexican adventure was a bad investment, abandoned it, withdrew his protecting army, and left poor Maximilian to his fate.

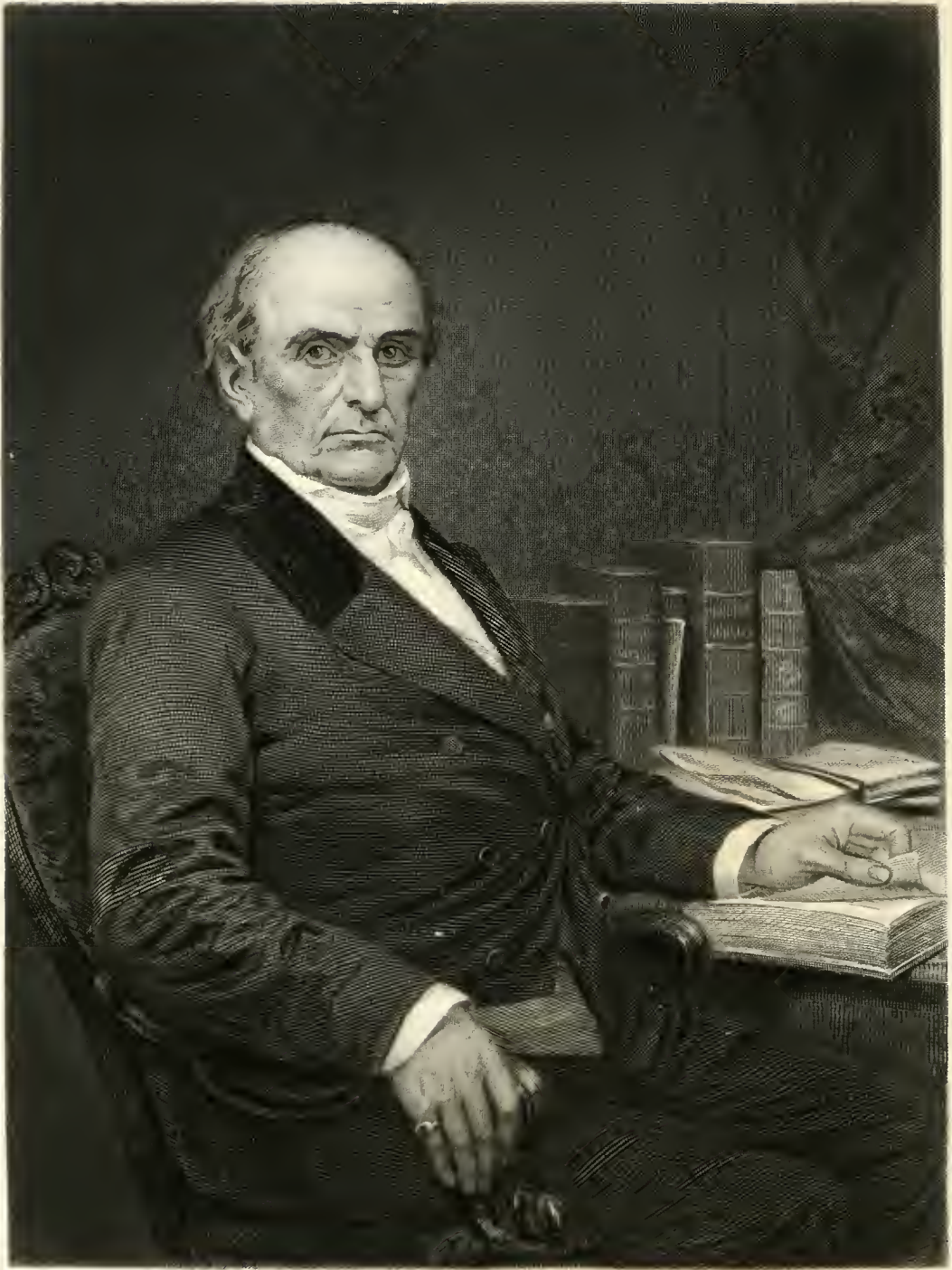
“With more courage than discretion, Maximilian, relying upon his Mexican adherents, resolved to fight it out with Juarez. He was invested in that very Queretaro where Juarez set forth upon

his successful career; he was betrayed, he was captured, and he was executed. This execution was the act of Juarez; and, while he could justify it under the laws of Mexico, he would have acted more wisely had he listened to the appeal of Mr. Seward and spared the life of the brave but misguided Maximilian. Nothing was gained by his execution but the condemnation of the act by the civilized world as an act of needless vengeance; nothing would have been lost in sparing him, but the blood of a victim no longer required to satisfy Mexican honor or to vindicate the sacredness of the Mexican soil against foreign usurpers. But Juarez was a man of resolute will—of persistent stubbornness, we may say; and this quality, which we find in almost every man distinguished in public life, at home or abroad, occasionally mars with cruelties, more or less, the record of the best of them. Something, too, touching the execution of Maximilian, must be allowed to the Indian blood of Juarez, with which vengeance for a great wrong is held as a religious duty never to be forgotten or compromised. Still the general record of the long, turbulent, eventful, revolutionary and bloody administration of Juarez, all the circumstances considered, is good. He lived to see established his programme of civil and religious liberty against a powerful party in war at home, and against a powerful armed occupation from abroad. In short, his administration has been marked by a political revolution hardly less radical

and progressive than that connected with the abolition of slavery in the United States.”

“The death of Juarez,” says a dispassionate writer in an English journal of authority,* “is a misfortune to a country which has no more urgent want than the need of political stability. Even Mexicans probably respect a ruler who, with or without pretence of re-election, has retained power for half a generation. Nearly all Englishmen who have had a diplomatic or commercial knowledge of Mexico, agree in attributing to the late President the rare quality of personal integrity. Although he was not indifferent to his own political aggrandizement, he seems not to have been open to pecuniary corruption. If he was cruel to his enemies and offensively indifferent to international rights, it will be remembered that he was a full-blooded Indian, and that he was not worse than his rivals and predecessors, the Miramons and Santa Annas. The popularity which Juarez enjoyed in his later years was, in a great measure, earned by his determined resistance to the French invaders, and to their Austrian nominee; nor is the unnecessary execution of the Emperor Maximilian regarded by patriotic Mexicans as a blunder or a crime. If there should hereafter be a Mexican history, the retreat of the foreigners from the country and the death of their chief, will probably assume in the popular imagination heroic proportions.”

* *The Saturday Review*, August 3, 1872.



Domènec Melézar

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE great orator of New England, and eminent statesman and publicist of the whole country, was descended from a race of honest yeomen in America who traced their ancestry to an ancient Scottish origin. The first of the family in America appears to have been one Thomas Webster, who was settled in Hampton, New Hampshire, in 1636. From him Daniel Webster traced his direct descent. He was his great-great-grandfather. His son Ebenezer was the father of one who bore the same name, who was the parent of a third Ebenezer, the father of the orator. This last-mentioned Ebenezer was a small farmer in Kingston, New Hampshire, a man of fine personal appearance, of energy and character, and self-taught, rising to positions of trust and confidence among his townspeople. He was called upon in his youth to fight the battles of the Crown in the wars with France, and served with distinction in the famous company of Rangers commanded by Colonel Rogers, who gave so good an account of themselves in the region of Lake Champlain and on the borders of Canada. On the conclusion of peace, in 1763, and the consequent opening

of the frontier to settlement, he became one of an adventurous party which advanced to a new location on the Merrimac. The place was so distant at that time that, in the words of his eloquent son, many years afterwards, when Ebenezer Webster "*lapped on*, a little beyond any other comer, and had built his log cabin and lighted his fire, his smoke ascended nearer to the North Star than that of any other of his majesty's New England subjects. His nearest civilized neighbor on the north was at Montreal."

At this spot, which took the name of Salisbury, Daniel was born, the fruit of a second marriage, January 18, 1782. His mother, Abigail Eastman, was a woman of much force of character, and of a self-relying instinct. To her and his father, Daniel was alike indebted for that opportunity of distinction in the world which he so diligently improved. When the Revolution came on, Captain Webster, like many another hero of the seven years' war, took the field in the service of his countrymen. He was in the engagement at White Plains, and a major under the famous Stark, at Bennington.

The first education of Daniel was at the hands of his mother or elder sisters. He said that he never could recollect a time when he could not read the Bible. He had also his share in the humble instructions of the district schoolmaster, who had found his way even to that remote region. He probably owed little to such teachers, for they had nothing to impart but reading and writing, which did not always include correct spelling. For such association as he had with them, however, the pupil was not ungrateful, when, more than half a century afterward, venerable Master Tappan reminded him of his existence and of these early lessons. The great lawyer then recalled how the schoolmaster had once taken his turn of migratory living at his father's house, and cordially assisted his preceptor in his old age. A few books which had found their way to a village library at Salisbury, founded by the lawyer and clergyman of the place and his father, were far more profitable instructors. The "Spectator" was among them, and the young Daniel took delight in the stirring ballad of Chevy Chase, the verses of which he picked out from the setting of criticism in which Addison had imbedded them. Isaac Watts he had by heart, and Pope's "Essay on Man," brought home by his father in a pamphlet, was at once added to this stock of rhymes. The seed fell into an eager soil. He tells us how he met, a few years later, with Don Quixote, and that he was so entranced with "that extraordinary book," so great was its power over his imagination, that he never closed his eyes till he had finished it.

Here, however, the education of the youth might have been arrested, had he not shown signs of a feeble constitution, which was judged too little serviceable for the plough. Like his elder brother, Ebenezer, he would have been assigned to the farmer's duty. But other visions doubtless interfered. In one of the statesman's letters recalling these early scenes, he tells us of the arrival, one hot day in July, about the close of Washington's administration, of a member of Congress who came up to his father and himself at work together in the field. The contrast struck the parent between the rising man of the State, honorably paid, and his own life of ill-requited toil. "My son," said the father, "that is a worthy man—he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was; but I missed it, and now I must work here." "My dear father," was the reply, "you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest." And I remember to have cried, and I cry now—it is Daniel Webster, in one of his later years, writing—at the recollection. "My child," said the father, "it is of no importance to me—I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge; but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities—*learn, learn*, and when I am gone you will not need to go through the

hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time."

This was the spirit with which, mounting his horse and placing his son on another, he conducted him to the Phillips Academy, at Exeter, presided over by that eminent instructor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, and then in the first enjoyment of the posthumous bounty of its disinterested founder. The youth had recently completed his fourteenth year, and, if we may judge from the modest narrative which he has himself left in a fragment of autobiography, does not appear to have exhibited any extraordinary precocity. On the contrary, he manifested a repugnance and apparent inability to do at all what he was celebrated in after-life for doing so much better than others: he could not be induced by any appeal, and even the chagrin of his own mortification, to go through a simple declamation in presence of the school. He was utterly unable, when his name was called, to raise himself from his seat. "When the occasion was over," he adds, "I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification." He had good teachers, men who became eminent in the professions, among them Joseph Stevens Buckminster, who heard his first recitations in Latin; and he formed thus early many friendships which lasted through life. After nearly a year at Exeter, he was placed in charge of the Rev. Samuel Wood, at Boscawen, not far from his father's residence. This gentleman pursued education for the love of it, and for the reward it brought him in the elevation of a Christian community. His fees were always

trifling, and he had, on occasion, no unwillingness to relinquish them altogether, for the greater glory of the commonwealth, provided only he sent sons to his favorite Dartmouth. He thus forwarded, from under his own roof, more than a hundred to the institution.

As the father of young Webster accompanied him on the way to his new home with this kind preceptor, he intimated the intention of sending him to college. The promise was welcomed with fear and joy, and a depth of emotion most honorable to the recipient. In our day, when facilities of this kind are so freely extended, it is not easy to appreciate the kind and degree of gratitude thus awaked in an ingenuous youth. "The very idea," wrote the thankful son in the fulness of his reputation, "thrilled my whole frame. My father said he then lived but for his children, and if I would do all I could for myself, he would do what he could for me. I remember that I was quite overcome, and my head grew dizzy. The thing appeared to me so high, and the expense and sacrifice it was to cost my father, so great, I could only press his hands and shed tears. Excellent, excellent parent! I cannot think of him, even now, without turning child again."

With his new instructor, Daniel read Virgil and Cicero, and was warmed by the latter to an enthusiasm for oratory which never afterwards failed him. "With what vehemence did I denounce Catiline! with what earnestness struggle for Milo!" Put thus upon the track—his preparation was little more—he entered Dartmouth College as a freshman in August, 1797. He was a

diligent, earnest student, and became highly esteemed for his proficiency, especially in the rhetoric and belles-lettres departments. There is evidence of this in the fact that he gained his support for a year by superintending a little weekly newspaper, for which he made the selections and to which he occasionally contributed, and in his delivery, in his junior year, in 1800, of a Fourth of July oration before the good people of Hanover. The address was printed, and remains to witness, in its sounding periods, to his patriotic fervor, which even then did not overlook the blessings of constitutional government. The young orator would doubtless have shone with equal distinction the following year, on taking his degree, had he not thrown himself out of his appointment by one of those altercations not uncommon with the arrangement of these college exercises. The Faculty, out of regard for his English attainments, assigned him the second part, an English Oration or Poem, in place of the Latin Salutatory. Disappointed with this order, he took no part in the Commencement exercises, though he delivered at the time an oration on "The Influence of Opinion," before the leading college Society, which gained him great applause.

He left College, however, with a higher claim to self-respect than any admiration of a promiscuous audience. The very year on which he graduated he had been instrumental in bringing his elder brother Ezekiel to the spot, and leaving him there on the high road to professional eminence equaling his own subsequent achievements. It was while in his sopho-

more year, during a vacation at home, that the thought of thus benefiting his brother was seriously taken up by him. A whole night was passed in bed between the two youths in consultation on the subject, neither closing his eyes; but daylight brought the decision with it, and it was in consequence of the earnest appeal of Daniel that Ezekiel was taken from the plough and placed under the tutelar care of the beneficent clergyman, Samuel Wood. Thence he passed to college, and we shall see how handsomely his brother seconded his advice by contributing to his support while there.

Immediately on graduating, Daniel entered the law office of his father's neighbor, Thomas W. Thompson, a man of some note in his day as a member of the State legislature, and a Senator in Congress; but he was presently called off from his legal studies by the necessity of making some pecuniary provision for himself, and in this strait accepted the offer of a school at Fryeburg, in Maine. He was led to this step by what was then, to him, the munificent salary of three hundred and fifty dollars a year, "no small thing," he says, "for I compared it, not with what might be before me, but what was actually behind me"—a proper method, by the way, of estimating one's fortunes, which would lead to a more general content. In addition to this, he continued to get something more of consequence by copying deeds for the registry of the newly-created county of Oxford. As exact penmanship was always a troublesome labor to him, we may estimate his diligence. Thirty

years, he afterward said, had not taken the ache of that exercise out of his fingers.

His first vacation, in May, 1802, was passed in carrying his quarter's salary to his brother at Hanover, thus devoting his earliest earnings to an act of fraternal friendship. He left Fryeburg in the autumn, and resumed the study of the law with his father's friend, Mr. Thompson. Like Story, he began with the apex of professional application, Coke upon Littleton, and such early and obscure authorities, and was grievously disheartened by the process, till luckily, one day, falling upon Espinasse's law of *Nisi Prius*, he found that he could understand what he read. He always, he said, felt greatly obliged to that gentleman for his intelligible labors. At the proper time Webster as a law student did not shun the more laborious literature of the profession. He was meanwhile assisted at Salisbury by his father's limited income as judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the county.

His brother Ezekiel having now graduated, after eking out his support through three years of college life, which he made to do the work of four, by winter school teaching, it had become necessary, writes Daniel, for one of us to "undertake something that should bring us a little money, for we were getting to be 'heinously unprovided.'" The younger brother accordingly set off for Boston, secured a teacher's place in that city for Ezekiel, who in turn invited the elder thither with the promise of pecuniary assistance while he prosecuted his law studies. In this way these brothers labored

for one another. Daniel accordingly proceeded to Boston, with the intention of making his way into the law. He had no letters of introduction, and the future ruler of the Boston bar failed in his first attempts to gain admission to an office to study. He however made a vigorous attempt with an eminent man who had been employed in England in the diplomatic service of the country, and who rose to be governor of Massachusetts, Christopher Gore. In the interview the youth was thrown upon his best address, and succeeded in securing the coveted opening. A good library was now accessible to him, with an opportunity which he availed himself of, of attending the higher courts.

He read diligently, and made notes of his observations. In 1805 he was admitted to practice in the Suffolk Court of Common Pleas. It was not, however, without a relinquishment of immediate benefit which cost him an effort. Not long before the completion of his legal studies, an office fell vacant in his father's court, which he was selected to fill. It was a clerkship with an income of fifteen hundred dollars a year. Here was wealth for the family to be clutched at with eagerness. His father thought it a great prize gained, and so did the son, who was hastening to enter this "opening paradise," when he encountered the advice of Mr. Gore. This learned counsellor and man of experience took the matter very coolly, said it was undoubtedly a complimentary offer, and that he should acknowledge it with all civility — in other words, his monitor wisely pointed out to him the steady

path and sure rewards of his profession, in preference to the immediate but uncertain tenure of office. "Go on," was his memorable advice, worthy, in these days of office-seeking and its melancholy adjuncts, of being written in letters of gold on our page—"go on and finish your studies: you are poor enough, but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favor; what bread you do eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession, make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear." Fortified with this invigorating counsel, the youth went down to his father and somewhat startled the kind old gentleman, in the first flush of the promised acquisition, by declining it in favor of his future prospects. Was the boy's talk empty flattery, or was it prophecy? The father, in his reply, seemed uncertain. "Well, my son," said he, and it was all that he said on the subject, "your mother has always said that you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which; I think you are now about settling that doubt for her." The first return of the youth for this paternal solicitude, when he reached his admission to the bar, was settling himself by the side of his father, in the neighboring village of Boscawen, in the practice of his profession. He thus solaced, by his company, the last year of that parent's life.

Two years and a half were spent in this limited field of legal practice, when he removed to Portsmouth, relinquishing his local business to his brother, who was then commencing a career at the

bar, which soon led to great distinction in his State, and would, doubtless, have made him as well known to the nation at large, had his life been prolonged. At Portsmouth, Daniel married, in 1808, Miss Grace Fletcher, the daughter of a clergyman of valued New England lineage, and there he continued to reside till 1817. In this enlarged sphere, he appears to have met with immediate success, entering at once, not indeed upon a very lucrative practice, but sharing the honors of the bar of New Hampshire with some of its most distinguished adepts. He was employed chiefly on the circuit of the Superior Court, where, as leading counsel, he frequently became the antagonist of Jeremiah Mason, then in the height of his vigor. The emulation of the young lawyer with this distinguished counsellor, with whom he was often associated as well as in opposition, was blended with the warmest friendship. He often recurred to this period in after-life, and when it became his lot, many years later, to perform the final act of courtesy, in pronouncing a eulogy on the decease of his friend, it was in no feigned or guarded words that he spoke. Restrained by "proprieties of the occasion," he would not, he said, in the course of his noble tribute, give utterance to the personal feelings which rose in his heart, in recalling a "sincere, affectionate, and unbroken friendship, from the day when I commenced my own professional career to the closing hour of his life. I will not say," he added, "of the advantages which I have derived from this intercourse and conversation, all that Mr. Fox said of

Edmund Burke; but I am bound to say, that of my own professional discipline and attainments, whatever they may be, I owe much to that close attention to the discharge of my duties, which I was compelled to pay for nine successive years, from day to day, by Mr. Mason's efforts and arguments at the same bar; and I must have been unintelligent, indeed, not to have learned something from the constant displays of that power, which I had so much occasion to see and to feel."

Mr. Webster's residence, at Portsmouth, saw his introduction into public life. Passing over the usual preliminary experience of service in the State legislature, he was at once, in November, 1812, elected by the Federal party, to which he was attached, to the Congress of the United States. On taking his seat, in May, 1813, he was appointed by the speaker, Henry Clay, on the important Committee of Foreign Affairs. War with England had just been declared, and the news of the repeal of the obnoxious French Decrees and English Orders in Council, which had so grievously injured the commerce of the country, and deeply irritated the mind of the nation, had just come to hand. It was in offering a resolution, in reference to the Berlin and Milan Decrees, calling out the motives of the contest, that Webster, early in the session, delivered his maiden speech. It was listened to, among others, by Chief Justice Marshall, who predicted the future importance of the orator, destined, he wrote to a friend, to become "one of the very first statesmen in America, and perhaps the very first." No full report of the

speech has been preserved, but sufficient of it is known to justify the conclusion of Mr. Edward Everett, who sums up its merits, in language, as he intimates, applicable to the whole course of the orator's subsequent parliamentary efforts. He speaks of the "moderation of tone, precision of statement, force of reasoning, absence of ambitious rhetoric and high-flown language, occasional bursts of true eloquence, and, pervading the whole, a genuine and fervid patriotism." Whenever he spoke, these were his characteristics, which at once gained him the respect of the wisest judgments in the House, which at that time held an unusual number of eminent men.

Though opposed to some of the prominent measures of the administration of Madison, he was not its factious opponent. He was ardent for the maintenance of the rights of his country, though he differed with the party in power as to the best means of securing them. He thought the force of the nation was weakened by attempts at invasion on the frontiers, and maintained that a well-manned navy was a better defence for the seaboard than an embargo which strangled a commerce that otherwise would only be open to assault. In fine, Webster exhibited thus early that moderation of statesmanship which marked his subsequent course. In the language of his friend and eulogist whom we have just cited: "It was not the least conspicuous of the strongly marked qualities of his character as a public man, that at a time when party spirit went to great lengths, he never permitted himself to be infected with its contagion. His opinions were firmly

maintained and boldly expressed ; but without bitterness towards those who differed from him. He cultivated friendly relations on both sides of the House, and gained the personal respect even of those with whom he most differed." It is a lesson not to be lost sight of by politicians, or any who would serve the country where its diverse interests are in hostile array.

Mr. Webster was re-elected to Congress in 1814, and the war being now ended, entered with zeal into the measures of reorganization of the material interests of the country. His profession at home, too, was making larger demands upon his attention, while his private affairs had suffered by the destruction of his house and property in a conflagration at Portsmouth. This, with the general progress of his fortunes, determined him upon taking up his residence in Boston, a measure which, of course, withdrew him from his New Hampshire constituency, and his seat in Congress, while this temporary absence from Washington enabled him to occupy himself in several important professional cases. Foremost among them, the first of a series memorable in the annals of the bar, was his final argument before the Supreme Court, at the seat of government, in defence of Dartmouth College against the interference of the State legislature. His maintenance, on that occasion, of the inviolability of corporate rights, followed by the decision of the Court, pronounced by Chief Justice Marshall, established collegiate and other property on an unassailable foundation. The fervor of his appeal, as he pronounced this lofty argument for the

college in which he had been educated, is said to have affected the sensibilities of his audience—an audience not accustomed to much personal agitation. But we see nothing of this in the severe Spartan brevity of the legal points of the argument as preserved in his writings, though we may well credit it on the testimony of Mr. George Ticknor, who tells us, "many betrayed strong emotion, many were dissolved in tears."

This final hearing of the question took place in 1818, two years after Mr. Webster had made his home in Boston. It was followed by other cases of equal professional distinction ; but the great Dartmouth question, marking his entrance upon the Supreme Court of the nation, is the great landmark of his legal career.

In the revision of the constitution of Massachusetts, in 1820, Mr. Webster was chosen one of the delegates from Boston, and the observation made by his biographer, Mr. Everett, is worthy of note, that "with the exception of a few days' service, two or three years afterwards, in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, this is the only occasion on which he ever filled any political office under the State government, either of Massachusetts or New Hampshire." He rose rapidly in law and politics to the highest positions. His speeches in the Convention on "Qualifications for Office," in which, while maintaining the sanction of religion, he advocated the remission of special tests of religious belief; the "Basis of the Senate," supporting a property representation in the apportionment of electoral districts, according to their taxation, and

the "Independence of the Judiciary," are included in his collected works.

It was in this same year, 1820, that Mr. Webster delivered the first of those anniversary and occasional discourses, which, equally with his forensic and political exertions, gave him his great popular reputation. He had, indeed, previously delivered various addresses, but his Plymouth oration, on the first settlement of New England, gave importance to these efforts, and has raised a department of oratory, in his own hands and that of others of distinguished merit, to a high and distinctive place in the literature of the country. This discourse was pronounced on the twenty-second of December, two hundred years after the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. Opening, as was his wont, with a few dignified general reflections, looking into the philosophy of common truths applicable to his subject, he proceeded to present the cause of emigration, which he found in religious fervor and love of independence; the peculiarities of the settlement as distinguished from other instances of colonization, reviewing the colonies of Greece and Rome, and their social and military principles, and then descending to the trading establishments of modern times; after that, taking up the retrospect of the century just ended, with the progress of New England through the Revolution in political and civil history, he proceeded with some observations on the nature and constitution of government in the country. The general diffusion of wealth, with its interests and responsibilities, and the provision for education, he found to be the motive and

safeguard of republican institutions. He closed with an invocation worthy the best days of ancient oratory "Advance then, ye future generations! We would hail you, as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and soon shall have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers. We bid you welcome to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England. We greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed. We welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty. We welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning. We welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred and parents and children. We welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hope of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth."

Mr. Webster again entered Congress in 1823, sacrificing, doubtless, large pecuniary returns from his profession to the service of the State. His legal arguments were, however, only interrupted, not relinquished; he found time to debate in the Capitol, and plead in the Supreme Court, and certainly no regret is to be expressed that he listened to the counsel of friends, and the more imperative call of his own interests to political life. Commanding statesmanship was his forte and passion, and he lived and breathed freely in the higher atmosphere of government. The first question which prominently engaged his attention in the

House of Representatives was the state of Greece, then engaged in her life struggle with the Ottoman power. The topic had been brought before Congress in the messages of Monroe, and although little more was to be done than utter an eloquent expression of opinion on the floor of Congress, that little, in Mr. Webster's utterance, became a voice of prophecy. His speech on the Revolution in Greece, delivered in January, 1824, was an emphatic declaration of public law and right between the oppressor and oppressed, and its declarations at this moment, where not overriden by insuperable claims of expediency, are sanctioned by the practice of the great courts of Europe. Free governments, it is now getting to be understood, as the policy of the great Italian movement witnesses, are the guaranties of prosperous international intercourse. Despotism, and not freedom, is now understood to be the dangerous incendiary torch, and the principles of this decision will be found in the speech of Mr. Webster.

The next year gave him occasion for another public exercise of his oratory, in the ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument. Lafayette was present at the delivery of the address, and the accessories in every way were of the most imposing character. The orator again seized the vital elements of his subject. Half a century had elapsed since the spot had been consecrated by the blood of its defenders. Mr. Webster, after paying due honor to the military struggle, turned to the peaceful triumphs of government and arts during the period, in conclusion striking the key note of

his earlier and later efforts in his plea for harmony and union. "Let our conceptions," said he, "be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country." Eighteen years afterward, on the completion of the monument, he was again called upon as the orator of the day. He had in the meantime risen to the high position of Secretary of State; years and family changes had made their mark upon his life; but they had not abated, they had only imparted a deeper tone to his eloquence. His review of the elements and progress of colonial life was worthy of the master historian, and show how well he would have succeeded in this mode of composition, had he turned his attention to it. He had eminently an historic mind. Every-day events presented themselves to him in their causes and consequences with a certain processional grandeur. He always looked to moral influences, and here found them written legibly in the material granite. "We wish," he said, in his first oration, "that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce in all minds a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the

morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit." In the same spirit in his second discourse he says: "The powerful shaft stands motionless before us. It is a plain shaft. It bears no inscriptions, fronting to the rising sun, from which the future antiquary shall wipe the dust. Nor does the rising sun cause tones of music to issue from its summit. But at the rising of the sun and at the setting of the sun, in the blaze of noonday and beneath the milder effulgence of lunar light, it looks, it speaks, it acts to the full comprehension of every American mind and the awakening of glowing enthusiasm in every American heart."

A eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, pronounced in Faneuil Hall in August, 1826, was the next of those popular discourses delivered by Mr. Webster, ranking with his Plymouth and Bunker Hill orations. The simultaneous death of these two great fathers of the state, on the preceding fourth of July, had deeply affected the mind of the country, and expectation was fully alive to the charmed words of the orator. In the course of this address occurs the description of eloquence often cited, commencing, "true eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech," and ending with the idea of Demosthenes, "in action, noble, sublime, godlike action." Here, too, occurs the famous feigned oration so familiar in the recitations of schoolboys, put into the mouth of Adams—words written with the emphasis and felicity of Patrick Henry—"Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. . . . It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be

my dying sentiment, Independence now and Independence forever."

Mr. Webster had been continued, by new elections, in the House of Representatives—in some of them his vote was almost unanimous—when, in 1827, he was elected to the Senate of the United States. It was while on the journey to the Capitol to take his seat, at the close of the year, that his wife became so ill that he was compelled to leave her under medical treatment in New York. He speedily rejoined her, and in the month of January she breathed her last. Those who knew her well have recorded her virtues. She was of great amiability. Judge Story wrote of her "warm and elevated affections, her constancy, purity and piety, her noble disinterestedness and excellent sense," while a feminine hand, Mrs. Lee, has recalled similar traits of character. At the time of this calamity, her husband was forty-six. He had many honors yet to reap, but youth and early manhood, with their fresh hopes and incentives, did not cross that grave. It was not long after, in the spring of 1829, that he was called to suffer another sorrow in the sudden death of his brother Ezekiel, who fell in full court at Concord, even while he was standing erect, engaged in speaking—stricken down in an instant by disease of the heart. "Coming so soon after another awful stroke," he wrote to a friend, "it seems to fall with double weight. He has been my reliance through life, and I have derived much of its happiness from his fraternal affection."

His public duties were before him, and to them he turned. In the Senate,

at the close of this year, 1829, commenced that celebrated debate on Mr. Foot's resolution on the sale of the public lands, which led to the passage at arms between Robert Y. Hayne, the senator from South Carolina, and Mr. Webster, who was looked up to as the champion of New England. The question involved a matter of delicacy between the two parties of the country—Jackson had then recently ousted Adams in the Presidency—in their relations to the West. Mr. Foot was from Connecticut, and the supporters of the Administration endeavored to set New England in an unfriendly attitude to the emigration to the new States. Mr. Hayne, a young man of brilliant talents, rapid and effective in onset, took part in the debate, and bore with severity upon New England, and personally upon Mr. Webster. There were two speeches on each side by the rival orators. The second by Mr. Webster is usually considered his greatest parliamentary oration. There were three objects, says Mr. Everett, to accomplish in this answer. Personalities were to be repelled, the New England States vindicated, and the character of the government as a political system maintained against theories of nullification. The speech was delivered on the 26th and 27th of January. As published in the author's works, it occupies seventy-two large, solidly-printed octavo pages, yet it is said to have been listened to with unbroken interest. "The variety of incident," we are told, "and the rapid fluctuation of the passions, kept the audience in continual expectation and ceaseless agitation. There was no chord of

the heart the orator did not strike as with a master hand. The speech was a complete drama of comic and pathetic scenes; one varied excitement—laughter and tears gaining alternate victory." The account is well supported by intelligent eye-witnesses, but the calm, unimpassioned reader must not look for all these emotions in his perusal of the printed pages. He must remember how much depended upon the occasion, the studiously aroused parliamentary crisis, the rising agitation between the North and the South, and above all, the personal emphasis of the speakers. Hayne's talents were of no common order; he was ingenious, inventive, full of matter, copious in language, easy and impressive in action. Mr. Webster, though some years his senior, was in the prime of life, with all that interest attaching to his appearance, his raven hair, dark, deeply set eyes, olive complexion, and general force and compactness which no physical weakness of his later days ever wholly deprived him of. Even his dress was carefully selected. He appeared in the blue coat and buff vest, the costume of the Revolution—an apparel often worn by him on subsequent oratorical occasions. He stood forth as a representative man, a pledged combatant in the arena; and he was every way equal to the occasion. Stripped of what was accidental, enough remains in his speech to secure admiration. Its best remembered passages will always be its eulogium of Massachusetts, and its closing appeal, as the orator shrinks from "the dark recess," and shudders at "the precipice of disunion." Rising grandly to

imagery truly Miltonic, he exclaimed, "While the Union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, or a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable, interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

When the progress of the nullification doctrine in South Carolina brought matters to a crisis with the government, Mr. Webster was again called upon to elucidate the constitutional history of the country in answer to the arguments of Mr. Calhoun. It was at the season

of President Jackson's Proclamation, a moment of intense public excitement. A second time the New England orator was placed in a conspicuous position to assert a great national principle, and how well he maintained it let the voice of Madison, the father of the Constitution, answer. In accepting a copy of the speech, the venerable sage wrote from Montpellier, "Your late very powerful speech crushed 'nullification' and must hasten an abandonment of 'secession.'" This support of the cause of the President placed the orator high in the regards of the administration, and we have seen it intimated that overtures of a seat in the Cabinet were made him. There was good reason for this cordiality of feeling toward one who supplied the argument by his previous speeches for the noted Proclamation; but the course of Congressional life soon brought the parties at variance. The President's action towards the Bank of the United States called forth various speeches from Mr. Webster, who stood opposed to what he considered an assumption of power by that high officer, not conferred by the Constitution. The orator's arguments on this head were fully presented in his reply in the Senate to the Presidential 'protest,' objecting to the censure which had been passed, and fully setting forth the pretensions of the Government. As an incidental ornament to his discourse, Mr. Webster in this speech introduced that allusion to England, the extent of her power and authority, which has become in all latitudes "familiar as a household word." He is urging the necessity of sustain-

ing a principle, and appeals to the course of our Revolutionary fathers. "On this question of principle," said he "while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England."

The next event which calls for notice in this account of Mr. Webster's career, is his visit to England in the spring of 1839. He was not long absent, but had the best opportunities of observation in the welcome he received in the highest quarters. His journey was extended to Scotland and France. He was always fond of agriculture, and the model farming of Great Britain had much of his attention. He spoke on this subject at the celebration at Oxford.

On his return he became deeply engaged in the political campaign which resulted in the election of General Harrison to the Presidency, as the successor of Van Buren, and in return for his services was appointed Secretary of State in the new administration. He found, in the discharge of the duties of this office, many important questions waiting for adjustment, and it was his good fortune to conduct the nation with honor through the vexed boundary questions with England, which, at one time, seemed seriously to threaten

hostilities. There were other matters of weight with foreign nations which he was called upon to negotiate, which are amply illustrated in his published diplomatic correspondence. Mr. Webster continued in office about two years under President Tyler, deferring party considerations to the public welfare in his negotiations. When these were happily adjusted he resigned. An interval of leisure from affairs of state was divided between his engagements in the services of his whig party and the demands of his profession. In 1845 he is again in the Senate, and had occasion to oppose the Mexican war, which he disliked in its inception, though he patriotically voted supplies to the army. A journey to South Carolina two years later, proved the hold he had upon the popular sympathy and intelligence. It was looked upon as a step to the Presidency. He had long served his party, and was entitled to its rewards. Expediency, however, fatal to so many servants of the public, came in the way, and General Taylor, the popular hero of the war, was preferred before him. On the early succession of Vice-President Fillmore to the office, Mr. Webster again became Secretary of State in 1850, and held the position to his death. A new Presidential election afforded his party one more opportunity of rewarding him by a nomination, but it was given to General Scott, and the old political hero, with a sigh at the ingratitude of party, continued to discharge the duties of his office to the last. The release was not long in coming. It came to him in the autumn of 1852, at his retirement at Marshfield, where some

of the happiest hours of his later life had been spent in the enjoyment of the pursuits of agriculture, the refreshments of rural life, and the intimacy of his family and chosen friends. He died on the morning of Sunday, the 24th of October, 1852.

Of the impression made upon the whole community by that event, it will be difficult to convey an adequate idea to another generation. During the later years of his life, Mr. Webster was much before the public. His voice had been heard in our large cities, and in many of the rural parts of the land, counselling in politics and national affairs; there was scarcely a liberal interest in which he had not taken part, in local and historical gatherings, agricultural meetings, openings of railroads, anniversaries of historical societies. Spite of the subtle inroads of disease, age sat lightly upon him, and the wear and tear of three-score years and upwards had not done their frequent disheartening work, in impairing the energy of his mind. Its springs were as yet unbroken; assured position, and the ease of doing readily what he had done so often, perhaps gave greater pliancy to his movements. All that he said was uttered with point and energy, and his powers were with him to the end. He had lived in the company of great thoughts and great ideas, and their solace was not denied him, when the spirit, on the eve of its parting flight, most needed refreshment. The first voice from his dying chamber to the public was communicated, in terms singularly worthy of the occasion, by a friend, Professor Felton, of Harvard. "Solemn thoughts," was the

language of this startling bulletin, which appeared in the "Boston Courier," of October 20, only four days before the final event, "exclude from his mind the inferior topics of the fleeting hour; and the great and awful themes of the future now seemingly opening before him—themes to which his mind has always and instinctively turned its profoundest meditations, now fill the hours won from the weary lassitude of sickness, or from the public duties, which sickness and retirement cannot make him forget or neglect. The eloquent speculations of Cicero on the immortality of the soul, and the admirable arguments against the Epicurean philosophy, put into the mouth of one of the colloquists in the book of Nature of the Gods, share his thoughts with the sure testimony of the Word of God." Many anecdotes are recorded of those last hours. It is fondly remembered, at Marshfield, how he caused his favorite cattle to be driven by his window when too feeble to leave his room—and among the traditions of that dying chamber, are treasured his affection for his friend, Peter Harvey, and others with him, and the gentle consolation of some stanzas, which he had recited to him from that mournful requiem, the sad cadence of human life, the undying Elegy of the poet Gray. Conscious to the very end, he calmly watched the process of dissolution, and the last syllables he listened to were the sublime words of the Psalmist, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." His last words were, "I still live." By his

own directions, his remains were entombed by the side of his first wife, and the children of his early days, in the old family burying-ground on his estate, at Marshfield. His grave bears his name, and the text selected by himself, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

We should far transcend the limited space at our command, were we to attempt to notice the many tributes to the memory of Daniel Webster. The press, the pulpit, the bar, colleges, senates, cities, had their commemorations, and poured forth their eulogies. With the exception of Washington and Franklin, more, perhaps, of a personal character has been written about Webster, than of any of our public men. His life had been passed in the eye of the people, and a certain publicity naturally followed all that he said or did. In his strength and in his weakness, in all the minutiae of his daily life, he was well known. All men who live much before the public, are necessarily something of actors, we all act our parts; he was constantly

presenting his best. There was a certain greatness, as we have remarked, natural to the man, spite of his failings. His ordinary conversation had an air of grandeur. His look was full of dignity. His plain speech in his orations, in which simple strong Saxon greatly abounds, was an index of his matter and prevailing moods. He sought no effects which did not spring from the truthfulness of his subject. Rhetoric was his forte, but he used it sparingly in illustration of the sober groundwork of reason. In the happy phrase of his friend, Mr. Hillard, his eloquence was "the lightning of passion running along the iron links of argument." The full value and significance of his political career, with that of his great brethren in the Senate, remains yet to be adjusted in history, but his friends may fearlessly leave the apportionment of fame to posterity. But, whatever Webster's future rank in history may be, the biographer will never lack material for a story of elevating interest in the narrative of his life, from the cradle to the grave.



Friedrich Bruns

FREDERIKA BREMER.

FREDERIKA BREMER, the household novelist of Sweden, was born in Tuorla Manor-house, near Abo, in Finland, on the 17th of August, 1801. Her father, Carl Frederic Bremer, descended from an ancient German noble family, was the son of an enterprising Swede, who had settled in Finland and accumulated considerable wealth by his iron works and factories. His son, Carl, also was an "Iron-Master," and held valuable estates in the country. Foreseeing the political difficulties which led to its separation from Sweden, he removed with his family, in 1804, to Stockholm, which he made their winter residence, passing the summers at his estate of Arsta, which he purchased. This was a large palace-like edifice, built two hundred years before, in the period of the thirty years' war, a huge rambling place fitted to have its romantic influence on the imagination of its youthful inmates.

The life which the children of the wealthy capitalist led, judged by the standard of our own day, was something peculiar. With occasional indulgence to the children, there was great formality and restraint upon

their movements. Frederika had a companion in an older sister, Charlotte, who was educated with her. Their first teacher, who made them acquainted with the Swedish language, was a young housekeeper, who accompanied the family from Sweden. She was succeeded, when the sisters were respectively at the ages of six and five, by a French governess, from whom they received much kindness, and who taught them to read and speak her language. They appear for some time to have been kept at a forbidding distance from their parents; though they felt at every moment their authority. The household went by rule. The mother, we are told by Charlotte, in her sketch of her sister's life, "laid down three inviolable principles for the education of her children. They were to grow up in perfect ignorance of everything evil in the world; they were to learn (acquire knowledge) as much as possible; and they were to eat as little as possible." The first, of course, involved a system of rigid seclusion, which was carried so far as to banish the children from the drawing-room when any visitors were present, lest something should be said they

should not listen to. As for the learning, that went on apace, Frederika soon having by heart whole acts of Madame de Genlis's plays. The semi-starving process might have killed feebler constitutions, and would appear to have been not at all beneficial to Frederika. At any rate, the general morale of the system did not prevent her showing herself a wayward, mischievous girl—a protest of nature, possibly, against the enfeebling, restraining course of living prescribed to her. Her sister tells how, from seven till ten, she “began to manifest strange dispositions and inclinations. Occasionally she threw into the fire whatever she could lay her hands upon—pocket-handkerchiefs, the younger children's night-caps, stockings, and the like. If a knife or a pair of scissors happened to be lying about, they, and Frederika too, disappeared immediately. She then walked about alone, meditating; and, if nobody happened to be present, she cut a piece out of a window-curtain, or a round or square hole in the front of her dress.” These and the like pranks she seems to have carried on with a kind of moral unconsciousness, or indifference of feeling; practising little concealment and frankly avowing what she had done. In her Autobiography, she herself tells us how the restraint to which she was subjected was met by a species of morbid passion. “None of those who surrounded me,” she says, “understood how to guide a character like mine to good. They tried to curb me by severity, or else my thoughts and feelings were ridiculed. I was very unhappy in my early youth; and, violent

as I was in everything, I formed many plans to shorten my life; to put out my eyes, etc., etc., merely for the sake of making my mother repent her severity; but all ended in my standing on the margin of the lake, locking down into the water, or feeling the pricking of the knife in my eyeball.”

There was, in fact, a strong character at work in her youthful bosom, which, refined and purified, was a necessary element of her future success in the world as an author; and the purifying process was to impart to her powers additional force and vigor. It is curious to read of her mannish inclinations when the country was stirred by the final struggle against Napoleon. “She wept bitterly,” says her sister, “for not having been born a man, so that she could have joined her countrymen to fight against the general disturber of peace and oppressor of nations; she wanted to fight for her native country; longed to distinguish herself to win renown and glory. She felt that she would not be wanting in courage, if she could only get over to Germany. There she would disguise herself; perhaps be made page to the Crown Prince.” A bold foray of about a mile beyond the prison limits of the rural Arsta, with the hope of getting to Stockholm, on her way to military glory, was all that came of this childish excitement. But it showed what was struggling in her disposition. She was to influence the world by not less powerful though more peaceful arts.

In the meantime, her education was proceeding with due earnestness, on her own part as well as by her instructors. From nine to twelve years of

age, she was taught English and German, and made great progress in history, geography, and other studies. A talent for literary composition, also, was already beginning to develop itself with her. At the age of eight she wrote her first verses in French "to the moon;" and at ten composed a little ballad, of which she long afterwards introduced the first verse in her novel, "The Home." The inflation of her mind was exhibited in the conception of a grand poem on "The Creation of the World," in which, appropriately enough, she got no further than the opening lines on "Chaos." Her early acquaintance with the tales of Madame de Genlis, and the novels of Fanny Burney, naturally generated in her mind the most romantic visions, peopling the groves of Arsta with adventurous ruffian lovers, fully prepared to carry her off to violent nuptials. The translation, with her sister, of a religious work, at the period of preparation for the religious rite of Confirmation, afforded gratifying evidence to her parents of an improving seriousness of disposition. Music and Italian were now added to her accomplishments, and the young lady, at the age of seventeen, was allowed to emerge into a more liberal atmosphere of social liberty. For her father's birthday, in 1818, she composed a theatrical piece, in one act, which was performed, or recited, in the family, on an extemporised stage in the drawing-room. Associated with her other attainments was a practical introduction to the science of cookery, under a professed master of the art—which gave her opportunity to make some amends to

herself for the short commons of her childhood.

But the possibilities for her were soon to be enlarged. The painful journeying through Pomerania and Luneburg (of which she speaks in her Autobiography), undertaken by the family, with the view of settling for a time at Marseilles, was greatly aggravated by a severe fit of illness which fell upon her at Darmstadt, and enfeebled her in the progress of the tour through Germany. The result, however, was of great value to her. She was then at the age of twenty, and fully prepared to improve and enjoy the advantages of foreign travel. After a short sojourn in Switzerland, the family took up their residence for the winter in Paris, where the sisters were speedily engaged with excellent teachers in music, drawing, painting, and singing. They frequently visited the theatres when the Parisian stage was in great force, with Talma, Duchesnoix, Mars, Georges, Pasta, and others on the boards. With Mademoiselle Mars, in particular, she was greatly delighted. She also profited greatly by the study of art in the galleries and museums. "The desire for knowledge," she writes, "and the desire for enjoyment were reawakened within me—a new, all-consuming fire, at the sight of the masterpieces of nature and of art." In the summer of 1822, the party returned to Stockholm, and Frederika was once more installed at the old country mansion of Arsta.

One of her early employments after her return was to paint miniatures; an occupation which diverted her in her retirement, and in which she displayed

considerable genius. Still she longed for wider sympathies and more active pursuits. She seriously entertained the idea, in imitation of the Sisters of Charity whom she had seen at Paris, of seeking employment as a nurse in one of the hospitals of Stockholm. But she was soon to find a better outlet and more sufficient use for her faculties in the creations of literature; when, after the death of her father, in 1829, she was thrown more on her independent resources. Living alone in the country, she began shortly before this time to form images in her mind of the characters and scenes which she had witnessed, to which the quaint customs and simple manners of the people about her furnished the most abundant picturesque material. Her first volume, entitled "Sketches of Everyday Life," was written to please herself, and printed with the hope of getting a little money to assist the poor in the country. It was, by the aid of her brother, brought to the notice of a publisher at Upsala, who surprised the author by his willingness to pay one hundred rix dollars for the copyright. Animated by its success, she wrote, in 1829, a second volume of the "Sketches." It was refused by a bookseller in Stockholm, but readily undertaken by her former publisher. A third volume of the "Sketches" appeared in 1832. The flattering attentions which Miss Bremer received in consequence of these writings, with the honor of a gold medal from the Swedish Academy, determined her resolution to devote herself seriously to the life of an author. A residence with a titled lady of her acquaintance

for the winters of several years, at her estate in Norway, with various travels in Sweden, and sojourns at the summer baths and spas, added greatly to her sphere of observation.

Having become conscious of her powers in the composition of the "Sketches"—the possession of humor, she tells us, was quite a revelation to her in one of these tales—she rapidly followed up her successes by the production of the series of novels, chiefly drawn from family life, which, as they became known to the world, gained her an enduring reputation among the best character painters in her fiction. The manners of her own isolated northern region afforded her abundant scope, and she accomplished in "The Neighbors," "Home," "Strife and Peace," "A Diary," "The H—— Family," "The President's Daughters," for the home life of Sweden and Norway, what Maria Edgeworth had done for Ireland, in the graphic dialogue and description of her numerous tales. In Miss Bremer's works there was local fidelity, humorous portraiture, and a warmth of sentimental coloring peculiarly her own. These books were introduced to English readers mainly by the excellent translations of Mary Howitt, beginning with "The Neighbors," in 1842, followed by that of "Home, or Life in Sweden," the next year. Their success was very great in England and America, both of which countries were visited by the author, who was everywhere received with the warmest attentions.

The American tour of Miss Bremer extended through two years, from the autumn of 1859, when she landed in

New York. During this time, she travelled in the New England, Middle, Southern, and Western States; and, in the last winter, visited the island of Cuba. She had everywhere kind friends to welcome her, for the peculiar character of her writings had given her, as it were, a personal introduction to the whole reading public. Her own amiable and enthusiastic disposition led her to take a warm interest in the social life of the country, which she saw to great advantage. On her return home, she published a genial record of the tour, in a brace of volumes, entitled "The Homes of the New World; or, Impressions of America," which appeared in an English translation from the pen of Mary Howitt. Her sympathy with the progress of the country is expressed in the motto to the book, from the Psalms, "Sing unto the Lord a new song." In the course of her observations, she gave many interesting personal notices of the persons eminent in literature or public life with whom she was brought into intimacy. Among them we have a just tribute to Miss Catherine Sedgwick, who was one of the foremost to greet her, at the residence of her friend, the architect, Mr. Downing, on the Hudson. A memorandum of this first interview is also to be found in the published correspondence of Miss Sedgwick, who describes her as "a little lady, slightly made, with the most lovely little hands, a very florid complexion (especially of the nose)—florid, but very pure and fair, and far from giving any idea of coarse-

ness. Her hair is somewhat grayed; her eye, a clear blue. She uses our language with accuracy and even elegance, but her accent is so strong and her intonation so curious that it is not easy to understand her. Her voice is one of the sweetest I have ever heard—one of those soul instruments that seem to be a true spiritual organ. She is simple and sincere as a child in all her ways. There is a dignified, calm good sense about her, with a most lovely gentleness and spirituality." The portrait, from the life, is such a one as might have been drawn in advance from her writings.

After her return to Sweden, Miss Bremer became engaged in the promotion of various philanthropic schemes for ameliorating the condition of her sex, and for extending education among the poor. She continued to write, and produced in succession, "Hertha," in 1856, in which she made the story subservient to her philanthropic purpose; and "Fathers and Daughters," 1859, in which a similar purpose was visible. She also travelled, and mostly alone, in Switzerland, Greece, and Palestine, and gave the results of her observations to the public, in "Two Years in Switzerland," 1860; "Travels in the Holy Land," 1862; and "Greece and the Greeks," 1863, all of which have been translated into English. In the summer of 1865, she retired to the old country residence at Arsta, the home of her childhood; and there, on the last day of December, 1865, in the ardor of Christian hope and resignation, ended her days.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SELDOM does biography offer to us so pleasing a subject as the life of Washington Irving. It is of beauty and beneficence from the beginning to the close—the course of a quiet, tranquil river, fed at its source by the purity of rural fountains; gathering fertility on its banks as it advances; pursuing its path through the loveliness of nature and by the “towered cities” of men, to lapse into final tranquility beneath the whispering of the groves softly sighing on the borders of the all-receiving ocean. Many were the felicities of the life of Irving. Of a good stock, of honorable parentage, happy in the associations of his youth; gifted with a kindly genius, sure to receive the blessing which it gave, attracted to the great and good and beloved by them; finding its nutriment in the heroic in history and the amiable in life; returning that generous culture in enduring pictures in most valued books; writing its name on the monuments of Columbus, Washington, and Goldsmith; fondly remembered at Stratford upon Avon, and by the pensive courts of the Alhambra; endeared to many a cliff and winding valley of his native Hudson:—his memory, sure-

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ly, by the side of that generous stream will be kept green and flourishing with undying affection.

If the felicity of a poem desired by the exquisite Roman bard, that it should be consistent with itself and proceed to the end as it commenced at the beginning, be a just measure of the happiness of life, Washington Irving enjoyed that prosperity in an extraordinary degree.

The ancestry of Irving belongs to an ancient line in Scotland, which has been traced to the first years of the fourteenth century. It is known as “the knightly family of Drum,” from an old castle still occupied by the descendants, on the banks of the Dee. An early member of the family settled in the Orkneys, where the race flourished and faded, “and dwindled, and dwindled, and dwindled, until the last of them, nearly a hundred years since, sought a new home in this New World of ours.”* This was William Irving, who arrived in New York in 1760, bringing with him his wife, an English lady of Cornwall, whose maiden name

* The expression is that of Washington Irving himself. We find it in a family sketch in the *Richmond Co. Gazette*, Dec. 14, 1859.



Washington Irving,

was Saunders. These were the parents of Washington Irving.

He was born in William-street, New York, April 3, 1783. One of the earliest recorded incidents of his life, he probably shared in common with many children of the period; but it is better worth remembering in his case than the others. His Scotch nurse taking him out one day—it was the time of Washington's inauguration, and the first Congress in New York—fell in with the Father of his Country, and eagerly seizing the opportunity, presented her charge to his notice. "Please, your excellency, here's a bairn that's called after you!" Washington, whose kind nature was not averse to such solicitations, laid his hand upon the head of the child and blessed it. "That blessing," said Irving, in one of his latest years, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life."

Irving's schooldays were not over rigorous. He was not robust, and thus escaped some of the usual persecutions of the pedagogues; for the tradition runs that he was not very bright in these early exercises. Coming home one day, he told his mother, "The madam says I am a dunce; isn't it a pity!" The story is worth telling, as a hint to schoolmasters, upon whom Dame Nature is forever playing these mystifications. In Irving's story it simply witnesses that he had a genius of his own, better adapted to one thing than another. It does not appear, however, that he derived much from the schools of his day; and as ill-health prevented his entering Columbia College, he passed through life with little knowledge of Greek and Latin, and probably

none worth mentioning of Greek. His home education in English literature was more thorough. He read Chaucer and Spenser, Addison and Goldsmith, and the other excellent old-fashioned volumes of the British classical book shelf. There was nothing in the contemporary literature of the time specially to engage his attention; nothing at all to wake a boy's heart at home, and no Dickens to stir his perceptions from the other side of the water. This reading of old books was, doubtless, favorable to the employment of his imagination, a faculty which is always excited by pictures of the past and distant. The youth soon found that the cloth in this old wardrobe of the days of Addison and Dr. Johnson was sound enough to bear cutting down and refitting for the limbs of another generation. So the boy became an essayist of the school of the Spectator, and the Citizen of the World. His first production of which we have any knowledge was written at the age of nineteen, the "Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle," a series of papers on the follies and habits of the town, with an especial leaning to its theatrical shows, which he contributed to the "Morning Chronicle," a political daily newspaper which had been recently commenced by his elder brother, Dr. Peter Irving. These papers are lively and humorous productions; and though, of course, they do not equal the polish of the author's later style, yet they are certainly remarkable for their ease and finish. The youth was evidently on the right track, and knew well what he was about.

The next incident we have to record

is a pilgrimage to Europe, induced by symptoms of ill health. At this time and for some years after, Mr. Irving was threatened with pulmonary difficulties. Indeed, the likeness painted by Jarvis, in his early manhood, bears painful indications of this type of constitution. He lived to outgrow it entirely. There can be no more pleasing surprise than a glance at the brilliant prime, from the pencil of Newton and Leslie, by the side of the melancholy portrait by Jarvis. His tour carried him to France, Italy, Switzerland and England. An acquaintance with Washington Allston, the refined artist at Rome, half persuaded him to turn his attention to painting, for which he had considerable taste and inclination. The pursuit, amidst the beauties and glories of the arts in the Eternal City, cajoled his imagination with the most enticing allurements. "For two or three days," he said, "the idea took full possession of my mind; but I believe it owed its main force to the lovely evening ramble in which I first conceived it, and to the romantic friendship I had formed with Allston. Whenever it recurred to mind, it was always connected with beautiful Italian scenery, palaces and statues, and fountains, and terraced gardens, and Allston as the companion of my studio. I promised myself a world of enjoyment in his society, and in the society of several artists with whom he had made me acquainted, and pictured forth a scheme of life, all tinted with the rainbow hues of youthful promise. My lot in life, however, was differently cast. Doubts and fears gradually clouded over my prospects;

the rainbow tints faded away; I began to apprehend a sterile reality, so I gave up the transient but delightful prospect of remaining in Rome with Allston, and turning painter."

The law was the rather unattractive alternative, and to the law for awhile the young enthusiast returned to New York, after an absence abroad of two years. He read law with the late Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and old citizens remember his attorney's sign, for he was admitted to practice; but he did not pursue the profession.

The very year after his introduction to the bar, in January, 1807, appeared in New York the first number of "Salmagundi; or, the Whim-whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff, Esq., and others," a small 18mo. publication of twenty pages, which was destined to make its mark upon the town, and attract the notice of a wider circle. This sportive journal was the production of three very clever wits—Washington Irving, his elder brother William, the verse-maker of the fraternity, and James K. Paulding, who also then first rose to notice in this little constellation. New York was not at that time too large to be under the control of a skilful, genial satirist. Compared with the metropolis of the present day, it was but a huge family, where everybody of any consequence was known by everybody else. A postman might run over it in an hour. One bell could ring all its inhabitants to prayer and one theatre sufficed for its entertainment. The city, in fact, while large enough to afford material for and shelter a humorist with some degree of privacy, was, so far as society was con-

earned, a very manageable, convenient instrument to play upon. The genial wits of "Salmagundi" touched the strings cunningly, and the whole town, with agitated nerves, contributed to the music. The humors of fashion, dress, the dancing assemblies, the militia displays, the elections, in turn yielded their sport; while graver touches of pathos and sketches of character were interposed, of lasting interest. There are passages in "Salmagundi," of feeling, humor and description which the writers hardly surpassed. The work, in fine, is well worthy to take its place, not at the end of the series of the British classical essayists, but at the head of that new American set, which includes "The Idle Man," "The Old Bachelor," "The Lorgnette," and other kindred meritorious productions.

"Salamagundi" closed at the end of the year, with its twentieth number, and was shortly succeeded by the famous "History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," a work of considerable compass and most felicitous execution. The book was commenced with little regard to the form in which it finally made its appearance. The intention at first seems to have been to prepare something with the general notion subsequently wrought out in Mr. Poole's very clever "Little Pedlington Papers"—to ridicule the pretensions of the town, which had been aggravated by the appearance of a hand-book of a somewhat provincial character, entitled "A Picture of New York." The parody, as in the parallel

instance of Mr. Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," soon outgrew itself.

Previously to its publication, something like a grave history was looked for from Diedrich Knickerbocker. To whet the public appetite, an advertisement was inserted in the Evening Post, narrating, under the heading "Distressing," the departure from his lodgings at the Columbian Hotel, Mulberry street, of "a small elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, by the name of Knickerbocker, and asking printers to serve the cause of humanity by giving the notice insertion. "A Traveller" next sends a random note of an old gentleman answering the description, having been seen on the road to Albany, above Kingsbridge. After the lapse of a reasonable time, Seth Handaside, the Yankee landlord, announces his intention to remunerate himself by the sale of a curious manuscript Mr. Knickerbocker had left behind him. The same number of the journal had an advertisement of the publication by Inskeep and Bradford.

There is a great deal of fun in Knickerbocker—some sheer burlesque, which begins and ends with the page, but far more genuine humor applicable to wider scenes and more real adventures. The old Dutch families took offence at the free use of their names, which were very unceremoniously handled.

One old inhabitant of the North River, who rejoiced in the patronymic itself, Knickerbocker, it is said was especially aggrieved, and we have heard of the author's exclusion, in one instance, from the entertainments of a leading colonial family. Years

after, the spirit of the work was condemned in a grave paper read before the New York Historical Society; and the censure was afterwards revived by so judicious a person as Mr. Edward Everett.* The truth of the matter is, that society must be very weak indeed, which cannot bear the infliction of so really good-natured a jest as this Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York. Though it occupied the attention of the public, and to a certain degree gave color to rather a ludicrous estimate of our Dutch forefathers, in the absence of popular histories, which it is perhaps a misfortune were not written earlier, yet it has proved no obstacle to the serious operations of Clío, in the works of Brodhead, O'Callaghan and others; while it has in a thousand ways perpetuated the memory of the old Dutch dynasties. The Dutchmen of New York had never been called Knickerbockers before; now it is quite an accredited designation, not without honor and esteem throughout the world. In the words of the author's apology, prefixed to the revised edition of 1848: "Before the appearance of my work, the popular traditions of our city were unrecorded; the peculiar and racy customs and usages derived from our Dutch progenitors were unnoticed, or regarded with indifference, or adverted to with a sneer. Now they form a convivial currency, and are brought forward on all occasions: they link our whole commu-

* Mr. Verplanck's Anniversary Discourse before the New York Historical Society, December, 1818.—Mr. Everett's obituary remarks on Irving, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, December, 1859.

nity together in good humor and good fellowship; they are the rallying points of home feeling—the seasoning of our civic festivities—the staple of local tales and local pleasantries, and are so harped upon by our writers of popular fiction, that I find myself almost crowded off the legendary ground which I was the first to explore, by the host who have followed in my footsteps."

This home sensitiveness, of course, was never felt abroad. A copy of the work was sent by the author's friend, Mr. Brevoort, to Sir Walter Scott. His verdict upon this "most excellently jocose history," as he termed it, is conclusive. It was read in his family with absolute riot of enjoyment. He compared it advantageously with Swift, and failed not to note its more serious pathetic passages, which reminded him of Sterne. This led the way afterward to an introduction to Scott at Abbotsford, and the formation of a friendship which lived while Scott lived, and which was cherished among the most valued recollections of Irving's life.

His next literary performance was a brief biography of the poet Campbell, written for an American edition of the poet's works. The author showed himself at home in this department of literature, in which he subsequently became so greatly distinguished.

We hear of him now engaged in the mercantile calling of his brother; but hardware and cutlery had little attraction for him. The iron, it may be said, never entered into his soul. When the war with Great Britain shortly after broke out, we find him on the military staff of Governor Tompkins, with the title of Colonel. Colonel Ir

ving! It no more belonged to his name than the hardware sign. Yet we have no doubt he would have done credit to it if called into active service. As it proved, his pen was more in requisition than his sword. He was employed, in the years 1813 and 1814, in conducting the "Analectic Magazine," published by Moses Thomas, in Philadelphia, and at that time specially devoted to military and naval affairs. In the original department of this work, in which he was aided by Mr. Verplanck and Mr. Paulding, he wrote, beside other papers, the biographies of Lieut. Burrows, Captain Lawrence, Commodore Perry, and Captain Porter. They are all spirited productions, calculated to warm the heart of the country, justly proud of the brilliant achievement of these worthies; while they are quite free from the besetting sin in such cases, of patriotic exaggeration.

At the close of the war he sailed for Liverpool, and took charge of the affairs of the mercantile house with which he was connected. The sudden change of business affairs at the peace greatly embarrassed the firm. After suffering the torture of the counting-room during this period of failing credit, he finally became disengaged from the affair, and directed his steps to London and the booksellers for a livelihood.

He now turned his talent for observation and description to account in the production of the series of papers included in the "Sketch Book." They are the first fruits of his English experience, mingled with some fanciful creations, as the legends of Rip Van Win-

kle and Sleepy Hollow, based on American recollections. The great success of the work was not attained at a single blow. There seemed to be no opening for such a work in the English market. The publication was, in fact, commenced in New York, in numbers. When a portion of it had thus appeared, it reached William Jerdan, the editor of the "London Literary Gazette," whose practised eye detected at once a good thing for his journal. He reprinted several of the papers, when the author offered the work to Murray. The usual answer in such cases was returned, couched in imposing phrase, as a mark of respect. "If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts," etc. In this strait the author addressed Sir Walter Scott, who, generously appreciating the man and his work, promised his aid with Constable, and as the best thing at hand in the meanwhile offered Irving a salary of five hundred pounds to conduct a weekly periodical at Edinburgh. His correspondent was, however, too chary of his talents as an author of all work to engage in this undertaking. He put his book to press in London at his own expense, with John Miller, and Miller soon after failed. Sir Walter, the beneficent *deus ex machinâ* now opportunely happened in London, and arranged the publication with Murray, who thenceforward became the author's fast friend and most liberal paymaster. The "Sketch Book" was a brilliant success. Jeffrey reviewed it, Lockhart admired, Byron

praised, and Moore sought the author's acquaintance at Paris on the strength of it.

"Bracebridge Hall" followed the "Sketch Book" in 1822; and the close of the next year brought its sequel, the "Tales of a Traveller." All these works have more or less characteristics of the first member of the family. There is an elaborate elegance of style, a certain delicacy and sweetness of sentiment, an easy grace of reflection, a happy turn of description. The writer does not draw a great deal on his invention for the characters or the incidents, but he managed to develop both with skill, and, being always a jealous watcher of his own powers, and cautious in feeling the pulse of the public, he looked for new material before the old was exhausted. There is a good genius always waiting to help ability and sincerity. Just as the essayist may have felt the want of a new field for his exertions, he was invited by Mr. Alexander H. Everett, to Spain, with a view to the translation of the collection of Spanish documents recently made by Navarrete from the long and jealously-secluded public archives. He undertook the work, which called for something far above translation, and the essayist bloomed into the historian. The "History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," appeared in due time, followed by the "Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus." Both works greatly enhanced the reputation of the author. Literature, indeed, awards her highest honors to the historian. History has laid Macaulay in Westminster Abbey.

Jeffrey reviewed the "Columbus" with enthusiasm in the "Edinburgh," and the George IV. fifty-guinea gold medal was conferred upon Hallam and Irving at the same time.

The literary execution of the "Columbus" must be pronounced in general very happy. There is perhaps a little cloying sweetness in its regularly constructed periods; but these elegantly apportioned sentences are always made to bear their full weight of thought. The condensation is admirable, while there is a richness of phraseology, and a warm glow of the imagination is spread over the whole. It is not to be supposed that this excellence was attained without labor. It is the fiat of fate, says Wirt, from which no power of genius can absolve a man. Irving, at the suggestion of Lieutenant Slidell, who pronounced the style unequal, re-wrote nearly the whole of the work. Professor Longfellow, who saw Irving while it was in progress in Spain, recalls the "patient, persistent toil" of the author. The genius of Irving delighted in these Spanish themes. After he had made the intimate acquaintance of various parts of Europe, the land of the Saracen seemed to present to him the greatest attractions. He devoted his genius to the revival of her history, and the embellishment of her legends. Had opportunity permitted, he would doubtless have produced companion volumes to the Columbus on themes which afterwards engaged the pen of Prescott. As it was, he gave the world those delightful books, the "Conquest of Granada," the "Alhambra," the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," and "Mahomet."

met and his Successors." His imagination was thoroughly captivated by the daring, pathetic, and tender scenes of these old tales of adventure, with which his genius was very apt to blend some lurking touch of humor.

At the close of his long residence in Spain, Mr. Irving passed some time in England, enjoying for a while the post of secretary of legation to the American embassy. He left London in 1832, on his return to America, after an absence of seventeen years, arriving in the month of May, at New York, where he found a most cordial welcome awaiting him. A public dinner was given to him by his friends, numbering some of the most distinguished persons in the country. Chancellor Kent presided at the banquet. Irving was congratulated in the handsomest terms on the eminent services he had rendered the literature of his country, and replied in the simplest words, congratulating his fellow-citizens on their prosperity as he drew an attractive picture of the growth and beauty of New York, and expressed the warmest emotions at his reception. His essential modesty led him to value such tributes highly; though he very seldom allowed himself to be put in the way of them.

The sight of America appeared to revive in him the freshness and adventure of youth. In the very summer of his return he accompanied Mr. Ellsworth, one of the commissioners for removing the Indian tribes to the west of the Mississippi, a journey of which he published an animated account in 1835. This sharpened his pen for the fascinating narrative entitled "Astoria; or, Anecdotes of an En-

terprise beyond the Rocky Mountains," which appeared the ensuing year, and was followed by a work of similar character, the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West." The skilful grouping and picturesque narrative of these books, rendering an otherwise confused and encumbered story so charming, leave us to regret that so much excellent matter of the kind should be so frequently thrown away for lack of these literary advantages.

Though Mr. Irving had received large sums for copyright, yet, from losses from investment which he had experienced, his income could not at this time have been large, for we find him yielding to an agreement of a character always irksome to a man of his temperament, to furnish regular monthly articles to a periodical. Some of the pleasantest of his later papers, however, were written in this way for the "Knickerbocker" magazine, in 1839 and 1840; a selection from which was afterwards made by him in the volume entitled "Wolfert's Roost."

In 1852, Mr. Irving received the appointment from the government of minister to Spain. Its announcement by Daniel Webster, at whose suggestion it was made, was entirely unexpected by him. A passing compliment paid him at this time is worth recording. It occurs in Mr. Charles Dickens's "American Notes," in a description of a Presidential drawing-room at Washington, when Irving was present in his new character for the first and last time before going abroad. "I sincerely believe," says Dickens,

“that in all the madness of American politics, few public men would have been so earnestly, devotedly, and affectionately caressed as this most charming writer: and I have seldom respected a public assembly more than I did this eager throng, when I saw them turning with one mind from noisy orators and officers of state, and flocking with a generous and honest impulse round the man of quiet pursuits: proud in his promotion as reflecting back upon their country: and grateful to him with their whole hearts for the store of graceful fancies he had poured out among them.”

Mr. Irving passed several years in Spain in his diplomatic capacity, devoting himself assiduously to the duties of his position. His dispatches in the State Paper Office will doubtless, should the time ever come for their publication, present a valuable picture of the changing political fortunes of the country during his term.

On his return from Spain, Mr. Irving made his home for the remainder of his life at his beautiful country seat, “Sunnyside,” on the eastern bank of the Hudson, some twenty miles from New York. Here he resided in the midst of his family, consisting of his brother and nieces, occasionally visiting his friends in Virginia and other portions of the country, but gradually limiting his journeys to the neighboring city. At Sunnyside, in these later years, he prepared the revised editions of his books, which now became a source of regular profit, wrote the “Life of Oliver Goldsmith,” and completed the crowning labor of his long literary career, the “Life of George Washington.” The

interval between the publication of the first of the five volumes and the last, was five years. It was completed the very year of his death. His design was to present in simple, unambitious narrative a thoroughly truthful view of the character of Washington—of the acts of his life—with an impartial estimate of the men and agencies by which he was surrounded. He attained all this and more. His work has been read with interest, nay, with affection, and promises long to retain its hold upon the public.

Mr. Irving had now reached the close of life, with as few of the infirmities as fall to the lot even of those accounted most fortunate. His health, delicate in his youth, had strengthened with his years, and during the long periods of his residence abroad he knew no illness. The breaking-up of his powers was gradual, affecting only his physical strength. His mind—the felicity of his thoughts, the beauty of his expression, his style, were unimpaired to the last. His death occurred suddenly, in his Sunnyside cottage, as he was retiring to rest on the night of November 28, 1859. He fell with scarcely a word—

“Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way.”

“It was scarcely death, said an eminent artist* to us, a dweller on the banks of his own Hudson, thinking of the fulness of years and honors, and the mild departure—“it was a translation.”

The good omen of this happily

* Mr. Weir, of West Point.

rounded life was repeated on the day of the funeral, which drew multitudes of honored citizens from New York to participate in the last rites. It was the first of December, a day of unusual gentleness and beauty, the last as it proved, of the calm Indian summer. All nature breathed tranquillity, as the sun descended upon the sleeping river and silent evergreens. Every shop in the village of Tarrytown, where the services were performed, at Christ Church, was shut, and the utmost decorum prevailed throughout the thronging crowd during the day which closed upon his grave on the hill-side of the Tarrytown cemetery. It was, as President King remarked at the subsequent memorial meeting of the New York Historical Society, "a Washington Irving day." The country will not soon forget the memorable scene.

The life of Washington Irving was so truthful, so simple, so easily to be read by all men, that few words are needed for an analysis of his character. He was primarily a man of genius—that is, nature had given him a faculty of doing what no one else could do precisely, and doing it well. His talent was no doubt improved by skill and exercise; but we see it working in his earliest books, when he could scarcely have dreamt of becoming an author. Indeed, he was thrown upon authorship apparently by accident; a lucky shipwreck of his fortunes, as it proved, for the world. In this faculty, which he possessed better than anybody else in America, the most important ingredient was humor—a kindly perception of life, not unconscious of its weaknesses, tolerant of its frailties, capable of

throwing a beam of sunshine into the darkness of its misfortunes. The heart was evidently his logician; a pure life his best instructor. He loved literature, but not at the expense of society. Though his writings were fed by many secret rills, flowing from the elder worthies, the best source of his inspiration was daily life. He was always true to its commonest, most real emotions.

In all his personal intercourse with others, in every relation of life, Mr. Irving, in an eminent degree, exhibited the qualities of the gentleman. They were principles of thought and action, in the old definition of Sir Philip Sidney, "seated in a heart of courtesy." His manners, while they were characterized by the highest refinement, were simple to a degree. His habits of living were plain, though not homely: everything about him displayed good taste, and an expense not below the standard of his fortunes; but there was no ostentation. No man stood more open to new impressions. His sensibility was excited by everything noble or generous, and we may add, anything which displayed humor of character, from whatever sphere of life the example was drawn. His genius responded to every honest touch of nature in literature or art. He was a man of feeling, with the sympathies of a Mackenzie or a Goldsmith. Nor did these emotions, with him, rest only in the luxuries of sentiment. He was a practical guide, counsellor and friend; and his benevolence was not confined to this charmed circle of home and neighborhood. In public affairs, though unfitted for the duties of the working

politician, his course was independent and patriotic. No heart beat warmer in love of country and the Union, and the honor of his nation's flag. This is worth mentioning in his case, for his tastes and studies led him to retirement; but he did not suffer it to be an inglorious ease, to which higher ends should be sacrificed.

Much has been said of the influence upon his life of an early attachment. He was engaged to a daughter of the late Judge Josiah Hoffman. The lady died and her lover never married. There is thought to be an allusion to this in a beautiful passage in his sketch of St. Mark's Eve in "Bracebridge Hall," where it is written:—"There are departed beings that I have loved as I never again shall love

in this world—that have loved me as I never again shall be loved." Mr. Thackeray, the eminent novelist, has mentioned this tenderly in a few words of tribute to the memory of his friend:—"He had loved once in his life. The lady he loved died; and he, whom all the world loved, never sought to replace her. I can't say how much the thought of that fidelity has touched me. Does not the very cheerfulness of his after-life add to the pathos of that untold story? To grieve always was not in his nature; or, when he had his sorrow, to bring all the world in to condole with him and bemoan it. Deep and quiet he lays the love of his heart and buries it, and grass and flowers grow over the scarred ground in due time."



Antonio Brucanolo

VICTOR EMANUEL I.

VICTOR EMANUEL I., King of Italy, was born March 14th, 1820. His father, Charles Albert, succeeded to the sovereignty of Sardinia on the death of Charles Felix, in 1831. The House of Savoy, from which Victor Emanuel is descended, is one of the most ancient sovereign families in Europe, ascending to the eleventh century. In the midst of wars and alliances, the Duchy of Savoy held its own, and gradually increased its authority till, in the early part of the eighteenth century, the island of Sardinia was permanently annexed to its territory, and the Dukes of Savoy became Kings of Sardinia. In the wars consequent upon the French Revolution, the kingdom was overrun by the French invaders, and its royal family driven into exile, from which Victor Emanuel, the predecessor of Charles Felix, returned, on the restoration of the kingdom after the downfall of Napoleon, when, by the treaty of Vienna, Genoa was added to his dominions. Over this territory Charles Albert was ruling in 1848, when the revolutionary events of that year brought about the campaign against Austria, ending in the great disaster

to the Sardinian forces at the battle of Novara, in March, 1849. Immediately upon this event, Charles Albert abdicated the throne, and his son, Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, became King of Sardinia. He had been early trained in military pursuits and exercises, and had fought bravely during the war. The struggle with Austria was a necessity imposed upon the State by the popular feeling of the time; and when peace was concluded by the new sovereign on comparatively favorable terms to the Kingdom, he probably little thought that before many years the Austrian rule and influence would be obliterated through the length and breadth of Italy, and that he himself would be raised to the sovereignty of the entire peninsula. At the time of his accession to the kingdom, at the age of twenty-eight, Victor Emanuel had been six years married to an Austrian princess, the Archduchess Adelaide, daughter of the Archduke Renier, ruler of Lombardy.

Victor Emanuel came to the throne of Sardinia at a period of extraordinary difficulty. But the good seed of liberty and independence had been sown in the past, and, though the sea-

son certainly seemed adverse, and storms and tempests were blowing, it was maturing in adversity, in no long time to shoot up a strong and vigorous plant for the healing of the nations. Piedmont, as a large part of the country was generally called, was looked to by far-seeing patriots as the hope of Italy. It had struck a blow for liberty in an attempt to liberate Lombardy, and restrain or overpower the despotism of Austria; and, as we have seen, had been defeated; but it was a great deal for a legitimate government like that of Sardinia to have taken the field, even in an ineffectual effort in behalf of such a cause—a cause in which defeat will ever prove a spur to renewed and increased exertion.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers.

And but a few years were needed to bring about the vindication. Fortunately there was something left to work upon in the concessions extorted from the late sovereign. He had, in deference to the will of the people, granted a constitution; and the obvious part to be played by the new ruler, was that of a constitutional monarch. In this he had the support of a party faithful to the cause, and was soon assisted by a rising statesman, in Cavour, a member of the parliament, a man of extraordinary native powers, who had studied Europe with the eye of a philosopher, had made himself familiar by personal observation with the operation of free institutions in England; an active, yet patient worker; stimulating events, yet controlling them; wise to take advant-

age of occurrences without the kingdom—the one man who, more than any other of his time, has assisted in creating a great nation. The material interest of the kingdom first employed the new sovereign. It was to be put in condition of military defence. Its army and navy were to be looked after, a system of public instruction to be provided, and the industrial resources of the country increased. In the accomplishment of the latter, favorable treaties looking to free-trade, were formed with foreign powers, and a system of railways planned for internal improvement. By the prosecution of such ends, the Sardinian government soon became marked out as the power of the future among the principalities; for the elements of modern progress were almost exclusively in its possession, while it showed itself capable of controlling and directing the revolutionary tendencies of the country. Personally, the sovereign, Victor Emanuel, became a great favorite. His efforts for the relief of the suffering when Genoa was attacked by cholera in 1854, gained him the esteem of all parties.

In the following year, the alliance which he formed with France and England against Russia in her aggressions upon Turkey, brought his kingdom prominently forward to the observation of Europe. The military force which was sent to the Crimea, under General Marmora, greatly distinguished itself in several actions, particularly at the battle of Tchernaya, thus giving the nation a position among the European powers, and effectually aiding her diplomacy in the affairs of

Italy. During a visit to England at the close of 1855, Victor Emanuel was admitted at Windsor, December 3d, to the Order of the Garter; and, in the ensuing January, gave his daughter, the Princess Clothilde Maria Theresa of Savoy, in marriage to Prince Napoleon, an alliance which was recognized as identifying the political interests of France more closely with those of Italy, and as being the prelude to the war of Italian independence.* In April of the same year, the Emperor of Austria declared war against Sardinia, and Victor Emanuel placed himself at the head of his troops to defend his invaded territories. The Emperor of the French, from whose cooperation Italy was taught to expect freedom "from the Alps to the Adriatic," followed his army, which had disembarked at Genoa on the 26th of April; and, upon his landing at that port on the 12th of May, was received there by the King of Sardinia. A series of brilliant successes, including the victories of Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, and the hard-won battle of San Martino — where Victor Emanuel fought in the foremost ranks, and where one in every five of the Piedmontese soldiers were left dead on the field—raised high the hopes of Italian unification, only, however, to be destroyed by the abrupt proposition of an armistice, made by the Emperor of the French to the Emperor of Austria, on the 6th of July. Five days afterward, these two sovereigns met at Villafranca, and on the 12th of July, agreed to a peace, the conditions

of which were confirmed by the treaty of Zurich, the negotiation of which occupied the Austrian and French envoys from the 8th of August to the 10th of November, when it was signed and concluded. The principal gain resulting from this treaty to the cause of Italian unity and independence, was the cession of Lombardy to Sardinia, whilst Venice was still left in the occupation of the Austrians. For the French co-operation in securing this and other subsequent partial advantages, Victor Emanuel was called upon to make over to the Emperor the territories of Nice and Savoy, the treaty which sanctioned their transfer being concluded on the 24th of March, 1860. But the national aspirations of the people of Italy outran the calculations of international diplomacy; and Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, impatient of the rule of their own sovereigns, whom they had expelled or deposed, successively declared, August 1859, in favor of annexation to Sardinia, as representing the idea of a future united Italian kingdom under Victor Emanuel. On the 3d of September, the Assembly of the Romagna followed the example of the Duchies by the adoption of a resolution expressive of their refusal to live any longer under the temporal dominion of the Pope. The States of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, were provisionally incorporated; but their rights were reserved by one of the clauses of the treaty of Zurich, which was itself abrogated on the formation of the kingdom of Italy.

The great event of the year 1860 was the conquest of the kingdom of Naples by Garibaldi; who, fettered at

* For the sequel of this narrative we are indebted to the "English Cyclopædia."

nearly every step, especially the earlier ones, by royal proclamations and disavowals, made himself master of the two Sicilies, insular and continental, and offered his splendid conquests to Victor Emanuel, whom on his visit to his new dominions, in order to take possession, he saluted as "King of Italy," October 1, 1860. On the 26th of December, the latter decreed the annexation of the Marches, Umbria, Naples, and Sicily, to his dominions; and the title which Garibaldi had conferred upon him was confirmed, on the 17th of March, 1861, by the unanimous vote of the Italian Parliament. The new kingdom was immediately recognized by the British government, and by the Emperor Napoleon, on the 23d of June; and comprised the whole of Italy, with the exception of Venice, and so much as was left of the territory of the Pope, who did not fail of energetic protests. "Opportunity," Baron Ricasoli had said, on the opening of the Parliament at Turin, February 18, 1861, "will open up our way to Venice. In the meantime we think of Rome, which is for Italians not merely a right, but an inexorable necessity."

Interpreting the conduct of Victor Emanuel, with regard to Naples, in 1860, as a precedent, Garibaldi believed the King of Italy to be fettered in the accomplishment of his desires after Rome by the French alliance, and did not doubt that the king would willingly accept a conquest which it was not expedient for him to attempt. Accordingly, in July, 1862, he proceeded to Catania in Sicily, for the purpose of raising an army to be directed

against Rome; and, in spite of a proclamation by King Victor Emanuel forbidding the enterprise, landed in Calabria, and on the 29th of August was defeated and wounded, at Aspromonte, by the royalist troops under Cialdini, who had received orders to "crush, destroy, and annihilate him." A large number of deserters from the Piedmontese army, who were found in the ranks of General Garibaldi, were shot, whilst the remainder of the expeditionary force were finally admitted, after a substantial term of imprisonment, to the benefit of an amnesty.

Victor Emanuel was one of the first to accept the suggestion for a Congress of the European powers, which was made, but without practical result, in November, 1863, by the Emperor of the French; with whom, in September, 1864, he concluded a convention which stipulated, on condition of the Papal Government being at that time in a position of self-defence, and of non-interference by the King of Italy, that the evacuation of Rome by the French troops should take place in two years after the settlement of the convention. It was also arranged that Florence should be adopted as the capital of the kingdom; a measure which, although it was the occasion of some discontent and disturbances at Turin, was affirmed by a law passed by the Italian Parliament on the 12th of December, 1864. The King made a formal entry into his new capital on the 1st of March, 1865; and on the 11th of May following, the court was transferred to Florence.

On the 27th of March, 1866, the King of Italy concluded an alliance

offensive and defensive, with Prussia, in opposition to Austria, against which power he declared war on the 20th of June, two days after Prussia had taken the same step. The gain to Italy of the short, sharp, and decisive campaign, which culminated on the 3d of July, in the Prussian victory of Sadowa, was the long-coveted Venetian territory, which Victor Emanuel received, October 19th, from Austria, at the hands of the Emperor of the French, to whom it had been transferred on the 4th of July, and who claimed to have saved Vienna from the most imminent hostile occupation. On the 7th of November, Victor Emanuel made his triumphal entry into Venice, three days after the decree which declared its annexation to his dominions. Rome still remained isolated from the rest of Italy, and Garibaldi, whose patriotic impatience had led him to protest against the convention of September, 1864, in pursuance of the terms of which the French troops had evacuated the city in December, 1866, invaded the Papal territory, and thus brought a renewal of the French occupation on the 30th of October, 1867, and his own complete defeat at Mentana, on the 4th of November; after which, on the 25th of the same month, he was deported to his own island of Caprera, and placed under surveillance.

On the 8th of September, 1870, four days after the deposition of the Emperor of the French, Victor Emanuel addressed a letter to the Pope, announcing that he was compelled to assume the responsibility of maintaining order in the Peninsula, and the secur-

ity of the Holy See, and undertaking that his government and his forces would restrict themselves absolutely to a conservative and tutelary action on behalf of the rights of the Roman people, which would be easily reconcilable with the inviolability of the Sovereign Pontiff and the spiritual authority of his chair. The Pope, who had previously refused to acknowledge the kingdom of Italy, protested against the meditated occupation; and, having solicited the intervention of the King of Prussia, to stay the execution of the project, received from that sovereign a refusal to disturb or endanger the friendly relations in which he stood to the King of Italy, on account of a question with which the interests of Prussia were not concerned. The Italian troops, accordingly, entered Rome on the 20th of September, after a formal resistance from the Pope's soldiers, who had received orders to yield to violence when violence should be offered, and did not prolong the defence of the city after a slight breach had been made in the walls, through which General Cadorna proceeded to make an entrance. A plebiscite of the Papal dominions, taken early in October, resulted in an almost unanimous vote for the incorporation of Rome and its dependencies with the kingdom of Italy. Even the inhabitants of the city of Rome voted for the annexation, which was carried into effect by a royal decree on the 9th of October, and by the arrival, two days after, of General della Marmora as Lieutenant-Governor of the Roman provinces. At the opening of the Italian Parliament at Florence, on the 5th of December, Victor Emanuel claimed

to have "fulfilled his promises, and to have crowned the enterprise commenced twenty-three years before by his magnanimous father." "Italy," the king said, "is free and united henceforth, and depends upon herself for achieving greatness and happiness. We entered Rome by our national right, and shall remain there, keeping the promises solemnly made to ourselves of freedom to the Church and the independence of the Holy See in its spiritual ministry and its relations with Catholicity." The Government further undertook that, whether the Pope determined to continue his residence in the city, or not, his sovereignty should be guaranteed, as well as all the honors and privileges to which he was entitled. In the face of difficulties which opposed the immediate transfer of the capital to Rome, it was decided, at a meeting of the Italian Parliament at Florence, on the 23d of December, that the transfer should be postponed for six months, and should be carried into effect on the 1st of July following.

On Christmas day, 1870, Prince Amadeus, Duke of Aosta, second son of Victor Emanuel, left Florence for Madrid, to assume the crown of Spain; and, on the same day, the completion of the Mount Cenis tunnel was announced, the inauguration of which was celebrated with much ceremony and rejoicing in September, 1871—the

crowning material glory of a reign which, in spite of chronic financial difficulties, has been mindful of industrial and commercial development, as it has of social, educational, ecclesiastical, legislative, and administrative, reforms. On Sunday, the 2d of July, 1871, the King of Italy paid a three days' visit to Rome, to which he had some months previously made a hurried and incidental one, for the purpose of taking formal possession, and of acknowledging it thenceforth as the head-quarters of the Government, from which the royal decrees would in future be issued, and where the ministers were left installed in their new offices. On the occasion of a longer visit to his new capital, where he arrived on the 21st of November, the King was received by Prince Humbert, the Ministers, the members of the Municipality, and the National Guard, whilst the city was decorated with flags, and immense and enthusiastic crowds thronged the way to the palace. On the 27th, the Italian Parliament was opened in Rome with a speech from the throne, in which, after expressions of pleasure and congratulation, the King renewed his obligations of faithfulness to those principles of liberty and order which had regenerated Italy, and to which he looked for the secret of strength, and a reconciliation between the Church and the State.



Lady Morgan

SYDNEY, LADY MORGAN.

IN the fragmentary Autobiography which opens the two bulky London volumes occupied with Lady Morgan's Memoirs, she tells us that she was born on Christmas day, in "ancient old Dublin." The year is not given: the writer, who was tender on this subject, "taking the opportunity to enter her protest against dates;" but, judging from the statements of her age at the time of her death, it may be set down at about the year 1777; though, in a note to the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," Mr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, a good authority in Irish matters, says that she could not have been born later than 1770. However this may have been, in one sense the genial authoress and "Queen of Society" had her own way with time, preserving to four-score much of her extraordinary youthful vivacity. Her sprightly qualities and habits of life seem to have been inherited from her father, Robert Owenson, the son, as we learn from the daughter's "Autobiography," of a farmer of Connaught, who, early in the eighteenth century, by his skill at a wrestling match, attracted the favor of the Queen of Beauty on the occasion, an accomplished lady of the

Crofton family. A runaway match between the couple ensued; and their son Robert came into the world exhibiting in due time the stature and personal beauty of his father, with the artistic and poetical instincts of his mother. It was soon seen that the boy had a fine taste for music, with an excellent voice, which he employed alternately on Sundays in singing early low mass at the Catholic chapel, his father being of that faith, and later in the day imparting unction and expression to the hymns of the Protestant church attended by his mother. A wealthy landed proprietor, with a fondness for music, taking note of him on these occasions, received him into his household as a permanent inmate, and, in due time, carried him with him to London, where the youth fell in with his relative, Oliver Goldsmith, twenty years his senior, with whom he shared in the liberal amusements of the town. Being dismissed by his dignified patron for an extempore appearance one night as a singer at Vauxhall, young Owenson resolved to seek support on the stage; was introduced by Goldsmith to Garrick, who accorded him at his theatre the

part of Tamerlane, in which he failed; but he soon after made a hit in his performance of Captain Macheath, in the Beggar's Opera, his forte lying in musical parts. His representation of such characters as Sheridan's Sir Lucius O'Trigger, and Cumberland's Major O'Flaherty, is also spoken of as excellent. The justice which he did the latter secured him a brave compliment from the author, who at the same time indulged his own vanity. "Mr. Owenson," said Cumberland, "I am the first author who has brought an Irish gentleman on the stage, and you are the first who ever played it *like* a gentleman." Daly, the celebrated Irish manager, was present when this tribute was paid; he saw the capabilities of the actor, and invited him to a share in his theatre at Dublin, which was accepted. Thither Owenson carried his newly-acquired bride, the daughter of an English gentleman, the Mayor of Salisbury, who objecting stoutly to an alliance with an actor, the lively young Irishman, following the precedent of his parents, was clandestinely married to the lady. She was a person of great refinement, and of decidedly religious views in sympathy with the Methodists; and, though a devoted wife, was sorely tried by the company of the priests and players this matrimonial union compelled her to entertain. Her early death was the first great sorrow her daughters, Olivia and Sydney, were called upon to endure. The name Sydney, it is said, was given to the latter in grateful remembrance of Sir Henry Sydney, Lord Deputy of Ireland in the time of Elizabeth. Her father was on the

patriotic side in Irish affairs, and the daughter grew up with strong predilections for the liberal cause and a sympathy with the revolutionary spirit of the age, which, with all her fondness for aristocratic society, never deserted her during her long career.

After their mother's death, the sisters were placed at an admirable school at Clontarf, on the sea shore, near Dublin, kept by a Madame Terson, an establishment founded by refugee Huguenots, and maintained in accordance with their principles. Literature was here well cared for in a methodical way, while a simplicity of diet supported a commendable out-of-door physical training. "A life more healthy," writes Lady Morgan, in her retrospect of the period, "or more fully occupied, could not well be imagined for female youth between twelve and fifteen." Here the young Sydney made an "attempt at a bit of authorship," a paraphrase of the scripture story of Hagar and her child, which her preceptress, for the ignorance of Bible history displayed in it, threw into the fire; while her pupil gained greater credit with the scholars by introducing their names in an imitation of Goldsmith's "Retaliation. The girl was from the beginning marked out for an author. A volume of her juvenile verses was edited and printed by her father, entitled "Poems by a Young Lady between the Age of Twelve and Fourteen," of which, in after-life, the writer gives this dispassionate account: "They had all the faults of tiresome precocity, which is frequently disease and generally terminates in dulness."

The failure of her father's theatrical speculations about this time brought him to bankruptcy; and, pending the negotiations with his creditors, he found it expedient to absent himself for a while from Dublin. The children had now to turn their education and talents to account, in providing for themselves the means of living. The situation of a governess was naturally thought of; and in this capacity, after several adventures in search of employment, most amusingly detailed in her "Autobiography," she found a home in the happy Irish family of the Featherstones of Bracklin Castle, Westmeath. In this and other relations of the kind, which she afterwards maintained, she appears to have enjoyed in every respect the freedom of the mansion, and to have been welcomed rather as a guest than as a dependant—a result brought about by her frank, confiding nature, and her brilliant social qualities, manifested particularly as a singer of the best Irish songs and ballads. We find her always in the best of company, forming and cementing, in the midst of her caprices, of which she had a full share, the most valuable friendships. The employment of her pen came to her as the most natural pursuit in the world. Her mind from the beginning was set on tale writing, as she rapidly turned her young reading and experience into this form of composition. At first, of course, the influence of books, of which she was through life a most eager devourer, had the predominance. Her earliest production of the kind which got into print, a novel entitled "St Clair," was modelled on the "Sorrows of Wer-

ter," and was appropriately turned by some admirer into German. It was published in Dublin, about the year 1801, and hit the taste of readers well enough to be thought worthy of re-issue, a year or two after, in a revised and enlarged form. This first work was succeeded, about 1803, by a second novel, "The Novice of St. Dominic," for which the author found a publisher in Sir Richard Phillips, a noted member of the trade, in his day, in London. She visited the great metropolis in an off-hand journey, and conducted the negotiation in person. Phillips was charmed with her sprightliness, but wisely checked her exuberance by insisting that the romance should be cut down from six volumes to four! A good portion of the sum paid for the book was at once remitted to her father, whose necessities, as well as her own, supplied for some time a constant motive to her literary industry. The story proved amusing, and with a good proportion of extravagance and pedantry—for the author was already fond of introducing her reading into her books—had some quality of life in it to render it a favorite with the great statesman, Mr. Pitt, who is said to have read it a second time in his last illness.

The gay vivacious young girl was thus early displaying abilities and habits of occupation sufficient to secure her prosperous career as an author. "The indomitable energy and indefatigable industry," says her biographer, Miss Jewsbury, "which characterized her both as Sydney Owenson and Lady Morgan, are even more remarkable than her genius, and gave

her the coherence and persistence essential to success. Her tenacity of purpose through life was unrelaxing—whatever project of work she had in hand, nothing turned her aside; with her, the idea of Work was the first object in life. All other things, whether they appertained to love, amusement, society, or whatever else, were all subordinate to her work. Intellectual labor was the one thing she thoroughly respected and revered. She never wasted a moment of time; and wherever she went, and whatever she saw, she turned it to practical use in her profession.”

“The Novice of St. Dominic” proving a success, the publisher, who had in the meantime issued a collection of poems and melodies by the author, entitled the “Lay of the Irish Harp,” was ready to negotiate for her next novel, which may be said to have gained her a lasting name in the literary world, “The Wild Irish Girl,” a title which was taken as significant of the rollicking disposition of the author. By a well-managed negotiation between Phillips and his rival, Johnson, Miss Owenson secured the sum of three hundred pounds for the book—a good price for a comparatively immature and unknown writer. The story was founded on incidents in her own experience, a father and son being both in love with her, and courting her at the same time. Her own part in the story is represented by the Princess of Innismore, Glorvina, a popular sobriquet, by which she was familiarly known in society up to the time of her marriage. The book was afterwards claimed by her as “the first purely Irish story

ever written.” It took up the cause of the country against the injustice it was suffering at the hands of England, and presented a curious picture of the antiquities, habits, and customs of the people.

This work was immediately succeeded by a brace of volumes entitled “Patriotic Sketches,” gathering up the impressions, scenes, and incidents of a journey made by Miss Owenson in the west of Ireland, in the autumn of 1806. Another novel or romance from her pen, “Ida of Athens,” was published by the Messrs. Longmans in 1809; a book, which, as usual with the author, was the vehicle for her political and literary aspirations. “Ida,” says her biographer, “discourses like a very Corinna about Greek art, literature, morals, and politics, in a manner eloquent, pedantic, enthusiastic, and absurd. The real interest of the work lies in the unexpressed but ever-present parallel between the condition of the Greeks, their aspirations after liberty, their recollections of old glories, and the condition of Ireland at that time.” The author’s next effort was in a still remoter field, an Indian story, “The Missionary,” the subject being the attempt of a Spanish priest to convert a Brahmin priestess, the result being a mutual passion and an elopement—the whole, of course, high-flown and fantastical.

These repeated literary successes and adventures, united with her attractive personal qualities and accomplishments, now gave the author an enviable position in the best Dublin society, where she seems constantly to have had a succession of loving admirers at her feet. She, in fact, maintained a variety

of coquettish intimacies with divers gallant beaux, from whom she was, in due time, rescued by her marriage with Sir Charles Morgan. Her acquaintance with this estimable gentleman arose from her intimacy with the noble family of Lord Abercorn, in whose splendid residences at Baron's Court, in Ireland, and Stanmore Priory, near London, she became thoroughly domesticated. She was a great favorite with the Marquis and Marchioness, who were bent upon her forming a matrimonial alliance with their friend, Sir Charles Morgan, a physician of much repute, who had just been knighted for his merits in the profession. The Doctor and Miss Owenson became acquainted with each other at the seat at Baron's Court; after a due amount of coquetry on her side, became engaged; and after a still more vexatious course of flirtations on her part, were finally married in a hurried extempore fashion, at the seat of the Marquis in Ireland. The closing circumstances are thus related by her biographer, who had them from Lady Morgan herself: "On a cold morning in January, in 1812, she was sitting in the library by the fire in a morning wrapper, when Lady Abercorn opened the door, and said, 'Glorvina, come upstairs and be married; there must be no more trifling!' Her ladyship took Miss Owenson's arm, and led her up-stairs into her dressing-room, where a table was arranged for the ceremony—the family chaplain standing, in full canonicals, with his book open, and Sir Charles ready to receive her. There was no escape left. The ceremony proceeded, and the "Wild Irish Girl" was married

past redemption." Her sister Olivia, a few years earlier, was married to a Doctor Clarke, a prosperous physician of Dublin, who was also knighted by the Lord Lieutenant in Ireland. He generously maintained his wife's father, the decayed actor, who, for the remainder of his days, had a home in the family.

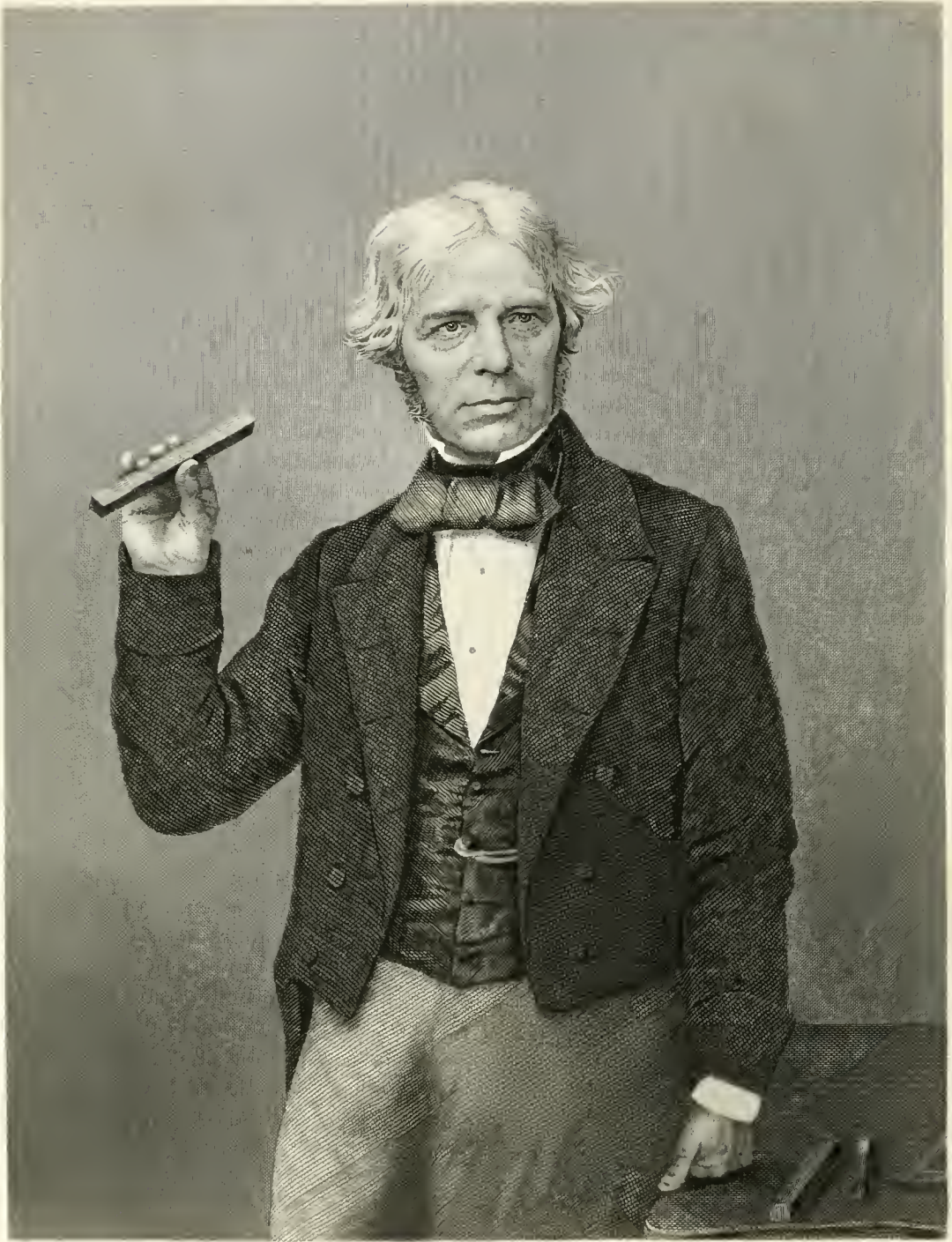
The marriage of Lady Morgan, spite of the unfavorable auguries which might have been entertained from her fondness for admiration in society, and the waywardness which she had displayed during her courtship, proved a happy one. In truth, with all her seeming extravagance, there was in her character a fund of good sense, without which, indeed, she would not have been able to support her successful literary career. From the days of her girlhood, she had shown herself much of a heroine in the maintenance of herself, surrounded as she was by family difficulties and perplexities. She had risen from the humble daughter of a poor player, and the rank of a governess, to be the companion and associate of the best in the land, and such a position could have been secured by talent and virtues of no ordinary kind. The friends whom she made respected her with all her eccentricities; and indeed, throughout her whole life, she formed and held the most enviable intimacies. Her husband's character was precisely of the kind to supplement her own, and supply any defects in her disposition—"a man," as he is described, "of a sweet and noble nature, generous, high-minded, entirely free from all meanness or littleness, tender-hearted and affectionate, with great firmness of character, strength of

mind, and integrity of principle." United in literary habits, their different pursuits left each free to pursue an independent course. He became distinguished by his philosophical and professional writings, while she pursued her career as a novelist; the previous somewhat wild spirit of enthusiasm in her writings being restrained and corrected by his sound judgment—not, however, at the expense of the vivacity, which was her unfailing characteristic in books and society. In "O'Donnel," her first publication after her marriage, she again returned to Irish life, introducing, as usual, her own experiences, handling the questions of the day with sagacity and vigor, and enlivening the work with a native humor, which secured the admiration of Sir Walter Scott. Colburn, the London publisher, paid her for this work, issued in 1814, the sum of five hundred and fifty pounds.

The next year, in company with her husband, she visited France, which, after the long period of the Napoleonic wars, had just been opened to English travelers. The social life of Paris, after the extraordinary changes it had undergone, offered a new and tempting field for observations; and Lady Morgan, who enjoyed the best opportunities of observation, in her acquaintance and intimacy with the most distinguished men and women of the capital, reaped an abundant literary harvest. For her book, simply entitled "France, by Lady Morgan," published in quarto by Colburn, in 1817, she received a thousand pounds. The success of this led to a similar study of

Italy, in a tour to that country, in 1819 and the following year—the results of which were given to the world in an equally suggestive and entertaining book of travels. A pains-taking and enthusiastic biography of Salvator Rosa, was another of the fruits of her studies in Italy—"of all my works," she says, "most delightful to myself in the execution." Many years later, in 1830, Lady Morgan published a second work on France. Meantime, in 1827, she had given to the world one of the best of her novels, the "O'Briens and the O'Flaherties," a book of genuine Irish humor and feeling, with pictures of society before and after the Union. Another novel, "The Princess and the Beguine," the scene of which is laid in Brussels, a work abounding in pictures of fashionable life, and of the scenes of the revolution in Belgium, closes the list of her chief productions of this class.

After her return from Italy, her life was passed in Ireland, with frequent visits to England. In 1837, she permanently left her native country to reside in London, where she exercised a generous hospitality, her house being the constant resort of the most cultivated society of the metropolis. Her husband, Sir Charles, died in 1843; she still continued to maintain her old relations with the literary society of the day, "the fancifulness of her Celtic temperament," as she once called it, little impaired by age; till at last the end came, which she met "patiently and with perfect simplicity," in her house in London, on the 16th of April, 1859.



M Faraday

MICHAEL FARADAY.

MICHAEL FARADAY, one of the most distinguished discoverers in chemistry of his age, was born at Newington, county of Surrey, England, September 22d, 1791. The family had long belonged to the peasant or laboring class, numbering among Faraday's immediate ancestors a slater, a farmer, a shopkeeper, and a shoemaker. His father was a blacksmith; his mother a farmer's daughter. They belonged to a peculiar religious body of dissenters called Sandemanians, after one Robert Sandeman, the son-in-law of John Glas, a seceder from the ministry of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The tenets of this body appear to have included opposition to church establishments, taking the Bible alone, under all circumstances, as a sufficient guide to the individual, with faith in the divinity and resurrection of Christ, and certain requirements of profession and practice. Members are received on public confession of sin and declaration of faith. Faraday was brought up in this simple creed, and was ever devotedly attached to it. While he was yet in his childhood, we find him in London with his father, who was engaged there, work-

ing as a blacksmith. In 1796, the family was living in rooms over a coach-house, in Jacob's Well Mews, Charles Street, Manchester Square. Here Michael passed eight years of his boyhood, his education, as he himself afterwards described it, being of the most ordinary description, consisting of little more than the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic, at a common day-school. When he reached the age of thirteen, he was put on trial as errand-boy with a bookseller, who kept a shop close alongside of the humble place in which the Faraday family were living. One of his employments was to carry round the newspapers which his master let out for hire, and gather them in again when the time for reading them had expired. This humble service at the entrance upon life gave him ever after a consideration for newspaper boys. He rarely, we are told, saw one of the class without making some kind remark about him. "I once," said he, "carried newspapers myself."

He conducted himself so well during his year of trial with the bookseller, that, at its expiration, he received him as an apprentice without requiring the usual premium. The bookseller was

also a stationer and bookbinder. Michael took kindly to the calling, devoted himself actively to it, and was rewarded by obtaining from it the aliment of his peculiar genius. "Whilst an apprentice," says he, "I loved to read the scientific books which were under my hands, and, amongst them, delighted in Marcet's 'Conversations in Chemistry,' and the electrical treatises in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' I made such simple experiments in chemistry as could be defrayed in their expense by a few pence per week, and also constructed an electrical machine, first with a glass phial, and afterwards with a real cylinder, as well as other electrical apparatus of a corresponding kind." Watts "On the Mind," he told a friend, first taught him to think; and his thoughts being turned in that direction by the articles in the books he was binding, he was allowed by his master to go occasionally of an evening to hear the lectures delivered by Mr. Tatum, on natural philosophy, at his house in Dorset Street, to which he was directed by bills in the streets and shop windows near his house. The shilling required for admission was given him by his elder brother, Robert. In this way, he attended about a dozen lectures, and made his first acquaintance with Magrath, Newton, Nicol, and other masters of science. He studied perspective to illustrate these lectures by his drawings. He also, at this time, kept a common-place book, which he called the "Philosophical Miscellany," in which he collected, from the newspapers and magazines, notices of occurrences and events relating to the arts and sciences. Among the entries in this

volume which has been preserved, are memoranda of "Experiments on the Ocular Spectra of Light and Colors," by Dr. Darwin, and a record from the "Chemical Observer," of Mr. Davy's announcement to the Royal Society of a great discovery in chemistry, the decomposition of fixed alkalies by the galvanic battery. His first introduction to the Royal Institution, with which he was afterward to be so long and honorably identified, was during his apprenticeship, in the spring of 1812, when, through the kindness of Mr. Dance, who was a customer of his master's shop, and also a member of the Institution, he had, as he expresses it, the good fortune to hear four of the last lectures of Sir Humphrey Davy in that locality. He made notes of these lectures, and then wrote them out in fuller form, illustrated by drawings of his own design. He wrote, he tells us, about this time, to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society; and, "naturally enough, 'no answer' was the reply left with the porter."

Faraday had, at this time, toward the close of his apprenticeship, a friend with whom he corresponded, named Benjamin Abbott, a year and a half younger than himself; but the superior advantages of education which he had enjoyed, more than compensated for this slight inequality of age. Happily, the letters which Faraday addressed to him, have been preserved. They exhibit, with the amiable disposition of the writer, some of his earliest attainments in the pursuit of knowledge, with an indication of the earnestness and method which soon led him to the highest rank as a scientific discoverer.

The letters, indeed, considering the circumstances under which they were written, must be considered very noticeable productions. "It is difficult," as Dr. Bence Jones, the biographer of Faraday, remarks, "to believe that they were written by one who had been a newspaper boy, and who was still a bookbinder's apprentice, not yet twenty one years of age, and whose only education had been the rudiments of reading, writing, and arithmetic. Had they been written by a highly educated gentleman, they would have been remarkable for the energy, correctness, and fluency of their style, and for the courtesy, kindness, candor, deference, and even humility, of the thoughts they contain." There is a characteristic passage in the very first of the letters, showing the formation in his mind, through various stages of reflection, of a definite purpose in writing at all, which of itself is a curious presage of the man of science. "I, dear A., naturally love a letter, and take as much pleasure in reading one, when addressed to myself, and in answering one, as in almost anything else. I like it for what I fancy to be good reasons, drawn up in my own mind on the subject; and from those reasons I have concluded that letter-writing improves: first, the handwriting; secondly, the—at this moment occurs an instance of my great deficiency in letter-writing—I have the idea I want to express full in my mind, but have forgot the word that expresses it—a word common enough too,—I mean the expression, the delivery, the composition or manner of connecting words; thirdly, it improves the

mind by the reciprocal exchange of knowledge; fourthly, the ideas—it tends, I conceive, to make the ideas clear and distinct (ideas are generated or formed in the head, and I will give you an odd instance as proof); fifthly, it improves the morals." Here, at the very start, is the future lecturer making the first essay of his intellectual powers. It is worth noting, too, that while he courts and compliments his correspondent, he puts in a thoroughly scientific qualification of his praise. "You have, I presume, time to spare now and then, for half an hour or so; your ideas, too, I have ascertained whilst conversing with you, are plentiful and *pretty perfect—I will not say quite, for I have never yet met with a person who has arrived at perfection so great as to conceive new ideas with exactness and clearness.*"

This same first letter shows that science was already claiming him as her own devoted pupil. "I have lately," he writes, "made a few simple galvanic experiments, merely to illustrate to myself the first principles of the science. I was going to Knight's to obtain some nickel, and bethought me that they had malleable zinc. I inquired and bought some—have you seen any yet? The first portion I obtained was in the thinnest pieces possible—observe, in a flattened state. It was, they informed me, thin enough for the electric stick; or, as I before called it, De Lue's electric column. I obtained it for the purpose of forming discs, with which, and copper, to make a little battery. The first I completed contained the immense number of seven pairs of plates!!! and of the

immense size of halfpence each!!!!!! I, Sir, I my own self, cut out seven discs of the size of half-pennies each! I, Sir, covered them with seven halfpence, and I interposed between, seven, or rather six, pieces of paper soaked in a solution of muriate of soda!!! But laugh no longer, dear A; rather wonder at the effects this trivial power produced. It was sufficient to produce the decomposition of sulphate of magnesia—an effect which extremely surprised me; for I did not, could not have any idea that the agent was competent to the purpose.” The letters proceed through the summer and autumn of 1812, with the communication of various philosophical experiments, and comments on the themes and discoveries of Sir Humphrey Davy, who then enjoyed the admiration of London and the scientific world. In October, his apprenticeship having expired, we find Faraday taking account of the event, in a letter to his friend Abbott, with a deliberate moral survey of his new position. He was now engaged as a journeyman book-binder to a Mr. De La Roche, a violent-tempered French emigrant, in London. His mind, it will be seen, was, with the progress of his thoughts, turning more to religious affairs. “Of liberty and time,” he writes, “I have, if possible, less than before, though I hope my circumspection has not at the same time decreased; I am well aware of the irreparable evils that an abuse of those blessings will give rise to. I thank that Cause to whom thanks are due that I am not in general a profuse waster of those blessings which are bestowed on me as a human being—I

mean health, sensation, time, and temporal resources. Understand me clearly here, for I wish much not to be mistaken. I am well aware of my own nature, it is evil, and I feel its influence strongly; I know too that—but I find that I am passing insensibly to a point of divinity, and as those matters are not to be treated lightly, I will refrain from pursuing it. All I meant to say on that point was that I keep regular hours, enter not intentionally into pleasures productive of evil, reverence those who require reverence from me, and act up to what the world calls good. I appear moral, and hope that I am so, though at the same time I consider morality only as a lamentably deficient state.”

Before the year closed, an event occurred which determined the future course of Faraday's life. This was a letter which he addressed, in December, to Sir Humphrey Davy, sending as a proof of his earnestness the notes, already alluded to, which he had taken of his lectures. In his reply, Davy expressed himself pleased with the proof he had given him of his confidence, and the display which the notes afforded of “great zeal, power of memory, and attention.” He promised an interview on his return to town, in January. When they met, Davy prudently advised the young book-binder to keep to his business, promising him the work of the British Institution, and his own, and what he could obtain for him from his friends. He appears, however, to have been fully impressed with the scientific capacity of Faraday; for, when the assistant to the laboratory of the Institution was shortly

after removed, he sent for him to offer him the place. "At this second interview," says Faraday, "while Sir Humphry Davy thus gratified my desires as to scientific employment, he still advised me not to give up the prospects I had before me, telling me that science was a harsh mistress; and, in a pecuniary point of view, but poorly rewarding those who devoted themselves to her service. He smiled at my notion of the superior moral feelings of philosophic men, and said he would leave me to the experience of a few years to set me right on that matter." Faraday, however, was too much enamoured of his new mistress not to be proof against doubts and difficulties. He accepted the office, with its salary of twenty-five shillings a week, and the possession of two rooms at the top of the house.

In the same year in which he entered on this new duty, at the age of twenty-one, he joined the City Philosophical Society, an institution founded by Mr. Tatum, holding its meetings weekly, at his house, for the purpose of improvement in science. There were thirty or forty members—most, if not all, from the humbler ranks of life. Every other Wednesday, friends of the members were admitted, and a literary or philosophical lecture delivered by one of the members. At the other weekly meetings, subjects were privately discussed. Faraday also took advantage of the possession of his new attic rooms to assemble there some half-dozen of his friends of the City society, to read together, and to criticise, correct and improve each other's pronunciation and construction of lan-

guage. "The discipline," he tells us, "was very sturdy; the remarks very plain and open, and the results most valuable." These meetings were continued for several years. They are circumstances worth recording, were it only to show with what simple means, where there are willing hearts and minds, the cultivation of the most useful knowledge may be pursued. Here was a work of the highest value going on with the regularity of college instruction; and, in a pecuniary view, literally costing nothing.

Faraday's letters are now filled with details of his work in the Institution, in which he at once proved an admirable assistant to Davy, and gained his unlimited confidence. He was freely trusted by him in the nicest and most dangerous experiments. In several of these, on the detonating compound of chlorine and azote, Davy and Faraday acting together, and both wearing masks, received various injuries in hand and face by the explosions. While engaged in these more practical parts of his engagements, the assistant did not, as his correspondence shows, neglect the study of the moral elements in life—as important, not only in their bearing upon his own nature, but in the relations of others to himself. "What a singular compound," he writes, "is man! What strange contradictory ingredients enter into his composition; and how completely each one predominates for a time, according as it is favored by the tone of the mind and senses, and other exciting circumstances!—at one time grave, circumspect and cautious; at another, silly, headstrong and careless:—now,

conscious of his dignity, he considers himself a lord of the creation, yet in a few hours will conduct himself in a way that places him beneath the level of beasts; at times free, frivolous and open, his tongue is an unobstructed conveyer of his thoughts—thoughts which, on after consideration, make him ashamed of his former behaviour; indeed, the numerous paradoxes, anomalies, and contradictions in man, exceed in number all that can be found in nature elsewhere, and separate and distinguish him, if nothing else did, from every other created object, organized or not. The study of these circumstances is not uninteresting, inasmuch as knowledge of them enables us to conduct ourselves with much more propriety in every situation in life. Without knowing how far we ourselves are affected by them, we should be unable to trust to our discretion amongst other persons; and without some knowledge of the part they bear or make in their own position, we should be unable to behave to them unreserved and with freedom."

It is evident, too, that, at this early period, he was making a thorough study of that in which he became a great proficient, the art of lecturing. It was in after-life, indeed, next to his original discoveries, that by which he was most celebrated. Then his manner appeared so natural and easy that it suggested little the long reflection and experience out of which it grew. It is an instructive lesson to watch the early development in his mind of ideas which he so happily reduced to practice. He studies the subject as he would a series of phenomena in natural

philosophy. After providing a fit room for any lecture, with regard to proper size and ventilation, which he considers of the utmost importance to hold the attention, by imparting animation to the physical powers, he then ascertains what topics are fit to be lectured upon. He gives the first place to science, for the opportunity which it affords, or rather demands, for popular illustration and practical experiment before the eye of the listener. Arts and manufactures, which are only applications of science, he ranks next, with the belles lettres. Everything is provided for in his programme. The selection of a proper method of treatment, simple or profound, grave or gay, according to the audience, as well as the time of day, are considered. "I need not point out," he writes, almost in the very words of the observation of the poet Horace, "the astonishing disproportion, or rather difference, in the perceptive powers of the eye and the ear, and the facility and clearness with which the first of these organs conveys ideas to the mind—ideas which, being thus gained, are held far more retentively and firmly in the memory than when introduced by the ear." This leads to a description of the proper apparatus for a lecturer, and its disposition before the audience. No one object should be suffered to hide another from the view, or stand in the way of the lecturer.

These preliminaries being arranged, the next thing is the speaker himself, and here we have the very qualifications insisted upon, which Faraday so successfully perfected. "The most prominent requisite, though perhaps

not really the most important, is a good delivery; for, though to all true philosophers, science and nature will have charms innumerable in every dress, yet I am sorry to say that the generality of mankind cannot accompany us one short hour unless the path is strewn with flowers. In order, therefore, to gain the attention, it is necessary to pay some attention to the manner of expression. The utterance should not be rapid and hurried, and consequently unintelligible, but slow and deliberate, conveying ideas with ease from the lecturer, and infusing them with clearness and readiness into the minds of the audience. A lecturer should endeavor, by all means, to obtain a facility of utterance, and the power of clothing his thoughts and ideas in language smooth and harmonious, and at the same time simple and easy. His periods should be round, not too long or unequal; they should be complete and expressive, conveying clearly the whole of the ideas intended to be conveyed. If they are long, or obscure, or incomplete, they give rise to a degree of labor in the minds of the hearers, which quickly causes lassitude, indifference, and even disgust. With respect to the action of the lecturer, it is requisite that he should have some, though it does not here bear the importance that it does in other branches of oratory; for, though I know of no species of delivery (divinity excepted) which requires less motion, yet I would by no means have a lecturer glued to the table or screwed on the floor. He must by all means appear as a body, distinct and separate from the things around him, and must

have some motion apart from that which they possess. He should appear easy and collected, undaunted and unconcerned, his thoughts about him, and his mind clear and free for the contemplation and description of his subject. His action should not be hasty and violent, but slow, easy, and natural, consisting principally in changes of the posture of the body, in order to avoid the air of stiffness or sameness that would otherwise be unavoidable. His whole behaviour should evince respect for his audience, and he should in no case forget that he is in their presence." While he would allow written lectures as tending to exactness, he would not permit mere reading at the expense of a free and ready manner. The utmost effort should be expended by the lecturer "to gain completely the mind and attention of his audience, and irresistibly to make them join in his ideas to the end of the subject. He should endeavor to raise their interest at the commencement, by a series of imperceptible gradations; and, unnoticed by the company, keep it alive as long as the subject demands it. No breaks or digressions foreign to the purpose should have a place in the circumstances of the evening; no opportunity should be allowed to the audience in which their minds could wander from the subject, or return to inattention and carelessness. A flame should be lighted at the commencement and kept alive with unremitting splendor to the end." In these and other reflections, Faraday, at the age of twenty-one, sought to express his ideal of the lecturer. It is worth noticing that the

remarks we have given appear in a consecutive series of letters addressed to a friend. He had already so mastered the methodical arrangement of his thoughts, that the continuity was sustained in what, with most young men, would have been a purposeless and desultory correspondence.

After a few months of intercourse in the laboratory, Sir Humphrey Davy had conceived such a regard for his assistant, that, when in the autumn of the year he went abroad on a protracted tour over the continent, he invited Faraday to accompany him as his amanuensis. The offer was accepted. The journey lasted a year and a half, and extended over France, Italy, and Switzerland. Faraday kept a journal of his travels, and continued his correspondence with his friend Abbott, as well as with his mother and sisters. Both his diary and letters, as may be supposed, are of the highest interest. The first experience of a foreign land is an interesting event in the life of any man. What must it have been to the youthful Faraday, who had, as yet, seen nothing of the world outside of London, and was to share in the golden harvest of observation and experiment, reaped at the height of his fame by so distinguished a scientific enquirer as Sir Humphrey Davy. The obstacles which were placed in the way of travelers, especially of Englishmen, during the period of the Napoleonic warfare, doubtless added something to the piquancy of the journey. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he opens his foreign journal, on the 13th of October, 1813, the day he set out, with the sentence, "This morning form-

ed a new epoch in my life." His first sight of the country, as he rode through Devonshire, awakened entirely new conceptions in his mind. Accustomed only to the neighborhood of London, the scenery on the way to Plymouth, he writes, "came upon me unexpectedly, and caused a kind of revolution in my ideas respecting the earth's surface." The luminous appearance of the sea at the bow of the vessel, as he crosses the channel, arrests his attention, and is duly described. But the conduct of a horde of custom-house officers and their followers, on the landing of the travelers at Morlaix, was, to Faraday, quite as novel and perplexing a matter for contemplation. He was personally searched and examined all over, from his hat to his shoes, and when this was over, the coach which they carried with them, was probed and sounded to its utmost recesses, and the contents of the trunks unrolled to the last pair of stockings. The hotel is then described, and that phenomenon so delightful to artists, the postilion. If he should ever, as he is threatened, be entirely swept by modern innovations from the face of the earth, he may be reconstructed, if necessary, from the description in the opening pages of Faraday's journal. It has the flavor of true scientific observation, minute, loving, and exhaustive.

"The postilion," says he, "deserves a paragraph to himself. He is mostly a young, always a lively man. His dress, with the exception of his boots, and that part which covers his head, varies infinitely, but hairy jackets appear to be frequent as outer garments, and they are often finely ornamented ;

at other times the dress seems to be a kind of uniform, being at many post-houses together of one color, and turned up at the edge with another. The first pair of jack-boots that I saw, came out of the kitchen at the hotel at Morlaix; for, as it is almost impossible for a man, when in them, to move about by his own exertions, the postilion had left them in the above-named place until all was arranged at the carriage; but then he used his reserved strength, and showed them off in a walk from the fireside to the horses. They appeared like two very large cylinders of leather, terminated at the end by purses for the feet; they rose about six inches above the knee, and were cut away at the back part to admit the use of that joint. Their external diameter was about seven inches, but the cavities within were not much too large for the legs. The sides of the boots consisted of two or three folds of strong leather sewed together, and stuffed on the inside with wool, to the thickness of three-quarters of an inch, and sometimes more, and the lower part, or foot, not being stuffed in the same way, was much smaller in proportion, though, being still too large, it was made perfect by a wisp of straw. The weight of a pair of jack-boots varies between fourteen and twenty pounds generally. These boots are sometimes moved about by the postillions, independent of the exertions of the horses, and then an enormous pair of stirrups are hung to the saddle to sustain them in riding. At other times they are attached to the saddle by straps, and the postilion jumps on to his horse and into them at the same

time. The use of them, according to the wearers, is to save their legs from being broken, should the horses stumble, or the carriage be overturned; and though a traveler must laugh at the sight of such clumsy things, there is not much amusement in the idea that the people who best know their horses and drivers, consider such a precaution constantly necessary. Other appendages to the postilion, are the whip and the tobacco-pouch. The first is a most tremendous weapon to dogs, pigs, and little children. With a handle of about thirty inches, it has a thong of six to eight inches in length, and it is constantly in a state of violent vibratory motion over the heads of the horses, giving rise to a rapid succession of stunning sounds. The second is generally a bag, though sometimes a pocket, exclusively appropriated, answers the purpose. It contains tobacco, a short pipe, a flint, a German tinder, and sometimes a few varieties. To this the postilion has constant recurrence, and whilst jogging on, will light his pipe and smoke it out successively for several hours."

Objects of natural history, as might be expected, appear more readily to have engaged his attention than the antiquities of the country. He records his first sight of a glowworm which he picked up on the road one night when the horses had stumbled, and there was a detention by the way. At Drieux, he makes a curious study of the French pig. "I cannot," he writes, "help dashing a note of admiration to one thing found in this part of the country—the pigs. At first, I was positively doubtful of their na-

ture, for though they have pointed noses, long ears, rope-like tails, and cloven feet, yet who would have imagined that an animal with a long, thin body, back and belly arched upwards, lank sides, long slender feet, and capable of outrunning our horses for a mile or two together, could be at all allied to the fat sow of England? When I first saw one, which was at Morlaix, it started so suddenly, and became so active in its motions on being disturbed, and so dissimilar in its actions to our swine, that I looked out for a second creature of the same kind before I ventured to decide on its being a regular animal, or an extraordinary production of nature; but I find that they are all alike, and that what at a distance I should judge to be a greyhound, I am obliged, on a near approach, to acknowledge a pig."

The months of November and December were passed with Davy in Paris. Being ignorant of the language he made the best use of his eyes in a general observation of the city; while he was more closely engaged in the pursuits of the laboratory with Davy, experimenting upon the newly-discovered iodine, which was brought to their notice by the French chemists. One day he is at the Polytechnic School, in attendance upon a lecture by M. Gay-Lussac, upon vapor, of which he would have carried away but little, had it not been for the experiments. He had, however, procured a French and English grammar, "composed for Americans;" his own countrymen, in consequence of the long period of non-intercourse between the nations, being at this time quite ignored by the Parisian

booksellers, and was making some progress in the language. Going to the gardens of the Tuilleries when Napoleon was visiting the Senate in full state, he gets a rather uncertain glimpse of that distinguished personage. "After waiting some time, and getting wet through, the trumpet announced the procession. Many guards and many officers of the court passed us before the Emperor came up, but at last he appeared in sight. He was sitting in one corner of his carriage, covered and almost hidden from sight by an enormous robe of ermine, and his face overshadowed by a tremendous plume of feathers that descended from a violet hat. The distance was too great to distinguish the features well, but he seemed of a dark countenance, and somewhat corpulent. His carriage was very rich, and fourteen servants stood upon it in various parts."

On leaving Paris, nearly a month was passed at Montpellier, while Davy was "working very closely on iodine, and searching for it in several plants that grow in the Mediterranean." The travelers then entered Italy by Nice, and the passage of the Col de Tende, arriving at Turin in time for the amusements of the Carnival. At Genoa, they visit the house of a chemist to witness an experiment with torpedoes—whether water could be decomposed by the electrical power possessed by these animals—with no very satisfactory conclusions. At Florence, Davy pursues several interesting experiments with the great lens of the Duke of Tuscany, applied to the combustion of the diamond, to ascertain whether any other element than pure carbon entered into its com-

position, but nothing further was discovered. The museum attached to the Academy del Cimento, with its relics of Galileo and other objects, furnished Faraday "with an inexhaustible fund of entertainment and improvement." From Rome he writes an affectionate letter to his mother, full of home feeling. "When Sir H. Davy," he writes to her, "first had the goodness to ask me whether I would go with him, I mentally said, 'No; I have a mother, I have relations here.' And I almost wished that I had been insulated and alone in London; but now I am glad that I have left some behind me on whom I can think, and whose actions and occupations I can picture in my mind. Whenever a vacant hour occurs, I employ it by thinking on those at home." There is a particular account in the journal of an ascent of Mount Vesuvius, with the observations of Davy on the phenomena, and a careful description of the water-fall at Terni. The summer was passed at Geneva and in northern Italy, with a return to Rome in the winter. The spring of 1815 saw the parties once more in England. The time passed in this tour was spent profitably by Faraday, and with general satisfaction, though he had often to utter a manly protest against the discharge of personal services to the party, which were thrown upon him in the inability of Davy to find a suitable person as courier. He had also to endure some inconvenience from the haughty temper of Lady Davy. Though easy and accommodating under these circumstances, with a genuine regard for Davy, he had a spirit of self-respect and independence.

Faraday was, in May, engaged in the Royal Institute as assistant in the laboratory and mineralogical collection, and superintendent of the apparatus, with a salary of thirty shillings a week. "He had now," says his biographer, "full knowledge of his master's genius and power. He had compared him with the French philosophers whilst helping him in his discovery of iodine; and he was just about to see him engage in those researches on fire-damp and flame, which ended in the glorious invention of the Davy lamp, and gave Davy a popular reputation, even beyond that which he had gained in science by the greatest of all his discoveries—potassium. The care with which Faraday has preserved every note-book and manuscript of Davy's at the Royal Institution, the remarks regarding Davy in his letters, the earnestness of his praise of Davy's scientific work, show that he fully acknowledged all the debt which he owed to his master. But, with all his genius, Davy was hurt by his own great success. He had very little self-control, and but little method and order. He gave Faraday every opportunity of studying the example which was set before him during the journey abroad, and during their constant intercourse in the laboratory of the Royal Institution; and Faraday has been known to say that the greatest of all his great advantages, was that he had a model to teach him what he should avoid." This reminds us of the saying of Mr. Davies Gilbert, President of the Royal Society, that "the greatest discovery Davy ever made, was the discovery of Michael Faraday."

In 1816, Faraday commenced his career as a lecturer with a course of six chemical lectures, written out with care, and delivered through the year at the City Philosophical Society. The first scientific paper which he published was in the same year in the "Quarterly Journal of Science," an analysis of native caustic lime. One of his lectures closed with the following statement of his simple and honorable creed as a practical worker in science: "The philosopher should be a man willing to listen to every suggestion, but determined to judge for himself. He should not be biased by appearances; have no favorite hypothesis; be of no school; and in doctrine have no master. He should not be a respecter of persons, but of things. Truth should be his primary object. If to these qualities be added industry, he may, indeed, hope to walk within the veil of the temple of nature." His lectures at the City Institution were continued the following year. In his common-place book of this period, we notice the following remark on flogging in juvenile education: "What precise quantity of misery is thrust into that space of human life which extends from six to sixteen years of age it is not possible to determine; but it may safely be asserted that it far exceeds that of any other evil that infests the earth: the rod and the cane are in constant requisition, and the cries of infant misery extend from one end of Europe to the other. A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster, in Suabia, who for fifty-one years had superintended a large institution with old-fashioned severity.

From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings; 121,000 floggings; 209,000 custodes or imprisonments; 136,000 tips with the ruler; 10,200 boxes on the ear; 22,700 tasks by heart:—it was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas; 6,000 kneel on a sharp edge of wood; 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast the quantity of human misery inflicted by one perverse educator."

Other lectures were delivered at the City Institutions, and other articles published in the "Journal of Science," from 1817 to 1819. In the latter year he made a pedestrian excursion in Wales, of which he kept a journal. At the famous inn at Llangollen, he had a curious experience of a Welsh harper: "Whilst at breakfast, the river Dee flowing before our windows, the second harper I have heard in Wales struck his instrument and played some airs in very excellent style. I enjoyed them for a long time, and then, wishing to gratify myself with a sight of the interesting *bard*, went to the door and beheld—the *boots!* He, on seeing me open the door, imagined I wanted something; and, quitting his instrument, took up his third character of *waiter*. I must confess, I was sadly disappointed and extremely baulked." A year or two after, in 1821, at the age of twenty-nine, came his marriage to Miss Sarah Barnard, the daughter of an elder of the Sandemanian Church, in London. A number of his letters, written during the period of his court-

ship, are given by his biographer, and exhibit throughout the delicacy and force of his attachment; the lights and shades which enliven or depress a pure-minded philosopher in love. Before the consent of the lady was given, her lover visits her at Ramsgate, with a determination, as he expresses it, "to force myself into favorable circumstances if possible." On the evening of his arrival there, he says, "I was in strange spirits, and had very little command over myself, though I managed to preserve appearances. I expressed strong disappointment at the look of the town and of the cliffs; I criticised all around me with a malicious tone; and, in fact, was just getting into a humor which would have offended the best-natured person, when I perceived that, unwittingly, I had, for the purpose of disguising the hopes which had been raised in me so suddenly, and might have been considered presumptuous, assumed an appearance of general contempt and dislike. The moment I perceived the danger of the path on which I was running, I stopped, and talked of home and friends." "Two days afterwards," he says, "during a walk, the conversation gradually became to me of the most pensive cast, and my mind was filled with melancholy thoughts. *We went into a mill, and got the miller to show us the machinery; thus seeking mechanical means of changing the subject*, which, I fear, weighed heavy on both of us. But still our walk continued to have a very sombre, grave cast with it; and, when I sat down in the chair at home, I wished for a moment that memory and sensation would leave me, and that I

could pass away into nothing. But then pride came to my help, and I found that I had at least one independent auxiliary left, who promised never to desert me whilst I had existence." The lovers had a day together on Shakespeare's Cliff, at Dover, a day never to be forgotten. "From the first waking moment in it to the last, it was full of interest to me: every circumstance bore so strongly on my hopes and fears that I seemed to live with thrice the energy I had ever done before. But now that the day was drawing to a close, my memory recalled the incidents in it, and the happiness I had enjoyed; and then my thoughts saddened and fell, from the fear I should never enjoy such happiness again." This is all very natural, and happily it was the prelude to many years of unchanging domestic felicity. His marriage was speedily followed by his public profession of faith before the Sandemanian Church.

In 1824, Faraday was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. He was now a frequent contributor to the "Philosophical Transactions," to which he furnished an account of his discovery, in coal tar, of benzine, as it has since been called; or, as he named it, the bicarburet of hydrogen—the source of the bright and brilliant purple, crimson, blue, and violet tints known as the aniline colours. In the next year, 1825, he was appointed Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, and immediately after invited the members to evening meetings, which were held several times in the year, and resulted, in the following year, in the establishment of the cele-

brated Friday Evening Discourses, in which he bore so prominent a part. In 1831, he began his series of experimental researches in Electricity, published with great regularity, for many years, in the "Philosophical Transactions." They cover the whole subject of electricity, and include his most distinguished discoveries. For ten years he pursued this great work, when an overwrought brain compelled him to cease for a time from his labors. At the close of this period, in 1840, he was elected an elder of the Sandemanian Church; and for the ensuing three or four years, when in London, preached on alternate Sundays. It was a duty to which he had previously been in some measure accustomed by his occasional exhortations to the brethren. He was, as appears from the statement of his biographer, less happy as a preacher than as a lecturer. "There was no eloquence. There was not one word said for effect. The overflowing energy and clearness of the lecture-room were replaced by an earnestness of manner, best summed up in the word devoutness. His object seemed to be, to make the most use of the words of Scripture, and to make as little of his own words as he could."

The year 1841 was distinguished in the career of Faraday by an almost total cessation of his work in the laboratory. Loss of memory and giddiness warned him of the absolute necessity of repose. The summer season was passed in a tour in Switzerland, in which he exhibited great activity in the study of its mountain scenery. After his return to London, he became engaged in his old occupation, in lec-

turing before the British Institution, but did not seriously resume his electrical researches till 1845, when he entered on the second period of his labors in this direction, which were continued for ten years. The story of these investigations, the results of which are now embraced in so many important processes of science and the arts, was told by him from time to time, as before, in the "Philosophical Transactions," and other periodicals, from which he gathered his three published volumes of "Experimental Researches in Electricity." "To ascertain," says his biographer, in the "English Cyclopædia," "the nature of this force; to evolve the laws which it obeyed; to exhibit the modes of its development, and its relations to heat, light, and the other great forces in nature, were the objects of these papers. If Faraday did not discover the science of electro-magnetism, he established its laws and made the science of magneto-electricity. If he thought that the phenomena of free electricity, galvanism, and magnetism were the manifestations of the same force, was not originally his, it has been mainly through his experiments that it has been demonstrated to be true. The science of electricity, comprehending the great facts of voltaic electricity and magnetism, presents multitudes of facts with the widest generalization; and, although this science is indebted to a number of inquirers for its present position, there is one name that shines more brightly than any other through the whole of these researches, and that is Faraday."

In 1858, at the suggestion of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria offered Faraday

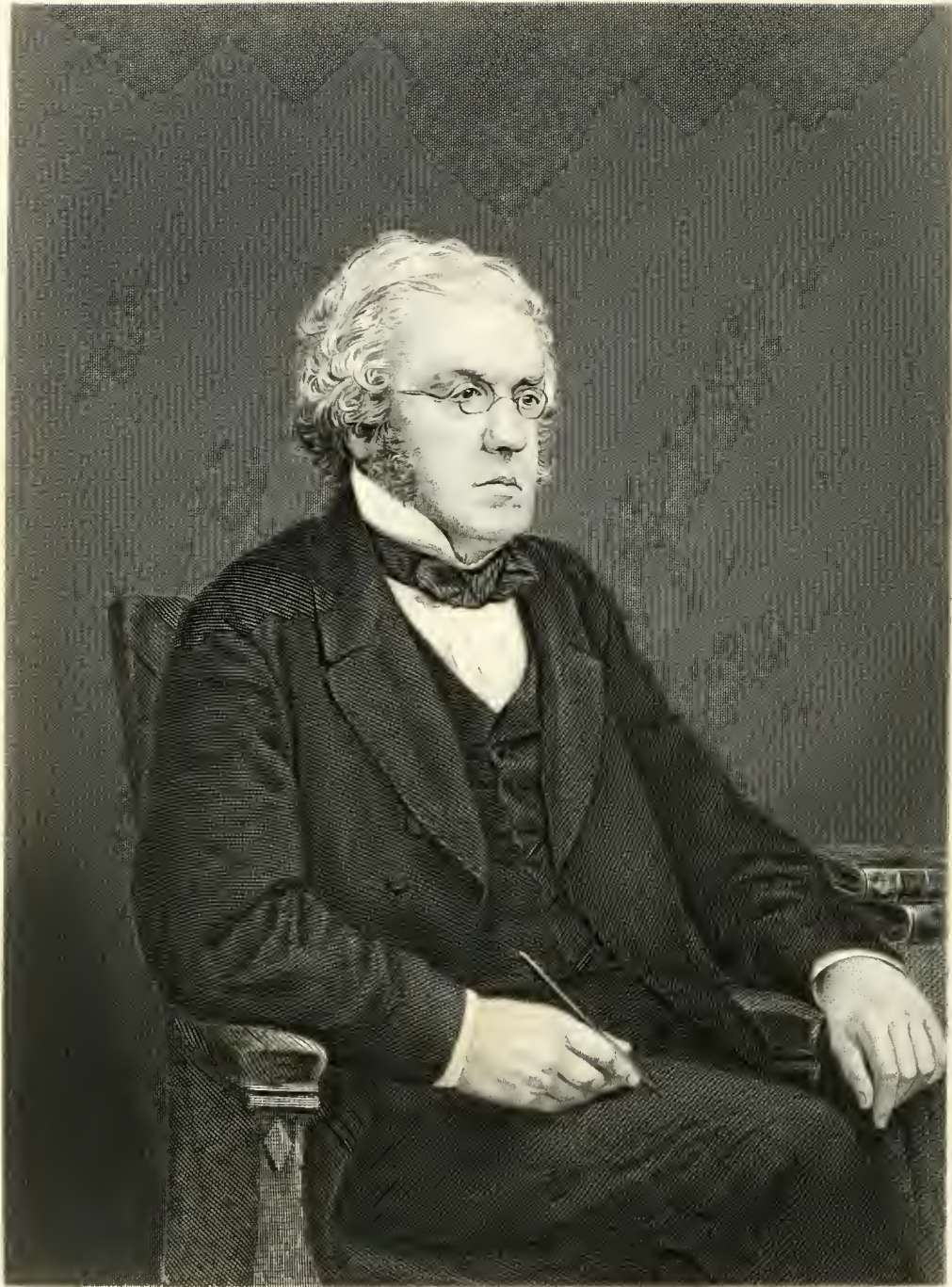
the use of one of Her Majesty's houses at Hampton Court for a residence. The offer was accepted, and here Faraday passed his last years in honorable retirement. He was still more or less engaged in scientific pursuits, chiefly in the application of his discoveries to the light-houses on the coast in the employ of the Trinity House, which he often personally superintended, and in the delivery of lectures at the Royal Institution. One of his latest courses was a series addressed to the young, "Juvenile Lectures," as they were called, which excited great admiration for their beautiful simplicity, their clearness of illustration, and the charming manner of their delivery. In his letter to the managers of the Institution, announcing the close of these lectures, Faraday briefly reviewed his long connection with the society. "I entered," says he, "the Royal Institution in March, 1813, nearly forty-nine years ago, and, with the exception of a comparatively short period, during which I was abroad on the Continent with Sir H. Davy, have been with you ever since. During that time I have been most happy in your kindness, and in the fostering care which the Royal Institution has bestowed upon me. Thank God, first, for all his gifts. I have next to thank you and your predecessors for the unswerving encouragement and support which you have given me during that period. My life has been a happy one, and all I desired. During its progress, I have tried to make a fitting return for it to the Royal Institution, and through it to science. But the progress of years (now amounting in number to three

score and ten) having brought forth first the period of development, and then that of maturity, have ultimately produced for me that of gentle decay. This has taken place in such a manner as to make the evening of life a blessing; for, whilst increasing physical weakness occurs, a full share of health free from pain is granted with it; and whilst memory and certain other faculties of the mind diminish, my good spirits and cheerfulness do not diminish with them." This letter was written in October, 1861; in June of the following year, his last Friday discourse was delivered at the Institution. For thirty-eight years he had delivered lectures there to the benefit of science and the admiration of the public. It was his chosen sphere. For it he sacrificed the most brilliant prospects which lay before him. If he had stepped aside from his exclusive devotion to pure scientific inquiry to turn his achievements to account in the commercial world, he might have reaped a large fortune; but he was content with a moderate subsistence and the greater reward of scientific usefulness, the satisfaction the pursuit brought with it to himself, and the honorable reputation which attended it.

The few remaining years of his life were passed in comparative quiet—in enjoyment of the beauties of nature which surrounded him, the society of his family and friends, and that religious communion with himself which he always cherished. At peace with himself and all around him, he waited calmly and with resignation for the end. Writing in February, 1865, to the Count of Paris, who had invited

him to Twickenham, he pleads his infirmities for not accepting the offer, and adds, "I bow before Him who is Lord of all, and hope to be kept waiting patiently for His time and mode of releasing me, according to His Divine Word, and the great and precious promises whereby His people are made-partakers of the Divine Nature." About a year later he writes to Sir James South: "As death draws nigh to old men or people, this world disappears, or should become of little importance. It is so with me; but I cannot say it simply to others [here he gave up his writing, and his niece finished the note], for I cannot write it as I would. Yours, dear old friend, whilst permitted, M. Faraday." His strength was now gradually failing, and he became very infirm. His niece, Miss Reid, who passed with him, at Hampton Court, the month of June preceding his death, gives us this touching account of these last days, which must always be associated with the historic memories of the place. "Dear uncle kept up rather better than sometimes, but oh! there was always pain in seeing afresh how far the mind had faded away. Still the sweet, unselfish disposition was there, winning the love of all around him. Very gradual had been the weaning, and the time was far past when we used to look to him on every occasion that stirred our feelings. When any new object attracted our notice, the natural thought always was, what would our uncle think of this? There was always something about him which particularly attracted con-

fidence. In giving advice, he always went back to first principles, to the true right and wrong of questions, never allowing deviations from the simple, straightforward path of duty, to be justified by custom or precedent; and he judged himself strictly by the same rule which he laid down for others. I shall never look at the lightning flashes without recalling his delight in a beautiful storm. How he would stand at the window for hours watching the effects and enjoying the scene; while we knew his mind was full of lofty thoughts, sometimes of the great Creator, and sometimes of the laws by which He sees meet to govern the earth. I shall always connect the sight of the hues of a brilliant sunset with him; and especially he will be present to my mind while I watch the fading of the tints into the sombre gray of night. He loved to have us with him as he stood or sauntered on some open spot, and spoke his thoughts, perhaps in the words of Gray's 'Elegy,' which he retained in memory clearly, long after many other things had faded quite away. Then, as darkness stole on, his companions would gradually turn indoors, while he was well pleased to be left to solitary communing with his own thoughts." On the 25th of August, 1867, Faraday passed quietly away from life, while sitting in his chair in his study. In accordance with his wishes, the funeral was very plain. He was buried in the cemetery at Highgate, where a stone, with only the inscription of his name, the date of his birth and death, marks the spot.



W. M. G. G. G.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THIS genial humorist, the witty satirist, the great novelist, the representative of the genius of Fielding in the nineteenth century, came of a good English ancestry. The family, when first heard of, was in the West Riding of Yorkshire; where, at the end of the seventeenth century, was born Dr. Thomas Thackeray, the great grandfather of the author of "Vanity Fair." He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, became an accomplished scholar, and ended his days as headmaster of Harrow School. Of his large family of sixteen children, William Makepeace, whose name was revived by the grandson, was the youngest. He was employed in the East India Company's service, in India, where his son Richmond followed the same career, among other offices being engaged as Secretary to the Board of Revenue at Calcutta. There his son, William Makepeace Thackeray, the future novelist, was born in the year 1811. The death of his father following soon after, in 1817, he was sent to be educated in England; and, on the way, when the ship touched at St. Helena, was furnished with a sight of the great Napoleon. "When I first

saw England," he says, in one of his later works, "she was in mourning for the young Princess Charlotte, the hope of the Empire. I came from India as a child, and our ship touched at an island on our way home, where my black servant took me a long walk over rocks and hills, until we reached a garden where we saw a man walking. 'That is he!' cried the black man; 'that is Bonaparte! He eats three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on!'"

At the age of eleven, the boy was placed in the Charter-House School, the quaint old monastic foundation in the heart of London, which he often afterwards introduced into his best writings, when the education of his heroes or their children was to be accounted for, drawing largely, doubtless, on his own juvenile experiences. He passed several years there, in its different forms, till he reached the first, when he carried his elementary knowledge of the classics to Cambridge, entering as a student at Trinity College in 1828. He remained there for seven or eight terms, but took no degree, contented apparently with a gentlemanly acquaintance with the

liberal studies of the place. He had always a fine appreciation of the classics, and a scholar's love for Horace, which ripened into admiration with his growing knowledge of the world. A little humorous periodical, which he carried on with a friend and fellow-student in the second year of his residence at Cambridge, presents the first example, of which we have seen any mention, of his literary talents. This affair, of four small duodecimo pages to each number, was, characteristically enough, entitled "The Snob; a Literary and Scientific Journal, not 'conducted by Members of the University.'" One of its squibs was a rhyming travesty of Timbuctoo, the subject of the prize poem for the year, which was successfully competed for by Alfred Tennyson; another, an imitation of Hook's "Mrs Ramsbottom's Letters," with hints of the future "Yellow Plush Correspondence." One of these papers has a vignette of an Indian smoking, as formerly seen at the doors of tobacconists, exhibiting the writer's early talent in pen and ink drawing, which afterwards became so constant an accompaniment to his authorship.

The next glimpse we have of Thackeray in his early life, is in 1831, soon after the conclusion of his studies at the University, when he passed some time at Weimar, and made the acquaintance of the great Goethe. Of this period, Thackeray himself gave some interesting notices in a letter published in his friend Lewes' life of the Poet. "Five and twenty years ago," he writes in 1835, "at least a score of young English lads used to

live at Weimar for study, or sport, or society; all of which were to be had in the friendly little Saxon capital. The Grand Duke and Duchess received us with the kindest hospitality. The Court was splendid, but yet most pleasant and homely. We were invited in our turns to dinners, balls, and assemblies there. Such young men as had a right, appeared in uniforms, diplomatic and military. Some, I remember, invented gorgeous clothing. I, for my part, had the good luck to purchase Schiller's sword, which formed a part of my court costume, and still hangs in my study, and puts me in mind of days of youth, the most kindly and delightful." Goethe he has sketched with both pen and pencil as he saw him, then so near his end, in the midst of the classic objects in the ante-chamber of his home, "habited in a long gray or drab redingote, with a white neckcloth, and a red ribbon in his button-hole; his hands behind his back, just as in Ranch's statuette; his complexion very bright, clear, and rosy; his eyes extraordinarily dark, piercing, and brilliant—I felt quite afraid before them, and recollect comparing them to the eyes of the hero of a certain romance called "Melmoth the Wanderer," which used to alarm us boys thirty years ago; eyes of an individual who had made a bargain with a Certain Person, and at an extreme old age retained these eyes in all their awful splendor. I fancied Goethe must have been still more handsome as an old man than even in the days of his youth."

At this period, Thackeray had a strong predilection for an artist's life.

He visited Rome, and passed much of his time in Paris practising with his pencil, frequenting the society of artists, and at times to be seen copying pictures in the Louvre. Having come of age, he was in possession of a competent fortune, which left him free to follow his own inclinations. The gaiety and social influences of Paris, always attractive to him, had their effect, and not unfavorably, upon his character; for, while he entered into all that was really enjoyable in the luxurious city, and caught its finer spirit in art and literature, his native strength of intellect made him superior to their extravagance and perversions.

In 1833, Thackeray may be said to have begun his career as a man of letters, with the editorship of a weekly periodical in London, with the somewhat ambitious title of "The National Standard, and Journal of Literature, Science, Music, Theatricals, and the Fine Arts." A reviewer, who has examined its pages, finds some indications of the author's frolic vein in tales, sketches, and burlesque, and pronounces it "an attempt to substitute vigorous and honest criticism of books and art for the partiality and slip-slop then generally prevailing." The journal, like many others of its class, was abandoned at the end of the year; and its ill success was doubtless for the time a serious disappointment to its editor. A few years later, in 1836, there appeared from his pencil, published simultaneously at London and Paris, a small folio of six lithographs from his drawings, a satire on the ballet-dancing of the stage, entitled "Flore et Zephyr, Ballet Mythologique dédié

à — par Théophile Wagstaffe." It was also in this year, when but few numbers of the "Pickwick Papers" had been published, and a new artist was wanting for their illustration, in consequence of the melancholy suicide of Seymour, who had partly planned and been occupied on the work, that Thackeray offered himself to Dickens, to occupy the place of the lamented designer. The story was long afterwards told by Thackeray, in the presence of Dickens, at an anniversary dinner of the Royal Academy, when the fame of both was established; and the highest attention either could receive was a word of compliment from the other. "I can remember," said Thackeray on that occasion, "when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works in covers, which were colored light green, and came out once a month; that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable. But for the unfortunate blight which came over my artistical existence, it would have been my pride and my pleasure to have endeavored one day to find a place on these walls for one of my performances."

While Thackeray was thus seeking employment for his faculties, a joint stock company was projected for the establishment of a new daily newspaper in London, of a liberal cast in politics, of which his step-father, Major Henry Carmichael Smith, a gentleman

of literary culture, was the chief proprietor. The journal was entitled the "Constitutional and Public Ledger," and made its appearance on the 15th of September of this very year, 1836. Thackeray entered heartily into its plan as a considerable stockholder, and became at the start its Paris correspondent, writing letters regularly from that capital during its brief continuance, for the enterprise proved unsuccessful, the paper coming to an untimely end within the year. This entailed a heavy pecuniary loss on Thackeray, who, about this time, having married the daughter of a Captain Shaw of the East India service, doubtless felt himself in a greater degree than ever compelled to look to his artistic or literary employments for support. We consequently hear of his contributing to the "Times" newspaper, and having a hand in two light literary papers of short duration. "The Torch," edited by Felix Fox, Esq., and its successor, "The Parthenon." But it was as a writer for "Fraser's Magazine" that, in conjunction with its brilliant corps of contributors, Maginn, Mahony, Carlyle, and the rest, he first found scope for his peculiar talents, and laid the foundation of his fame, though some years were to pass before the merit of what he then wrote was to be fully recognized. There he published, in November, 1837, the first paper of the "Yellow Plush Correspondence," a humorous review of an absurd book on etiquette which had just appeared. Other "Yellow Plush Papers," in regular series, followed, and a host of tales, sketches, and criticisms on the

Art Exhibitions of the Season, running through many years. In the story of "Catherine," founded on the career of Catherine Hayes, a noted criminal, it was his object, by a realistic portraiture of villainy, to counteract the romantic sentimental interest which had been thrown around such heroes as Eugene Aram and Jack Sheppard, in the popular literature of the day.

It was at this time, in 1839, that Thackeray became, for a short time, a contributor to a weekly newspaper in New York, "The Corsair," conducted by Willis and Porter. The former met Thackeray in Paris and engaged his services. There is an excellent vein in the papers which he furnished, in their maturity of thought, delicacy of feeling, and a nicety of style, which, from the beginning, characterised the author. At the conclusion of the first letter, which carries us very pleasantly across the Channel from London to Boulogne, there is a noticeable allusion to his literary fortune at the time. "O editor of the 'Corsair,'" he writes. "I believe your public is too wise to care much for us poor devils, and our personal vanities and foolishness; only too good is it to receive with some show of kindness the works which we from time to time, urged by the lack of coin and pressure of butcher's bills, are constrained to send abroad. What feelings we may have in finding good friends and listeners far, far away—in receiving from beyond seas kind crumbs of comfort for our hungry vanities, which at home, God wot, get little of this delightful food—in gaining fresh courage and hope, for pursuing

a calling of which the future is dreary and the present but hard. All these things, O 'Corsair,' had better be meditated on by the author in private."

In one of the papers there is a manly condemnation of the pantheism then in vogue in Paris, in a notice of George Sand, which shows the writer's reverential spirit was not dulled by familiarity with the world:

"Mrs. Sand proclaims *her* truth—that we need a new Messiah, and that the Christian religion is no more! O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable! Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable!—who are these who come forward to explain the mystery, and gaze unblushing into the depths of the light, and measure the immeasurable vastness to a hair? O name that God's people of old did fear to utter! O light that God's prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these that are now so familiar with it? Women truly, for the most part weak women—weak in intellect, but marvelously strong in faith—women who step down to the people with stately step and voice of authority, and deliver their two-penny tablets, as if there were some divine authority for the wretched nonsense recorded there!"

There was a natural vein of piety and amiability in Thackeray, which here and there crops out in his books as a tender shoot from the rough bark, indicating the generous nature within; not often, but as frequently as his genuine Englishman's hatred of sentiment would permit. As he grew older he felt privileged to express such feelings more freely, and they are the

charm of many of his pages. In these early Paris letters there is a sketch which would do honor to the best powers of Hood or Dickens in this line. It is an account of a visit to the female prison of Saint Lazare, where an Italian singing-master of some note had taught the inmates music. He went to hear the poor creatures sing at a mass in the chapel of the place. The service was shabby, and made no favorable impression upon the visitor but he is quick to recognize any traits of goodness in these unhappy outcasts, who are still women in his eyes. He cannot but see the wild spirit of unrest in the place; but he finds some flowers of tenderness. "The musicians, however, appeared to be pretty tranquil; they pursue their study with vast industry, we were told, and give up the two hours of sunshine and exercise allotted to them in order to practice these hymns and choruses. I think the prettiest sight I saw in the place was a pair of prisoners, a grown woman with a placid face, who had her arm around the neck of a young girl; they were both singing together off the same music-book, and in the intervals seemed to be fond and affectionate toward each other." It is in such passages as these that the author indicates his calling, in its amiable relation to the world, through its kind and benevolent teachings. "Is the glory of Heaven," he asks, at the close of a beautiful tribute to the religious genius of Adison, "to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only espoused in gown and surplice; and out of those two vestments can nobody preach it? Com

mend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig.”

In 1840, Thackeray published the “Paris Sketch Book,” partly made up of these and other periodical sketches, with a few charming translations from Beranger, and other new matter. In this book, in a chapter of “Meditations at Versailles,” he introduced his famous caricature of Louis XIV., the index to so much of the author’s philosophy in his unmasking of shams. This was a grotesque and fearfully diminishing revelation. Here stood the appliances which made the king; and there, in undress nakedness, the man. *Rex*, on the left, a magnificently studied lay figure, or clothes-horse, with the sword, the great flowing robe and the flowing wig, and the altitudinous state shoes of majesty. In the centre was poor unadorned *Ludovicus*—spindle-shanked, abominably protuberant, bald, and bare. But see him on the right in panoply divine, *Ludovicus Rex*. The humiliating decrepitude has put on the robes, and the shoes, and the wig, and look down from aloft on the unaccommodated “forked radish” in the centre. There were exhibited the king and the man. To apply that measure of altitudes ran along the wall in the picture, was to be the great business of the author’s life. Strip majesty of its externals, says the old conundrum, and it is—a jest. So Thackeray henceforth sported with the follies of men, and, spite of his critics and the sentimentalism of all England, *would* strip off the robes of whatever pretension, and show the man. Herr Teufelsdröcks himself could not preach better on this clothes philosophy. It

became the main text from the Thackeray pulpit—yet all the men whom he unwrapped are not spindle-shanked or protuberant.

“The Irish Sketch Book” succeeded to the “Parisian,” in 1843—two goodly volumes, by “Mr. Titmarsh,” also pleasantly illustrated by that gentleman’s pencil, with very real life-like sketches—altogether a true and faithful book, with just that quality of humor with which a gentleman may desire to enliven his information—not that barren stuff of some other so-called humorists where the sense is lost in the nonsense. It was a serious time for Thackeray, for from this period dates that great calamity of his life, the insanity of his wife, an Irish lady of good family, whom he had married several years before.

In 1846, came another book of travels of the indefatigable Mr. Titmarsh—“The Journey from Cornhill to Cairo”—an easy, humorous sketch of the ordinary excursion to the Pyramids, which also furnishes some pleasant passages to the world-renowned periodical of Mr. Punch. “Our Fat Contributor” will be remembered in his pages, followed by the never-to-be-forgotten “Diary of Jeames de la Pluche,” and that astounding mortar battery firing into the heart of English society, “The Snob Papers.” The world admired the gay curveting of these pyrotechnics, and the victims felt the shock. It is not too much to say that English snobbery, and, to some extent, the universal snobbery of man is no longer the same privileged thing it was before the publication of these papers. Thackeray pricked the bub-

ble with his graceful rapier, and it has been letting out its gas ever since.

We have not mentioned all of Thackeray's productions up to this time. There are half a score of them in "Fraser" and "Punch." "The Luck of Barry Lyndon;" "Men's Wives;" "The Shabby-Genteel Story;" the "Confessions of Fitz-Boodle," and the tremendous adventures of that East Indian rival of "Munchausen," "Major Gahogan;" "Punch's Prize Novelists," with some sharp hits at his brethren, for which the author was afterwards disposed to apologise, though after all, nobody was hurt more than was good for them; "Mr. Brown's Letters," another "Punch" series; "The Great Hogarty Diamond," etc., etc. Thackeray appears in this list, which might readily be extended, wonderfully prolific; but that came in a great measure from his writing for the periodicals. There is no such consumer of foolscap and ink bottles as your newspaper man. Verily, he writes in folio, and his works are legion. But it is not every day that publishers seek to revive them, and bibliographers are compelled to ferret them out.

Among these minor works should not be forgotten an amazingly clever series of books for Christmas entertainment, illustrated by some of the author's own designs, beginning with "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," in 1847, and running through several years with "Our Street," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," "The Rose and the Ring." The characters in the first of these—Mr. Smith, Mr. Hicks, Miss Joy, and above all, "The Mulligan,"

that lively representative of old or young Ireland—are personages whom nearly a score of Christmases since have not blotted from our recollection. They were the precursors of greater books of the author; but in none of them will you find his humor more genial, or so kindly interpreted by the pencil—nowhere are the delightful women and children he loved to portray, more graceful. "Dr. Birch's Young Friends" are miniatures of the world in his larger volumes. Thackeray, mindful of the old Charter-House days, has ever his word for schoolboys.

"Vanity Fair," the first work in which he fairly challenged a place with the great novelists of his country, was published in numbers, between 1846 and 1848. The author was so little established at the start that the undertaking was declined by the publisher to whom it was first offered. It soon, however, made a hit—"Becky Sharp" would look out for that—and henceforth the publishers came to Thackeray. "Pendennis," with that consummate growth of English society, the "Major," occupied another two years, the public appetite growing by what it fed on. Then, in 1852, "The History of Henry Esmond," perhaps the most elaborate and carefully finished of all the author's productions—an ingenious review of the tone of thought of its period, and the purest style of the days of the "Spectator." In these great works, unsurpassed in English fiction since the days of Fielding, what a fine subtle power there is in the exhibition of human character. The style is the man; and how broad and genial it is in these pages; candid

and discriminating; satirical, yet never out of reach of the kindly emotions of the heart; easy, colloquial in its utterance, playfully or eloquently responsive to the nicest shades of feeling. The author's subjects, indeed, are often worldly people, and bitterly, at times, does he inveigh against them; but there is a good motive in his caustic utterances; a manly contempt for folly or vice, and the balance of the account is always on the side of virtue.

In 1851, the series of lectures on "The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century" was first delivered in London. The author's newly-acquired celebrity drew an audience; and the rare powers of his feeling voice, and the life and sincerity which he threw into his subject, retained them and widened the circle of hearers, till the speaker was called to America, whither he came in the Autumn of 1852, to repeat them. Many of our readers who listened to these wise and piquant discourses, may remember how they went home from the evening entertainment impressed by the forcible sketch of Swift, conveyed with so much power, in so quiet and well-mannered a way, by the tall, red-faced gentleman with white hair; who, humorous novelist as he was, preached, perhaps, as serious a sermon as was ever delivered from his pulpit. There were milder topics afterwards, as the lecturer treated of Addison and Goldsmith, and appended to the course the genial address on Charity, with its tributes to Hood and Dickens. Thackeray, in his American tour, became the lion of the day in New York, and wherever else he went in the country; and when his pilgrim-

age was over, in the Spring, found himself satisfactorily enriched by the trip. He had "a pot of money," he told his American publisher, to carry home with him. It was the basis of his new fortunes—something above the daily wants of his family.

Another serial, "The Newcomes," was undertaken on the author's return to England, and completed in 1854. It was of the Pendennis school, repeating, with variations, the author's studies of life, which his graceful, inimitable style would have enabled him to prolong to the satisfaction of the public in a hundred repetitions. There was a ridiculous misconception, by some senseless American critic, of a passage in the opening of this work, which was represented as disparaging Washington. In describing the period of the story, the author, among other characteristics, spoke of the time "when Mr. Washington was heading the American rebels with a courage, it must be confessed, worthy of a better cause." Of course this was written historically, and no reader of ordinary intelligence could misunderstand it; but Thackeray, when it was brought to his notice in the New York correspondence of the London "Times," felt called upon to supply the fools with brains as well as books. "I am thinking," he wrote in reply to the "Times," "about '76. Where, in the name of common sense, is the insult to 1853? Need I say that our officers were instructed (until they were taught better manners) to call Washington 'Mr. Washington?' and that the Americans were called rebels during the whole of that contest? Rebels!—of course they

were rebels; and I should like to know what native American would not have been a rebel in that cause! As irony is dangerous, and has hurt the feelings of kind friends whom I would not wish to offend, let me say, in perfect faith and gravity, that I think the cause for which Washington fought entirely just and right, and the champion the very noblest, purest, bravest, best of God's men."

After a summer interval spent in preparing a new series of lectures on "The Four Georges" of the English throne, Mr. Thackeray took leave of his London friends, at a dinner presided over by Charles Dickens, in October, 1855, previous to a second visit to America. He brought the lectures with him, and the audience in New York was complimented by listening to their first delivery, and was not at all displeased at their essential radicalism, recalling the old caricature of "Ludovicus Rex," with which Thackeray started on his literary career. The treatment of the subject was picturesque, as much was put into the lecture as it would hold; gravity was relieved by the gayety, and vices were unsparingly scouted. The public thronged to the several places of delivery as before; the course was repeated, and all listened with delight to the now familiar sweet, impressive accents.

The first suggestion of Thackeray's opinions on the Georges, appeared in "Punch" several years before the delivery of the lectures. It was at the time their statues were prepared for the new Parliament palace. "We have been favored," said the periodical, "by

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a young lady connected with the Court, with copies of the inscriptions which are to be engraven under the images of those Stars of Brunswick." They were all sufficiently satirical; but the severity lay in the truth. The first and the last were the most pointed. This was for

GEORGE THE FIRST—STAR OF BRUNSWICK.

He preferred Hanover to England.
He preferred two hideous Mistresses to a beautiful and innocent Wife.

He hated Arts and despised Literature;
But He liked train-oil in his salads,
And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters.

And he had Walpole as a Minister:
Consistent in his Preference for every kind of Corruption.

George III. is made to say, among other things:

Ireland I risked, and lost America;
But dined on legs of mutton every day.

And there are some pathetic lines at the close, concerning the "crazy old blind man in Windsor Tower," never stirring while his great guns are roaring triumph, and all England is thrilled with joy at the victory over Napoleon.

The inscription for George IV. is one of the most pointed satires of its class ever written:

GEORGIUS ULTIMUS.

He left an example for age and for youth to avoid.

He never acted well by Man or Woman,
And was as false to his Mistress as to his Wife.

He deserted his Friends and his Principles.
He was so ignorant that he could scarcely spell;

But he had some skill in Cutting out Coats,
And an undeniable Taste for Cookery.

He built the Palaces of Brighton and Buckingham,

And for these qualities and Proof of Genius,
An admiring Aristocracy

Christened him the "First Gentleman in Europe."

Friends, respect the King whose Statue is here,
And the generous Aristocracy who admired him.

America, on the author's return the following year, furnished the theatre and title of a new serial work, "The Virginians," the publication of which was commenced in November, 1857. He had been, in the previous summer, candidate for Parliament from the City of Oxford, and was defeated by sixty votes. When the new novel was completed, the author, now at the height of his popularity, and with the trade at his feet, was induced by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. to undertake the editorship of the new "Cornhill Magazine." The first number of this journal appeared in January, 1860. A new serial, "The Adventures of Philip on his Way Through the World," was presently commenced in its pages, followed by the story, "Lovell the Widower," and his latest publication—a peculiar reflection of the author's habits of thinking—the "Roundabout Papers." In these desultory sketches, the writer's mind is, as it were, in undress. With the candor of Montaigne, he prattles innocently of his feelings in a charming vein of benevolence. There is not much in them, the critics, who are always looking for grand things, would say; but they, nevertheless, contain pages overflowing with sense and sensibility which the writer never surpassed. Nothing can be finer in its way than the tribute to the memory of the two Americans, kindred in friendship and genius—the artist Leslie and Washington Irving.

The very last of these papers which he published, was one of the best. It is entitled, "Strange to Say, on Club Paper," the singular title referring to a charge made upon the late Lord Clyde of filching the paper for his last will from the Athenæum Club. The sheet bore the Club mark. This is commented upon in an excellent vein, the author insinuating his moralities into his playful discourse. After reflecting on the impertinent judgments of the idle circle upon the trifling affair, he tells how the lawyers sent a draft of the will from the Club-room, which Clyde, innocent of the great offence, adopted; and then turns upon the unreflecting with a lesson of charity—that charity which he ever loved to inculcate. While engaged in these literary works, and busily employed upon a new serial story for "The Cornhill," Thackeray, who had for several years suffered occasionally from disease, was suddenly called away, the immediate cause of his death being an effusion on the brain. He had retired to rest as usual, at his home in London, on the night of Christmas Eve, 1863, and was found at day, lying with life extinct, in an attitude of calm repose. A few days afterwards his remains were interred in the rural Kensal Green Cemetery, followed to the grave by the chief men of letters and artists of the metropolis, who loved and admired the man. Among the number were Charles Dickens, Anthony Trollope, the poet Browning; and, with other artists, his life-long friend George Cruikshank, and his later associate in "Punch," John Leech.



Alice Cary

ALICE CARY.

THE family of this gentle and amiable poetess has been traced through a long Puritan ancestry in New England, to an earlier lineage in the historic annals of Great Britain. The first of the race in America, John Cary, came to the Plymouth Colony in 1630, a man of education, useful as a Latin teacher, and of influence in the new community. There were later emigrations of the family to Connecticut and New Hampshire, and finally, in the fifth generation, one of the descendants removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, taking with him his son Robert. They settled upon a farm together in the vicinity of the city, at the beginning of the present century. There Robert, after taking part as a soldier in the war of 1812, married Elizabeth Jessup; and of this union, Alice, the subject of this notice, was born on the 26th of April, 1820. Her sister Phœbe, so intimately associated with her in her literary career, was four years younger.

The father of this family is spoken of as a kindly man of a religious disposition, apt to relieve the toil of his farming occupations with something of a poetical appreciation of the rural scenes and images among which his

lot was cast; the mother, patient and laborious in the duties of her home, left a life-long impression on the hearts of her daughters of her personal beauty and of her pure, self-sacrificing disposition. The early death of this estimable lady, shortly after Alice had reached the age of fifteen, threw the girls, in a great measure, upon their own resources. After a short interval, in 1837, the father married again, and the new wife whom he introduced to his home, proved to have but little sympathy for the efforts at intellectual cultivation which already distinguished the sisters, Alice and Phœbe. Their education was of the simplest, some slight attendance at the village district school, the rest supplied by their own improvement of the chance literature which fell in their way. The stock of books on the shelf of the cottage, the humble residence which their father had built on the farm, consisted of a Bible, a hymn book, a "History of the Jews," Pope's "Essays," Lewis and Clark's "Travels," and Mrs. Rowson's widely-circulated little romance, "Charlotte Temple." But there was a wider and more varied field of culture open to these occupants of what

was then a remote western settlement, in the newspapers of the day which found their way thither. Of these, the most important in its influence, appears to have been "The Trumpet," a religious journal of the Universalists, the denomination to which the parents of Alice had early become converts. This we are told, "was for many years the only paper seen by Alice; and its 'Poet's Corner,' the food of her fancy, and source of her inspiration." The sensibilities of the children were also affected by the death of an elder sister, which preceded that of the mother by about two years. These influences, acting with the impressions made by the vigorous nature around them in their farm life, developed in their sensitive dispositions a passion for thought, and its exercise in literature. The first attempts of Alice in this direction were made very early, before the death of her mother, in "occasional efforts to alter and improve the poetry in her school reader, and a few pages of original rhymes which broke the monotony of her copy-books." Her sister, Phoebe, seems to have preceded her in getting into print; at least her talent was developed at an earlier period of her life; for, when she was but fourteen, a poem which she sent secretly to a Boston newspaper, found its way back to the cottage, copied in a Cincinnati newspaper. The first literary adventure of Alice, we are told by Phoebe, appeared in the "Sentinel," a newspaper at Cincinnati. It was entitled "The Child of Sorrow," and written in her eighteenth year.

It was not, however, till the establishment of the "National Era" at

Washington, in 1847, that Alice began fairly to make her way as a writer. She wrote verses frequently for its columns, and some prose sketches. The editor, Dr. Bailey, after the publication of a number of these voluntary offerings, sent her a gratuity of ten dollars, the first money which she ever received for the labors of her pen. She afterwards furnished regular contributions to the paper for a small stipulated sum. The poems published by the two sisters in the newspapers of the day, for they kept pace with one another in those exercises of the muse, early engaged the attention of Griswold, who was then occupied in gathering materials for his volume of "The Female Poets of America." In this he gave considerable space to the verses of Alice and Phoebe Cary, introducing them to his readers with a complimentary notice, in which he cited a letter addressed to him by the elder sister. "We write," says Alice Cary in this epistle, "with much facility, often producing two or three poems in a day, and never elaborate. We have printed, exclusive of our early productions, some three hundred and fifty." This was about the year 1848. Not long after, by the assistance of Mr. Griswold, in 1849, the first volume of the sisters was published in Philadelphia. It was entitled "Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary." The ability displayed in these sweet warblings was recognized by several authors of reputation, among others, by Horace Greeley, who, in one of his tours in the West, visited the sisters, and formed with them an acquaintance which ripened into a life-long friendship and intimacy. When,

a year after, in 1850, they first visited the East, Mr. Greeley was ready to welcome them in New York, from which place they extended their journey into New England, and were received by the poet Whittier, who, in a poem entitled "The Singer," has celebrated their visit to his home at Amesbury. This was written after the death of Alice, the delicacy of whose constitution appears even then to have been visible to this feeling observer.

Years since (but names to me before),
Two sisters sought at eve my door ;
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,
A grey old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had
Even then a smile too sweetly sad ;
The crown of pain that all must wear,
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet, ere the summer eve grew long,
Her modest lips were sweet with song ;
A memory haunted all her words
Of clover-fields and singing-birds.

The result of this visit to the East was the immediate determination of the sisters, trusting in their own resources, to take up their residence in New York. "They hired," says Mr. Greeley, in a sketch of their career, "two or three modest rooms, in an unfashionable neighborhood, and set to work resolutely to earn a living by the pen. * * * Being already an acquaintance, I called on them soon after they had set up their household goods among us, and met them at intervals thereafter at their home or at the houses of mutual friends. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful; and the few literary persons, or artists, who occasionally met at their informal

invitation to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems, and events, might have found many more pretentious, but few more enjoyable gatherings." Mary Clemmer Ames, in her excellent and highly characteristic "Memorial of Alice and Phœbe Cary," gives some additional particulars of this newly-created home in the great city. "They had," says she, "an unfeigned horror of 'boarding.' A home they must have, albeit it was up two flights of stairs. To the maintenance of this home they brought industry, frugality, and a hatred of debt. Thus, from the beginning to the end, they always lived within their income. I have heard Alice tell how she papered one room with her own hands, and Phœbe how she painted the doors, framed the pictures, and 'brightened up' things generally."

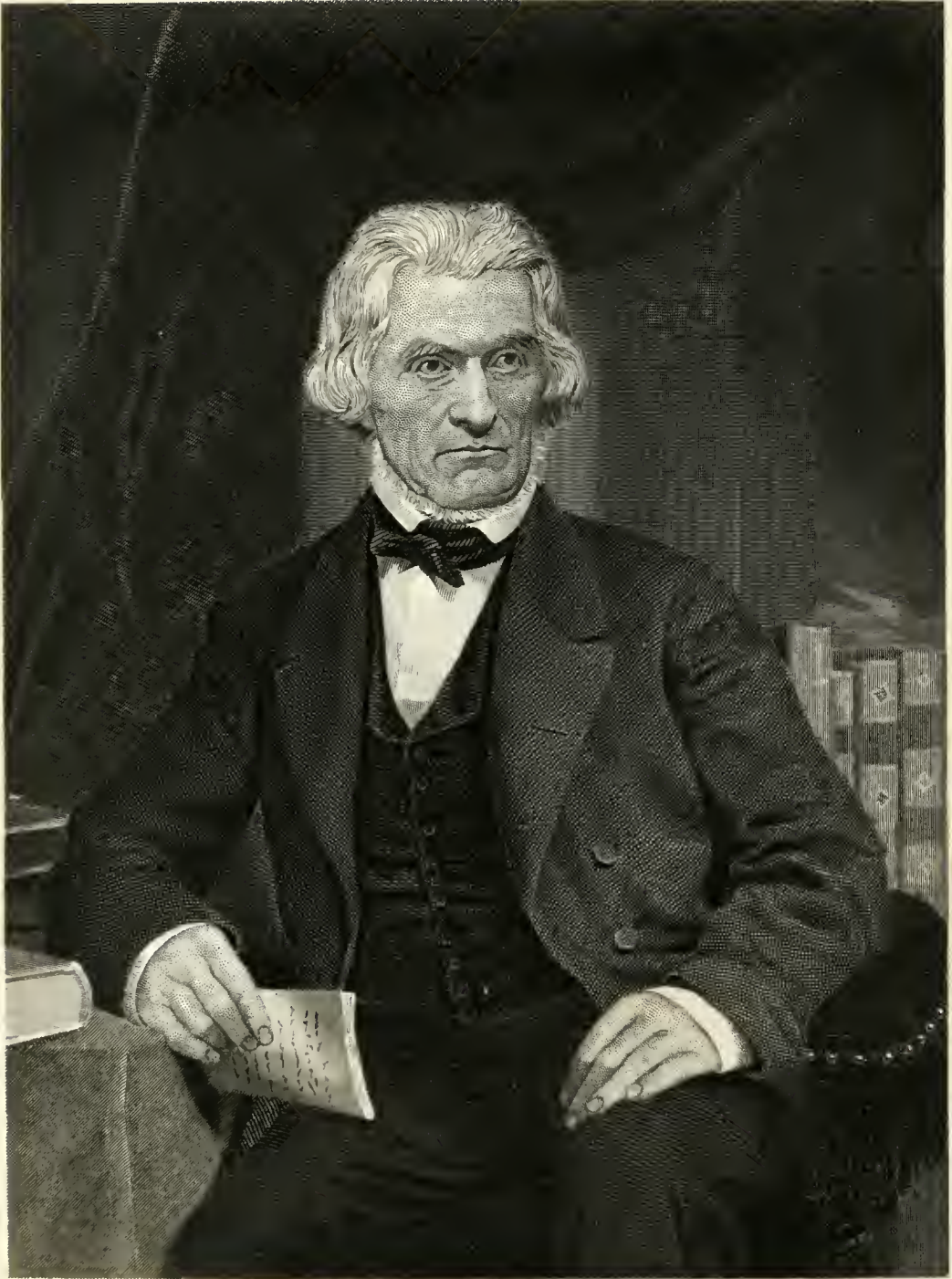
The qualities indicated in a course like this were of great value to their success in the career which they had marked out for themselves. They at once set busily to work with their pens, and were constantly, to the end, among the most industrious writers of their time. The first fruits of their occupation in the simple home which they had provided for themselves, were the publication by Alice, in 1851, of "Clovernook; or, Recollections of Our Neighborhood in the West," a volume of prose sketches, issued in 1851. The sentiment of the book was fresh and natural; the style was easy and flowing; and, as the descriptions were drawn from life, the "Clovernook" papers proved so acceptable to the public that the author was encour-

aged to pursue the vein, and produce a second series, which was published two years after, and with like success. "The Clovernook Children," issued in Boston in 1853, though adapted to younger readers, may be regarded as a third series of these pleasing papers. A separate collection of the poetical productions of Alice, entitled "Lyra and Other Poems," appeared in New York the same year. Alice had also, about this time, published in book form, a novel, "Hagar, a Story of To-Day," written originally for the "Cincinnati Commercial." A second novel from her pen, "Married, Not Mated," followed in 1856, and was succeeded at intervals by various tales and works of prose fiction, among which may be mentioned "The Bishop's Son," which appeared originally in the "Springfield (Mass.) Republican." The periodical publications of the day, which rapidly grew into importance after she began to write, offered her the readiest employment and the best remuneration of her talents. From time to time, new collections of her Poems were given to the public, "Lyrics and Hymns;" "Hymns for All Christians;" "Poems and Parodies;" "Poems of Faith, Hope and Love," the last appearing in 1868. In addition to these productions, she was the author also of various compositions for youthful readers.

The success of her writings, thus systematically and industriously pursued, enabled Alice, early in her literary career, in New York, to purchase a convenient house, in a good location in Twentieth Street, where she hence-

forth resided in company with her sister, and which became the seat of a simple hospitality, as they received the visits of numerous friends of cultivation and intelligence, including among them various authors well known to the public. In the "Memorial" already cited, a minute description of this residence is given, showing how, in the exercise of good taste, the sisters filled the abode with the most interesting objects; cultivating elegance and brightness in the furniture, and in the prints on the walls, and in other ways cheering the visitor with intellectual and refined associations. Alice also took much interest in the social efforts of the day for the assertion of the claims and the amelioration of the condition of women.

So twenty years passed away of this residence of the sisters in New York. Continuous confinement to the labors of the desk, though pursued with system lightening the toil, were now wearing upon a delicate, sensitive organization. After a period of broken health, during which she suffered no abatement of her intellectual powers, Alice expired at her residence in New York, on the 12th of February, 1870. The funeral services were held at the Church of the Strangers, presided over by her friend Dr. Deems, who delivered a discourse of much feeling on the occasion. A few months after, the companion of so many years, allied to her so closely in fame, her sister Phoebe died at Newport, Rhode Island (the last day of July, 1871), and was laid by her side in the rural cemetery of Greenwood.



A. C. Cuthbert

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

THIS eminent statesman, like his contemporary, Andrew Jackson, was of Irish parentage. His grandfather, James Calhoun of Donegal, with many of the inhabitants of that northern portion of the country a Presbyterian in faith, came to America in the year 1733, bringing with him his son Patrick, a boy six years old. The family first landed in Pennsylvania, where they settled for a time in Wythe County, in the western region of Virginia, whence they were driven by the Indian disturbances attendant upon the opening of the old French war, to emigrate further, to South Carolina. In this province they established themselves at a spot which became known as the Calhoun settlement, in the Abbeville district on the upper waters of the Savannah, then a remote frontier territory. This southern removal took place in 1756, after the defeat of General Braddock, when Virginia lay open to Indian hostilities. It proved in the end an exchange of a single peril for others far more formidable. In South Carolina the family were destined to encounter, not merely the Indian in the fierce contests with the Cherokee, in which Patrick Cal-

houn gained a name among the resolute border heroes of that wild warfare, but the savage Briton and the deadly civil struggle of their own land. The upper country on the Savannah, bordering on Georgia, was the scene, during the Revolutionary war, of fierce and protracted conflicts, fought out, not in the great issues of single battles, but in the unintermitted, murderous strife of constant invasion. In the years, however, intervening between the two struggles, the Calhoun family managed to make good their position in their settlement, so that they were enabled to maintain it against all opposition, though at a fearful cost. Patrick Calhoun, in 1770, married Martha Caldwell, of Virginia, also of Irish Protestant parentage. Three of her brothers were victims or sufferers in the Revolutionary contest. One was murdered by the Tories by the side of his burning dwelling; another fell fighting for his country at Cowpens; a third was imprisoned a long time by the English at St. Augustine.

This horrid strife was just closing in the lingering of the conflict in South Carolina, already determined by the surrender at Yorktown, when John

Caldwell Calhoun, the youngest but one of a family of five children, was born at the family settlement, March 18, 1782. The unsettled state of the country at the period of his childhood, of course, offered little or no opportunity for what is too exclusively called education. There was not an academy in the whole region, and but an occasional schoolmaster of any description, and he was not likely, when found, to be of the best. The boy, however, had the instruction of the vigorous race among whom he was born, men strengthened in their resolves and tutored in their rights by the severe lessons of the Revolution. The mind of a keen, intelligent boy was not likely to stagnate with such recent traditions lying thickly about him. He had, too, in the loving example of his father, a man of great energy and resolution, in the full maturity of life, a constant source of strength. Such influences as these, however, though all-important in the formation of character, are of little avail to the higher usefulness of life, without the positive instruction of books and learning. They are opportunities which can be brought into action only by literary culture. In vain does the wind pursue its strong career over the buoyant depths of the ocean, unless it be fettered to the sails of the bark, skilfully constructed to avail itself of those natural forces.

The young Calhoun, happily, was not without some of these learned appliances, though his education in his boyhood was irregular and he was mostly self-taught—a term which we apply to what one learns from printed volumes, and a hundred different

sources, without the interposition of a schoolmaster or professor—as if the words of the greatest minds of the past and present in books, and the actions of men, were not more direct and forcible instruction than the average hireling pedagogue. Be this as it may, in the present case the boy was left to find his own way at first into the pleasant fields of literature. He was sent at thirteen to the school of his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Waddell, in a neighboring county in Georgia; but all teaching was speedily interrupted there by the breaking up of the establishment in consequence of the death of the preceptor's wife. Fortunately for the youth, who remained on the spot, there was a small circulating library in the house, in charge of his brother-in-law, the clergyman, to which he had free access; and here we may see the early natural bent and force of the boy's mind. It was not to poetry or romance that he directed his attention, but to history, of which he devoured all that the library contained—Rollin, Robertson's Charles V. and America, Voltaire's Charles XII.—not a large stock, but sufficient to furnish the mind of an earnest, reflecting boy. There was Cook's Voyages also, to give wings to his imagination; and enough metaphysics in Brown and Locke to stimulate the reasoning faculties which were to be the prominent mark of the man. The young student became so improved in these books, all of which he consumed in fourteen weeks, that his health began to suffer, "his eyes became seriously affected, his countenance pallid, and his frame emaciated." His mother, hearing of these difficulties,

sent for him home, where, occupying himself with the duties of the farm—his father was now dead, and his brothers absent—he recovered his health, and in four years' sturdy employment in rural pursuits and amusements strengthened his constitution for his future labors.

He now appeared far more likely to follow the life of a planter than to enter the Senate of the United States, when his elder brother, James, who was in a counting-house at Charleston, coming home in the summer of 1800, urged him to aim at one of the professions. His answer was characteristic. He said his "property was small and his resolution fixed: he would far rather be a planter than a half-informed physician or lawyer. With this determination he could not bring his mind to select either without ample preparation; but if the consent of their mother should be freely given, and he (James) thought he could so manage his property as to keep him in funds for study preparatory to entering his profession, he would leave home and commence his education the next week."* The conditions were agreed to, the arrangements made, and John returned again to his brother-in-law the clergyman, who had married again and resumed his school. He was eighteen when he thus recommenced, if, indeed, he may not be said to have begun, his systematic studies. He pursued them with such vigor that in two years he entered the junior class of Yale College, under the presidency of Dr. Dwight, and graduated with honor in 1804, in the beginning of his twenty-third year.

To this mature age may doubtless be attributed much of the benefit which he received from his instruction. The soil, not altogether unprepared for its reception, had lain fallow to produce a more certain and bountiful crop. In the college traditions of his powers, his strength in argument is remembered. He was thus early attached to the republican or democratic party, and the story is told of his employing the hour of instruction in disputation with the president, arising out of the text of Paley, on the source of power, which he maintained to be in the people. Dr. Dwight is said to have been so much struck with his ability as to declare that "the young man had talent enough to be President of the United States," an augury which, at one time, came to be thought on the eve of fulfilment. The topic of the discourse which he prepared for Commencement was also indicative of his future career. It was, "The qualifications necessary to constitute a perfect statesman."

From New Haven, Calhoun passed to the law school of Judge Reeves and Judge Gould at Connecticut, where he pursued his studies with eagerness and left a fragrant memory of his skill in disputation and public speaking. He then completed his law studies in the office of Mr. De Saussure, of Charleston, and Mr. George Bowie, of his native district of Abbeville. His seven years' apprenticeship to learning being thus accomplished "according to his determination when he commenced his education," he was admitted to the bar and began practice at Abbeville, continuing to reside in the old family homestead. He rose at once to emi-

* Life of John C. Calhoun (Harpers, 1843).

nence on the circuit, and speedily in the councils of his country.

The event to which his first entrance upon public life is referred, was one which, coming as the culmination of a long series of injuries received since the peace of 1783, from Great Britain, stirred up the popular feeling of the country to a height of excitement difficult at the present day to appreciate. We allude to the assault of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake, in June, 1807—the date, it will be observed, of Mr. Calhoun's entrance on the practice of the law. Meetings were held to express the public indignation in various parts of the country, and, among other places, in Abbeville. Calhoun, young, ardent, inheriting the blood of resistance from his father, was on hand to give expression to the general voice. He prepared the resolutions of the assembly, and supported them by a vigorous speech. The people caught him up as their representative, and their votes carried him into the State legislature at the next election. He served two sessions, establishing his character as a sagacious politician and earnest man for the times, when, in the autumn of 1810, he was elected to the twelfth Congress of the United States. He went to Washington an avowed supporter of the war policy; and it was by his energy, as much as that of any man, that this policy was carried into effect. Henceforth he is devoted to public life, and lives and breathes in the councils of the nation. He was placed on the Committee of Foreign Relations, and spoke on the portion of the President's message which fell to the consideration of that body. He was at the

outset second on the committee, when the retirement of its chairman, Mr. Porter, placed him at its head. His reports in this influential position led the war movement of the country. In his speech of December 12, 1811, on the proposition for the enlistment of an additional force of ten thousand regular troops, in reply to the remarks of John Randolph, he thus happily met the charge—often thrown out in those times when the choice of going to war appeared to be whether France or Great Britain should be taken as the antagonist—of hatred to England. "The gentleman from Virginia is at a loss to account for what he calls our hatred to England. He asks, how can we hate the country of Locke, of Newton, Hampden and Chatham; a country having the same language and customs with ourselves and descending from a common ancestry? Sir, the laws of human affection are steady and uniform. If we have so much to attach us to that country, potent indeed must be the cause which has overpowered it. Yes, there is a cause strong enough; not in that occult courtly affection which he has supposed to be entertained for France; but it is to be found in continued and unprovoked insult and injury—a cause so manifest, that the gentleman from Virginia had to exert much ingenuity to overlook it. But the gentleman, in his eager admiration of that country, has not been sufficiently guarded in his argument. Has he reflected on the cause of that admiration? Has he examined the reasons of our high regard for Chatham? It is his ardent patriotism, the heroic courage of his mind,

that could not brook the least insult or injury offered to his country, but thought that her interest and honor ought to be vindicated at every hazard and expense. I hope, when we are called upon to admire, we shall also be asked to imitate." Another passage which has been much commended, will show the quick, fertile, intellectual processes which the young orator introduced into the dry discussions of the House. It is from his speech of June 24, 1812, on the proposition to repeal the Non-importation Act. Gliding into this portion of his subject, the consideration of the general worth of the embargo, by an admirable touch of irony he acquits it of being a "pusillanimous" measure: "To lock up the whole commerce of this country; to say to the most trading and exporting people in the world, 'you shall not trade, you shall not export;' to break in upon the schemes of almost every man in society, is far from weakness, very far from pusillanimity."

He then objects to the restrictive system, that it is not suited to the genius of the people, the government, or the geographical character of the country. "No passive system," he says, "can suit such a people, in action superior to all others, in patience and endurance inferior to many." As for the government, it is "founded on freedom and hates coercion," while the geography of the country renders the prevention of smuggling impossible. He next exhibits the government rendered odious by the embargo, and with great subtilty contrasts the pressure with the burdens of war. "The privation," he says, "it is true, may be equal or

greater; but the public mind, under the strong impulses of such a state, becomes steeled against sufferings. The difference is great between the passive and active state of mind. Tie down a hero and he feels the puncture of a pin; but throw him into battle, and he is scarcely sensible of vital gashes. So in war. Impelled alternately by hope and fear, stimulated by revenge, depressed with shame or elevated by victory, the people become invincible. No privation can shake their fortitude, no calamity can break their spirit. Even where equally unsuccessful, the contrast is striking. War and restriction may leave the country equally exhausted; but the latter not only leaves you poor, but, even when successful, dispirited, divided, discontented, with diminished patriotism, and the manners of a considerable portion of your people corrupted. Not so in war. * * * Sir, I would prefer a single victory over the enemy, by sea or land, to all the good we shall ever derive from the continuation of the Non-importation Act. The memory of a Saratoga or a Eutaw is immortal. It is there you will find the country's boast and pride, the inexhaustible source of great and heroic actions. But what will history say of restriction? What examples worthy of imitation will it furnish posterity? What pride, what pleasure will our children find in the events of such times? Let me not be considered as romantic. This nation ought to be taught to rely on its own courage, its fortitude, its skill and virtue, for protection. These are the only safeguards in the hour of danger. Man was endowed with these great qualities for

his defence. There is nothing about him that indicates that he must conquer by enduring. He is not incrustated in a shell; he is not taught to rely on his insensibility, his passive suffering, for defence. No, no; it is on the invincible mind, on a magnanimous nature, that he ought to rely. Herein lies the superiority of our kind; it is these that make man the lord of the world. It is the destiny of our condition that nations should rise above nations, as they are endowed in a greater degree with these shining qualities."

By such words as these was the nation stimulated to its exertions in the second war with Great Britain, and such eloquence will ever be in request on like occasions from the lips of youthful orators when peaceful policy is to be thrown aside and heroic energy excited. Nor was it necessary only that the country should be aroused; the confidence of the war party was to be sustained; and, throughout the struggle, in all its vicissitudes, to the end, the trumpet tones of Calhoun, no less than his cool argumentative discussion, were heard animating to renewed effort.

In his speech of February 25th, 1814, on the Loan Bill, he discussed with masterly vigor the aggressive maritime and commercial policy of England, and the rights of other nations to be preserved in an armed neutrality. "Why," said he, "should I consume time to prove her maritime policy? Who is there so stupid as not to see and feel its effect? You cannot look toward her shores and not behold it. You may see it in her Parliament, her prints, her theatres, and in her very

songs. It is scarcely disguised. It is her pride and boast. . . . The nature of its growth indicates its remedy. It originated in power, has grown in proportion as opposing power has been removed, and can only be restrained by power. Nations are, for the most part, not restrained by moral principles, but by fear. It is an old maxim that they have heads, but no hearts. They see their own interests, but do not sympathize in the wrongs of others." Then, briefly noticing the part the country, standing alone, had borne in the preservation of the rights of neutrals, he turns to assure fainting courage of the result of perseverance, spite of the increased power of Great Britain, left free by the cessation of her struggle with France. "But, say our opponents, their efforts are vain and our condition hopeless. If so, it only remains for us to assume the habit of our condition. We must submit, humbly submit, crave pardon, and hug our chains. It is not wise to provoke where we cannot resist. But let us be well assured of the hopeless nature of our condition before we sink into submission. On what do our opponents rest their despondent and slavish belief? On the recent events in Europe? I admit they are great, and well calculated to impose on the imagination. Our enemy never presented a more imposing exterior. His fortune is at the flood. But I am admonished by universal experience that such prosperity is the most fickle of human conditions. From the flood the tide dates its ebb; from the meridian the sun commences his decline. There is more of sound philosophy than fiction in the fickleness which

poets attribute to fortune. Prosperity has its weakness, adversity its strength." If she has overcome France, he said, she has lost her great stronghold in the "French influence;" if she has gained victories, they were purchased only by an exhausting conflict. The armed neutrality yet remained. European nations, every day more commercial, will demand the freedom of the seas, and make common cause against the monopoly of Great Britain. "No," was his eloquent exclamation, "the ocean cannot become property. Like light and air, it is unsusceptible of the idea of property. Heaven has given it to man equally, freely, bountifully; and empires attempted to be raised on it must partake of the fickleness of its waves." This is eloquence, not far-fetched or dependent upon pomp of expression, armed with devices to startle or confound the listener, but the quick, fiery, impetuous utterance springing from the heart of the subject, with its living ornaments inwoven with the very fibre of the discourse. Nor will the strong, forcible Saxon of this speech be overlooked. It is a model of pure English undefiled.

We might linger over passages like these, growing out of the abundant energy with which the war was defended and pursued by Calhoun in Congress, calling the reader's attention to this most important portion of the orator's career, which has been somewhat thrown out of mind by the far different discussions of his later life, which have engrossed the attention of a new generation; but we must pass on with our brief narrative. The war being ended, questions of financial policy

arose, schemes and propositions of banks, in the treatment of which a wise adjustment was to be made between an adequate provision for the necessities of the public and the private interests which always attach themselves to such institutions. The acute mind and incorruptible national policy of Calhoun were here again in the ascendant. He resisted such features as he thought unsound; but, waiving the constitutional scruples of his party, gave his support to what he thought indispensable to meet the emergency. As chairman of the committee on national currency, he introduced the bill in 1816 to establish a National Bank. In like manner he supported the tariff of the same year, and the bill to promote internal improvements in the following. This was the last of his important labors in the House of Representatives, from which he was called to another sphere of public duty in the cabinet of President Monroe, as Secretary of War.

It is said that his political friends in South Carolina attempted to dissuade him from accepting this appointment, thinking that "his mind was more metaphysical than practical," and that a rising orator would be lost to the House, while the administration would gain but an indifferent man of business: and that he himself would "lose reputation in taking charge of a department, especially one in a state of such disorder and confusion as the War Department was then." Plausible as these considerations appeared, one important item was left out in the account, the ability and conscientiousness of a man of true genius. A high or-

der of intellectual faculties will always naturally draw in its train the performance of inferior duties—if the morality of any duty can be called inferior. The skilful analysis, the shrewd suggestion, the acute inquiry which can conduct a debate as Calhoun conducted it, argue powers fully equal to the disentanglement of a complicated imbroglio of finance. When Mr. Calhoun entered the War Department it was in utter disorder, without even the services of its old chief clerk, that useful functionary, who is expected to keep the wheels of business moving through successive administrations, having vacated his post. The new Secretary, though he had inspired the movements of fleets and armies, was utterly unpracticed in the handling of military affairs; yet such was the result of his sagacious insight, careful investigation, and his methodical mind, that he perfected a system of organization for the regulation of the department which remains in force to this day. He infused his energy into all the details of administration, reviving the Military Academy, establishing frontier posts, setting on foot surveys, and originating the system of medical observations which have gained a wide repute in our army statistics. His financial management was such that he reduced forty millions of unsettled accounts, many of them of long standing, to three millions, diminished the expenses in various ways, and introduced such accountability into the system that in the disbursements of four millions and a half in one year there was not a single defalcation nor the loss of one cent to the government. Let this purity be

remembered as a badge of the most eminent men of the country who have illustrated the national annals by their powers of intellect. Genius is sometimes disgraced by the lack of honesty, but fraud has no place in the history of those worthy to be called the fathers of the American State.

Mr. Calhoun held the office of Secretary of War for seven years, till his election to the Vice-Presidency, in the administration of John Quincy Adams, at the termination of which he was continued in the same office through the first term of President Jackson. This period may be called the troubled era of his political life. He was disaffected to the administration of Adams at the beginning, and that of Jackson at the close; and to the ordinary disagreements of party in the latter instance was added the hostility of a personal feud, resting on the charge of ancient opposition to the President in Mr. Monroe's cabinet, in the occurrences of the Seminole war. From this period date the nullification doctrines and proceedings which play so important a part in Mr. Calhoun's political history. He furnished arguments and gave strength to the theory, which he based on an interpretation of the old Virginia Resolutions of 1789, of the right of a State to take the cause in its own hands, and interpose to arrest what it might consider a violation of its own proper privileges by the General Government—a doctrine which, applied by the minority in South Carolina to the tariff of 1828, was met by the practical conduct and authoritative declaration of President Jackson, in his celebrated Proclamation support

ing the laws and authority of the Union.

Mr. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency to become the successor, in the Senate, of Robert Y. Hayne. He took his seat on the eve of the introduction of the celebrated Force Bill, levelled at the movement in South Carolina. The crisis was one well calculated to draw forth his best powers, as he stood the representative, on the floor over which he had so long presided, of the obnoxious political heresy of "nullification." In the debate which ensued, the closing struggle was between him and Webster, on the interpretations and powers of the Constitution, whether, as an independent authority, a fundamental law of the land, an obligation binding upon the people, or a compact between States. Calhoun's speech on this occasion, delivered on the 26th February, 1833, is considered one of his master efforts.

Throughout the period of General Jackson's administration, he continued in opposition; at war with the President's alleged "executive usurpations" in his series of bank measures, joining Clay and Webster in the vote of censure in the Senate, and resolutely opposing the "Expunging Resolution" so pertinaciously urged by Senator Benton, by which they were blotted from the record. "This act," said he, in the closing scene of the last-mentioned affair, "originates in pure, unmixed, personal idolatry. It is the melancholy evidence of a broken spirit, ready to bow at the feet of power. The former act (the removal of the deposits) was such a one as might have been perpetrated in the days of Pompey or Cæsar;

but an act like this could never have been consummated by a Roman senate until the times of Caligula and Nero." When the long contest over the United States Bank was succeeded by the creation of the Independent Treasury in the administration of Van Buren, Mr. Calhoun gave that measure his earnest support, setting forth at length his views on the currency in several speeches, characterized by his masterly power of analysis. This apparent desertion of the Whigs, with whom he had acted in the bank contest with Jackson, drew upon him an attack from Mr. Clay, to which he replied in a vindication, compared by an admirer to the celebrated oration of Demosthenes, for the Crown, in answer to the assaults of Æschines.

Mr. Calhoun continued in the Senate till 1843, when he declined a re-election. He was, however, soon brought into public life again as the successor of Mr. Webster, as Secretary of State, under President Tyler, in 1844, a period of official duty which he employed in paving the way for the admission of Texas. On the expiration of Tyler's term, he again took his seat in the Senate, where he became the opponent of the war with Mexico. In the slavery discussion which arose out of the conquest, he stood forward as the uncompromising supporter of the slave interest, maintaining the necessity of an equilibrium between the two portions of the country, the North and the South. His theory in this relation is unfolded at length in his posthumous work, the employment of the last years of his life, the "Disquisition on Government, and Discourse

on the Constitution and Government of the United States," edited by Mr. Richard K. Cralle, and published under the direction of the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina. His theory of State Rights is argued in this composition with his accustomed force of argument and felicity of expression, the discussion ending in a curious proposition to protect the claims of the minority by a "reorganization of the executive department; so that its powers, instead of being vested, as they now are, in a single officer, should be vested in two; to be so elected as that the two should be constituted the special organs and representatives of the respective sections, in the executive department of the government; and requiring each to approve all the acts of Congress before they shall become laws." His latest effort in the Senate, on the 13th March, was in some remarks growing out of the discussion on the slavery question. He was taken home exhausted, and died at his residence at Washington the last day of March, 1850, having just completed his sixty-eighth year. His disease was a pulmonary affection, aggravated by difficulty at the heart.

The faculties of Calhoun were eminently intellectual. He had little regard for the merely rhetorical or ornamental, and it is the highest proof of his oratory that he succeeded in rousing his hearers by the simple force of argumentative appeal.

"His mind," said that eminent asso-

ciate of his best days in the capitol, his fellow member of the oratorical triumvirate, one with whom and against whom he had contended, who had rejoiced in his aid and felt his steel, Daniel Webster, in his obituary remarks in the Senate, "was both perceptive and vigorous. It was clear, quick, and strong. The eloquence of Mr. Calhoun, or the manner in which he exhibited his sentiments in public bodies, was part of his intellectual character. It grew out of the qualities of his mind. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe." He noticed also the unmixed devotion of his life to political duties, of his zealous occupation in serious employment, "seeming to have no recreation but the pleasure of conversation with his friends," while he celebrated the charms of that conversational talent, and the delight of its possessor to exercise it, particularly in company with the young. The eulogy ended with a tribute to "the unspotted integrity and unimpeached honor" of the man and statesman. Consistent with this generous eulogy of his high-toned public career is the tenor of the great senator's private life. His liberal hospitality and heartfelt enjoyment of the beauties of nature at his seat, Fort Hill, surrounded by his family, in the mountain region of his native State, his kindness to his friends and dependents, his fondness for agriculture, all stamp the man of genuine simplicity of mind.



Pyramy
D. B.

WILLIAM I., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

FREDERICK WILLIAM LOUIS, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, second son of Frederick William III., and brother of Frederick William IV., King of Prussia, was born on the 22d of March, 1797. He was educated as a soldier, and at the age of seventeen took part in the campaigns against France, terminating in the overthrow of Napoleon at Waterloo, in 1815. In 1829, he was married to Marie Louise Augusta Catherine, daughter of Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar. On the accession to the throne of his brother, in 1840, he was made lieutenant or viceroy of the province of Pomerania. When Germany was agitated by the democratic movement following upon the Paris Revolution of 1848, he was, in March of that year, appointed governor-general of the Rhine Provinces; but, before entering upon this duty, having encountered a strong popular opposition from the part which he bore in the repressive measures of the military in Berlin, he left that capital in disguise and took refuge in England, ostensibly on a special mission from the King of Prussia to Queen Victoria. Having, in the ensuing May,

been elected a member of the new Constituent Assembly in Germany, appointed to discuss the Prussian Constitution, he returned to Berlin, and took his seat in that body, though he bore no part in its deliberations. In June, 1819, he took the field as commander of the Prussian army of intervention against the insurgents of Baden and Bavaria, whose last stronghold of Rastadt he entered in triumph on the 23d of July; and, in October following, established himself at Coblenz, in the capacity of military governor of the Rhine Provinces. Continuing to be engaged in the military service of the country, he was, in 1854, made governor of the federal fortress of Mayence. In 1856, accompanied by the Princess, he visited Queen Victoria in England, and was again in that country for a short time, in January, 1858, on occasion of the marriage of his eldest son, Prince Frederick William, to the Princess Royal, Victoria Adelaide.

In the meantime, in October, 1857, in consequence of the unsatisfactory mental and bodily health of the King of Prussia, he was appointed Regent, at first temporarily for three months,

and subsequently from time to time, continuing to administer the affairs of the government in this capacity till his accession to the throne on the death of his brother, in January, 1861. His coronation took place at Königsberg, in the following October, when he placed the crown on his own head, declaring that he held it from God alone. His policy, which, during the Regency, had favored the liberal side, was now directed to the aggrandizement of Prussia in the maintenance of a strong military government. This development of authority and prerogative was attended by a contest with the popular elements in the Chamber of Deputies. To strengthen the national element, he decreed the substitution of the German language instead of French in Prussian diplomatic despatches; and, in 1862, dissolved the Chambers on account of their resistance to the military expenditure of the government. In the emergency, he called to his aid the great abetter of this policy, his friend and adviser, Herr Von Bismarck, summoning him from Paris, where, having been recently appointed, he was acting as Prussian ambassador, to assume the Premiership and Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The choice proved a highly advantageous one, the royal authority being firmly cemented by his management; which, as it steadily strengthened the nation abroad, confirmed the government at home.

Extricated by the quarrel with Denmark, which ended victoriously for Prussia, in April, 1864, from the critical and threatening position in which a series of disputes with the Chambers

on the question of the reconstruction of the army, of military finance, and of the royal prerogative, had involved the King and his ministers, the latter were again brought face to face with a kindred difficulty by the refusal of the Chambers, July, 1865, to vote supplies for the development of the navy. Upon this the King issued a decree, countersigned by all the ministers, placing at the disposal of the Minister of Marine a sum not exceeding 500,000 thalers, for the construction of heavy cast-steel guns for the fleet, for the expenditure of which grant the Ministers of Finance and Marine were to be held jointly responsible to the King. The combined operations of Prussia and Austria against Denmark, and even the conclusion of the treaty of Gastein, in August, 1865, which defined the co-domination of Prussia and Austria in Schleswig and Holstein, were but episodes of superficial concord between powers who were really at deadly feud for the leadership of Germany. When, therefore, on the 16th of June, 1866, Austria announced her intention to afford Saxony military aid against Prussia, the latter power was prompt to consider this as a *casus belli*, and on the 18th formally declared war against Austria. On the 29th of June, the first tidings of victory arrived at Berlin; next day, the King, with Count Bismarck in attendance, left the capital for the seat of war; and, on the 3d of July, the Austrians sustained the disastrous and decisive defeat of Sadowa. In the final days of the same month, the preliminaries were settled in Count Mensdorff's Castle of Nicolsburg, resulting in the

peace of Prague; and, on the 4th of August, the King returned to Berlin, where he was enthusiastically received; and where, on the next day, at the solemn opening of the Diet, he returned thanks "for God's gracious goodness," as manifested in the success of the Prussian arms. On the 20th of September, the triumphal entry of the troops into Berlin was made in grand pageant, in which the King and Queen, the Princes and the Generals, took a prominent part.

Peace treaties with individual States, as Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden—now occupied the King's ministers, together with the consolidation of the conquered provinces, and the formation of the North German Confederation, the constitution of which was finally framed and ratified on the 16th of April, 1867. The chief event of the year in the foreign policy of the country, was the settlement of the pressing difficulty with France, relative to the fortress of Luxemburg, the neutralisation of which was achieved by a conference of European powers meeting in London. In June, 1867, the King visited the great Exhibition of Art and Industry at Paris. In September of the same year, the North German Confederation met for the first time under the new constitution. On the 1st of January, 1870, the Prussian diplomatic agents abroad were accredited as representing the North German Confederation alone; and at the opening of the North German Parliament, in February, the King of Prussia announced that union with South Germany on national grounds, was the object of his incessant attention, and expressed

his confidence in the continuance of peace. Peace, however, was not to continue; and the approximate unification of Germany was to be precipitated by hostile pressure from without.

On the 15th of July, 1870, the Emperor of the French declared war against Prussia, ostensibly because the King would not undertake that the candidature of Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, for the crown of Spain, which he had already declined, should never be renewed; and because of an alleged insult to France, in the person of her ambassador, Count Benedetti, who intrusively preferred his demands upon the King while the latter was walking with Count Lehn-dorff, his adjutant, in the Kurgarten at Ems, on the 13th of July. On the day after this occurrence, the King returned to Berlin; and, on the 19th of July, in his address to the North German Parliament, after an allusion to the pretext of the French Emperor, "put forward in a manner long since unknown in the annals of diplomatic intercourse, and adhered to after the removal of the very pretext itself, with that disregard for the people's right to the blessings of peace of which the history of a former ruler of France affords so many analogous examples." "If Germany," he continued, "in former centuries, bore in silence such violation of her rights, and of her honor, it was only because, in her then divided state, she knew not her own strength. To-day, when the links of intellectual and rightful community, which began to be knit together at the time of the wars of liberation, join,

the more slowly the more surely, the different German races—to-day that Germany's armament leaves no longer an opening to the enemy, the German nation contains within itself the will and the power to repel the renewed aggression of France. It is not arrogance that puts these words in my mouth. The Confederate Governments, and I myself, are acting in the full consciousness that victory and defeat are in the hands of Him who decides the fate of battles. With a clear gaze we have measured the responsibility which, before the judgment-seat of God and of mankind, must fall upon him who drags two great and peace-loving peoples of the heart of Europe into a devastating war." In reply to an address from the Berlin Town Council, at this time, the King said: "God knows I am not answerable for this war. Heavy sacrifices will be demanded of my people. We have been rendered accustomed to them by the quickly gained victories which we achieved in the last two wars. We shall not get off so cheaply this time; but I know what I may expect from my army and from those now hastening to join the ranks. The instrument is sharp and cutting. The result is in the hands of God."

The co-operation of Bavaria had been already notified on the 16th; and at the close of the King's speech to the Parliament, the Saxon minister called for cheers for the head of the North German Confederation, which were heartily given again and again by the whole assembly. This enthusiasm was the falsification of the dream of the Emperor Napoleon, who had fancied that

Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Baden would abandon their engagements with the North German Confederation so soon as war should be declared. On the 31st of July, the King of Prussia set out for the seat of war; and, notwithstanding his advanced age, distinguished himself by his cheerful endurance of the privations and dangers of the campaign, and for the pious gratitude which characterized the bulletins which he transmitted to Queen Augusta, after the several successes of his armies. On the 2d of September, he received the personal surrender of the Emperor; and, on the same day, ninety thousand French troops laid down their arms as prisoners of war, and were sent to join the immense number of their comrades who had preceded them into captivity in Germany. The telegrams sent by King William to his Queen on this occasion, exhibit the simple, earnest nature of the man, surprised at the event, and explaining all by the hand of Providence. Early in the afternoon of that eventful day, the first of these documents, as published at the time, announces the capitulation and the approaching interview with Napoleon, concluding "what a course events have assumed by God's guidance." Another, a day or two later, from Varennes, says, "What a thrilling moment, that of my meeting with Napoleon! He was cast down, but dignified in his bearing, and resigned. I gave him Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, as the place where he will stay. Our meeting took place in a small castle in front of the western glacis of Sedan. From there I rode through the ranks of our army round Sedan. The reception by

the troops—thou mayest imagine it—indescribable. I finished my five hours' ride at nightfall, at half-past seven, but only arrived back here at one A.M. May God aid us further." In a subsequent letter to the Queen, he wrote: "You know by my three telegrams the whole great historical event. It is like a dream, even if you have seen it. I bend before God, who alone chose my army and those of my allies, and who ordered us to be the instruments of His will. Only in this sense dare I understand what has passed." Historians will indeed long dwell upon those marvellous incidents of the fate of war, remarkable even among the extraordinary exaltation and overthrow of nations which signalise the present century.

On the 10th of December, the North German Parliament, by a large majority, passed a bill authorizing the insertion of the words "Empire," and "Emperor," in the Constitution; and on the 18th of the same month, a deputation from that body waited on the King, whose head-quarters were at that time at Versailles, with authority to offer him the imperial crown of Germany, a dignity which had for sixty years been in abeyance. On the 1st of January, 1871, the King held a New-Year's levee in the palace of Versailles; where, on the 18th, in the Hall of Mirrors, in the presence of all the German princes, under the standards of the army before Paris, and surrounded by the representatives of the different regiments, he was proclaimed Emperor. Divine service, as we learn from the accounts of the event in the papers of the day, was performed on the occasion, several

clergymen being present in full canonicals. On their right was a military band. The service was made more than usually impressive by some excellent singing and music. The court preacher, Roggé, who was also military chaplain, preached a sermon from the text, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin!" addressed to France; and, after the benediction, the King was declared Emperor of Germany, with a mighty cheering and waving of helmets.

On the 28th of January, after a siege of one hundred and thirty-one days, Paris surrendered; and, on the 1st of March, the Germans made their triumphal entry into the city, previous to which, February 26th, a treaty of peace had been concluded at Versailles, the conditions of which were reluctantly adopted by the National Assembly on the 28th, and the ratifications of which were exchanged at Frankfort in May following. This treaty imposed upon France the loss of a fifth part of Lorraine, including Metz and Thionville, and Alsace, less Belfort, as well as the payment of a war indemnity of five milliards of francs, or about one billion of dollars in specie, which enormous sum was to be paid by successive instalments, extending over a period of three years, or up to the month of May, 1874. Meanwhile, various cities and departments of France were to be held as guarantees by a German army of occupation, whose numbers, and the area which they occupied, were to diminish proportionately with the decrease of the balance of the war indemnity. The Emperor returned to Berlin on the 17th of March, and was received with a brilliant enthusiasm;

and, on the 16th of June, took part in the triumphal entry of the German troops into Berlin, and assisted at the inauguration of the statue of Frederick William III. On the 21st of March, he presided at the opening of the Reichstag, and concluded his speech with the expression of a prayer that "the re-establishment of the German Empire might be a promise of future greatness; that the German Imperial war, fought so gloriously by us, might be followed by an equally glorious peace of the Empire; and that the task of the German people henceforth might be to prove victorious in the universal struggle for the products of peace. God grant it!" The expression of a similar wish characterized the speech with which the Emperor closed the session of the Reichstag, on the 15th of June. On the 8th of June, he received the Emperor of Russia, as the latter passed through Berlin, on his way to Ems; and, early in September, interchanged visits with the Emperor of Austria at Gastein and Salzburg. He opened the Reichstag on the 15th of October, with a speech longer and more various in its topics than is generally heard from a throne. On the 27th of November, the Prussian Diet was opened by the Emperor in person, who promised some administrative reforms, and directed attention to

finance and the furtherance of education, and mingled with the congratulations which he addressed to the representatives of his ancestral kingdom, an argument upon the necessity of being forearmed against future dangers. A grand banquet was given at Berlin on the 18th of January, 1872, in connection with the meeting of the Chapter of the Order of the Black Eagle, when the Emperor-King spoke of the occasion as the celebration of a double anniversary of the most important events of Prussian history. "On this day, one hundred and seventy-one years ago," said his majesty, "the first king of Prussia was crowned; this day, last year, my acceptance of the Imperial German crown, unanimously offered me by all the princes and free towns of Germany, was proclaimed. Conscious of the obligations I have assumed, I, on the first anniversary of this great event, again express to the illustrious persons who offered to me my new position, in presence of their representatives, my deeply-felt thanks, hoping that, by our united efforts, we shall succeed in fulfilling the just hopes of Germany." The Bavarian minister then, in the name of the King of Bavaria, and the illustrious Federate Allies in the Empire, proposed "The health of the German Emperor, William the Victorious."



Mary Somerville

MARY SOMERVILLE.

MRS. MARY SOMERVILLE was the daughter of an officer in the British navy, Vice-Admiral Sir William George Fairfax, and was born at Jedburgh, Scotland, on the 26th of December, 1780. She was educated at Musselburgh, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, but in her early life, we are told, "there seems to have been no indication of that deeply philosophical character for which she afterwards became famous. Her youth was quite unpretentious, and it was not until she reached her fortieth year that her taste for scientific research began to exhibit itself."* To her first marriage with Captain Greig, of the Russian navy, is attributed the means of development of her latent powers, her husband, "delighted by her wonderful aptitude, taking great pleasure in teaching her mathematics and general science." Captain Greig dying shortly after this union, his widow was, in 1812, married to Dr. William Somerville, who, after some years' service in the British army, held offices in Portsmouth and Chelsea Hospital.

In 1826, Mrs. Somerville first ap-

peared before the public as an author on scientific subjects, by a paper printed in the "Philosophical Transactions," on the magnetizing power of the more refrangible solar rays, based upon the experiments of Professors Morichini of Rome, and Bérard of Montpellier, showing, in the judgment of one of her posthumous critics, "an aptitude for independent research and thought, as well as a grasp of the laws of light in relation to magnetism, in many respects in advance of the science of that day." Her first great work, however, to gain her a reputation with the public, was the "Mechanism of the Heavens," published in London, in 1831. This undertaking grew out of a suggestion of Lord Brougham, who, with a high appreciation of her powers of mind and mathematical attainments, set her upon the work of preparing for the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which he was president, a popular summary of the "Mécanique Céleste" of La Place. This was a task, however, which proved in its attempted execution, to exceed the limits and opportunities of the society, so the result of the author's labors was published, with the title we have given, in

* Obituary in the London "Graphic," December 14, 1872.

a separate form. In the body of the work, the demonstrations of La Place are, in many cases, stated without alteration; in others, they have been in some degree changed; and, in a few instances, they have been entirely superseded by others, drawn from different sources. In a preliminary dissertation, Mrs. Somerville collected and detailed most of the striking facts which theory and observation have made known concerning the constitution of the universe.

This preliminary dissertation to the "Mechanism of the Heavens" became the nucleus of her next work, published in 1834, "On the connexion of the Physical Sciences." Portions of the original dissertation are introduced into this work, but the whole was recast, and additional subjects introduced, such as meteorology, electricity, magnetism and others. An account is given of the law of gravitation, of the mutual action of the primary and secondary planets, of the figure of the earth, of the oceans and the tides. Other subjects treated of are acoustics as connected with the constitution of the atmosphere; light and colors, heat, electricity and comets. Soon after the publication of this work, Mrs. Somerville was elected by the Royal Astronomical Society one of its honorary fellows, at the same time with Miss Caroline Herschel, the only two instances in which women have been admitted to share that title.

The next work from the pen of Mrs. Somerville, appeared in 1848, entitled "Physical Geography," a learned, and, at the same time, a popular summary of the vast variety of facts connected

with this subject, ranging over the whole world, in geology, mineralogy, ocean phenomena, the river and lake systems of the land, meteorology, the fauna and flora of different countries, with a concluding chapter on ethnology. The whole is presented with an extent of research and a philosophic appreciation of the various themes worthy comparison with the genius and labors of Humboldt in his "Cosmos." In successive editions, this work was enlarged and improved to keep pace with the progress of science. In recognition of the merits of this work, the Royal Geographical Society awarded the author its honorary gold medal.

The latest of Mrs. Somerville's publications, about the year 1870, when she was approaching her ninetieth year, is entitled "Molecular and Microscopic Science." Assuming to be no more than "a sketch of some of the more prominent discoveries in the life and structure of the lowest vegetable and marine animals, in addition to a few of those regarding inert matter," this work forms in reality a very complete summary of what had been recently achieved in the chief department of physics, written in a style unvaryingly clear, and often eloquent, without a trace of affectation or self-consciousness. From the elementary constitution of matter and simple substances, with the relations of light, heat, sound, electricity, and various elastic media, the author proceeds to investigate the nature of force and its relation with matter. The law of exchange in molecular and atomic action is shown to determine the equivalent of light and heat, from which the writer passes to

the latest phase of the theory of atoms or molecules, the law of definite proportions, the molecular affinities of kind and degree, and the resolution of bodies into the crystalline states. The brilliant results of spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the nature of light and to the structure of the stellar, nebular and planetary bodies, are duly set forth. The microscopic structure of the vegetable world is made the basis of an ascending scale of organic life from the algæ, fungi, and lichens to the most highly developed exogenous plants. In the second volume, animal organisms are traced with the same minuteness of observation, both of the order of evolution in time, and in the ascending scale of structure and function, from protozoa to mollusca. Without taking the reader into the ultimate depths of life, and insisting upon the solution of the problem of the origin of germs, the elementary principles of physiology are laid down with all the fulness required in a popular treatise, while in the specific treatment of successive forms of life, the careful study of the best authorities is manifest throughout.*

The latter portion of the life of Mrs. Somerville was passed in Italy. Her husband died at Florence in 1860, at the advanced age of ninety-one. She herself exceeded this protracted term of life. Her last years were passed in a residence at Naples, where her death occurred on the 29th of November, 1872.

The following passage from a communication by one of her friends at Naples, to the "London Athenæum," exhibits some of the amiable traits of

the woman, in a simplicity and beauty of character, which will doubtless be more fully exhibited to the world in the details of the "Autobiography" alluded to in the notice: "Though her mind was generally occupied with abstruse studies, yet so great were the simplicity and geniality of her character, that she could condescend to the humblest subjects, and amuse childhood by prattling about its toys. Two years have passed since she told me that she was writing a history of her life; 'but do not speak of it,' she said, 'as I may never live to complete it.' Her death has now, however, absolved me from my obligation; and in January last, she wrote to me saying, 'You ask me about my autobiography, I always find something to add to it, but it will not be published till after my death. It will be no violation of delicacy to give an extract from a still later letter, as it illustrates the breadth of her sympathies and may promote the cause which she had so much at heart. 'You must be aware of the atrocious barbarity of the Italians to animals, which is a disgrace to the country. I am requested to take a part in their favor, which I do with my whole heart; and therefore, I apply to you for aid in this difficult affair.' Thus wrote one who was approaching the termination of a life devoted to the abstrusest mental pursuits—pursuits, however, which in her were not incompatible with her known sympathy with all God's creatures, or with that genial simplicity which won even childhood. She has gone to her rest, but her praise will long survive her, and her name be honored by many generations."

* "Saturday Review," Dec. 7, 1872.

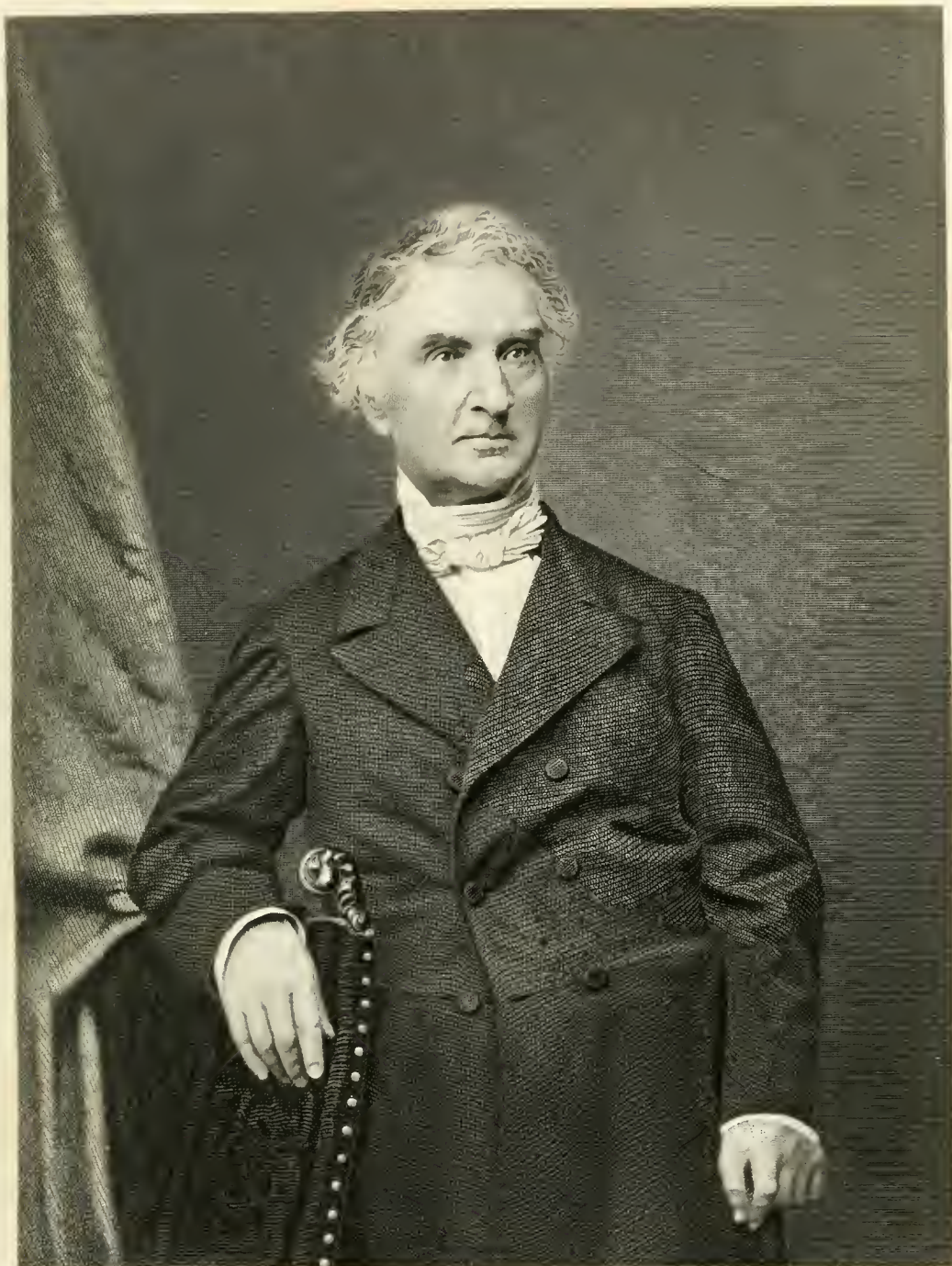
BARON JUSTUS VON LIEBIG.

BARON JUSTUS VON LIEBIG, the eminent German chemist, whose researches into vegetable and animal life have gained him the highest rank among the scientific enquirers of the age, was born at Darmstadt, in May, 1803. He received his early education in the gymnasium of his native town. His love of natural science induced his father to place him in an apothecary's establishment, where he obtained his first insight into that science of which he became so distinguished an ornament. In 1819, he was transferred to the University of Bonn, and subsequently studied at Erlangen. Having received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, in 1822, by the aid of a stipend from the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, he was enabled to visit Paris, where he remained two years. Here he studied with Mitscherlich, the distinguished professor of chemistry at Berlin. During his residence at Paris, he devoted himself to the science of chemistry. His attention at this time was especially directed to the composition and nature of those dangerous compounds known by

the name of fulminates. These bodies are composed of an acid, consisting of carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, combined with a base. The salts thus formed are so easily decomposed that a slight touch causes their decomposition; a violent explosion follows, and a new series of compounds are formed. It was the nature of these compounds that Liebig investigated—thus indicating the bent of his genius towards the investigation of the chemistry of those four organic elements. In his subsequent writings, he often alludes to the fulminates as instances of unstable chemical combination, illustrating the nature of some of the changes which the organic elements undergo in the compounds which form the tissues of plants and animals. The true chemical constitution of these compounds was not explained till Liebig read his paper on them before the Institute of France in 1824.

The reading of this paper brought Liebig in contact with Baron Humboldt, who was at that time residing in Paris. At the moment he was unknown to Liebig, and, on hearing his paper read, he invited him to his house. Liebig, unfortunately, forgot

This notice of the scientific career of Liebig is from the "English Cyclopaedia."



Justus Liebig.

to ask his name and address, and not till a subsequent occasion did he learn the name of his great friend, who, from that time, warmly interested himself in his success. Humboldt introduced him to Gay-Lussac and the circle of French chemists, and afterwards used his influence to obtain for him the post of extraordinary professor at Giessen. At the early age of twenty-one, Liebig entered upon his new duties at Giessen. In 1826, he was appointed ordinary professor in the University. It was now that he commenced the establishment of a laboratory for the teaching of practical chemistry. This was the first institution of the kind that was established in Germany; and soon, under the influence of the ardor and genius of its youthful superintendent, succeeded in attracting the attention of the chemists of Europe. It was in this laboratory that not only Liebig himself worked, but his assistants, Hofmann, Will, and Fresenius; who, by their researches, obtained a name only second to their master. The system of instruction pursued here, afterwards became the model of a large number of similar institutions all over Europe. The Royal College of Chemistry in London, subsequently attached to the Government School of Mines, resulted from the success of the Giessen laboratory, and Dr. Hofmann, Liebig's able assistant, was placed at the head of it. The laboratory of Giessen was the resort of students from all parts of the world, and a number of British chemists, as Lyon Playfair, Johnston, Gregory, and others, were students there.

In 1832, Liebig, in conjunction with

his colleague Wöhler, commenced editing the "Annalen der Pharmacie," in which many of his papers on chemical subjects were from time to time published. In the autumn of 1838, he visited England, and was present at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which was that year held at Liverpool. At this meeting he read a paper on the composition and chemical relations of lithic acid. In this paper he announced Wöhler's great discovery of the composition of urea, and the method of making it artificially. With the exception of oxalic and hydrocyanic acids, which are much simpler substances, this was the first time that the chemist had succeeded in forming out of the living body an organic compound. Liebig's paper on lithic acid showed how highly he estimated Wöhler's discovery, and which led him to anticipate the time when other organic substances would be formed, and the chemistry of life be eventually solved. On the associated men of science at this meeting, Liebig's presence made a deep impression, and it was with the sanction of the whole meeting that he was requested to draw up two reports—one "on Isomeric bodies," the other on "Organic Chemistry." It was between this meeting and that of Glasgow, held in 1840, that Liebig brought out the work, entitled "Chemistry in its Application to Agriculture and Physiology," which was translated into English, from the manuscript, by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and dedicated to the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

It was difficult to say how much of

this work was really original matter. The whole was, however, worked out with the hand of a master. His own original investigations on a great variety of subjects, with those of Mulder, on the nature and relations of the nitrogenous products of plants, were arranged in the form of a theory of vegetable life, which, however it might have been apprehended by some in parts, now appeared for the first time as a consistent whole. In his dedication, the author says that in this work he has endeavored to develop, in a manner correspondent to the present state of science, the fundamental principles of chemistry in general, and the laws of organic chemistry in particular, in their application to agriculture and physiology; to the causes of fermentation, decay, and putrefaction; to vinous and acetous fermentation, and to nitrification. The conversion of woody fibre into wood and mineral coal; the nature of poisons, contagions, and miasms, and the causes of their action on the living organism, have been elucidated in their chemical relations." One of the most original portions of the book is that devoted to the consideration of the action of poison on the system, in which he endeavored to show that poisons act injuriously on the system,—first by causing definite chemical compounds with the substances forming the flesh of the body poisoned, and thus rendering life impossible, as in the case of arsenic and corrosive sublimate; and secondly by inducing chemical changes by contact, as is seen in many cases of inorganic bodies, in fermentation, putrefaction, and decay, in organic bodies.

In this way he explains the origin of the various forms of contagious disease, by the introduction into the system of a substance capable of communicating to the solids and fluids of the body the same state of change in which it is in itself. This subject was brought, by Dr. Lyon Playfair, before the Glasgow meeting of the British Association, in 1840.

It was not to be expected that a work like this should at once be adopted without opposition, or a thorough discussion of the conclusions at which the author had arrived. From the very extent and nature of the subject, he was obliged to accept and adopt the conclusions of physiologists who had not been so accurate in their investigations as himself. In subsequent editions of the work, he availed himself of all the information brought to bear by his critics on the subject, and demonstrated most conclusively that the only prospect for the advancement of agriculture as an art is through a thorough study of the physiology of plants. The effects of this work soon became apparent in the regard that was paid to chemical principles in the application of manures. The application of chemistry to agriculture steadily advanced, numerous treatises devoted to the subject appeared, and certain great advantages were obtained. As an instance of these, the extensive application of phosphate of lime, in the form of bones, coprolites, and other compounds, when treated by sulphuric acid, may be mentioned. One of Liebig's later contributions to agricultural chemistry is his work, entitled "Principles of Agricultural Chemistry, with

Special References to the late Researches made in England." This work was translated by Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh, and published in London in 1835. It was written in answer to the conclusions arrived at from a long course of experiments by Mr. J. B. Lawes, of Berkhamstead. Of this work the translator says, "it is, so far as I can judge, by far the best of the author's writings on the important subject to which it refers." The work contains, in the shape of fifty propositions, a summary of the true relation between chemistry and agriculture."

Such works alone as the above might well have made a lasting and enviable reputation; but, from 1840 to 1855, Liebig was engaged in the production of many other works. In 1837, he commenced, with Wohler, a "Dictionary of Chemistry," which was published in parts. In 1839, Geiger's "Handbook of Pharmaceutical Chemistry" was published, in which the part devoted to organic chemistry was written by Liebig: this part afterwards appeared as a separate work. In 1841, he edited the organic part of Dr. Turner's "Elements of Chemistry."

The volume on Agricultural Chemistry was regarded by the author as only an instalment of what he owed the British Association in answer to their request for a report on the progress of Organic Chemistry. At the meeting, held in Manchester, in June, 1842, Dr. Lyon Playfair read an abstract of Professor Liebig's report on "Organic Chemistry applied to Physiology and Pathology." This able

production was published in the "Transactions" of the association. The entire report appeared in 1842, under the title of "Animal Chemistry; or, Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology." This work was translated from the author's manuscript by Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. A third and greatly improved edition was published in 1846. This work carried the author's chemical researches from the vegetable to the animal kingdom. What had been done for the plant, vegetable physiology, and the agriculturist, in the first work, was now attempted to be done for the animal, animal physiology, and the medical practitioner. In this work, he pursued the same plan as in the first; he set aside the hypothesis of a vital principle as a cause in living phenomena, and examined them from a physical and chemical point of view. A strict comparison is instituted between that which is taken into the body in the form of air and food with that which passes out of the body, and all possible knowledge of the laws of organic chemistry is brought to bear upon the intermediate phenomena of life. In this way he threw a flood of light on processes that had been hitherto wrapped in obscurity. The phenomenon of animal heat was seen to be more clearly the result of the oxidation of carbon. Certain kinds of food, as starch, sugar, and oil, were pointed out as the sources of the carbon, whilst Mulder's group of proteaceous compounds were as clearly traced to their destiny in the production of the living tissues. The source of fat in the animal body was traced

to the oxidation of the hydrogen in the starch and sugar of the food. The nature of the excretions, especially of the urine, bile, and feces, were carefully examined, and manifold new analyses and results were given. The impression this work has made on the science of physiology, and the practice of medicine, is not less than that of the author's previous great work on the science of botany and agriculture. It at once called into activity an amount of chemical investigation that has already led to the most important results, and given a new aspect to all physiological inquiry in the animal kingdom. Whilst, on the one hand, new structures have been constantly developed by the microscope, the chemist has demonstrated that these structures exhibit life but in obedience to chemical laws. Numerous treatises have been written on the chemistry of animal life, and all bear more or less the impress of the genius of Liebig. Many of his physiological views have met with very decided opposition; but his great glory will always be the method he pursued. By this method he has put the physiologist in the right direction to attain the great aim and ends of his science. These views are of the highest interest for mankind, as they involve no less questions than the very existence of man, and the best possible means of enjoying that existence.

However complete the first outlines of his theories might appear to be, Liebig never ceased working at correcting and perfecting them. Between the period of the publication of the editions of his works on agriculture and

animal chemistry, his "Annalen" and continental journals, teem with his papers on various points which had been canvassed in his books; and, in all directions, in his own laboratory and other places, we find men working under his advice and direction. It was thus that, from the time the subject of food occupied his attention at all, he prosecuted new researches on the nature of the food, and of those changes in the animal body by which it becomes the source of life, and ultimately the material ejected from the system. In 1849, another work was prepared for the English press, and translated by Dr. Gregory. This was entitled "Researches in the Chemistry of Food." In this work, he gave an account of his experiment on the changes which the tissues of the body undergo, and which result in the conversion of fibrine and albumen into gelatine, and eventually urea. In these experiments, he operated on large quantities of animal flesh, and succeeded in demonstrating the universal presence of kreatine, a compound first described by Chevreul, also of kreatinine, lactic acid, phosphoric acid, and inosinic acid in the flesh of animals. In this work, he also drew attention to the existence of phosphate of soda in the blood, and its power of absorbing carbonic acid, as having an interesting relation with the function of respiration. He has also shown in this work that the proper cooking of food can only be carried on upon fixed chemical laws, and that much improvement in the economical and sanitary relations of this art may be expected from a larger knowledge of the changes

undergone by food in its preparation.

In all his labors, Liebig has ever striven to avoid being one-sided. No one seems to have felt from time to time more acutely than himself, the fact that, after all, the organic body is not an apparatus of glass tubes and porcelain dishes. He ever tried to penetrate into the nature of those properties and laws which, acting upon the textures of the human body, seemed to interfere with an anticipated necessary chemical result. It is in this spirit we find him prosecuting the researches and inquiries, the results of which were again communicated to English readers through Professor Gregory, in the work of Liebig, which he translated, and which was published in 1848, entitled "The Motions of the Juices in the Animal Body."

In Giessen, Liebig was surrounded by industrious colleagues, who appreciated the value of his researches, and were ready in any manner to act under his direction for the advancement of the sciences they had at heart. It was in 1848 that Liebig proposed to his colleagues to draw up an annual report on the progress of Chemistry. Professor Koff was associated with Liebig in editing the work, with a host of distinguished scientific contributors. It was continued annually, and became a rich depository of chemical information. Four volumes have been translated into English. Of late years a wide publicity has been given to the name of Liebig by the sale and adver-

tisements of a preparation devised by him, "The Essence of Meat." In his "Familiar Lectures on Chemistry," Liebig has treated of various subjects connected with the science, which are intended to show the importance of the study as a general branch of education. The work is charmingly written, and indicates one of the sources of Liebig's influence on the public mind. Few men have written more clearly or exhibited a more genuine enthusiasm in the importance and value of his science, than Professor Liebig.

Such a man as Liebig was likely to be honored. The Grand Duke of Hesse made him an hereditary baron in 1845. He was made a fellow of the Royal Society of London, and a member of numerous scientific associations throughout Europe and America. In 1854, a subscription was raised in Europe for the purpose of presenting him with some mark of the high esteem in which his labors were held. This subscription realized a sum of above five thousand dollars. A part of it was spent in purchasing five handsome pieces of plate, this number being selected that one piece might be handed down to each of the five children of the baron, should they survive their father. The remaining sum, about half the amount collected, was handed in a check to this ingenious scientific promoter of the knowledge and welfare of the race.

The life of Baron Liebig closed, after a painful illness, at Munich, on the 18th of April, 1873.

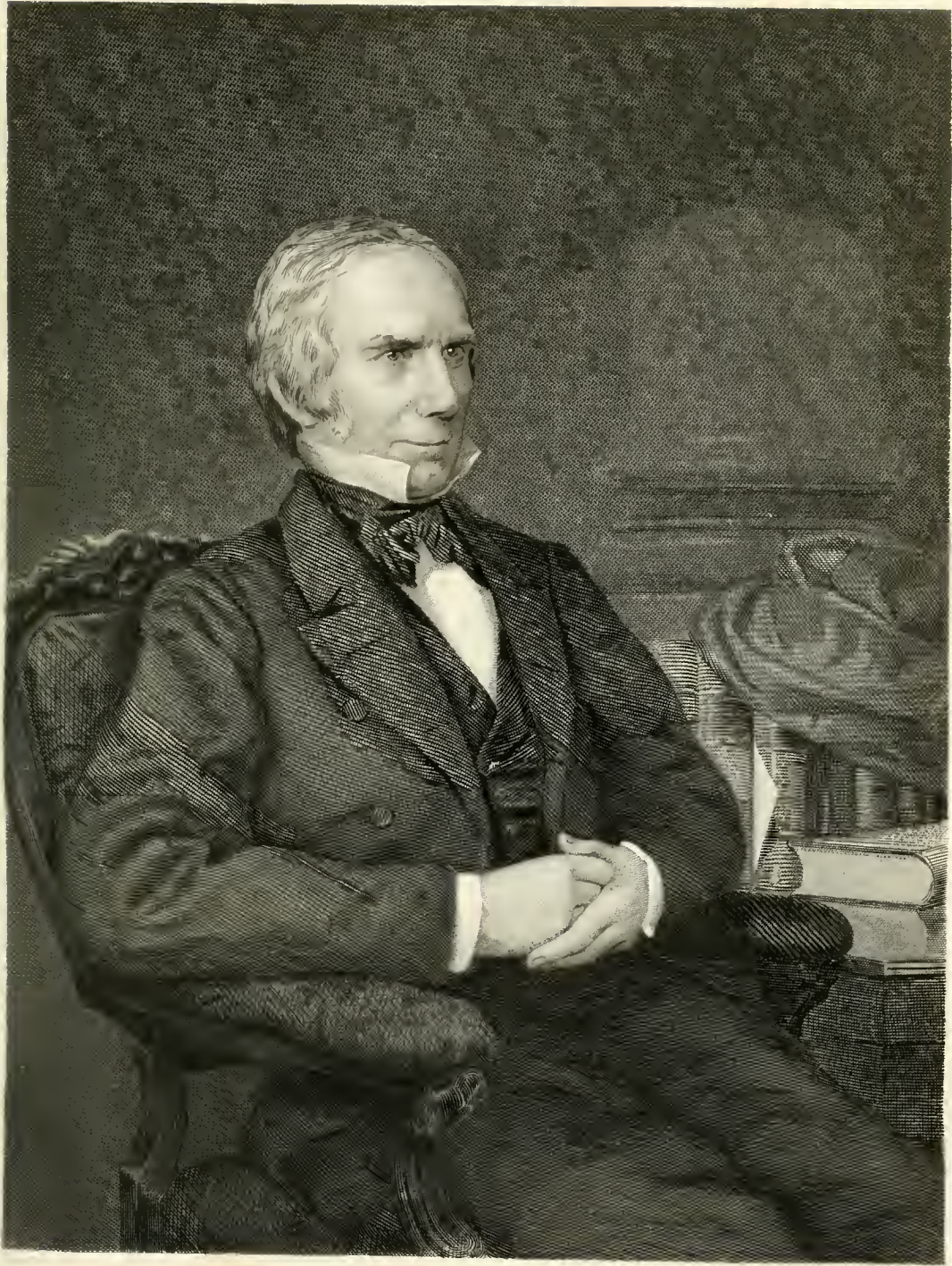
HENRY CLAY

HENRY CLAY, the seventh of a family of eight children, was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover Co., Virginia, in a rural district abounding in swamps and hence known as "The Slashes," a term which gave the man a popular designation in the Presidential campaigning days. His father, of English descent, a Baptist clergyman, the Rev. John Clay, a native of Virginia, died when his son was in his childhood, in his fifth year, just as the Revolutionary war was brought to its close in Virginia, leaving the boy to the care of his mother. The orator of after days once recalled in a speech an incident of his childhood, how his mother's house was visited by the troops of Tarleton, and of their "running their swords into the new-made grave of his father and grandfather, thinking they contained hidden treasures." The mother was poorly provided with the means for the education of her numerous young family, and the only early instruction her son Henry received, was in the rude log cabin school-house where but the simplest rudiments were taught. His teacher, Peter Deacon, an Englishman, like many others an involuntary emigrant, in consequence of his fault

or misfortune—"under a cloud," as it is said—conducted the child "as far as Practice," in the old time-honored elements.

The "Mill-boy of the Slashes," the electioneering sentimental watchword to which we have just alluded, dates from this period. "It had its foundation," says his biographer, Mr. Colton, "in the filial and fraternal duty of Henry Clay, who, after he was big enough, was seen whenever the meal barrel was low, going to and fro on the road between his mother's house and Mrs. Darricott's mill on the Pamunkey River, mounted on a bag that was thrown across a pony that was guided by a rope-bridle; and thus he became familiarly known by the people living on the line of his travel as the "Mill-boy of the Slashes."

So the boy grew up in rude country life till, at the age of fourteen, his mother contracting a second marriage with a gentleman of character, Mr. Henry Watkins, and removing with her husband to Kentucky, he was left behind in a situation in a retail store at Richmond. He was not long in the employment, for we find him the next year, through the agency of his step-



H. Clay

father, who appears to have appreciated the lad, engaged in the office of Mr. Peter Tinsley, clerk of the High Court of Chancery. His time was so well spent here, gaining the reputation of an intelligent, studious youth, intent upon his book, while others were at their games or dissipations, that he was so fortunate as to secure the attention of no less a personage than the venerable Chancellor Wythe, who, it will be remembered, also exercised an important influence over the early years of Jefferson. The chancellor, whose trembling hand needed assistance, struck by the ability of the youth, employed him as his amanuensis, a position which brought him directly into contact with the superior resources of one of the most cultivated and refined minds in Virginia. The chancellor was a good linguist, eminently skilled in composition, and of a friendly turn to impart his knowledge to his assistant; so that the copyist became in a measure his privileged pupil. The legal reports and comments which he took down from the chancellor's dictation must also have imparted some familiarity with the law. From Mr. Tinsley's office, young Clay went to reside with Mr. Robert Brooke, at that time attorney general of the State, with whom he advanced sufficiently far in the study of the law to secure a license in the Court of Appeals to practice the profession. With this certificate, the only property which he possessed, he set out, at the close of 1797, to seek his fortune in Kentucky. Alighting at Lexington, then a small village, but the most important place in the region, he opened an office and

began his career as an advocate. His quickness of parts and ready adaptability gave him immediate success. Nature had bestowed upon him a fine voice, and those mental and physical harmonies indispensable to the orator. His genius led him to cultivate a habit of speaking, which, with experience and development, ripened into the highest eloquence. His method early in life was daily to read in some historical or scientific book, and deliver the information which he thus acquired in a set speech, alone by himself in the woods or fields, or some lonely barn "with the horse and ox for his only auditors." He was candid enough to declare this in after-life to a class of law students, a positive assertion of what may always be suspected, that eminent success, even with men of genius, is never without some such patient skill and labor in the acquisition of its powers. Even the rich nature of Henry Clay, which lived and breathed in eloquence, required some training of its wonderful faculties. The anecdote is told of his carrying his private practice into a debating society, and commencing: "Gentlemen of the Jury," with some embarrassment, when he at once, on striking into the subject, carried his hearers along on a tide of eloquence and argument.

A speaker of these persuasive powers, skilful, ready, fluent, infusing enthusiasm into his argument, became naturally engaged in criminal practice, in the defence of life, where a jury might be moved by his impressive eloquence. He was eminently successful in such cases, always it is said, even in the most desperate, saving the life of

his client. His ability in civil cases was equally marked, for he had always a rare executive talent in whatsoever he undertook.

It was inevitable that talents such as he possessed, in a new country where personal influence is everything, should draw him into the sphere of public life. We accordingly find him, the very year of his removal to Kentucky, engaged in the discussion of the provisions for the State constitution then being adjusted. He strongly advocated a clause for the gradual emancipation of slaves, fearless of the unpopularity to which he subjected himself. The following year his eloquent voice was heard at a public gathering in denunciation of the Alien and Sedition Laws of 1798. The audience was addressed by Mr. George Nicholas, a leading member of the bar, who was followed by Mr. Clay. The topic, involving a strong popular appeal to liberty, was well suited to his ability; and so powerfully did he hold the attention of the assembly, that he carried it for a time beyond the point of applause—to breathless silence. Both speakers were drawn by the people through the town in triumph.

Four years after this, Mr. Clay was chosen a member of the Kentucky Legislature from the county of Fayette, and distinguished himself in the proceedings of that body, his practice of the law meanwhile growing in importance. It was a maxim with him never to refuse his professional assistance to any client who might stand in need of a disinterested and fearless advocate, a resolution which was tested in a mem-

orable instance, in his appearing in an assault and battery case, in behalf of a tavern-keeper of Frankfort, against Col. Davies, the United States district attorney. Mr. Clay pushed his adversary with his accustomed boldness, and was challenged by the colonel. Ready as Jackson himself to meet an antagonist in this way, he waived any court privileges which he might have pleaded, and accepted it. The affair, however, was happily terminated by the interposition of friends. There was a like generosity, in a case of greater interest, in his defence of Aaron Burr, for which he would accept no fee, thinking it an occasion for generosity toward an eminent man in misfortune. He first, however, received a pledge in writing from Burr that he had no treasonable intent in his proceedings, and, finding afterward that he had been deceived, received Burr so coldly when he next met him, some time after in New York, that the acquaintance could not be renewed.

In 1806, Mr. Clay was chosen by the Legislature of Kentucky to fill a vacancy in the United States Senate, taking his seat, unchallenged, before his thirtieth year, the period required by the Constitution. He engaged at once actively in the business of the session, advocating thus early in his Congressional course, a system of internal improvements—which became afterwards so important a test of his political career. The term which he had been elected to supply having nearly expired on his entrance, he was but a single session in the Senate, after which he was again returned to the Kentucky Legislature, where he had the opportu-

nity, pleading for the common law with rare eloquence and feeling, to defeat an illiberal motion to exclude English law precedents from the courts of the State. When the first measures of Jefferson's administration on the embargo were taken, on occasion of the promulgation of the British Orders in Council, he introduced resolutions strongly approving of the foreign policy of the government. They were carried by a vote of sixty-four to one, Mr. Humphrey Marshall constituting the minority. Shortly after, this gentleman expressing contempt for a proposition made by Mr. Clay for members to assist the measures of the time by dressing themselves in garments of native manufacture, a quarrel between them ensued, which resulted in a hostile meeting. Shots were twice exchanged, Mr. Marshall in the first instance and Mr. Clay in the second being slightly wounded.

At the close of 1809, Mr. Clay again took his seat in the Senate, a second time chosen to fill a vacancy. The first speech which he delivered was afterwards referred to for its advocacy of an American policy. It was on an incidental amendment to an appropriation for munitions of war, giving preference to certain articles of native growth and manufacture. He also supported Mr. Madison in his assertion of the claims of the country to Western Florida as an integral portion of the Louisiana cession, taking occasion to denounce the threatened wrath of England. "Is the rod of British power," he asked, "to be forever suspended over our heads? Whether we assert our rights by sea or attempt their mainte-

nance by land—whithersoever we turn ourselves, this phantom incessantly pursues us." His report in favor of the pre-emption rights of settlers on the public lands may also be mentioned as an indication of his future policy. At the next session, the subject of the renewal of the charter of the United States Bank being before Congress, he spoke in opposition to the measure, on the ground of the old Republican party, with which he was thus far identified.

The term for which he was elected to the Senate having expired, and his services being needed in the more popular branch of the legislature at the appearance of the cloud of war already on the horizon, he was, in 1811, elected a member of the House of Representatives. To meet the exigency of the times, Congress was summoned a month in advance, in November. On the first ballot on taking his seat, Henry Clay was chosen speaker, a distinguished honor for a new member, and a rare proof of the sagacity of the House. At the next Congress the honor was repeated, and on three other occasions in the House of Representatives. His apt, ready, graceful talents, his prompt courtesy, and readiness in all parliamentary duties, made him, of all men, the most suitable for the office. His views in reference to the vindication of the country by a spirited foreign policy were well understood, and he carried them out in his appointment of the Committee on Foreign Relations, of which Porter of New York was placed at the head, and John C. Calhoun, who presently succeeded him on his retirement, second.

Mr. Clay spoke earnestly in favor of the increase of the army and navy, and advocated the new embargo as "a direct precursor of war." He was one of the young and fiery spirits of the country in the House—a leader with Calhoun—in vindicating and stimulating the declaration of war, and its earnest prosecution. War was declared in June, and, shortly after, Congress adjourned. At its next session Mr. Clay, on the eighth of January, 1813, delivered a speech in defence of the new army bill, which has been considered one of his most eloquent efforts. Unhappily it is imperfectly reported, but enough remains to mark his mastery of the occasion.

Having thus so greatly distinguished himself in the prosecution of the war, when a prospect of peace was opened, through the friendly assistance of the Russian government, he was chosen envoy extraordinary, in conjunction with Mr. Jonathan Russell, to join his confederates, Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard and Adams, who were already in Europe, in the negotiations. He accepted this duty, took leave of the House as speaker in an appropriate address, in January, 1814, sailed from New York immediately after, and was with his colleagues at Ghent at the opening of negotiations.

The general concurrence of the envoys in the proceedings which took place, leaves little for special mention of Mr. Clay's part, beyond his resolute refusal to renew the concession of the treaty of 1783 of the mutual right of navigation of the Mississippi. He thought the purchase of Louisiana had since greatly altered the question, and

that the river had become as peculiar a part of the United States as the Hudson or the Potomac. On the other hand, the old treaty had given to the Americans certain fishing privileges on the coast of British America, which hung upon the same tenure as the claim to the navigation of the Mississippi, namely, the treaty of Paris. The conflict of these pretensions divided the commissioners, when Mr. Clay partially gave his consent to set off one against the other.

The British, however, were not willing to adopt the alternative, and both were dropped. In personal intercourse with the British commissioners, Mr. Goulburn and Lord Gambier, Mr. Clay seems to have borne a chief part. It fell to him to explain the awkward circumstance of the publication in America of an early part of the negotiations which was returned to England, while the treaty was yet pending. A story is told, also, of his receiving one morning at Brussels, by his servant, a package of newspapers, a usual courtesy, from the British negotiators, but this time rendered more interesting by the papers containing an account of the burning of Washington. He not long after took occasion to send a file of newspapers in return, having some intelligence on the subject of the Indians which was required in the negotiation—the same papers repaying the Washington item with a narrative of McDonough's affair at Lake Champlain. The anecdote is of no great importance, but it exhibits the sensitiveness of the American negotiators. Clay said afterwards, when he heard at Paris of the battle of New Orleans, the treaty hav-

ing been some time before concluded, "Now, I can go to England without mortification."

At this visit to Paris, the period of Bonaparte's exile at Elba, Mr. Clay was received with great favor in society. Among other distinguished persons whom he met was Madame de Staël, at a ball given by M. Hottinger, the banker, on occasion of the peace between the United States and Great Britain, when the following dialogue occurred: "Ah!" said she, "Mr. Clay, I have been in England, and have been battling your cause for you there." "I know it, madame; we heard of your powerful interposition, and we are very grateful and thankful for it." "They were very much enraged against you," said she; "so much so that they at one time thought seriously of sending the Duke of Wellington to command their armies against you!" "I am very sorry, madame," replied Mr. Clay, "that they did not send his Grace." "Why?" asked she, surprised. "Because, madame, if he had beaten us we should only have been in the condition of Europe without disgrace. But if we had been so fortunate as to defeat him, we should greatly have added to the renown of our arms." She afterwards introduced Mr. Clay to the duke at her own house, and related the conversation. The duke replied, that "if he had been sent on the service, and he had been so fortunate as to gain a victory, he would have regarded it as the proudest feather in his cap."* On passing over to England, after the ratification of the treaty, Mr. Clay was equally well

received by Lord Castlereagh. England was then in good humor with the victory of Waterloo, which had just been fought. Before it was ascertained what had become of Bonaparte, Mr. Clay was one day at dinner with the nobleman just mentioned, and the possible flight of the emperor to America was touched upon. "If he goes there will he not give you a great deal of trouble?" said Lord Liverpool to the American envoy. "Not in the least, my lord," was the reply: "we shall be very glad to receive him; we would treat him with all hospitality, and very soon make a good democrat of him."

Mr. Clay arrived again at New York, in September, was welcomed in the city at a public entertainment, and pursued to his home in Kentucky by the hospitality and enthusiasm of the people. The members of his district had already elected him to Congress, but some doubts arising as to the legality of the proceeding, he was again unanimously chosen. On his appearance, in December, at the opening of the House, he was a third time, by a large majority, seated in the speaker's chair. It is pleasing to note the constancy and unanimity with which this honor was conferred on this accomplished man through a series of years, at the meetings of successive Congresses. His new duties proved not less important than those which he had left behind him in bringing the war to a conclusion by a treaty of peace. That war had been accomplished; there now remained the revival of the country after the wearisome conflict, the readjustment of its finances, the

* Sargent's Life of Clay, p. 19.

establishment of its industry. These became especially the arts of our statesman, loud as his voice had been for war, and well adapted as his genius was for its active pursuits. It is said that at one time, at the beginning of the struggle, President Madison thought of calling him into the field as commander in chief of the American forces. He doubtless would have made a brave and resolute officer, and his courage and rare executive talent might have anticipated the honors and reaped the rewards destined for his Tennessee rival. But it was not in war that his laurels were to be gained. They were to be earned in quite a different field. While Jackson passes down to posterity as the defender of New Orleans, Henry Clay will be remembered as the friend to labor and industry, the father of the American System.

In the Congress of 1816, Mr. Clay began that policy of internal improvements, protection to manufactures, and bank advocacy, which became the distinguishing tests of the great party of which he was to be so long the leader—a party enjoying many triumphs and some sore defeats, which was to live mainly through him, yet by which he was to be denied in its period of authority, when the Presidency was in its power, his well-earned reward. It must be admitted, however, that the struggle was long, and that no party devotion could be stronger than that manifested by the Whigs to their beloved leader. The change of his views on the subject of a United States Bank, of which, having formerly, as we have seen, been the opponent—we

have seen it stated that his speech of 1811 was the stronghold of Jackson's memorable opinions on that subject—he now became the zealous advocate, is to be accounted for on the principle of that old philosophical adage, "The times are changed, and we are changed with them." A national bank seemed, in 1816, the only solution of the financial difficulties of the times, the low state of the public credit and the general disorganization of the currency. It was accepted as such by President Madison, who recommended the measure, and by Mr. Calhoun, who devoted himself zealously to the subject, and introduced the bill to the House. Mr. Clay supported it.

At the next election Mr. Clay, for the first and only time in his long career as a representative of the people of his State in Congress, was subjected to the test of canvassing for his seat. A bill had been introduced in the House for which Mr. Clay voted, providing an annual salary of fifteen hundred dollars for members in place of the old six dollars a day, and giving to the speaker a salary of three thousand dollars. This provoked opposition in Kentucky, and Mr. Clay was obliged to take the stump. Mr. Pope was his competitor. Several good stories are related of the canvass—one of a characteristic western dialogue with an old hunter, whom the candidate circumvented by a judicious appeal to his rifle. "Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay. "Yes." "Did it ever flash?" "Once only." "Did you throw it away on that account?" "No, I picked the flint and tried it again." "Have I ever flashed

but upon the compensation bill?" "No." "Will you throw me away?" "No, no; I will pick the flint and try you again." A story coupled with this in the campaign biographies is still better. It should be premised that Mr. Pope, the opposition candidate, had in his early days lost an arm. There was an Irish barber in Lexington, one Jeremiah Murphy, whom Clay on some occasion had helped out of prison, who was observed, contrary to the loquacious habits of his race, to be silent on the subject of his vote. A friend of Clay was bent upon sounding him, and at length obtained an answer. "I tell you what, docthur, I mane to vote for the man that can put but one hand into the treasury." Clay was elected over his opponent, and took his seat, again to be elected Speaker in the new Congress. It was the first session under the administration of Mr. Monroe, and is signalized in the history of Mr. Clay by his efforts in behalf of the recognition by the government of the political independence of the South American Republics. He undertook this championship with a chivalric earnestness, and, resolutely as ever political knight errant tilted for a favorite measure, pursued it to the end and victory. He had broken ground on this theme in his speech on the state of the Union, in January 1816; he now followed it up at every opportunity, when the conduct of Spain in the Florida claim was under discussion, and when an appropriation for the Commissioners of Inquiry sent to South America was before the House. He would have a minister accredited to the Independent Provinces of La

Plata. His speech on this occasion, singled out as one of his masterpieces, was delivered in March, 1818; but the end he desired was not gained. He did not lose sight of it; but it was not till February, 1821, that he had the satisfaction of introducing his resolution pledging the House to the support of the President when he should deem it expedient to recognize the independence of the Provinces, and, after battling it in a private debate, seeing it at last triumphant. The President acted in accordance with the intimation in bringing the matter directly before the House, which adopted the measure with but one dissenting voice.

The conduct of this question was highly creditable to Clay's disinterested feeling. "His zeal in the cause," as his biographer remarks, "was unalloyed by one selfish impulse, or one personal aim. He could hope to gain no political capital by his course. He appealed to no sectional interest, sustained no party policy, labored for no wealthy client, secured the influence of no man, or set of men, in his championship of a remote, unfriended and powerless people."* In a like spirit, some years after, in 1823, he brought his eloquence to the aid of Mr. Webster, in his advocacy of the recognition of Greece in her struggle for independence. In reference to the threatened danger from the measure to our commerce in the Mediterranean, he said "a wretched invoice of figs and opium has been spread before us to repress our sensibilities and eradicate our humanity. Ah, sir, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and

* Sargent's Clay, p. 25.

lose his own soul?' or what shall it avail a nation to save the whole of a miserable trade and lose its liberties?"

In the discussion of the Missouri question, Mr. Clay bore a prominent part. He was opposed to the exclusion of slavery, and labored earnestly to impress his views upon the House, which, by a small majority, maintained the contrary opinion. We first hear of him at this time in connection with a word with which his fame was to be afterwards identified—Compromise. The House, after accepting the unrestricted admission of the State in the Missouri bill, and what is known as the Missouri Compromise, establishing the northern limit of slavery, became irritated by a clause in the Missouri constitution, proposing to exclude free negroes and mulattoes from the State. To meet this difficulty, and any question of the violation of the right of citizenship which might be involved in the condition, Mr. Clay, as chairman of a committee which he had proposed, brought forward a resolution admitting the State, provided that no law was to be passed preventing the settlement of persons citizens of any other State. The resolution was negatived at the time, but he shortly after moved a joint committee of the House and Senate, which was accepted, and the admission adjusted substantially on his basis.

Before this question was determined, Mr. Clay, anxious to give attention to his fortunes at home, had resigned his seat in the House, but was prevailed upon to retain it till the conclusion of this struggle, one of the severest in the annals of Congressional warfare. He

then retired and devoted himself to his professional labors for nearly three years, when he was again elected, without opposition, to the House of Representatives, of which he became yet once more Speaker. It was the time of Lafayette's passage through the country, in 1824, and when the chieftain visited Washington, it fell to the Speaker to welcome him to the House. Most gracefully was the duty discharged, in an address which, though brief, was charged with flowing eloquence. Few, if any, of the orators in Congress could, like Mr. Clay, in so few words, embark his audience on a swelling tide of sentiment. Set off by his musical utterance, the charm was doubly assured. "The vain wish has been sometimes indulged," was his language in this admired composition, "that Providence would allow the patriot, after death, to return to his country and to contemplate the intermediate changes which had taken place—to view the forests felled, the cities built, the mountains levelled, the canals cut, the highways constructed, the progress of the arts, the advancement of learning, and the increase of population. General, your present visit to the United States is a realization of the controlling object of that wish. You are in the midst of posterity. Everywhere you must have been struck with the great changes, physical and moral, which have occurred since you left us. Even this very city, bearing a venerated name, alike endeared to you and to us, has since emerged from the forest which then covered its site. In one respect you find us unaltered, and that is in the sentiment of conti-

nued devotion to liberty, and of ardent affection and profound gratitude to your departed friend, the Father of his Country, and to you and your illustrious associates in the field and in the cabinet, for the multiplied blessings which surround us, and for the very privilege of addressing you, which I now exercise. This sentiment, now fondly cherished by more than ten millions of people, will be transmitted with unabated vigor, down the tide of time, through the countless millions who are destined to inhabit this continent, to the latest posterity."

The popularity of Mr. Clay, the nationality of his views, and above all, his constant devotion to public life, marked him out, distinctly as Andrew Jackson himself, in the line for the Presidency. In the election of 1824 both were for the first time in the field, John Quincy Adams, and Crawford, of Georgia, being the other candidates. Clay was nominated by his friends in Kentucky, and other western States. The electoral vote was ninety-nine for Jackson, eighty-four for Adams, forty-one for Crawford, and thirty-seven for Clay—the votes of Ohio, Missouri, Kentucky, and four from New York. No one having the necessary majority, the choice, according to the provision of the Constitution, was to be made by the House of Representatives from the three highest. Mr. Clay was consequently excluded, but he held the control of the election in the vote of Kentucky, which was cast for Adams, and consequently against Jackson, Crawford being removed from the arena by a fatal illness. This preference of Adams by Clay was considered a violation of

party allegiance by his democratic friends, and naturally rendered him odious to the disappointed Jacksonites, whose principle, controlled by the iron will of their chief, was always to be unsparing to their political opponents.

The storm rose still higher when Mr. Clay accepted office under Adams as Secretary of State—an error of policy, as he afterwards admitted, for it drew upon him a charge of bargaining and corruption, of being bought over to the interests of the candidate whom his vote had elected, by this prize of office. Conscious of his own integrity in the matter, he said, when the administration he had served had long passed away, he had "underrated the power of detraction and the force of ignorance." If the detractors had stopped to consider, they might have found honorable grounds for his preference. He had already placed himself in a certain antagonism to Jackson by his speech in 1819, in the House, in favor of rebuking the assumptions of power by the military chieftain in the Seminole war; and though his course on that occasion was purely patriotic, with no unfriendly feeling to the man, his judgment of his qualifications for the Presidency could not fail to be influenced by the issue. He doubtless also looked upon Adams as one more likely to pursue his own favorite policy of internal improvements and domestic manufactures. As for any bargain in the case, it was disproved by Clay's avowed preference of Adams to Jackson before the occasion arose. Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Adams should, on his own account, seek to support his adminis-

tration by the services of such a man as Mr. Clay, in the office of Secretary of State.

For the time, however, the enemies of the new secretary had the ear of the public. An occasion arose in the second year of the administration which brought the matter to a personal issue. We have seen Mr. Clay's advocacy of the independence of the South American Republics. In accordance with his old views, he was now bent upon a further association with their cause in the promotion of a great cis-Atlantic American policy in the appointment of a delegation to the congress at Panama, which was invited by the Mexican and Central American representatives at Washington. John Randolph, whose genius had often been in opposition to Mr. Clay, opposed the measure with the full force of his argument and invective. In a speech in the Senate he went so far as to throw out an intimation that the "invitation" to action proceeded from the office of the Secretary of State, and, in an allusion of great bitterness, denounced the union of Adams and Clay as a "coalition of Blifil and Black George, a combination, unheard of till then, of the puritan with the blackleg." The venom of the attack, pointing a charge of fraud with such cunning emphasis, brought from Mr. Clay a challenge. It was accepted by Randolph, and the duel was fought on the banks of the Potomac. The first fire of neither took effect, though both shots were well aimed. At the second, Mr. Clay's bullet pierced his antagonist's coat. Randolph, as he had all along intended, though he was diverted from this

course in the first instance, fired his pistol in the air, upon which Mr. Clay advanced with great emotion, exclaiming, "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."* It was a duel which should not have been fought; there was no hate between two such chivalrous opponents, who understood one another's better qualities; and the joy at the harmless termination of the affair was sincere on both sides. Years after, when Randolph was about leaving Washington for the last time, just before his death, he was brought to the Senate. "I have come," he said, as he was helped to a seat while Clay was speaking, "to hear that voice." The courtesy, burying long years of political controversy, was met at the conclusion of his remarks with his accustomed magnanimity by the orator. "Mr. Randolph, I hope you are better, sir," he said, as he approached him. "No, sir," was the reply; "I am a dying man, and I came here expressly to have this interview with you." The sun of that brilliant existence, a checkered day of darkness and splendor, went not down upon his wrath. It was the spring of 1833 when this memorable incident occurred, the period when Mr. Clay was advocating the compromise of the tariff, to save the country from what appeared to him impending civil war. Randolph, in one of his county Virginia speeches, had previously pointed to the Kentucky orator for this service. "There is one man," said he, "and one

* Garland's "Life of John Randolph" II. 260.
—Benton's "Thirty Years' View," I. 76.

man only, who can save this Union: that man is Henry Clay. I know he has the power; I believe he will be found to have the patriotism and firmness equal to the occasion.”*

Previously to that, however, a new administration was to enter on the scene. Mr. Clay, having filled the office of Secretary of State with eminent usefulness to the country, particularly in the management of the foreign questions of trade and negotiation which arose, retired with the ill-fated Adams to make way for the victorious hero of New Orleans. The retirement of the secretary, however, in face of the new power, was not without its consolations in the tributes of his friends and the public. On his way to his home at Ashland—he had married on his first arrival in the country, and had now a rising family around him—he was received everywhere with enthusiasm. The citizens of Lexington, following the example of other towns on his route, gave him a complimentary banquet.

Like honors were paid the politician in retirement, on occasion of a family visit to New Orleans, at that city and along his route. Powers like his, however, were not long to rest unused in the service of the State. At the close of 1831, he was elected to the Senate, and, about the same time, nominated for the Presidency by the National Republican Convention at Baltimore. In the Senate he advocated the re-charter of the United States Bank, which was carried, and then vetoed by the President. He also set forth at length the principles of his American System

of Protection, in the discussion on the tariff, which ended favorably to his policy. Some amendments were made, relieving non-protected articles, but the concession did not satisfy the growing hostility of the South. The South Carolina Nullification resolutions, passed in November, 1832, were followed by the famous Proclamation of Jackson in December, and the Force Bill in the Senate of the ensuing January. At this moment, realizing the prediction of Randolph already cited, Clay in February introduced his Compromise bill, providing for a gradual reduction of the obnoxious tariff. It was accepted in the emergency by all parties in the country, and the threatened storm passed over.

In the meantime the Presidential election had occurred, demonstrating an extraordinary advance in the popularity of the omnipotent Jackson. The contest was between him and Clay, the latter receiving, out of two hundred and eighty-eight, but forty-nine votes—those of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Delaware, Maryland and Kentucky. Thus strongly fortified, Jackson commenced his second term, inaugurating his new rule by his much-discussed act, the removal of the deposits from the Bank of the United States. It created a storm of opposition, as a violent, unconstitutional act, which found vent in the Senate in Mr. Clay's resolution of censure, introduced at the opening of the new Congress, and, with some modification, adopted in the following March; the famous resolution which became the subject of Mr. Benton's slow and pertinacious hostility till he triumphed

* "Garland's Randolph," II. 362.

in the passage of his Expunging Act. Not even the eloquence of Clay, exerted to the last, could resist the well-ordered drill of the Jackson parliamentary forces. Previously to the winter session of 1833, Mr. Clay made a visit to the northern cities of the seaboard, extending his journey as far as Boston. It was one continued popular triumph. Had he occupied the Presidential chair he could have received no more attention. There was always something in the man which inspired the enthusiasm of the people.

In 1835 Mr. Clay was enabled to render a signal service to the country by the interposition of his report as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, checking the prompt measures of Jackson for the recovery of the debt due from France, and giving that nation an opportunity of reconsidering its legislation—a delay which resulted in the payment of the debt, in place of a fierce and expensive war. A third time did Mr. Clay thus perform the part in Congress, of the great pacificator. On the conclusion of his senatorial term he was again chosen, and continued in the office to the completion of the new period in 1842. Harrison meanwhile had come into office, having received the nomination of the Harrisburg Convention over Clay, who was a popular candidate, and Mr. Tyler had, in a short month, fallen heir to the Presidency. The Whig party, led by Clay, was for a time in the ascendant, but its measures were steadily resisted by the new President.

It would be unjust to the memory of Henry Clay, in the briefest narrative of his career, not to pause at his sol-

emn, affecting leave-taking of the Senate. It was inspired throughout by feeling and manly courtesy, and, delivered with his graceful elocution, affected his audience to tears. No act of the kind was ever performed with more genuine emotion. The rich nature of the man, ardent, lofty, sympathetic, was poured forth in one continued strain of touching eloquence. He spoke of his long public duties, of the trials and rewards of his career, of the motives which had nerved him, and of the kindness with which he had been received. His tribute to Kentucky was an outburst of gratitude which the State should cherish among her proudest records. "Everywhere," said he, "throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to *them* for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what *can* I say, at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber? I emigrated from Virginia to the State of Kentucky now nearly forty-five years ago: I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained

the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence. From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger a while longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that State; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod, with those of her gallant and patriotic sons."

His apology for any offence he might have committed in the heat of debate was uttered as he only could utter it, when he turned for a moment to the contemplation of the nobler struggles of eloquence the Senate had witnessed. In conclusion, he invoked "the most precious blessings of heaven" upon all and each, and "that most cheering and gratifying of all human rewards, the cordial greeting of their constituents, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.'

And now," he ended, "Mr. President and senators, I bid you all a long, a lasting, and a friendly farewell."

The farewell was honestly taken, but it was not to be long or lasting. He returned home, visited New Orleans again in the winter, and, as formerly, was called upon to address the public in advocacy of the measures with which he was identified. He was again looked to as a candidate for the Presidency, with the most earnest anticipations of his success. He was nominated at Baltimore by the Convention; Mr. Polk was arrayed in opposition to him on the Texas annexation question, and he was a third time defeated. His course was a manly one. He had spoken out frankly on the Texas issue, as involving a war with Mexico, and his prediction came to pass. He had the proud satisfaction of saying, "I had rather be right than President." The vote stood one hundred and seventy for Mr. Polk and one hundred and five for Mr. Clay—the large votes of Pennsylvania and New York being gained by small majorities. The entire popular vote stood for Polk, 1,336,196; for Clay, 1,297,912, with a small vote for Birney, the abolition candidate—so near did Mr. Clay come to the Presidency and fail of reaching it. His friends, the large party which he represented, would have rallied upon him in 1848, but the party movers had been taught the value of expediency, and the magic of a military reputation. Clay was strong on the first ballot in the Convention, but General Taylor received the nomination, and was borne into the office, like Harrison, soon to yield it to the universal Conqueror.

Mr. Clay, during this time, was living in comparative retirement at Ashland, engaged in the occasional practice of his profession, and receiving the visits of his friends. He had a singular proof of their kindness in the unexpected payment of a mortgage on his estate. It became known that he was involved by the loan of his name. A subscription was taken up in the chief Atlantic cities, and at New Orleans, and the full amount—more than twenty-five thousand dollars—deposited to his credit in the Northern Bank of Kentucky. Other evidences of kindness poured in upon him, consolatory to his years and trials—for he was now to reap the bitter fruit of the Mexican war, certainly not of his planting, in the death of his son Henry, at the battle of Buena Vista. About this time, carrying out a resolve previously formed, he attached himself to the Episcopal church, was baptized and confirmed, and partook of the sacrament.

In 1849, having been elected for the full term, he was seated again in the Senate of the United States. His Compromise Resolutions of 1850, touching the new territorial questions arising out of the Mexican war, were the last great parliamentary efforts of his career. He proposed that California should be admitted, without restriction as to the introduction or exclusion of slavery; that "slavery not existing by law, and not likely to be introduced into any territory acquired by the United States from the republic of Mexico, it was inexpedient for Congress to provide by law either for its introduction into, or exclusion from, any

part of said territory; and that appropriate territorial governments ought to be established by Congress in all of said territory not assigned as the boundaries of the proposed State of California, without the adoption of any restriction or condition on the subject of slavery;" that "it is inexpedient to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, while that institution continues to exist in the State of Maryland, without the consent of that State, without the consent of the people of the District, and without just compensation to the owners of slaves within the District; but that it is expedient to prohibit within the District the slave trade, in slaves brought into it from States or places beyond the limits of the District, either to be sold therein as merchandise, or to be transported to other markets, without the District of Columbia."

In another resolution he declared more effectual provision should be made for the restitution and delivery of persons held to service or labor in any State, who may escape into any other State or Territory in the Union, and that "Congress has no power to prohibit or obstruct trade in slaves between the slaveholding States; but that the admission or exclusion of slaves, brought from one into another of them, depends exclusively upon their own particular laws." Such, with a stipulation for the debt and boundaries of Texas, were the provisions with which Mr. Clay sought to put at rest the formidable agitation which arose out of the slavery question. The admission of California, the adjustment of the Texas debt, the organization of

the Territories of New Mexico and Utah, the prohibition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, and the Fugitive Slave Law, were all in accordance with these recommendations.

In the Congress of 1850-'51, under the Presidency of Mr. Fillmore, Mr. Clay was in his seat, battling for his old issues of the tariff and internal improvements. In the following year he returned once more to the Senate, too ill and enfeebled to take any active part in its proceedings. The consumption which was wearing out his life soon confined him to his room, where his last act partaking of a public nature was his reception of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth. He complimented the zealous orator on his fascinating eloquence, "fearing," he said, "to come under its influence, lest his faith might be shaken in some principles in regard to the foreign policy of this government, which he had long and constantly cherished." The principles which he feared might be endangered were those recommended by Washington's Fare-

well Address, advising no interference beyond the influence of our example with the internal difficulties of Europe. "Far better," he said, "is it for ourselves, for Hungary, and for the cause of liberty, that, adhering to our wise, pacific system, and avoiding the distant wars of Europe, we should keep our lamp burning brightly on this western shore, as a light to all nations, than to hazard its utter extinction amid the ruins of fallen or falling republics in Europe."

The brief remaining record is of the sick chamber, the wasting of bodily strength, the solicitude of friends, the ministrations of religion, of which this noble-hearted man, accustomed to rule Senates and control the policy of the nation, was as penitent, resigned, humble a participant as any in the thronged myriads whom the eloquence of his voice had ever reached. He died, the aged patriot, at the full age of seventy-five, at the National Hotel of Washington, "with perfect composure, without a groan or struggle," June 29th, 1852.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

THE ancestry of this gentle poetess is traced, on the paternal side, in the family of the Landons to the beginning of the last century, when they were possessed of some landed property in Herefordshire, England, which was lost about the time of the South Sea Bubble, by some unfortunate speculation of a certain Sir William Landon. After that we find members of the stock for several generations in the church. The Rev. John Landon, great grandfather of the poetess, died in the year 1777, rector of a rural parish, in Kent. A son of the same name held another church living, and his son in turn rose to the deanery of Exeter. John Landon, elder brother of the last, the father of Miss Landon, made two voyages as a sailor early in life, and would, it is said, have obtained employment in the navy, had not his prospects been disappointed by the death of his friend and patron, Admiral Bowyer. He subsequently, by the aid of his brother, obtained a lucrative situation as an army agent; and, marrying Catharine Jane Bishop, a lady of Welsh extraction, took up his residence in Hans Place, Chelsea, near London, where, on the 14th of

August, 1802, their daughter, the eldest of three children, Letitia Elizabeth was born.

She early exhibited unusual mental acuteness. An invalid friend and neighbor taught her the alphabet, throwing the letters upon the floor and giving her a reward when she picked out the one called for; and this reward, a trait of her disinterestedness through life, she invariably brought home to her brother. In her sixth year she attended a school in Hans Place, kept by a Miss Rowden, a lady poetess, who subsequently became Countess St. Quentin. After a few months at this place, she was taken by her parents to a new residence in the country, Trevor Park, at East Barnet, where her education fell into the hands of her cousin, Miss Landon, who appears to have introduced her to a comparatively learned course of reading, including such works as the histories of Rollin, Hume and Smollett, Plutarch's Lives, Josephus, Dobson's Petrarch, with what was probably a pleasant relief, the fables of Gay and Æsop. Novels were forbidden; but, it is said, notwithstanding this prohibition, that the child managed to



L. E. Landon

get through a hundred volumes or so of Cooke's widely circulated pocket edition of the English Poets and Novelists—a series which, doubtless among many other children of genius, gave great delight in their boyhood to Leigh Hunt, and Dickens.

She seems to have taken a particular interest in the heroic virtues of the characters in Plutarch, affecting an especial fondness for the Spartans, with a natural inclination of her generous nature to their self-sacrificing spirit. For Robinson Crusoe she had a genuine boy's rather than girl's liking, probably encouraged by her father's early seafaring life. "For weeks after reading that book," she subsequently wrote, "I lived as in a dream; indeed, I scarcely dreamt of anything else at night. I went to sleep with the cave, its parrots, and goats, floating before my closed eyes. I awakened in some rapid flight from the savages landing in their canoes. The elms in our hedges were not more familiar than the prickly shrubs which formed his palisades, and the grapes whose drooping branches made fertile the wide savannahs." While she was quite young, her cousin, Captain Landon, returned from America, bringing to her a copy of Cook's voyages, an incident which, long after, she commemorated in a poem to him.

"It was an August evening, with sunset in the trees,
When home you brought his Voyages who found the fair South Seas;
For weeks he was our idol, we sailed with him at sea,
And the pond amid the willows our ocean seemed to be;
The water-lilies growing beneath the morning smile,

We called the South Sea islands, each flower a different isle.

Within that lonely garden what happy hours went by,

While we fancied that around us spread foreign sea and sky.

The adventures in books of travel had a strange fascination for her, and somewhat singularly in connection with the melancholy close of her life, she was greatly attracted by stories of Africa. Her favorite among her juvenile books was one called "Silvester Trumper," made up of wild stories of the men and animals of that country—a little volume of which she vainly attempted to procure a copy in after life. She also took much delight in a copy of the "Arabian Nights," given to her by her father. "The delight of reading these enchanting pages," she wrote, in a little semi-autobiographical sketch, entitled "The History of a Child," "she ever ranked as the most delicious excitement of her life," recalling "the odor of the Russian leather," in which the book was bound, and "the charming glance at the numerous pictures which glanced through the half-opened leaves."

These are all traits of an imaginative child, of a delicate sensibility to outward impressions, weaving for herself a fanciful world of her own. Though when she began to write, and appeared before the public as an author, there was a constant expression of melancholy ideas in her verses, which led to the notion that her life was an unhappy one, even in her youth, this was by no means the case. On the contrary, she possessed a happy, joyous temperament, was fond of sport and raillery, and, spite of her subsequent trials and disappointments, was

always characterized by her playful, cheerful disposition in society. Of this contrast between her life and writings, her biographer, Laman Blanchard, says, "there was not the remotest connection or affinity; not, indeed, a color of resemblance between her every-day life or habitual feelings, and the shapes they were made to assume in her poetry. No two persons could be less like each other in all that related to the contemplation of the actual world, than "L. E. L." and Letitia Elizabeth Landon. People would do in this, as in so many other cases, forgetting one of the licenses of poetry, identify the poet's history in the poet's subject and sentiment, and they accordingly insisted that, because the strain was tender and mournful, the heart of the minstrel was breaking. Certain it is that L. E. L.'s naturally sweet and cheerful disposition was not, at this time, soured or obscured by any meditations upon life and the things most worth living for, which a lavish and rapturous indulgence of the poetic mood could lead her into; and, however she may have merited admiration, she had no original claim to sympathy as a victim to constitutional morbidness. While every chord of her lute seemed to awaken a thousand plaintive and painful memories, she was storing up just as many lively recollections; and, as the melancholy of her song moved numberless hearts towards her, her own was only moved by the same process still farther than ever out of melancholy's reach. Her imagination would conjure up a scene in which, as was said of the "Urn Burial," the gayest thing you should

see would be a gilt coffin-nail; and this scene she would fancifully confound for the time being with human life, past, present, or to come; but the pen once out of her hand, there was no more sturdy questioner, not to say repudiator, of her own doctrines, than her own practice. The spectres she had conjured up vanished as the wand dropped from her hand. Five minutes after the composition of some poem full of passionate sorrow, or bitter disappointment and reproach, she would be seen again in the very mood out of which she had been carried by the poetic frenzy that had seized her—a state of mind the most frank, affectionate, and enjoying—self-relying, but equally willing to share in the simple amusements that might be presented, or to employ its own resources for the entertainment of others."

These remarks, however, are somewhat in anticipation of our story. We left Miss Landon, in her school days, in the country. At the age of thirteen, she removed with the family to a residence at Lewis Place, Fulham, where a year was passed, when they became established in a new home at Brompton, a suburb of London. Here, says Mr. Blanchard, "under the guiding care of her mother, the good and generous qualities of her nature continued to have fair play and to flourish; while these powers of intellect and imagination, which had been early signalized, acquired ripeness and strength so gradually, as to insure, in the minds of her friends, the fulfilment of every gratifying promise. The days of tasks and lessons over, her studies took their own turn, and the tastes she displayed

were those of the poetry and the romance that colored all her visions, waking or asleep. Pen and ink had succeeded to the slate, writing to scribbling, distinct images to phantasies that had as little form as substance; and it followed that ideas of publication and a thirst for fame should succeed to the first natural charm of parental kisses and family pats on the head—the delicious encouragement of an occasional ‘not so bad!’ or even a ‘very clever, indeed!’ from some more enthusiastic patron.”

The first publication by Miss Landon appeared in 1821, when she was at the age of nineteen, a small volume, issued by Mr. Warren, of Bond Street, containing a Swiss romantic tale in verse, entitled “The Fate of Adelaide,” with some minor poems. When she had finished the chief poem, in the previous year, she wrote to a female cousin: “I hope you will like ‘Adelaide.’ I wished to portray a gentle soft character, and to paint in her the most delicate love. I fear her dying of it is a little romantic; yet, what was I to do, as her death must terminate it? Pray do you think, as you are the model of my. I hope, charming heroine, you could have contrived to descend to the grave—

‘Pale martyr to love’s wasting flame’?”

This was the fate, not only of Adelaide, but of another victim of her lover, the inconstant Orlando, who, going off to the wars in the East, marries there a fair Zoraide, who also dies, to be laid by the side of “her sweet rival.” The poem was dedicated to

Mrs. Siddons, not altogether as the tragic muse, which would have been appropriate enough for the melancholy of the story, but as an intimate friend of the mother of the poetess. About the time of the publication of this volume, Miss Landon became acquainted with the late William Jerdan, who then resided at Brompton, and had recently established the “Literary Gazette,” of which he was for many years the editor. A native of Scotland, with a somewhat desultory education, and an unsettled early career, he had been employed as a writer for the press, and passing from one newspaper engagement to another, had luckily found a field for his miscellaneous and not very profound talents, in the new enterprize started by Colburn, the publishing of a weekly journal, to be occupied exclusively with notices of the literature, art, and science, of the day, with an occasional glance at social topics. He early became a contributor to this work and was soon installed as its editor. Its plan was then a novelty; and, though it had some difficulties to encounter, like most new undertakings in the world of letters, it met with a ready support from the authors of the day. It called attention to their pursuits, was useful to the trade, and afforded writers a ready means of communication with the public. Though, during the many years it was conducted by Jerdan, it never attained any great authority in criticism, it proved a very useful work to the literary world, conveying much information about the publications of the day, which were largely exhibited in extracts, and being occasionally enriched

by valuable original contributions. The social qualities of its editor doubtless added much to its success. An excellent after-dinner companion and frequenter of fashionable drawing-rooms, he mingled freely with most of the literary and artistic celebrities of the day. By the side of the graver productions noticed in his journal, he always found a corner for the latest epigram or bon-mot. Acquaintance with such a personage must have been a very charming thing to a young lady of Miss Landon's vivacity and talent seeking an introduction to the great reading world; while the editor must have as eagerly hailed such an acquisition to his paper as was promised in the facile poetical powers of the fair author. She became at once a regular contributor to the "Gazette," at first furnishing sketches of verse, songs, "stanzas," and other fragmentary effusions. They were characterized by their fluency, ease, a certain natural melody, a vein of sentiment leaning to melancholy, but not of too oppressive a cast. There was something in their flowing utterance pleasing to the fancy, and contagious in sentiment. Separately, they might not have attracted much notice, but when they were kept up weekly, and the supply seemed inexhaustible in its freshness, enquiry began to be made for the writer. The poems being invariably signed with the initials L. E. L., without any other notice or indication of the author, the three letters, says her biographer, "very speedily became a signature of magical interest and curiosity. Struck by the evident youth of the writer, by the force as well as the grace of her

careless and hurried notes, by the impassioned tenderness of the many songs and sketches that, week after week, without intermission, appeared under the same signature, the public unhesitatingly recognized these contributions as the fresh and unstudied outpourings of genius; and they, by whom the loftier beauties, and the more cultivated grace of the living masters of the lyre were best appreciated, at once, 'with open arms, received one poet more.' Not only was the whole tribe of initialists throughout the land eclipsed, but the initials became *a name*."

As the trifling designation "Boz," long served Dickens in his popular reputation, so "L. E. L." clung to the books of Miss Landon during her life. People seldom spoke of her as an author otherwise than by these initials. They served for a time to keep up a certain little mystery of the anonymous; were a kind of shelter to her personality; provoked curiosity, and permitted a large amount of flattery which could not have been so well bestowed directly upon the authoress. Bernard Barton, in the early days of her verse-making, could address her in high terms of eulogy, as his unknown muse:

"I know not who, or what, thou art,
Nor do I seek to know thee,
Whilst thou, performing thus thy part,
Such banquets can bestow me.
Then be, as long as thou shalt live,
My viewless, nameless melodist."

And Maginn could, some years later, in the fulness of her fame, write in "Fraser's Magazine," "Burke said, that ten thousand swords ought to have

leaped out of their scabbards at the mention of the name of Marie Antoinette; and, in like manner, we maintain, that ten thousand pens should leap out of their ink-bottles to pay homage to L. E. L." In a like pleasant vein, in the same complimentary article, he jestingly attributes to the Edinburgh bookseller, Archibald Constable, the perpetration of a parody on an old well-known epigram, on occasion of meeting the poetess while traveling in Yorkshire.

"I truly like thee, L. E. L.;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this is fact, I know full well,
That I do like thee, L. E. L."

Laman Blanchard also wrote a whole string of verses on the famed initials, when the portrait of the author appeared, prefixed to a volume of her poems:

"One knows the power of D.C.L.,
The grandeur of K.G.;
And F.R.S. will science spell,
And valor G.C.B.

The sage, the school-boy, both can tell
The worth of £ s. d.;
But, then, the worth of L. E. L.!
All letters told in three.

In vain I've sought to illustrate
Each letter with a word;
'Twas only trying to translate
The language of a bird.

I've read ye, L.E.L., quite bare;
Thus—Logie, Ethics, Lays:
Lives, Episodes, and Lyrics fair—
I've guessed away my days.

One wild young fancy was the sire
Of fifty following after;
Like these—Love, Eden, and the Lyre,
Light, Elegance, and Laughter.

I've drawn from all the stars that shine,
Interpretations silly;

From flowers—the Lily, Eglantine,
And, then, another Lily.

Now fancy's dead; no thought can strike,
No guess, solution, stricture;
And L. E. L. is—simply like
This dainty little picture.

Like to her lays! However Fame
'Mongst brightest names may set hers,
These three initials—nameless name—
Shall never be *dead letters*."

While L. E. L., was thus establishing her reputation as a poetess by a flood of contributions to the "Literary Gazette," she issued, in 1824, a new volume from the press, "The Improvisatrice, and other Poems," a collection extending to over three hundred. The title of the leading poem was sufficiently characteristic of the author's own powers and execution. Her poems were literally improvisations, being mostly impromptus, written on the spur of the moment. She had the faculty of detecting the poetical elements in any given subject at a glance, and poured forth sentiment as Theodore Hook extemporized wit in the drawing-room, on any theme, however seemingly impracticable. She had often to display this ready talent in the service of the booksellers, when the topic was not so agreeable as if it had been of her own choosing; but as she never failed then, she was certainly never at a loss when following her own inclinations. It may be doubted whether so much good verse as she wrote, filling a large series of volumes in the ordinary form, was ever penned with equal facility. Certainly it would often have been benefited by compression, condensation of thought, and an unsparing rejection of superfluous illustration; but with every allowance

for these and the like critical objections, the product upon the whole was something marvellous, and quite sufficient to justify the admiration of the author's contemporaries.

A year after the publication of the "Improvisatrice" appeared another volume from her pen, "The Troubadour, with Poetical Sketches of Modern Pictures and Historical Sketches." The chief poem of the Collection was, as its name imports, an assemblage of the romantic incidents of the days of chivalry. The festival of the Golden Violet, held at Toulouse in the fourteenth century, in which the flower was the reward from the hand of beauty, of prowess in the various accomplishments of knighthood, holds together the various sentiments and ventures of the poem, protracted through four cantos of flowing minstrelsy. The picture of the Troubadour may indicate something of the prevailing texture of the poem, not unmingled with the characteristic tone of melancholy already noticed as habitual in the author's writings:

"And gazing as if heart and eye
Were mingled with that lovely sky,
There stood a youth, slight as not yet
With manhood's strength and firmness set;
But on his cold, pale cheek were caught
The traces of some deeper thought,
A something seen of pride and gloom,
Not like youth's hour of light and bloom:
A brow of pride, a lip of scorn—
Yet beautiful in scorn and pride—
A conscious pride as if he own'd
Gems hidden from the world beside;
And scorn, as he cared not to learn,
Should others prize those gems or spurn.
He was the last of a proud race
Who left him but his sword and name,
And boyhood passed in restless dreams
Of future deeds and future fame.
But there were other dearer dreams

Than the lightning flash of these war gleams
That fill'd the depths of Raymond's heart;
For his was now the loveliest part
Of the young poet's life, when first,
In solitude and silence nurs'd,
His genius rises like a spring
Unnoticed in its wandering;
Ere winter cloud or summer ray
Have chill'd, or wasted it away,
When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd
Shed their own richness over all,
As waters from the sweet woods distill'd
Breathe perfume out where'er they fall.
I know not whether Love can fling
A deeper witchery from his wing
Than falls sweet Power of Song from thine.
Yet ah! the wreath that binds thy shrine,
Though seemingly all bloom and light,
Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight.
Planet of wayward destinies
Thy victims are thy votaries.
Alas! for him whose youthful fire
Is vowed and wasted on the lyre,—
Alas! for him who shall essay,
The laurel's long and dreary way!
Mocking will greet, neglect will chill
His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill;
And, worst of all, that heartless praise
Echoed from what another says.
He dreams a dream of life and light,
And grasps the rainbow that appears
Afar all beautiful and bright,
And finds it only formed of tears.
Ay, let him reach the goal, let fame
Pour glory's sunlight on his name,
Let his songs be on every tongue,
And wealth and honors round him flung:
Will it not own them dearly bought?
See him in weariness fling down
The golden harp, the violet crown;
And sigh for all the toil, the care,
The wrong that he has had to bear;
Then wish the treasures of his lute
Had been, like his own feelings, mute.
And curse the hour when that he gave
To sight that wealth, his lord and slave."

The loss of her father, while the work was in preparation, is recorded in a touching passage at its close:

"My task is done, the tale is told,
The lute drops from my wearied hold;
Spreads no green earth, no summer sky
To raise fresh visions for my eye.

The hour is dark, the winter rain
 Beats cold and harsh against the pane,
 Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine,
 Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine;
 And the wind howls in gusts around,
 As omens were in each drear sound,—
 Omens that bear upon their breath
 Tidings of sorrow, pain and death.
 Thus should it be,—I could not bear
 The breath of flowers, the sunny air
 Upon that ending page should be
 Which ONE will never, never see.
 Yet who will love it like that one,
 Who cherish as he would have done,
 My father! albeit but in vain
 This clasping of a broken chain,
 And albeit of all vainest things
 That haunt with sad imaginings,
 None has the sting of memory;
 Yet still my spirit turns to thee,
 Despite of long and lone regret,
 Rejoicing it cannot forget.
 I would not lose the lightest thought
 With one remembrance of thine fraught,—
 And my heart said no name but thine
 Should be on this last page of mine.
 My father, though no more thine ear
 Censure or praise of mine can hear,
 It soothes me to embalm thy name
 With all my hope, my pride, my fame,
 Treasures of Fancy's fairy hall,—
 The name most precious far of all.
 My page is wet with bitter tears,—
 I cannot but think of those years
 When happiness and I would wait—
 On summer evenings by the gate,
 And keep o'er the green fields our watch
 The first sound of thy step to catch,
 Then run for the first kiss and word,—
 An unkind one I never heard.
 But these are pleasant memories,
 And later years have none like these:
 They came with griefs, and pain, and cares,
 All that the heart breaks while it bears;
 Desolate as I feel alone,
 I should not weep that thou art gone.
 Alas the tears that still will fall
 Are selfish in their fond recall,—
 If even tears could win from Heaven
 A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
 Mine surely might, I may not tell
 The agony of my farewell!
 A single tear I had not shed,—
 'Twas the first time I mourned the dead,—
 It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—
 My father! and was thine the first!

Farewell! in my heart is a spot
 Where other griefs and cares come not,
 Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,
 And deeply honor'd, deeply wept.
 My own dead father, time may bring
 Chance, change, upon his rainbow wing,
 But never will thy name depart,
 The household god of thy child's heart,
 Until thy orphan girl may share
 The grave where her best feelings are.
 Never, dear father, can love be,
 Like the dear love I had for thee!"

The "Troubadour" was, of course, heartily praised in the "Literary Gazette," in a tone that one might have thought would have found a general echo. But to the discredit of the world of public opinion in which the lot of the author was cast, such was by no means uniformly the case. Youth, enthusiasm, genius, struggling with narrow fortunes, freely expending themselves for others in daily exhibition of the beautiful and good, were surely entitled to a generous reception. It would have been little perhaps to complain of, had the writer been subjected to the too common annoyance of unnecessary and unfeeling criticism; but her enemies, for, strangely as it sounds, there were such people, were contented with nothing less than attacking her reputation. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shall not escape calumny," says the great dramatist; and Miss Landon was destined, with some of the pure, fair, gentle heroines of his creation, to illustrate the cruel text. The story is told in a letter, by Lady Blessington, published in her "Life and Correspondence," by Madden. "Soon after," she writes, speaking of Miss Landon's early youth, "L. E. L. became acquainted with Mr. Jerdan, who,

charmed with her talents, encouraged their exertion by inserting her poems in a literary journal, with all the encomiums they merited. This drew the attention of publishers on her; and, alas! drew also the calumny and hatred of the envious, which ceased not to persecute her through her troubled life, and absolutely drove her from her native land. There was no slander too vile, and no assertion too wicked, to heap on the fame of this injured creature. Mr. Jerdan, a married man, and the father of a large family, many of whom were older than L. E. L., was said to have been her lover, and it was publicly stated that she had become too intimately connected with him. Those who disbelieved the calumny, refrained not from repeating it, until it became a general topic of conversation. Her own sex, fearful of censure, had not courage to defend her; and this highly-gifted and sensitive creature, without having committed a single error, found herself a victim to slander." The simple generosity and frankness of her disposition were turned against her. "Unfortunately," says her biographer, Mr. Blanchard, "the very unguardedness of her innocence served to arm even the feeblest malice with powerful stings; the openness of her nature, and the frankness of her manners, furnished the silly or the ill-natured with abundant materials for gossip. She was always as careless as a child of set forms and rules for conduct. She had no thought, no concern about the interpretation that was likely to be put upon her words, by at least one out of a score of listeners—it was enough for

her that she meant no harm, and that the friends she most valued knew this—perhaps she found a wilful and most dangerous pleasure, sometimes, in making the starers stare yet more widely. She defied suspicion. But to induce her to condescend to be on her guard, to put the slightest restraint upon her speech, correspondence, or actions, simply because self-interest demanded it to save her conduct from misrepresentation, was a task which, so far from any one being able to accomplish, few would, without deliberation, venture to attempt; so quick were her feelings, so lofty her woman's pride, and so keen and all-sufficing her consciousness of right." Compelled to take notice of this slander, in correspondence with an intimate female friend, Mrs. Thomson, author of "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII." and other works, she thus explains the nature of the association which had partly given rise to it: "As to the report you name, I know not which is greatest—the absurdity or the malice. Circumstances have made me very much indebted to the gentleman for much of kindness. I have not had a friend in the world but himself to manage anything of business, whether literary or pecuniary. Your own literary pursuits must have taught you how little, in them, a young woman can do without assistance. Place yourself in my situation. Could you have hunted London for a publisher, endured all the alternate hot and cold water thrown on your exertions; bargained for what sum they might be pleased to give; and, after all, canvassed, examined, nay, quarreled over accounts the most intri-

cate in the world? And again, after success had procured money, what was I to do with it? Though ignorant of business, I must know I could not lock it up in a box. Then, for literary assistance, my proof sheets could not go through the press without revision. Who was to undertake this—I can only call it drudgery—but some one to whom my literary exertions could in return be as valuable as theirs to me? But it is not on this ground that I express my surprise at so cruel a calumny, but actually on that of our slight intercourse. He is in the habit of frequently calling on his way into town; and, unless it is on a Sunday afternoon, which is almost his only leisure time for looking over letters, manuscript, etc., five or ten minutes is the usual time of his visit. We visit in such different circles, that if I except the evening he took Agnes and myself to Miss B——’s, I cannot recall our ever meeting in any one of the round of winter parties. The more I think of my past life, and of my future prospects, the more dreary do they seem. I have known little else than privation, disappointment, unkindness, and harassment; from the time I was fifteen, my life has been one continual struggle in some shape or another against absolute poverty, and I must say not a tithe of my profits have I ever expended on myself. And here I cannot but allude to the remarks on my dress. It is easy for those whose only trouble on that head is change, to find fault with one who never in her life knew what it was to have two new dresses at a time. No one knows but myself what I have had to con-

tend with—but this is what I have no right to trouble you with.”

We willingly turn from this unhappy record of ungenerous persecution to the further chronicle of those ceaseless literary productions which were making friends for the author throughout the world, far beyond the range of the idle gossip of her petty maligners. Her next published volume, in 1826, was a kind of sequel to the “*Troubadour*,” being entitled “*The Golden Violet*, with its tales of Chivalry and Romance,” a series of ballads, and recitals of the minstrels of different nations, contending for the prize at a May-day court—one of her happiest works. This was followed, in 1829, by “*The Venetian Bracelet, the Lost Pleiad, the History of the Lyre, and other Poems*”—tales in verse of pleasant invention, in light airy numbers, carrying along trippingly the burden of sentiment, and, in the rapidity of the current, relieving what in heavier hands would have been an oppressive weight of melancholy. It was about this time that Professor Wilson, in his assumed character of Christopher North, in the “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” in “*Blackwood’s Magazine*,” uttered a loud, cheering salvo to the genius of the rising author. “There is,” he wrote, “a passionate purity in all her feelings, that endears to me both her human and poetical character. She is a true enthusiast. Her affections overflow the imagery her fancy lavishes on all the subjects of her song, and color it all with a rich and tender light which makes even confusion beautiful, gives a glowing charm even to indistinct conception; and, when the

thoughts themselves are full formed and substantial, which they often are, brings them prominently out upon the eye of the soul in flashes that startle us into sudden admiration. The originality of her genius, methinks, is conspicuous in the choice of its subjects—they are unborrowed; and, in her least successful poems, as wholes, there is no dearth of poetry. Her execution has not the consummate elegance and grace of Felicia Hemans; but she is very young, and becoming every year she lives more mistress of her art, and has chiefly to learn now how to use her treasures, which, profuse as she has been, are in abundant store; and, in good truth, the fair and happy being has a fertile imagination,—the soil of her soul, if allowed to lie fallow for one sunny summer would, I predict, yield a still richer and more glorious harvest. I love Miss Landon—for, in her, genius does the work of duty—the union of the two is ‘beautiful exceedingly’—and virtue is its own reward; far beyond the highest meed of praise ever bestowed by critic—though round her fair forehead is already wreathed the immortal laurel.”

Miss Landon may be compared with Mrs. Hemans. There is a certain likeness with the unlikeness. They resembled one another in native genius and the impressibility of their nature, in their kindred appreciation of all romantic objects, and the ease with which they turned them to poetic account. They rank side by side at the head of the occasional poets, finding everywhere, and in pretty much every occasion, a theme for song. Alike, they illustrated the beauty of the

world, in its sentiment, passion, and heroic adventure. But the muse of Mrs. Hemans was of a graver character, with a profounder moral religious element, approaching, particularly in her later writings, the serious studies of Wordsworth; while Miss Landon, spite of her pervading melancholy reflections, recalls to us, in her charming literary execution, the lighter vein of Moore. It is hard to take her at her word, while she sings of sorrows in such abounding lively measures, the very inspiration of youth and health. Yet it would be unphilosophical to attribute this to mere affectation. In such natures there is a quick reaction from grave to gay. With the finest minds, gaiety may be often a much-needed, though perhaps unconscious, protest against encroaching sadness; and it is not difficult to understand how the appreciation of the one enhances that of the other. But whatever may be the explanation, Miss Landon, in her every-day life, apparently with a cheerful and even joyous temperament, when she retires from the world to communion with her thoughts, appears inevitably impressed with the limitations, the short-comings, the disappointments of earthly existence. There may be at times too much of self-consciousness in this, with a tinge of morbid introspection; but, upon the whole, looking back upon her career, these lamentations of sadness are to be taken as no ignoble expression on her part of the wants of the soul.

In 1830, Miss Landon put forward a new claim to attention as a novelist, in the publication of “Romance and Re-

ality," a tale of unrequited love, in the heart-trials of a heroine, from which she has no escape but death—a story, however, relieved by various graphic sketches of manners and society. The work was successful, and was followed up by two other novels, at intervals of several years, "Francesca Carrara," in 1834, and "Ethel Churchill," one of her latest productions, in 1837. Meantime, a new volume of poems, including a tale, "The Vow of the Peacock," inspired by a painting by the author's friend, Maclise, appeared in 1835; while, before and after this date, the numerous brood of "Annuals," those elegant combinations of art and literature, over-valued perhaps in their own day, and undervalued in our own, which sprang up during this period, afforded her constant and profitable opportunities for her peculiar talents. Indeed, so well suited was her genius for the requirements of these popular undertakings, that an enterprising publisher secured her services as editor and author of the entire poetical department of one of not the least important of them, "Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book," an annual quarto volume presided over by her for eight years, from 1831 to 1838. To this she contributed some of her best occasional poems, written frequently, as was often the case in the annuals, to illustrate a motley company of engravings set before her at the convenience of the publisher. That she preserved her accustomed spirit and freshness in writing under such exacting conditions, is an extraordinary proof of the vitality of her poetic powers. Take any volume of this "Scrap Book" or of the "Liter-

ary Gazette" during the whole period of her literary life, and you will be pretty sure to open upon some attractive verses by L. E. L. Testing this at a venture, we alight, in the number of the "Gazette" for June 20th, 1829, upon an eloquent little poem entitled "Fame: an Apologue," well worthy of a place in the choicest collections, of which there are so many, of the fugitive poetry of the century. It has a second title, "The Three Brothers:"

"They dwelt in a valley of sunshine, those
Brothers;
Green were the palm-trees that shadowed
their dwelling;
Sweet like low music, the sound of the foun-
tains
That fell from the rocks round their beautiful
home:
There the pomegranate blushed like the cheek
of a maiden
When she hears in the distance the step of her
lover,
And blushes to know it before her young
friends.
They dwelt in the valley—their mine was the
corn-field
Heavy with gold, and in autumn they gather-
ed
The grapes that hung clustering together like
rubies;
Summer was prodigal there of her roses,
And the ring-doves filled every grove with their
song.

"But those Brothers were weary; for hope, like
a glory,
Lived in each bosom—that hope of the future
Which turns where it kindles the heart to an
altar,
And urges to honor and noble achievement:
For the future is purchased by scorning the
present,
And life is redeemed from its clay soil by fame.
They leant in the shades of the palm-trees at
evening,
When a crimson haze swept down the side of
the mountain:
Glorious in power and terrible beauty,
The Spirit that dwelt in the star of their birth

Parted the clouds and stood radiant before them;
 Each felt his destiny hung on that moment;
 Each from his hand took futurity's symbol—
 One took a sceptre, and one took a sword;
 But a little lute fell to the share of the youngest,
 And his brothers turned from him and laughed him to scorn.

“And the King said, ‘The earth shall be filled with my glory!’
 And he built him a temple—each porphyry column
 Was the work of a life; and he built him a city—
 A hundred gates opened the way to his palace
 (Too few for the crowds that there knelt as his slaves),
 And the highest tower saw not the extent of the walls.
 The banks of the river were covered with gardens;
 And even when sunset was pale in the ocean,
 The turrets were shining with taper and lamp,
 Which filled the night-wind as it passed them with odors.
 The angel of death came and summoned the monarch;
 But he looked on his city the fair and the mighty,
 And said, ‘Ye proud temples, I leave ye my fame.’

“The conqueror went forth, like the storm over ocean,
 His chariot wheels red with the blood of the vanquished:
 Nations grew pale at the sound of his trumpet,
 Thousands rose up at the wave of his banners,
 And the valleys were white with the bones of the slain.
 He stood on a mountain, no foeman was near him,
 Heavy and crimson his banner was waving
 O'er the plain where his victories were written in blood,
 And he welcomed the wound whence his life's tide was flowing,
 For death is the seal to the conqueror's fame.

“But the youngest went forth with his lute—
 and the valleys
 Were filled with the sweetness that sighed from its strings;

Maidens, whose dark eyes but opened on palaces,
 Wept as at twilight they murmured his words.
 He sang to the exile the song of his country,
 Till he dreamed for a moment of hope and of home;
 He sang to the victor, who loosened his captives,
 While the tears of his childhood sprang into his eyes.
 He died—and his lute was bequeathed to the cypress,
 And his tones to the hearts that loved music and song.

“Long ages past, from the dim world of shadow,
 These Brothers return'd to revisit the earth;
 They came to revisit the place of their glory,
 To hear and rejoice in the sound of their fame.
 They looked for the palace—the temple of marble—
 The rose-haunted gardens—a desert was there;
 The sand, like the sea in its wrath, had swept o'er them,
 And tradition had even forgotten their names.
 The conqueror stood on the place of his battle,
 And his triumph had passed away like a vapor,
 And the green grass was waving its growth of wild-flowers,
 And they, not his banner, gave name to the place.
 They passed a king's garden, and there sat his daughter,
 Singing a sweet song remember'd of old,
 And the song was caught up, and sent back like an echo,
 From a young voice that came from a cottage beside.
 Then smiled the Minstrel, ‘You hear it, my Brothers,
 My songs yet are sweet on the lute and the lip.’
 King, not a vestige remains of your palaces;
 Conqueror, forgotten the fame of your battles:
 But the Poet yet lives in the sweetness of music—
 He appeal'd to the heart, and that never forgets.”

It is unnecessary here to trace minutely the home life of Miss Landon, or more than allude to the continued ungenerous persecutions to which she was subjected by malicious scandal

mongers. Lady Blessington tells us, in the letter already cited, that in more than one instance, they compelled her to refuse advantageous proposals of marriage. A suitor at last came who was accepted—Mr. George Maclean, of an excellent Scottish family, the son of a clergyman and nephew of a Lieutenant-General. At an early age he had been secretary to the Governor of Sierra Leone, the British colony on the coast of Africa, and subsequently himself was appointed Governor. He had held the position for some time, when, on a visit to England, in 1836, he became acquainted with Miss Landon. An engagement soon followed, ending in their marriage in June, 1838; the novelist Bulwer, a friend and admirer of the authoress, assisting at the ceremony in giving away the bride. Early in the following month, Gov. Maclean, with his wife, sailed for the place of his official residence, Cape Coast Castle, in Africa. The official income of the Governor was not large, and the marriage seemed likely to make little interruption in the literary activity of the authoress. While at sea, she composed two poems, "The Polar Star," and "Night at Sea," which were forwarded to England to be published in the "New Monthly Magazine." On her arrival, she expressed her gratification at the sight of her new home, and the natural features of the country around her, in which she had always taken an imaginative interest. "The Castle," she wrote, to her friend, Mr. Blanchard, "is a fine building, of which we occupy the middle. A huge flight of steps leads to the hall, on either

side of which are a suite of rooms. The one in which I am writing, would be pretty in England. It is of a pale blue, and hung with some beautiful prints, for which Mr. Maclean has a passion. On three sides, the batteries are washed by the sea, the fourth is a striking land view. The hills are covered with what is called bush, but we should think wood. It is like living in the 'Arabian Nights,' looking out upon palm and cocoa-nut trees." To Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Thomson, and others of her friends, she wrote communicating details of her new life, the manners and society of the place. The latter, indeed, was somewhat limited, but there was little opportunity for ennui. Soon after their arrival her husband was taken down with a fever, during which she waited upon him with a constant affection and anxiety. Her literary occupations must also have afforded her constant employment, for she was employed in preparing a series of prose "Essays on the Female Characters in Walter Scott's Novels and Poems," for Lady Blessington's "Book of Beauty," a number of which she completed while engaged in these pursuits in the autumn of her first year in Africa. On the morning of the 15th of October, 1838 her health impaired by attendance on her husband in his illness, she was suffering from an attack of spasm or fainting, to which she had been for some time subject, and took as a remedy, to which she had been familiarly accustomed, some drops of a preparation of prussic acid. At least, this was the presumption, when her maid found her, on entering the room,

her life extinct, and the labelled vial by her side. An inquest was held, and the jury, from the evidence before them, pronounced that she died by poison, incautiously administered by her own hand. Thus, at the early age of thirty-six, fell this gifted authoress. The gossip and scandal which had been so prejudicial to her life, followed her husband after her death. Suspicious circumstances were found in the neglect of any examination of the remains; in the quick burial; in the fact that the English maid was about to be sent home the very day of the disaster, as if this were inevitably evidence of ill treatment of the wife, and that she had poisoned herself in consequence; there was a story of jealousy on the part of a native mistress of her husband, who might have been the agent in the murder. In fine, in these and various conjectures and suppositions, there were extraordinary efforts to raise a mystery about the event of her death. A great deal was written, and still continues to be written on the subject; but nothing apparently of any weight to impeach the honor of Governor Maclean, or render the verdict of the coroner's jury other than the most probable explanation of the event.

There is an excellent portrait of Miss Landon, painted by Maclise, and engraved by Finden, as a frontispiece to "The Vow of the Peacock," in 1835. It represents, with something more of fulness and maturity than the same artist had rendered the girlish figure a few years before in "Fraser's Magazine," the plump, but expressive countenance, lighted by eyes through which the soul seems speaking—the frank,

open look which extorted the compliment from the Ettrick Shepherd, when he was introduced to her in London: "Oh dear! I ha' written and thought many a bitter thing about ye, but I'll do sae nae mair; I did na think ye'd been sae bonnie." Her biographer, Mr. Blanchard, supplies the details of her personal appearance: "Her easy carriage and careless movements," he writes, "would seem to imply an insensibility to the feminine passion for dress; yet she had a proper sense of it, and never disdained the foreign aid of ornament, always provided it was simple, quiet, and becoming. Her hair was 'darkly brown,' very soft and beautiful, and always tastefully arranged; her figure, slight, but well-formed and graceful; her feet small, but her hands especially so, and faultlessly white and finely shaped; her fingers were fairy fingers; her ears, also, were observably little. The face, though not regular in every feature, became beautiful by expression; every flash of thought, every change and color of feeling, lightened over it as she spoke, when she spoke earnestly. The forehead was not high, but broad and full; the eyes had no overpowering brilliancy, but their clear, intellectual light penetrated by its exquisite softness; her mouth was not less marked by character, and, besides the glorious faculty of uttering the pearls and diamonds of fancy and wit, knew how to express scorn, or anger, or pride, as well as it knew how to smile winningly, or to pour forth those short, quick, ringing laughs, which, not excepting her *bon-mots* and aphorisms, were the most delightful things that issued from it.'



Edwin Lytton Bulwer

LORD LYTTON.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, the youngest son of General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk, England, and of Elizabeth Barbara, the only daughter and heiress of Richard Warburton Lytton, of Knebworth, Hertfordshire, was born at his father's residence, May 25, 1805. By the death of this parent, he was early left to the care of his mother, a woman of superior character and intelligence, who carefully directed his education. Her father, Mr. Smiles tells us, was a great scholar, the first Hebraist of his day, and above Porson himself in the judgment of Dr. Parr. He wrote dramas in Hebrew, but he neglected his estates, which were fast going to decay under the care of stewards, when his daughter, Mrs. Bulwer, was left a young widow, and went back to reside at Knebworth with her family. There the childhood of Sir Edward was passed under the happiest influences. He soon displayed a remarkable talent and precocity, guided by the examples furnished by his mother, writing verses when he was but six years old. At the age of fifteen, he appeared in print as the author of "Ismael, an Oriental

Tale." After a thorough training under private tutors, maintaining meanwhile a constant correspondence with his grandfather's friend, the learned Dr. Parr, he entered Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his powers as a debater, and won the Chancellor's prize medal for an English poem on "Sculpture," which was published in 1825. He also devoted himself to the cultivation of neglected portions of English literature; and, in connection with a friend, subsequently Earl of Lovelace, founded a bibliographical society, afterwards honorably remembered as "The Old Book Club." During the vacations, he made pedestrian excursions over England and Scotland, and the year after he left College, travelled on horseback through a great part of France. He graduated Bachelor of Arts, and subsequently received the degree of Master of Arts.

He was early marked out for an author, his literary career having commenced the year he graduated, with the publication, at Paris, in a privately printed edition of fifty copies, of a collection of juvenile poems, under the title "Weeds and Wild Flowers." This

was followed the next year by a tale in verse, "O'Neil; or, The Rebel," after the manner of Byron. The same year appeared, also anonymously, his first novel, "Falkland," a love story, passionate and sentimental, the publication of which he afterwards regretted, refusing it a place among his collected works. It was, however, when his popularity was established, republished by the Harpers in America. Then, in 1829, came "Pelham; or, The Adventures of a Gentleman," a dashing novel of fashionable modern English society, followed rapidly by "The Disowned" and "Devereux," in which he introduced some historical characters, in the wits of Queen Anne's time. In 1830, came "Paul Clifford," the adventures of a highwayman, which led the way for a class of compositions in fiction culminating in Ainsworth's "Jack Sheppard." This was followed by an elaborate satire in verse, social and political, entitled "The Siamese Twins," which had but little success. Not so, however, his next novel, "Eugene Aram," the story of a murderer, whom he invested with the interest of scholarship and sentimental refinements in an artfully constructed tale, which raised his popular reputation to an extravagant height. It was in everybody's hands, and universally read for its thrilling excitement, before the critics had time to warn the public against its essential immorality. As a relief to the mental excitement in the production of that tale of crime and agony, he wrote the quiet political story of "Godolphin," which was published anonymously in 1833.

In the meantime, in 1831, he had

entered upon political life, being elected to parliament as a member for St. Ives. It was the period of the agitation of the Reform Bill, of which he was an earnest advocate. In 1832, he was elected a member of the Reform Parliament for Lincoln, which he continued to represent till 1841. He was all this while eagerly following up his successes in literature. About the time that he took his seat in the House of Commons, he became engaged as the successor of the poet Campbell, in the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," to which he contributed a valuable series of essays, afterwards collected under the title of "The Student." In another work, which, doubtless, had its impulse in his political pursuits, he gave expression to his taste for philosophical criticism, a brace of volumes, entitled "England and the English," a thoughtful and spirited book, of ingenious reflection and pointed delineations of life and character. This was given to the world in 1833. The next year the author returned to his favorite walk of fiction in "The Pilgrims of the Rhine," a collection of legends set in a frame of tender sentiment, followed immediately by the graphic presentment of ancient Roman life, in "The Last Days of Pompeii." This, like most of his other works in fiction, proved an eminent success. In his next work, Italy again furnished the theme, but this time the story was taken from a more modern period. In "Rienzi," the tale of the Roman tribune, he supplemented the brilliant narrative of Gibbon, by a lively portraiture of the actor in this episode of the national annals, with the advantage of

lights and effects in the best school of historical fiction.

Following close upon these works, Bulwer's reputation as a scholar, critic, and philosophical enquirer, was greatly enhanced by his publication, in 1837, of his work entitled "Athens—its Rise and Fall," a book which, amidst the numerous productions to which the recent study of Greek history has given rise, may still be read with interest for its eloquent and appreciative sketches of the literature and character of the nation. In rapid sequence after this graver essay came two more novels, still advancing the writer's reputation in this field, "Ernest Maltravers," and its continuation, "Alice; or, The Mysteries," intense, passionate, with traces of German culture in the development of character. "Leila; or, The Siege of Grenada," and "Calderon, the Courtier," were also productions of this period, which was further marked by his elevation to a baronetcy, in the promotions attendant upon the coronation of Victoria.

Not satisfied with his brilliant successes in fictitious composition, Sir Edward, with characteristic energy and perseverance, was bent upon attaining success as a dramatist. His first play, "The Duchess of La Valliere," had been acted with but moderate success, in 1836; it was now, in 1838, followed by "The Lady of Lyons," one of the most successful of the modern pieces brought upon the English stage; and subsequently by "Richelieu," in 1839; "The Sea Captain," the same year, afterwards reproduced as "The Rightful Heir;" the comedy of "Money," in 1840; and, "Not so Bad as We

Seem," which was written for performance by Dickens and his fellow amateur actors, for the benefit of the "Guild of Literature and Art;" and, in 1869, the rhymed comedy of "Walpole."

In addition to these brilliant exertions of his talents, the mental activity of Bulwer was shown, in 1841, in his association with Sir David Brewster and Dr. Lardner in the editorship of a valuable periodical, published by the Longmans, entitled "The Monthly Chronicle," to which, with some fine æsthetic essays and criticisms, he contributed an "Historical Review of the State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria." The magazine was of a high character, in advance of most of the works of its class in England, in its philosophical spirit. Nothing, however, was to be suffered long to divert the author from his main career as a novelist. We consequently find him, the same year, adding to the already long series of his writings in this department, the production "Night and Morning," which was speedily followed by "Zanoni," which, indeed, he had commenced with the title "Zicci," in the "Monthly Chronicle." Another volume of poetry, "Eva, the Ill-Omened Marriage," is also to be credited to this period.

We have now reached the year 1843, when, by Royal permission, Sir Edward took the name of Lytton instead of Bulwer for his surname, on coming into possession by his mother's will of the estates in Hertfordshire, to which she was sole heiress. This year was also marked by the publication of his

English historical novel, "The Last of the Barons." In 1844, the fruit of a previous tour in Germany appeared in an excellent volume of poetical translations of the "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," accompanied by an appreciative and well-digested life of the poet. He was now at the age of forty; and the continuous toil, of which the reader, from the bare list of his writings, must have conceived a vivid impression, was showing its effects in shattered bodily health. To repair his constitution, he submitted to a vigorous course of hydropathic treatment in the year 1845, of which he gave an account in his published letter to the novelist, Ainsworth, entitled "Confessions of a Water Patient." His health was, in a great degree, restored by the treatment; and we find him immediately plunged again into his usual course of activities, literary and political. First we have the most successful of his poetical works, the partly satirical "New Timon," a portion of which was published anonymously in 1845, and which was issued in its complete form two years afterwards. Then, also in 1847, came "Lucretia; or, The Children of Night," a romance of crime and intrigue, "full of horrors," outdoing the author's previous stories of this kind, which had its origin in the actual history of the poisoner Wainwright. The painful impression of this work was, however, relieved by the genial humors of "The Caxtons," a philosophical novel of domestic English life, with traces of the study of Sterne in its composition, published first in a serial form in "Blackwood's Magazine," and com-

pleted in 1849. To this succeeded "King Arthur, an Epic in Twelve Books," in which the author, in an amiable spirit, narrated various adventures of the old fairy court—a work which would doubtless be better appreciated by the public, were it not overshadowed by Tennyson's elaborate and exquisite presentation of similar scenes in "The Idylls of the King." Another English historical novel, "Harold, the last of the Saxon Kings," was published by Sir Edward Lytton in 1848. He then, while residing abroad at Nice, resumed the vein of thought and feeling he had so successfully worked in the "Caxtons," by publishing in Blackwood the serial chapters of "My Novel," alleged to be written by Pisistratus Caxton. "The author," says one of his intelligent critics, "who thought this book worth an affectionate dedication to his brother, may be assumed to have meant by its title that he put it forth as his own genuine view of 'The Varieties in English Life.' It is totally unlike everything else he has written. A better book, in the spirit which it breathes, in the tone which it sounds, in the repose of feeling, the breadth of contemplation, the purity of style, has been written by no English novelist of our day. The inhabitants of the rural village of Hazeldean; the Squire's family; good parson Dale and his quick-tempered wife; Dr. Riccabocca, the Italian exile, with his quaint sagacity and his Quixotic oddity, are perfectly alive; while the folk in London—Mr. Audley Egerton, the statesman; Harley L'Estrange, his generous, eccentric friend; the ambitious schemer,

Randal Leslie; wild John Burley, the hack writer; strong Richard Avenel, the Radical who has been in America, seem almost equally real. The humor of the author is so kindly and benignant, his judgments are so tempered with charity and the tolerance of wisdom, and his moral teachings, in this story, are so true and so full of practical good sense, that we prefer to accept "My Novel" as the enduring manifestation of himself, and to put aside most of his other prose fictions as the temporary diversions of a clever writer in various feigned postures of mind.*

We have now to trace the course of Sir Edward in his resumption of his political career. In his early service in Parliament, he had been distinguished by his Whig principles. In the re-adjustment of political affairs, after the Reform Bill had been secured, there were various changes, as witnessed in the life of Disraeli and others, who came to rank themselves on the Conservative side. Sir Edward Lytton was of this class. He adopted the views of the Protectionists, which he advocated in 1852, in a published "Letter to John Bull, Esq., on Affairs connected with his Landed Property and the Persons who Live Thereon," and in the next year was returned a member of the House of Commons for his county of Hertfordshire. Subsequently, on the accession of the Conservative party to power, under Lord Derby, in 1858, he received the cabinet appointment of Secretary of State for the Colonies, which he held a year, distinguishing his term of office by his services to the Colonial settlements of

British Columbia and Queensland. In July, 1866, when Lord Derby was again premier, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton of Knebworth.

To the list of our author's writings we have yet to add "What will He do with It?" first published like the "Caxtons," in "Blackwood's Magazine;" "A Strange Story," which appeared originally in Dickens' "All the Year Round;" "Caxtoniana; or, Essays on Life, Literature, and Manners, by Pisistratus Caxton;" "The Lost Tales of Miletus," a collection of ancient legends in verse; a translation in metres, following the original of the "Odes of Horace," with the latest labors of his long literary career, the novel of "The Parisians," an anonymous work, following upon "The Coming Race," in "Blackwood's Magazine," and another work of fiction, of great spirit and vivacity, a picture of the philosophies of the day, "Kenelm Chillingly, His Adventures and Opinions," which was completed, and had just been announced for publication, while "The Parisians" was yet only partly issued, at the time of the author's death.

This event occurred after an illness of a few days, January 18th, 1873, at Torquay, on the southern coast of England, whither he had resorted for the mildness of the climate. On the 25th, his remains were interred in the chapel of St. Edmund, in Westminster Abbey.

Lord Lytton, in 1827, was married to Miss Rosina Wheeler, of Limerick, in Ireland; but the union proved an unhappy one, and was dissolved by a

* Illustrated "London News," Dec. 4, 1869.

divorce. Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, the only son by this marriage, the successor to his father's title and estates, has achieved a reputation in literature by his poetical productions, published under the name of "Owen Meredith."

A prominent characteristic of Lord Lytton as an author, was his indomitable energy and perseverance, often taking the public by surprise by his successes in the face of adverse criticism. "Whether as novelist, or as poet, or as dramatist," says one of his critics in a posthumous notice, "he never knew when he was beaten. 'The Duchesse de la Valliere' was damned, but he brought out the 'The Lady of Lyons' and 'Money,' both of which took the town by storm, and have remained ever since as what are called stock-pieces on the boards. 'The Siamese Twins' fell still-born, but 'St. Stephens' lives vigorously; 'Falkland' was suppressed, and is long forgotten; but how many others of his novels and romances made the tour of Europe and America, besides being translated into almost every one of the civilized languages? What is especially noticeable, moreover, in regard to his long literary career, is this, that he again and again carefully avoided relying, or, as the phrase is, trading, upon his own reputation as a man of letters. In other words, he, with a curious frequency, brought out now a new poem, now a new play, now a new novel, quite anonymously; in this manner, it is a simple matter of fact to say, winning reputation upon reputation. 'Godolphin,' one of the lighter of his fashionable novels,

ran through several editions in its first season, before its authorship was acknowledged. 'The Lady of Lyons' had been acted nightly for a fortnight before the town knew that it was his. 'The Caxtons, a Family Picture,' stole its way into the public heart, instalment by instalment, before ever the more discerning began to read in between the lines the sweeter and wholesomer manner of Bulwer Lytton. 'The New Timon' and 'King Arthur' had his name first on their respective title-pages upon their second, or, strictly speaking (for they had, first of all, passed through a serial issue), upon their third publication. Enough, however, of the long, radiant, varied career of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Three things more we are desirous of adding. One is this, that his aspiration throughout life as a man of letters,—the title of all others that he (with his stately and knightly lineage, through which he was allied with the Tudors and the Plantagenets) was proudest of, and loved the most dearly,—his aspiration all along as a man of letters, he himself has expressed in a poem penned at thirty years of age, and beginning,—

'I do confess that I have wished to give,
My land the gift of no ignoble name,
And in that holier air have sought to live,
Sunned with the hope of fame.'

"A day-dream, not idly indulged, but one long since and how resplendently realized! Another thing about him is this, that again and again he nobly vindicated the rights and privileges of his calling as an artist and a man of letters. Dramatic authors owe to him in England the security of dra

matic copyright. He was among the first to take part in the long-continued assault made, and at last triumphantly, on the so-called taxes upon knowledge. Brother artists and brother authors found in him one, not only ready, but eager to claim for himself the honor of fraternity. One of his works he charmingly inscribed to Gibson, the sculptor; another, as charmingly, to Ernst, the violinist. When Macready bade adieu to the stage, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, most gracefully and graciously, presided over the farewell banquet. When Charles Dickens was going for the last time to America, Lord Lytton, upon the occasion of that yet more memorable banquet, was chairman, being present in the twofold character of an attached friend and as a brother novelist. Finally, what we are still desirous of saying, has reference to the remark that Lord Lytton was intensely ingrained, in his innermost nature, a chivalrous gentleman. And in attestation that indeed he was so, it will be enough to give here what has never yet been published among his writings, that terse and noble, and, as it seems to us, beautiful inscription, emblazoned round the banqueting hall of his old ancestral home of Knebworth. The words are these:

“ Read the rede of this old roof-tree
 Here be trust fast, opinion free,
 Knightly right hand, Christian knee;
 Worth in all, wit in some;
 Laughter open, slander dumb;
 Health where rooted friendships grow,
 Safe as altar, e'en to foe;
 And the sparks that upwards go
 When the hearth flame dies below,

If thy sap in them may be,
 Fear no winter, Old Roof Tree.”*

The comic journal of England, “Punch,” also, which, amidst its jests and humor, is never wanting, on proper occasions, in the pathetic, had its feeling tribute to the genius of the versatile author;

“ What field of letters but in him may wail
 A leading reaper, fall'n amongst his sheaves,
 A good knight, sleeping knightly in his mail.

What wreath of all set for the victor's prize
 In the arena where brain strives with brain,
 But he or won it, in fair knightly guise,
 Or, if he lost, so lost, to lose seemed gain.

If his each triumph could its trophy claim,
 Upon the coffin in his abbey grave,
 Laurels would leave no room to write a name,
 Known, wide as breezes blow and billows lave.

Novelist, poet, satirist, and sage,
 Nor only sovereign of the study crowned
 By willing thralls of his delightful page,
 Lord of the theatre's tumultuous round.

Then from the Study to the State addrest,
 An orator of mark to claim the ear,
 Which England's Senate yields but to the best,
 Whose wisdom wise men may be fain to hear.

Gracious withal, for all his clustered crowns,
 To those among his lettered brotherhood,
 Stunned by fate's buffets, saddened by her
 frown,
 And quick to help them howsoe'er he could.

He fell in harness, as a soldier ought,
 The ink scarce dry in the unwearied pen,
 Thinking of other battles to be fought,
 New laurels to be culled, new praise of men.

The last proof read, the last correction made,
 Sudden the never-resting brain was still;
 No laurels now, but those that shall be laid
 Upon the marble brow—so deadly chill.”*

* The “Athenæum,” Jan. 25, 1873.

* “Punch; or, London Charivari,” Feb. 1, 1873.

OTTO VON BISMARCK.

THIS astute statesman, whose career must always be regarded with the utmost interest, identified as it is with the important national movement, which, within a brief period, has so vastly aggrandized his country, was born at the ancestral residence of his family, Schönhausen, in the province of Brandenburg, Germany, on the 1st of April, 1815. The family may be traced far back in the old German annals, previous to its connection with Schönhausen, which dates from about the middle of the sixteenth century, when one of its branches became established at that place. Thenceforth, it was honorably represented in various diplomatic and military positions held by its members in the service of the Prussian monarchy, and in other public relations. August Frederick, the great-grandfather of the subject of this notice, an officer of the great Frederick, died on the field of battle, in one of his sovereign's engagements with the Austrians. His son, Charles Alexander, was also in the civil and military service of Frederick the Great; and, in the next generation, Charles William Ferdinand, the father of Otto, was

likewise educated for the army, in which he held a captaincy of horse. He married a daughter of a Privy Councillor of distinction at the court of Frederick William III., Anastatus Ludwig Menken, a lady of a refined education, many accomplishments, and much personal influence. Though she did not live to witness her son's triumphs in public life, she earnestly desired that he should pursue a diplomatic career. She died in 1839, when he was at the age of twenty-four, her husband following her to the grave a few years after, in 1845.

The early years of Count Bismarck were passed at Kniephof, an estate in Pomerania, to which his parents had succeeded, and which subsequently came into his possession. His education was commenced at Berlin, where the family resided in the winter. It was conducted at the best schools of the city, first at a boarding-school, and afterwards at the Frederick William Gymnasium; and the usual full course of instruction of these establishments was supplemented by additional studies of the modern languages, in which he was led by various private tutors. In this way, the basis was



Wilmund. Rosenzweig

laid of his later consummate knowledge of French and English. At school he was noted for his intelligence; and exhibited, it is said, a marked preference for historical studies. At the age of seventeen, he was sent to study law at the University of Gottingen, where he signalized his sudden initiation into student life by a rapid succession of duels, according to the habit of the place, escaping, as usual, in most of such encounters, with little harm. An accidental wound from the fracture of his adversary's sword-blade, however, left a permanent scar on his cheek. It was in fact, rather for his free, rollicking life, than as a student, that he was known at the University. He neglected the lectures, and when the time came to pass his examination in jurisprudence, he was able to undergo the trial only by cramming at the last moment, with the aid of his native dexterity. There was little promise certainly of the future Chancellor at Gottingen. Among the numerous friendships, however, which he formed there, were several with persons who subsequently became distinguished, among them the American Motley, the historian of the Dutch Republic, and Minister to England. Returning to Berlin, he now became engaged there in a subordinate official employment as clerk or examiner in the city police department, in which it is said he exhibited his sense of humor by many characteristic pranks. It was at a court ball at this time, in the winter of 1835-'36, that he first met the sovereign to whom he was to render such valuable services, then the Royal Prince. The young advocate was then shortly

after transferred to the department of administration at Aix-La-Chapelle; but displaying there more of the follies of youth than attention to the affairs of the Crown Court, and being involved in consequence in various "scrapes," had his position exchanged for another of like character at Potsdam. In 1838, we find him entering the Jager Guard, to fulfil the military duties enjoined on all his countrymen; and subsequently, having acquired some knowledge of agriculture by attendance upon lectures on the subject, entering on the administration of the family estates in Pomerania, which had fallen into neglect. When, by his supervision, they had again become profitable, he sought refuge from encroaching *ennui* in hard riding and feats of dissipation. "In his youthful fancy," writes his biographer, Hesekiel, "he had formed a certain ideal of a country Junker; hence he had no carriage, performed all his journeys on horseback, and astonished the neighborhood by riding from eighteen to thirty miles to evening assemblies. Strange scenes occurred as he dashed restlessly, to kill time, through the fields, sometimes in solitude, sometimes in the company of gay companions and guests. Strange stories, too, were current about their nocturnal carouses, at which none could equal him in emptying the great beaker filled with porter and champagne. But, despite of his wild life and actions, he felt a continually increasing sense of loneliness; and the same Bismarck who gave himself to jolly carouses among the officers of the neighboring garrisons, sank, when alone, into the bitterest and most des-

olate state of reflection. He suffered from that disgust of life common to the boldest officers at certain times, and which has been called 'first lieutenant's melancholy.' The less real pleasure he had in his wild career, the madder it became; and he earned himself a fearful reputation among the elder ladies and gentlemen, who predicted the moral and pecuniary ruin of 'Mad Bismarck,' as he was called."

But this apparently reckless course was associated with other trials which showed that the wild outbursts were only the fermentation of a strong, generous, impatient disposition. If, on occasion, he drank to excess with his companions, at other hours he "miserably bored" them with political dissertations which were then by no means the affectation or delight of the society in which he moved. He was withal, too, a devoted reader, devouring books of history, theology and philosophy, parcels of which he received from his bookseller, and in particular, studied Spinoza earnestly. He also, about this time, visited France and England, and resumed his state official duties at Potsdam, qualifying himself for future employments. One day, in 1842, while he was on duty as a cavalry officer, his groom, the son of the forester on his estate, leading his horse to water at a lake, lost his footing, and would have been drowned, had not Bismarck, stripping off his uniform, plunged in after him, and at great peril to himself, rescued him from death. For this he obtained the first of his decorations, the simple Prussian Safety Medal, worn afterwards on his

breast by the side of the many brilliant stars won by his services to the State. This period of his life closes with his marriage, in July, 1847, to Fräulein von Puthkammer, a lady of honorable parentage, with whom, after a wedding tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the course of which he met King Frederick William at Venice, he settled down for a time at his birth-place, the old family mansion at Schönhausen, which had come into his possession on a division of the estates. Three children have been born from this union, a daughter the following year at Schönhausen; Nicholas Ferdinand Herbert, in 1849, at Berlin; and William Otto Albert, in 1852, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

It was about the time of the marriage of Bismarck, that the politics of Germany entered upon a new phase in the approaches made toward a national representation. Under the auspices of a new sovereign, King Frederick William IV., a convocation of the various principalities was held in 1847, a United Diet as it was called, to which Bismarck was sent as the representative of his provincial Diet. He distinguished himself at once in this body as the opponent of liberalism, placing himself on the extreme right or conservative side, and advocating in the strongest terms the pretensions of the royal prerogative. In his ardor as a speaker, he is said to have expressed the opinion that all cities should be levelled with the ground, for the opportunities they afforded as centres of constitutionalism and democracy. When a bill was introduced removing the civil disabilities

of Jews, he opposed it, maintaining that the problem of the State was to realize and verify the doctrine of Christianity, and that this was not at all likely to be accomplished by the aid of such allies. For this speech he was assailed as a reactionary with ideas from the dark ages. One thing, however, reconciled him to the assembly of the United Diet, he saw in it a step towards a dominant Prussian State Government. Then came the Revolution in Paris, of 1848, preparatory to the popular struggle in Germany, during which he stood unmoved on the side of prerogative, vigorously denouncing the destructive spirit of the times. Taking his seat in the second United Diet in April, he continued his protests against the revolutionary spirit of the hour, and having been elected member of the Second Chamber of the Diet of 1849, vigorously opposed the new Constitution and the Frankfort Parliament, constantly detending the threatened sovereignty of Prussia. A strong military national Prussian policy was his ideal. Referring to the frequent political illustrations in the debates drawn from English precedents, he said: "Give us everything English that we do not possess; give us English piety and English respect for the law; give us the entire English Constitution, but with this the entire relations of the English landlords, English wealth and English common-sense—then it will be possible to govern in a similar manner. The Prussian Crown must not be forced into the powerless position of the English Crown, which appears more

like an elegant ornament at the apex of the edifice of the State. In ours, I recognize the supporting pillar." "Our watchword," he wrote, in a friend's album, in 1850, "is not 'a United State at any price,' but 'the independence of the Prussian Crown at every price.'"

In May, 1851, Bismarck received from the King the appointment of First Secretary of the Embassy to the Diet at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, with the title of Privy Councillor; and, in the following August, received the rank of Ambassador. "The duties of this position were at this time exceptionally difficult, as the circumstances of Prussia were exceptionally critical. Bismarck expressed the conviction that Austria would strive to retain Prussia in such a state of humiliation as would end in the final destruction of Germany; and, in spite of his traditional inclination to the Austrian alliance, he resolved upon opposition. Notwithstanding the antagonism which arose from his claims to achieve for Prussia an equality with Austria at the Diet, Bismarck lived on terms of greater or less friendship and intimacy with a series of three Austrian Ambassadors who were his contemporaries at Frankfort—a circumstance in great part owing to the fact that in his federal policy, he went hand in hand with them. In May, 1852, he was intrusted with an important mission to Vienna, on which occasion he followed the imperial court into Hungary; and in the summer of the following year, fulfilled other missions in various parts of Europe. During the summer of 1855, he visited the Exhibition at Paris, and was introduced to

the Emperor of the French, with whom, on a subsequent visit to Paris in 1857, he had his first special political conference. He was recalled from his Frankfort mission in 1859, and sent as Prussian Ambassador to the court of St. Petersburg. Here, amongst other duties, he endeavored to further the plans he had conceived at Frankfort, of an alliance between Russia, France, and Prussia, for the purpose of securing to Prussia supremacy in Germany, in the interests of German unity. His residence at St. Petersburg, varied by several absences to different parts of Russia and Germany, extended to 1862, by which time he had gained the esteem and confidence of the Czar, who conferred on him the order of St. Alexander Newski.

"On the 23d of May of this year," continuing the abstract of his career in the "English Cyclopædia," "he was appointed ambassador to Paris, and delivered his credentials to the Emperor on the 1st of June; at the end of which month he took a short trip to the Exhibition in London, returning to Paris on the 5th of July. His mission to France commenced with the best of omens, but it was of short continuance; for, whilst enjoying an excursion to the Pyrenees, he was summoned by telegraph to Berlin, where he arrived in September, 1862, to undertake, in extremely critical circumstances, the Premiership and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. It was to be his task to uphold the kingdom of Prussia against the parliamentary spirit, and to accomplish the new organization of the army, on which the future of Prussia and of Germany de-

pendent. But he could not overcome the resistance of the Chamber of Deputies to the re-organization of the army, which they opposed as tending to weaken the landwehr and to strengthen the army, the representative of reaction. On the 29th of September, 1862, he announced the withdrawal of the budget for 1863, 'because the government considered it their duty not to allow the obstacles towards a settlement to increase in volume.' He then announced his purpose and his aims as clearly as he dared, and concluded with the expression that 'Prussia must hold her power together for the favorable opportunity, which had already been some time neglected; the frontiers of Prussia were not favorable to a good state constitution. The great questions of the day were not to be decided by speeches and majorities—this had been the error of 1848 and 1849—but by iron and blood!' The Chamber responded by arriving at a resolution, on the 7th of October, by which all expenditures were declared unconstitutional if declined by the national representatives; and, having thus proved itself hopelessly impracticable for Bismarck's purposes, the Session of the Diet was closed on the 13th of October, by a royal message. Immediately after assuming the Ministry, in December, 1862, Bismarck opened negotiations with Austria, with whom he was prepared to enter into coalition, if she could decide upon the dismissal of that enemy of Prussian policy, Schwarzenberg, and give Prussia her proper position in Germany. He expressed his convictions to Count Karolyi, that the relations of Prussia

to Austria 'must unavoidably change for the better or the worse;' and repeated that it would be for the advantage of Austria herself to allow to Prussia such a position in the Germanic Confederation, as would render it consonant with the interest of Prussia to throw all her strength into the common cause. But the overtures of Bismarck, as recapitulated in his famous circular despatch of the 24th of January, 1863, were of little or no avail. To this period belongs the conclusion of the Prusso-Russian treaty, on the common measures to be pursued for the suppression of the Polish insurrection. This convention, by which the friendly relations of Prussia and Russia were confirmed, has, according to the complaints of Bismarck's apologists, been frequently misinterpreted; and it excited so much indignation in London and Paris that it was at last formally abandoned. At a moment when war seemed imminent between Prussia and Austria, the world was startled at seeing them ally themselves for the purpose of an aggressive war against Denmark, for the recovery to Germany of Schleswig and Holstein; and the victorious standard of Prussia was planted on the walls of Düppel, in April, 1864. On the occasion of a visit which Bismarck now paid to Vienna, he was received with great distinction by the Emperor Franz Joseph, from whom he received the Order of St. Stephen, whilst by his own sovereign he was invested with the Order of the Black Eagle. In the summer of 1865, when it has been assumed that Bismarck already believed that the hour of the great

conflict between Prussia and Austria had arrived, the treaty of Gastein was concluded, August 14th, which divided the co-dominion of Prussia and Austria in Holstein and Schleswig. On the 13th of September, 1865, Bismarck was raised to the rank of a Prussian Count; and before the year was at an end, had become firmly convinced that Austria had returned to the central state policy, the advocate of which was the Freiherr von Beust. On the 7th of May, 1866, Count Bismarck, who was abroad for the first time after a severe illness, escaped from a determined attempt at assassination, made in open day (five o'clock, p. m.), in the centre alleé of the Unter den Linden, at Berlin. The preparations for war were complete; and, aided by an alliance with Italy, the Prussian columns set out for that sharp, short struggle, which is still in the memory of Europe and the world. On the 18th of June, Prussia formally declared war against Austria; on the 29th, the first news of victory arrived at Berlin; on the 30th, Bismarck left the capital, in the suite of the king, for the seat of war; and, on the 3d of July, the Austrians sustained the decisive defeat of Sadowa. In the final days of July, the preliminaries were settled at Count Mensdorff's castle of Nicolsburg, resulting in the peace of Prague, which was probably facilitated by the attitude assumed by the Emperor Napoleon, who, in his speech to the French Chambers, declared that he had arrested the conqueror at the gates of Vienna. On the 4th of August, Bismarck returned with the king to Berlin; and, on the next day came the

solemn opening of the Diet. Peace treaties with individual states now occupied the Minister-President, together with the consolidation of the conquered provinces, and the formation of that North German Confederation, of which he was appointed Chancellor, on the 14th of July, 1867. In this year, one of the principal things which drew attention to Bismarck, was the question of Luxembourg; and war with France was avoided by a declaration of its neutrality."

Peace, however, between the nations was not of long continuance. France, impatient of the growing preponderance of Prussia in the councils of Europe, after her victory over Austria, sensitively watched her aggrandizement; and when, in the summer of 1870, it was known that General Prim, the provisional head of the Spanish government, had made overtures to Prince Leopold, of Hohenzollern, to occupy the throne of that country, it was looked upon by the French as an alliance, bringing a new increase of political power or influence to the royal house of Prussia. Explanations were required of the government at Berlin; and, in reply to the remonstrance, it was asserted that the act was entirely independent of the crown, and could not be regarded as a Prussian state measure; and, still further to relieve that country of any embarrassment, the Prince, by a communication from his father, was withdrawn as a candidate for the Spanish throne. The French ambassador, not content with this, demanding a pledge from the King of Prussia in regard to any future action in the matter, was

indignantly refused; when the Emperor of the French, observing the impulse of the nation, hastily declared war, and prepared, on the instant, to put his armies in the field. The issue called forth the best powers of Bismarck, who, as Foreign Minister of the North German Confederation, was entrusted with the diplomacy of the country, and had now the difficult task of conciliating the South German governments. But his Prussian policy, strengthened by his successes over Austria, was now to enjoy its full triumph. At the cry of national unity, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg sent their troops to the field. The old hostility to France was awakened, and united Germany was on the instant in arms to defend the sacred territory of the Rhine. Bismarck accompanied the King to the war, assisted him with his counsels throughout the brilliant campaign; and, when its numerous victories were closed in negotiation, secured for his conquering country the cession of Alsace and Lorraine, with the enormous pecuniary concessions demanded for the abandonment of hostilities. Germany, then, under his successful policy, which had been carried on with unwearied activity and a consummate mastery of events, became a United Nation; and Bismarck, the most successful statesman of modern times, received, in recognition of his services, from his sovereign the King of Prussia, now also Emperor of Germany, the position of Chancellor of the German Empire, with the highest rank, for a subject, of hereditary Prince of the Empire. The Emperor also conferred upon him a valuable estate.



S. M. Fuller

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, the eldest child of Timothy Fuller and Margaret Crane, was born in Cambridgeport, Massachusetts, on the 23d of May, 1810. In an unfinished sketch of her youth, prepared at the age of thirty as an introductory chapter to an autobiographical romance, she speaks of her father as "a man largely endowed with that sagacious energy which the state of New England society, for the last half century, has been so well fitted to develop." He was the son of Timothy Fuller, a clergyman, settled as pastor in Princeton, Massachusetts, was educated at Harvard, where he graduated in 1801; then studied law, practised with success in Boston, became distinguished as a Democratic politician and speaker, being elected State Senator in 1813, an office which he held for three years, when he became a Member of Congress, and so continued for eight years, after which he was Speaker of the Massachusetts Legislature and Member of the State Executive Council. In this career we read the evidence of a prompt, acute, decided character; he had, doubtless, turned all his faculties to account, and valued highly the

studies and exertions by which he had attained his successes. Fond of learning, he undertook himself the education of his daughter Margaret, which he pursued with his accustomed energy, by a process which came near crushing both the mind and body of his pupil. "My father," writes Margaret, "was a man of business, even in literature; he had been a high scholar at college, and was warmly attached to all that he had learned there, both from the pleasure he had derived in the exercise of his faculties and the associated memories of success and good repute. He was, beside, well read in French literature, and in English, a Queen Anne's man. He hoped to make me the heir of all he knew, and of as much more as the income of his profession enabled him to give me means of acquiring. At the very beginning, he made one great mistake, more common, it is to be hoped, in the last generation, than the warnings of physiologists will permit it to be with the next. He thought to gain time, by bringing forward the intellect as early as possible. Thus I had tasks given me, as many and various as the hours would allow, and on subjects

beyond my age; with the additional disadvantage of reciting to him in the evening, after he returned from his office. As he was subject to many interruptions, I was often kept up till very late; and, as he was a severe teacher, both from his habits of mind and his ambition for me, my feelings were kept on the stretch till the recitations were over. Thus, frequently, I was sent to bed several hours too late, with nerves unnaturally stimulated. The consequence was a premature development of the brain, that made me a 'youthful prodigy' by day, and by night a victim of spectral illusions, nightmare, and somnambulism, which at the time prevented the harmonious development of my bodily powers, and checked my growth, while, later, they induced continual headache, weakness, and nervous affections of all kinds. As these again re-acted on the brain, giving undue force to every thought and every feeling, there was finally produced a state of being both too active and too intense, which wasted my constitution, and will bring me—even although I have learned to understand and regulate my now morbid temperament—to a premature grave."

If this last reflection is not to be taken altogether literally, there was certainly enough in the course of studies enforced under the paternal superintendence to justify the most serious apprehensions. At six, we are told in the same fragment of autobiography, the child having been taught Latin and English grammar together, began to read Latin, and continued to read it daily for some years; at first instructed by her father and afterwards

by a tutor, the utmost precision and accuracy being always exacted. With Horace, Virgil, and Ovid—with their lessons of literary refinement, and the great examples of Roman history thus early engrafted on her character—for her quick intellect and susceptible temperament were ready to receive all—she had, for her own amusement and gratification, when these tasks of the day were over, free access, on her father's book-shelves, to the best French writers of the eighteenth century, and a copious stock of the Queen Anne authors and later novelists. She has recalled her first acquaintance with Shakespeare when she was eight years old, taking down the volume containing "Romeo and Juliet," and becoming entranced in its passionate story, till the book—it being Sunday, and "plays" for that day being on the prohibited list—was taken from her with a reprimand by her father. Again she was found with the book, the same cold winter afternoon, when, for this second act of disobedience, she was sent to her dark room to bed—but "by the vision splendid was on her way attended," and there was no gloom to her while her imagination was working out for itself the problem of the ill-fated lover's destiny. Her father then could not understand this absorption of her faculties, and consequent indifference, for the time, to his commands; but he lived long enough to learn, by observation of its effects upon others, something of the force of his child's native genius. Shakespeare became a new world of thought and action to her, and in a less degree also Cervantes and Molière. She was for

fortunate in her intimacy with these authors, and her liking for them in youth shows a vein of sterling strong sense in her character; when a less vigorous temperament might have been carried away by false sentiment and vulgar enthusiasm. From their great works, she learnt at once to think, and to take an interest in and put a proper estimate upon real life. With her fine critical perceptions, she notices this in the fragment already cited. "These men, Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Molière," she says, "were all alike in this, they loved the *natural history* of man. Not what he should be, but what he is, was the favorite subject of their thought. Whenever a noble leading opened to the eye new paths of light, they rejoiced; but it was never fancy, but always fact, that inspired them. They loved a thorough penetration of the murkiest dens and most tangled paths of nature; they did not spin from the desires of their own special natures, but reconstructed the world from materials which they collected on every side. Thus their influence upon me was not to prompt me to follow out thought in myself so much as to detect it everywhere; for each of these men is not only a nature, but a happy interpreter of many natures."

In the same way, she insensibly learned to appreciate the objective side—well nigh the only side—of the Roman character, from her familiarity with the classic authors, and the somewhat Roman method of her father by which that acquaintance was enforced. "He made," says she, in a passage of her writings, which may be taken as

an admirable and not unusual example of the perspicacity and eloquence of her philosophical powers, "the common prose world so present to me, that my natural bias was controlled. My own world sank deep within, away from the surface of my life; in what I did and said, I learned to have reference to other minds. But my true life was only the dearer, that it was secluded and veiled over by a thick curtain of available intellect, and that coarse but wearable stuff woven by the ages—Common Sense. In accordance with this discipline in heroic common sense, was the influence of those great Romans, whose thoughts and lives were my daily food during those plastic years. The genius of Rome displayed itself in Character, and scarcely needed an occasional wave of the torch of thought to show its lineaments, so marble strong they gleamed in every light. Who, that has lived with those men, but admires the plain force of fact, of thought passed into action? They take up things with their naked hands. There is just the man, and the block he casts before you,—no divinity, no demon, no unfulfilled aim, but just the man and Rome, and what he did for Rome. Everything turns your attention to what a man can become, not by yielding himself freely to impressions, not by letting nature play freely through him, but by a single, though an earnest purpose, an indomitable will, by hardihood, self-command, and force of expression."

In reflections like these, we may recognize a subtle power of analysis, with a breadth of generalization wor-

thy of Madame De Staël, qualities which were not ripened without much thought and experience, but which had an early development from these precocious studies of her girlhood. Few eminent scholars, struggling in youth for University honors, and preparing for a career of exclusive literary labor, have made such attainments, in the same period of life, in philosophy and various learning, as Margaret Fuller accomplished long before she was twenty. Writing to a friend, in 1825, at the age of fifteen, in answer to her request, she gives this sketch of her pursuits at Cambridge; and no matured student or professor at the neighboring College, spurred by necessity or ambition, we may safely say, could have been more diligently employed. "I rise a little before five"—she is writing of the long summer days of July—"walk an hour, and then practice on the piano till seven, when we breakfast. Next I read French—Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe"—till eight; then two or three lectures in Brown's "Philosophy." About half past nine, I go to Mr. Perkins's school and study Greek till twelve, when, the school being dismissed, I recite, go home and practice again till dinner, at two. Sometimes, if the conversation is very agreeable, I lounge for half an hour over the dessert, though rarely so lavish of time. Then, when I can, I read two hours in Italian, but I am often interrupted. At six, I walk or take a drive. Before going to bed, I play or sing for half an hour or so, to make all sleepy, and, about eleven, retire to write a little while in my journal, exercises on what I have

read, or a series of characteristics which I am filling up according to advice. Thus, you see, I am learning Greek, and making acquaintance with metaphysics and French and Italian literature." Nor was this any blind devotion to routine, or merely mechanical employment of her faculties. It had even then a conscious purpose, firmly fixed in her resolution—the determination, at any cost, to reach the highest possible attainments, with the bright reward, if not of fame, at least of the happiness which her nature craved, in the distance. "I am determined," she writes in the communication just cited, "on distinction, which formerly I thought to win at an easy rate; but now I see that long years of labor must be given to secure even the *succès de société*, which, however, shall never content me. I see multitudes of persons of genius utterly deficient in grace and the power of pleasurable excitement. I wish to combine both. I know the obstacles in my way. I am wanting in that intuitive tact and polish which nature has bestowed upon some, but which I must acquire. And, on the other hand, my powers of intellect, though sufficient, I suppose, are not well disciplined. Yet all such hindrances may be overcome by an ardent spirit. If I fail, my consolation shall be found in active employment." Surely this is a very remarkable self-analysis for a girl of fifteen. Fortunately there was combined with this self-knowledge and introspection, which might otherwise have degenerated into morbid disappointment, a power of will, with a love of industry sure to lead to some beneficent result.

A year later we find the same process of learned acquisition still going on. It had relaxed nothing in the interval. "I am studying," she writes to the same friend, "Madame de Staël, Epictetus, Milton, Racine, and 'Castilian Ballads,' with great delight. There's an assemblage for you. Now tell me, had you rather be the brilliant De Staël or the useful Edgeworth?—though De Staël is useful too, but it is on the grand scale, on liberalizing, regenerating principles, and has not the immediate practical success that Edgeworth has." And again, at the beginning of 1827; "as to my studies, I am engrossed in reading the elder Italian poets, beginning with Berni, from whom I shall proceed to Pulci and Politian. I read, very critically, Miss Francis (Lydia Maria Child), and I think of reading Locke, as introductory to a course of English metaphysics, and then De Staël on Locke's system." Her relative, the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, then a student of divinity at Cambridge University, became acquainted with Margaret Fuller in 1829; and, in his valuable contribution to her biography, has recorded his recollections of her in this and the few subsequent years while he was her intimate companion. "During this period," says he, "her intellect was intensely active. With what eagerness did she seek for knowledge! What fire, what exuberance, what reach, grasp, overflow of thought, shone in her conversation! She needed a friend to whom to speak of her studies, to whom to express the ideas which were dawning and taking shape in her mind. She accepted me for this friend,

and to me it was a gift of the gods, an influence like no other." Evidences, indeed, of her cultivated powers at this early period are multiplied on every side, in the testimony of all who knew her. The Rev. Dr. F. H. Hedge, then in the first years of his ministry, settled in the Congregational Church at West Cambridge, speaks of something more than mere acquisition, of her attractive personal qualities, by which she became nobly distinguished, in her intercourse with acquaintances of her own sex, virtues which ripened and expanded into a wide and genuine philanthropy. "Where she felt an interest," he writes, "she awakened an interest. Without flattery or art, by the truth and nobleness of her nature, she won the confidence, and made herself the friend and intimate of a large number of young ladies—the belles of their day—with most of whom she remained in correspondence during the greater part of her life. In our evening reunions, she was always conspicuous by the brilliancy of her wit, which needed but little provocation to break forth in exuberant sallies, that drew around her a knot of listeners, and made her the central attraction of the hour. Her conversation, as it was then, I have seldom heard equalled. It was not so much attractive as commanding. Though remarkably fluent and select, it was neither fluency, nor choice diction, nor wit, nor sentiment, that gave it its peculiar power, but accuracy of statement, keen discrimination, and a certain weight of judgment, which contrasted strongly and charmingly with the youth and sex of the speaker. I do not remember that

the vulgar charge of talking 'like a book' was ever fastened upon her, although, by her precision, she might seem to have incurred it. The fact was, her speech, though finished and true as the most deliberate rhetoric of the pen, had always an air of spontaneity which made it seem the grace of the moment—the result of some organic provision that made finished sentences as natural to her as blundering and hesitation are to most of us. With a little more imagination, she would have made an excellent improvisatrice."

Hitherto her studies had lain chiefly in the classics, French and Italian authors, and the abundant literature of her own language. In 1832, she added to these already large resources the study of German, to which she was attracted by the articles of Carlyle—likely enough to impress any ardent young student by their insight and feeling—on Jean Paul, Goethe, and others, which he was at that time publishing in the leading Reviews. In about three months, we are told by Dr. Clarke, Margaret was reading with ease the master-pieces of German literature. Within the year, she had read Goethe's "Faust," "Tasso," "Iphigenia," "Hermann and Dorothea," "Elective Affinities" and "Memoirs;" Tieck's "William Lovel," "Prince Zerbino," and other works; Korner, Novalis, and something of Richter; all of Schiller's principal dramas, and his lyric poetry. German coming latest in her course of studies, she brought to her reading a prepared mind, and thus was enabled to derive the greatest profit from her new acquisition, which, of itself, in its force and freshness, was so

well calculated to kindle anew her enthusiasm by lighting her on her way to the grandest accomplishments of modern thought.

We hear little meanwhile of original composition beyond an occasional letter. Dr. Hedge tells us that, in her early days at Cambridge, she wrote with difficulty, and without external pressure would probably never have written at all. This was doubtless an advantage to her; for, with her passion for conversation, she was still disciplining her mind, and acquiring that command and dexterity of thought which would render her works all the more effective for being delayed. It is generally, if not always, a misfortune to rush hastily into print. Something may at times be gained by practice; but it is better that this experience or its equivalent should be acquired in some other way. We cannot regret, therefore, that, while in her teens, Miss Fuller enthusiastically planned no less than six historical tragedies, and a series of tales illustrative of Hebrew history, she did not write them. The attempts which she made upon the dramatic works served to show her, she says, "the vast difference between conception and execution," while she wisely concluded that the other project "required a thorough and imbuing knowledge of the Hebrew manners and spirit, with a chastened energy of imagination which I am as yet (she writes) far from possessing."

In 1833, the family residence was changed from Cambridge to Groton, Massachusetts, whither Margaret accompanied her father, something to

her regret in the change, for she thus lost the immediate intercourse with the enlightened friends whose society she had cultivated at the former place; but she did not intermit her usual studies, the motive for which lay solely in the unresting demands of her own nature. We find her also in her new home, engaged in the work of teaching, having several of the younger members of the family under her charge, for five days in the week, instructing them daily in three languages, in geography, history, and other studies, while, in the illness of her mother, a large share of the cares of the household also fell to her lot. The death of her father, in 1835, was, from the inadequate estate which he left, attended with new trials for the family. Compelled to rely on her own resources, the greatest disappointment accompanying which was the loss of a trip, which she had promised herself, to Europe, in company with her friends, the Farrers and Miss Martineau—on her return home, she soon found the means of independent support for herself, by turning her talents and acquirements to account as a teacher. This necessitated a departure from Groton—the scene of much unhappiness to her, the sad recollections of which are recorded in a touching passage from her pen. “The place is beautiful, in its way, but its scenery is too tamely smiling and sleeping. My associations with it are most painful. There darkened round us the effects of my father’s ill-judged exchange—ill-judged, so far at least as regarded himself, mother and me—all violently rent from the habits of our former life,

and cast upon toils for which we were unprepared: there my mother’s health was impaired, and mine destroyed; there my father died; there were undergone the miserable perplexities of a family that has lost its head; there I passed through the conflicts needed to give up all which my heart had for years desired, and to tread a path for which I had no skill, and no call, except that it must be trodden by some one, and I alone was ready. Wachuset and the Peterboro’ hills are blended in my memory with hours of anguish as great as I am capable of suffering. I used to look at them towering to the sky, and feel that I too, from birth, had longed to rise; and, though for the moment crushed, was not subdued. But if those beautiful hills, and wide, rich fields saw this sad lore well learned, they also saw some precious lessons given in faith, fortitude, self-command, and unselfish love. There, too, in solitude, the mind acquired more power of concentration, and discerned the beauty of strict method; there, too, more than all, the heart was awakened to sympathize with the ignorant, to pity the vulgar, to hope for the seemingly worthless, and to commune with the Divine Spirit of Creation, which cannot err, which never sleeps, which will not permit evil to be permanent, nor in its aim of beauty in the smallest particular eventually to fail.”

With such experiences, consolations and aspirations, Miss Fuller, in the autumn of 1836, went to Boston, with the design of teaching Latin and French in Mr. Alcott’s school of young children, and of forming classes of her own in French, German, and Italian.

The former, she naturally found "quite exhausting," though she took pleasure in the children, "had many valuable thoughts suggested" by them, and profited by her discussions with the philosophic Alcott, while thinking him too impatient of the complex relations of man in the world in his theory of education. Her own peculiar work, the formation of the classes, spite of the pressure of ill-health and some difficulties at the start, enlisted her best faculties, and she accomplished much in a short time. At the end of six months, she had this encouraging report to make in a letter to a friend. The detail shows that her time was most diligently employed. "To one class," says she, "I taught the German language, and thought it good success when, at the end of three months, they could read twenty pages of German at a lesson, and very well. This class, of course, was not interesting, except in the way of observation and analysis of language. With more advanced pupils, I read, in twenty-four weeks, Schiller's 'Don Carlos,' 'Artists,' and 'Song of the Bell,' besides giving a sort of general lecture on Schiller; Goethe's 'Hermann and Dorothea,' 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' 'Iphigenia,' first part of 'Faust'—three weeks of thorough study this, as valuable to me as to them—and 'Clavigo'—thus comprehending samples of all his efforts in poetry, and bringing forward some of his prominent opinions; Lessing's 'Nathan,' 'Minna,' 'Emilia Galeotti;' parts of Tieck's 'Phantasia,' and nearly the whole first volume of Richter's 'Titan.' With the Italian class, I read parts of Tasso, Petrarch—whom they

came to almost adore—Ariosto, Alfieri, and the whole hundred cantos of the 'Divina Commedia,' with the aid of the fine 'Athenæum' copy of Flaxman's designs, and all the best commentaries. This last piece of work was and will be truly valuable to myself." In addition, Miss Fuller had three private pupils, one of them a boy who had not the use of his eyes. "I taught him," she says, "Latin orally, and read the 'History of England' and Shakespeare's historical plays in connection. This lesson was given every day for ten weeks, and was very interesting, though very fatiguing." And, as if all this were not enough, the overwrought teacher was studying and working upon the life of Goethe for a biographical volume of Mr. Ripley's series of "Foreign Literature." An evening of the week was given to Dr. Channing, when she translated German authors for his gratification; but here the pleasure she took in his society, and her admiration for his kindly philosophic nature, more than made amends for any labor she may have undertaken. It was mental toil, nevertheless, and adds to our admiration of her truly heroic task work.

An invitation to Providence, Rhode Island, to become the principal teacher in the Greene St. School for the instruction of the young, in the Spring of 1837, withdrew Miss Fuller for the time from Boston and induced her to abandon her projected life of Goethe. To her new task she brought her accustomed spirit, devoting four hours a day to the work, and endeavoring to infuse into her pupils, mainly the elder girls, but including also younger child

ren of both sexes, something of taste and philosophy as well as the usual routine of learning. "General activity of mind," she writes at the start, "accuracy in processes, constant looking for principles, and search after the good and the beautiful, are the habits I strive to develop." Keenly alive to the study of character and to every association of art or literature, we find her at one time present at "the Whig Caucus" to listen to one of the famous old political orators of Rhode Island, Tristram Burgess, whose matter and manner she observes with a critic's eye, yet with a kindly feeling and generous interpretation of the man. Then there is a visit from John Neal, who addresses her scholars in his frank, manly, independent way, and impresses the mistress vividly with the strength and vivacity of his opinions. Whipple, the lecturer, too, is attentively listened to and fairly appreciated, with Hague, the Baptist preacher of Providence, who, probably, has never been better complimented than by this unorthodox woman. How just also is her estimate of the thought and character of Richard H. Dana, whose lectures on Shakespeare, fresh as she was from the study of the profoundest critical literature of Germany, kindle her admiration. "The introductory was beautiful. After assigning to literature its high place in the education of the human soul, he announced his own view in giving these readings: that he should never pander to a popular love of excitement, but quietly, without regard to brilliancy or effect, would tell what had struck him in these poets; that he had no belief in artificial processes of ac-

quisition or communication, and having never learned anything except through love, he had no hope of teaching any but loving spirits. All this was arrayed in a garb of most delicate grace. * * His naïve gestures, the rapt expression of his face, his introverted eye, and the almost childlike simplicity of his pathos, carry me back into a purer atmosphere, to live over again youth's fresh emotions." The acting of Fanny Kemble, whom she saw in Boston, excited her deeper sympathies. A sight of the casts of antique sculpture in the Athenæum revealed to her something of the spirit of Greek art, of which in books and prints she was now becoming a devoted student. She absolutely revelled, with an enthusiastic wonder, as she grasped all that could be learnt in America of Raphael and Michael Angelo, while she entered with a lively sympathy into all that was worthy her esteem in the works of native artists, looking through the canvas or marble for the hidden sentiment which inspired them, and sometimes, perhaps, supplying more than was meant from the stores of her own thought and suffering. There is a beautiful illustration of this in the verses which she wrote, suggested by seeing the design of Crawford's Orpheus, in which the prophetic bard was represented shading his eyes with his hand as he proceeded on his errand of love and beauty.

Each Orpheus must to the depths descend,
 For only thus the Poet can be wise ;
 Must make the sad Persephone his friend,
 And buried love to second life arise ;
 Again his love must lose through too much love,
 Must lose his life by living life too true,
 For what he sought below is passed above,
 Already done is all that he would do ;

Must tune all being with his single lyre,
 Must melt all rocks free from their primal pain,
 Must search all nature with his one soul's fire,
 Must bind anew all forms in heavenly chain:
 If he already sees what he must do,
 Well may he shade his eyes from the far-shin-
 ing view.

It is of interest to note the impression which Miss Fuller made upon Ralph Waldo Emerson when he first became particularly acquainted with her while she was on a visit to his house at Concord in the summer of 1836. "I still," he writes some fifteen years afterward, "remember the first half hour of Margaret's conversation. She was then twenty-six years old. She had a face and frame that would indicate fulness and tenacity of life. She was rather under the middle height; her complexion was fair, with strong fair hair. She was then, as always, carefully and becomingly dressed, and of ladylike self-possession. For the rest, her appearance had nothing prepossessing. Her extreme plainness,—a trick of incessantly opening and shutting her eyelids,—the nasal tone of her voice,—all repelled; and I said to myself, we shall never get far. * * I believe I fancied her too much interested in personal history; and her talk was a comedy in which dramatic justice was done to everybody's foibles. I remember that she made me laugh more than I liked; for I was at that time an eager scholar of Ethics, and had tasted the sweets of solitude and stoicism; and I found something profane in the hours of amusing gossip into which she drew me, and, when I returned to my library, had much to think of the crackling of thorns under a pot. Margaret, who had stuffed me

out as a philosopher, in her own fancy, was too intent on establishing a good footing between us, to omit any art of winning. She studied my tastes, piqued and amused me, challenged frankness by frankness, and did not conceal the good opinion of me she had brought with her, nor her wish to please. She was curious to know my opinions and experiences. Of course it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault. She had an incredible variety of anecdotes, and the readiest wit to give an absurd turn to whatever passed; and the eyes, which were so plain at first, soon swam with fun and drolleries, and the very tides of joy and superabundant life. The rumor was much spread abroad, that she was sneering, scoffing, critical, disdainful of humble people, and of all but the intellectual. I had heard it whenever she was named. It was a superficial judgment. Her satire was only the pastime and necessity of her talent, the play of superabundant animal spirits. Her mind presently disclosed many moods and powers, in successive platforms or terraces, each above each, that quite effaced this first impression in the opulence of the following pictures."

The analysis of her faculties as they rapidly developed themselves, given by Mr. Emerson in the sequel to the passage just cited, presents one of the most remarkable exhibitions we have in literary history, of the inner life of any distinguished author. While nothing of weakness is spared, nothing is omitted in the rare insight of the writer, to guide to a full appreciation of the better and higher qualities of

his subject. Rarely has a gifted author been exposed to so critical a posthumous examination as Miss Fuller, subjected to the scalpels, in a kind of moral and mental autopsy, of such acute philosophical surgeons as her joint biographers Clarke, Emerson and Channing. They are all appreciators of her genius, which they are well aware can bear the disturbance of every critical objection which could be raised against her, while many of the lighter details of habits and peculiarities which they furnish, relieve the weightier analysis of mental character. Thus we are curiously told by Mr. Emerson that "it was soon evident that there was somewhat a little pagan about her; that she had some faith more or less distinct in a fate, and in a guardian genius; that her fancy, or her pride had played with her religion. She had a taste for gems, ciphers, talismans, omens, coincidences, and birthdays. She had a special love for the planet Jupiter, and a belief that the month of September was inauspicious to her. She never forgot that her name, Margarita, signified a pearl. 'When I first met with the name Leila' she said, 'I knew from the very look and sound it was mine; I knew that it meant night,—night, which brings out stars, as sorrow brings out truths.' Sortilege she valued. She tried *sortes biblicæ*, and her hits were memorable. I think each new book which interested her, she was disposed to put to this test, and know if it had somewhat personal to say to her. As happens to such persons, these guesses were justified by the event. She chose carbuncle for her own stone, and when a dear friend

was to give her a gem, this was the one selected. She valued what she had somewhere read, that carbuncles are male and female. The female casts out light, the male has his within himself. 'Mine' she said, 'is the male.' And she was wont to put on her carbuncle, a bracelet, or some selected gem, to write letters to certain friends. One of her friends she coupled with the onyx, another in a decided way with the amethyst. She learned that the ancients esteemed the gem talisman to dispel intoxication, to give good thoughts and understanding. Coincidences good and bad, *contretemps*, seals, ciphers, mottoes, omens, anniversaries, names, dreams, are all of a certain importance to her. Her letters are often dated on some marked anniversary of her own, or of her correspondent's calendar. She signalized saints' days. 'All Soul's' and 'All Saints,' by poems, which had for her a mystical value. She remarked a pre-established harmony of the names of her personal friends, as well as of her historical favorites; that of Emanuel, for Swedenborg; and Rosencrantz for the head of the Rosicrucians. 'If Christian Rosencrantz,' she said, 'is not a made name, the genius of the age interfered in the baptismal rite, as in the cases of the archangels of art, Michael and Raphael, and in giving the name of Emmanuel to the captain of the New Jerusalem. *Sub rosa crux*, I think, is the true derivation, and not the chemical one, generation corruption, etc. In this spirit, she soon surrounded herself with a little mythology of her own. She had a series of anniversaries, which she kept. Her seal

ring of the flying Mercury had its legend. She chose the *Sistrum* for her emblem, and had it carefully drawn, with a view to its being engraved on a gem. And I know not how many verses and legends came recommended to her by this symbolism. Her dreams, of course, partook of this symmetry. The same dream returns to her periodically, annually, and punctual to its night. She valued, of course, the significance of flowers, and chose emblems for her friends from her garden."

Leaving Providence in 1839, Miss Fuller resided with her mother and family for several years, in the vicinity of Boston, at Jamaica Plain, and afterwards at Cambridge, passing the winters in the city. Here, in Boston, in November, 1839, she opened a class for conversation, as it was called, attended by some twenty-five of the most intelligent ladies of the place, including many persons of wealth and fashion, and distinction for their intellectual attainments, who met for the discussion of what may be termed æsthetic topics in philosophical views of history, literature, and art. The class assembled at noon, once a week, and remained together for two hours. The subject of the first series of discourses, carried through the winter months, was Greek Mythology, a prolific theme as it was handled by Miss Fuller, involving a vast world of ideas, as she passed in review the culture of that wonderful nation in its relation to nature, religion, and art, expressed in this symbolism of life, earthly and spiritual. She made it a study of poetry and philosophy, drawing forth every refinement, hidden under the

veil of allegory, of truth and beauty. There was something very novel and attractive in all this, in fine contrast to the bareness of every-day life in America, where the influences of art are only in the first stage of development; and, to the credit of her associates in Boston, these oral lectures of Miss Fuller—for the conversation must have been a subordinate part of the affair—were highly appreciated. They were successfully continued for five winter seasons, the fine arts, ethics, education, with their kindred topics, supplying the subjects, the last being delivered at the close of April, in 1844. During this period, Miss Fuller was also engaged in the composition of several works. In 1839, a translation of Eckermann's "Conversations with Goethe" appeared from her pen; and, two years afterwards, a translation of the "Letters of Gunderohé and Bettine." In July, 1840, she was engaged, with Emerson and others, in furnishing articles for the first number of the "Dial, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion," which was continued quarterly till 1844. The first two volumes were edited by Miss Fuller, and she was a contributor to the work till its close. Several of her best articles were written for it, among which may be particularly mentioned a judicious appreciation of Goethe, full of insight and sagacity, in the fifth number, and a finely conceived discussion of what is called the woman question, in a paper entitled "The Great Law-suit," in the fourth volume, which was subsequently developed into a volume bearing the title "Woman in the Nineteenth

Century," a highly poetical as well as practical treatment of the subject in many of its aspects, with illustrations drawn from the heroism and literature of all lands. A tour to Lakes Michigan and Superior, in the summer of 1843, afforded her the material for a delightful volume, entitled "Summer on the Lakes," published at Boston the following year. The book is original and characteristic throughout, reflecting the tastes, the studies, the fine poetical and philosophical conceptions, habitual to the writer as she surveys the, to her, novel beauties of Western scenery from Niagara to Mackinaw, and is brought in contact with the associations of Indian life, which had still their home in the region.

In the autumn of 1844, Miss Fuller was induced by a liberal offer from Messrs. Greeley and McElrath, the proprietors of the "New York Tribune," to become a regular contributor to that journal, an engagement which involved a change of residence to New York. Hitherto she had received but a slight pecuniary return for the exercise of her talents. She had thought it an advantageous offer, to receive one thousand dollars a year for her arduous school services at Providence; while her devotion of her best faculties to the "Dial," in what was to her a laborious employment—for writing was always irksome to her—was a pure labor of love. There was a nominal salary attached to her office of editor of two hundred dollars per annum; at least, as we are told, it was *intended* to reach that amount, which, there is every reason to believe, it never did. Such, thirty years ago,

were the rewards of the highest intellectual exertion in America! It may be presumed that the conversation classes were more remunerating; but there also, doubtless, the price bore but a small proportion to the value of the product of heart and life for which it was paid; and, at all times, some such inequality may be expected. We do not find Miss Fuller ever complaining of this, or going otherwise than cheerfully to her daily task work, which is something to be remembered as conferring additional interest, and imprinting a stamp of genuineness upon her transcendental studies.

Miss Fuller remained in New York about a year and a half, residing most of the time with Mr. Horace Greeley, and contributing constantly to his journal, "The Tribune." Her articles were mostly, if not altogether, in the literary department, and were generally on books and topics of permanent interest. A fair representation of them is included in a volume published by her in New York, in 1846, entitled "Papers on Literature and Art." Among them are critical essays on American Literature, the Modern Drama, Modern British Poets, Swedenborgianism and Methodism. In the Spring of 1846, she was enabled to gratify her long cherished desire—a visit to Europe, being invited to accompany her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Spring, of Brooklyn, Long Island, in a foreign tour, while she still maintained a relation with the "Tribune" as traveling correspondent. Journeying leisurely through England, she made the acquaintance of many of the most distinguished authors of the

time; visiting Wordsworth at Rydal Mount, where she was much impressed by the poet's simple life, and the affection with which he was regarded by his neighbors; falling in, at Edinburgh, with De Quincey, "his eloquence, subtle and foreible as the wind, full and gently falling as the evening dew;" paying her respects, at Hampstead, to Joanna Baillie, "a serenity and strength on her brow, undimmed and unbroken by the weight of more than fourscore years;" and, in London, entertained and sometimes provoked by the dogmatism and paradox of Carlyle. All along this tour, the attention of Miss Fuller is warmly engaged in the various philanthropic institutions for the relief of the suffering, and the care and education of the poor. One of these which she witnessed in operation in London, had an especial claim upon her sympathy, and was otherwise of interest, for introducing her to the revolutionist Mazzini, with whom she was to be brought into intimate relations at Rome. This was a school for poor Italian boys, sustained and taught by a few of their exiled patriots, foremost among whom was Mazzini. She was much impressed with the courageous zeal and hopefulness and powerful mental qualities of this great prophet and promoter of Italian political reform, who, hunted and proscribed, spite of every form of persecution, continued, by his acts and writings, to animate the hearts of his countrymen, and strengthen their resolves, till the work of liberation from a foreign yoke was finally accomplished. "He is one," she wrote in 1846, "who can live fervently, but steadily,

gently, every day, every hour, as well as on great occasions, cheered by the light of hope; for, with Schiller, he is sure that 'those who live for their faith shall behold it living.' He is one of those same beings who, measuring all things by the ideal standard, have yet no time to mourn over failure or imperfection; there is too much to be done to obviate it."

Passing from Great Britain to the Continent, at Paris, Miss Fuller is deeply engaged in the study of art, music, social science, and the world of politics, which she sees, in anticipation of the coming year of revolution, is crumbling to its fall. "While Louis Philippe lives," she wrote, early in 1847, to the 'Tribune,' "the gases, compressed by his strong grasp, may not burst up to light; but the need of some radical measures of reform is not less strongly felt in France than elsewhere, and the time will come before long when such will be imperatively demanded." Traversing France in the winter by the Rhone, she embarks at Marseilles for Genoa, and thence, by way of Leghorn, reaches Naples by sea, which she thus characterises in a sentence:—"this priest-ridden, misgoverned, full of dirty, degraded men and women, yet still most lovely Naples—of which the most I can say is that the divine aspect of nature *can* make you forget the situation of man in this region, which was surely intended for him as a princely child, angelic in virtue, genius, and beauty, and not as a begging, vermin-haunted, image-kissing Lazzarone." Passionate as was her admiration for art, and much as she had longed to study its great

works, in their permanent homes on the soil where they were produced; and susceptible as her constitution and sympathetic emotions were to the charms of nature, she appears always on her travels to have been most deeply impressed by the suffering condition of the people. She was no mere pleasure seeking, dilettante observer, amusing herself with the outward exhibitions of sculpture and painting or architecture. She knew that what gave them life and power was the hidden spirit within, the motive which actuated their production, and that they were beautiful and heroic, as they embodied fair and noble ideas. It was human life, after all, which she studied in them, and it was a kindred nobility which she sought for in the people around her. Hence she rejoiced so earnestly at the first trumpet-call of freedom, which, spreading from France, sounded over Italy in the revolutionary agitations of 1848. She was there to hail the first symptoms of emancipation from the foreign yoke, with its dependency everywhere upon restraint and oppression, repressing the strong heart of the nation in perpetual enforced childhood. After traversing Italy, from Naples to Milan, she writes in October, 1847, "the Austrian rule is always equally hated; and time, instead of melting away differences, only makes them more glaring. The Austrian race have no faculties that can ever enable them to understand the Italian character; their policy, so well contrived to palsy and repress for a time, cannot kill; and there is always a force at work underneath which shall yet, and I think

now before long, shake off the incubus." The day was at hand. Simultaneously with her arrival in Italy, the new Pope, Pius IX., was in the first flush of his popularity, in his opposition to foreign interference, and his beneficent work of reform which, promised, for a time, the unusual spectacle of the Papacy acting in accordance with the more enlightened spirit of the age. The liberal measures which he encouraged or permitted were in advance of the direct revolutionary movement of 1848. Months before the reaction following on that event came at Rome, Miss Fuller, while expressing her admiration, even, for the Pope, doubted the permanence and efficacy of his reforms. "In the Spring," she wrote, "when I came to Rome, the people were in the intoxication of joy at the first serious measures of reform taken by the Pope. I saw with pleasure their child-like joy and trust. With equal pleasure I saw the Pope, who has not in his expression the signs of intellectual greatness, so much as of nobleness and tenderness of heart, of large and liberal sympathies. Heart had spoken to heart between the prince and the people; it was beautiful to see the immediate good influence excited by human feeling and generous designs on the part of a ruler. He had wished to be a father; and the Italians, with that readiness of genius that characterizes them, entered at once into the relation; they, the Roman people, stigmatized by prejudice as so crafty and ferocious, showed themselves children, eager to learn, quick to obey, happy to confide. Still doubts were always present whether all this

joy was not premature. The task undertaken by the Pope seemed to present insuperable difficulties. It is never easy to put new wine into old bottles; and our age is one where all things tend to a great crisis, not merely to revolution, but to radical reform. From the people themselves the help must come, and not from princes."

This was written in October, 1847. Six months after, when Louis Philippe had been dethroned, and the Austrian tyranny at home and abroad was tottering to its fall, and the Pope was recoiling from the spectre of freedom which he had himself invoked, Miss Fuller again writes: "Good and loving hearts, that long for a human heart which they can revere, will be unprepared, and for a time must suffer much from the final dereliction of Pius IX. to the cause of freedom, progress and of the war. He was a fair image, and men went nigh to idolize it; this they can do no more, though they may be able to find excuse for his feebleness, love his good heart no less than before, and draw instruction from the causes that have produced his failure, more valuable than his success would have been. Pius IX., no one can doubt who has looked on him, has a good and pure heart; but it needed also, not only a strong, but a great mind,

*'To comprehend his trust, and to the same
Keep faithful, with a singleness of aim.'*"

Miss Fuller was now passing her second season in Rome. She had gone through the tumult of emotions attendant upon a first introduction to the confused intermingling of ancient and modern life in the eternal city, and

was prepared to enjoy everything in its true relation. "I am now truly happy here," she wrote at this time to a friend, "quiet and familiar; no longer a staring, sight-seeing stranger, riding about finely dressed in a coach to see muses and sybils. I see these forms now in the natural manner, and am contented." Alone and free, as she described herself, she occupied a suite of rooms at a moderate rental, calculating the whole of her expenses for six months at a sum not exceeding four hundred and fifty dollars. While thus situated, she was, in December, 1847, privately married to a young count, Giovanni Angelo Ossoli, with whom her acquaintance had been formed under somewhat peculiar circumstances. Following her own narrative, as related by her friend, Mrs. Story: "She went to hear vespers, the evening of 'Holy Thursday,' soon after her first coming to Rome, in the spring of 1847, at St. Peter's. She proposed to her companions that some place in the church should be designated, where, after the services, they should meet,—she being inclined, as was her custom always in St. Peter's, to wander alone among the different chapels. When, at length, she saw that the crowd was dispersing, she returned to the place assigned, but could not find her party. In some perplexity, she walked about, with her glass carefully examining each group. Presently, a young man of gentlemanly address came up to her, and begged, if she were seeking any one, that he might be permitted to assist her; and together they continued the search through all parts of

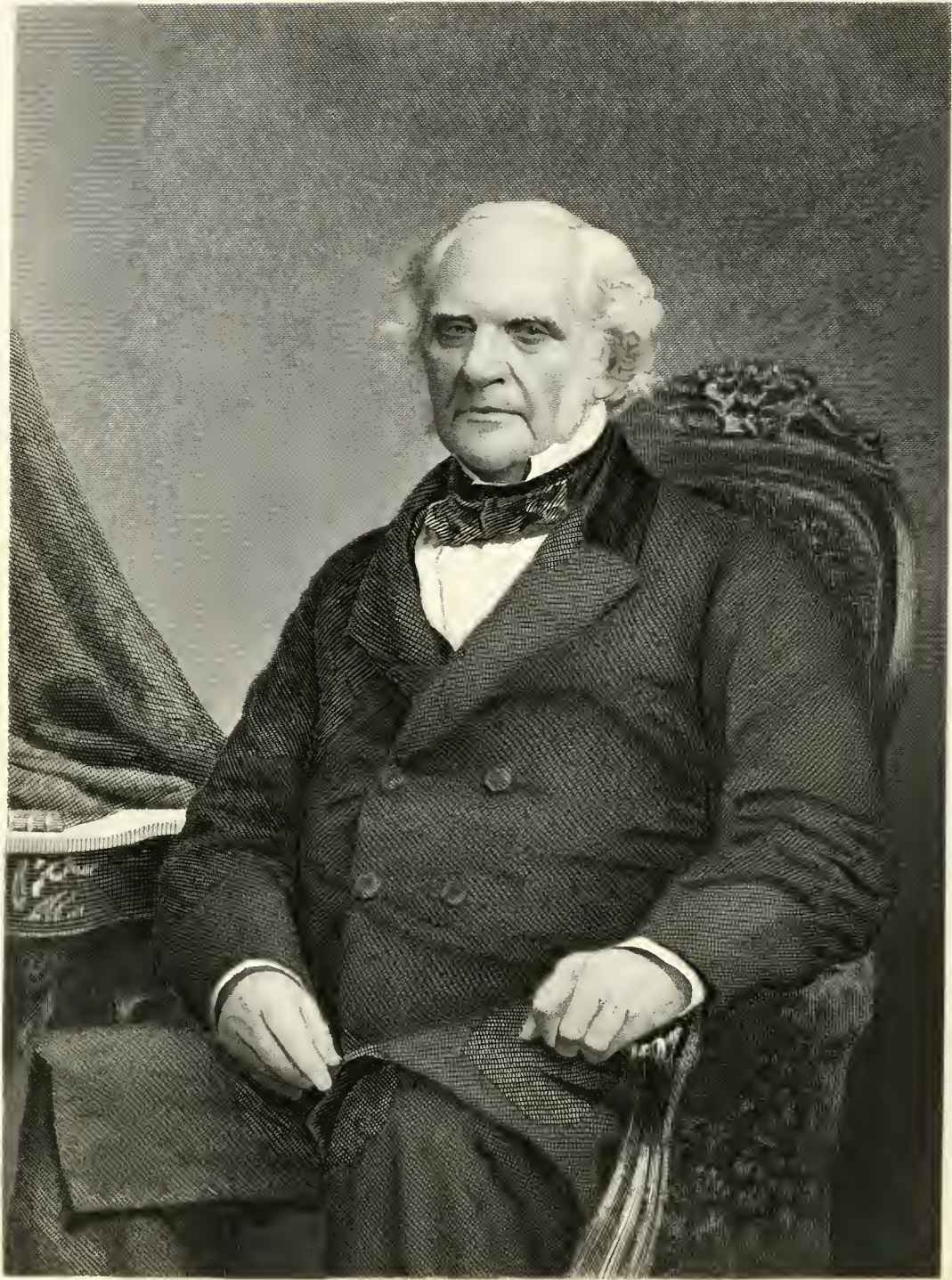
the church. At last, it became evident, beyond a doubt, that her party could no longer be there; and, as it was then quite late, the crowd all gone, they went out into the piazza to find a carriage, in which she might go home. In the piazza, in front of St. Peter's, generally may be found many carriages; but, owing to the delay they had made, there were none, and Margaret was compelled to walk, with her stranger friend, the long distance between the Vatican and the Corso. At this time, she had little command of the language for conversational purposes, and their words were few, though enough to create in each a desire for further knowledge and acquaintance. At her door, they parted, and Margaret, finding her friends already at home, related the adventure."

Other interviews followed; and, previous to her departure for the north, as summer approached, Ossoli offered her his hand and was refused. On her return to the city, in the autumn, the intimacy was renewed, and, as we have stated, ended in marriage. The reason for its being kept private for a time, was the disturbed state of the times, and the influence its being known might have had on the moderate fortune of the husband. By the death of his father, he had just become entitled to a share in a small property, the distribution of which was dependent upon ecclesiastical influences affecting the administration of the law, which would not have been favorable to the rights of one who was already, with reason, suspected as a liberal, married to a Pro-

testant, openly in communication with the reform or revolutionary party. Under these circumstances, while her marriage was known only to a few intimate friends in Rome, her child, Angelo Ossoli, was born in September, 1848, at the old mountain town of Rieti, a summer retreat from the capital. The progress of Italian political emancipation was meanwhile becoming embarrassed by the complicated reactionary and revolutionary movements. The Papal minister, the Count Rossi, was assassinated in November; the people rose, established a revolutionary government in the city; the Pope was confined to his palace, from which he escaped in disguise, and took refuge at Gaeta, near Naples. In the spring, a French army was landed at Civita Vecchia, and marched to Rome to effect his restoration. The city was defended by the provisional authorities in power, and endured a siege for a month, ending on the 3d of July, when it surrendered. The Count Ossoli, acting with the revolutionary party, a captain of the Civic Guard, was earnestly engaged in the defence, and freely exposed to the bombardment, while his wife, separated from her child, who was left in the mountains, was placed in charge of one of the hospitals opened for the wounded, to the painful duties of which, in the midst of her domestic anxieties, she devoted herself with her accustomed self-sacrificing spirit. On the fall of the short-lived Republic, she left Rome with her husband and child, and, after passing the ensuing winter in Florence, on the 17th of May, the little family party embarked on board

the brig "Elizabeth" for New York. The voyage was prosperous at the start, but a great disaster was encountered off Gibraltar, in the death of the New England captain. The mate was inexperienced; and, encountering a severe gale on the approach to the American coast, the vessel was driven by the force of the tempest upon the sand bars of Long Island, off Fire Island beach. Here, about four o'clock on the morning of the 16th July, 1850, the ship struck. The hull was broken by the shock, and the water poured in rapidly through the opening, while the seas were breaking over the deck. The passengers, hurriedly driven from their beds in their night-clothes, took refuge on the fore-castle, which was the least exposed. The bow of the vessel was within a few hundred yards of the shore, and a number of the passengers and crew were saved by being driven violently ashore by the force of the waves, as they clung to the broken spars and other objects. Madame Ossoli was advised to trust to this resource, by which her life might have been saved, but she refused to separate herself from her child, saying that "she had no wish to live without it, and would not, at that hour, give the care of it to another." She steadily refused to leave the vessel. Shortly before the fore-castle sunk, when the remaining sailors had resolved to leave, the steward, with whom the child had been a great favorite, took it by main force, and plunged with it into the sea, where they perished together. The Marquis Ossoli was, soon after, washed away, but his wife, it is said, remained in ignorance of his fate. The cook,

who was the last person that reached the shore alive, said that the last words he heard her speak, were, 'I see nothing but death before me,—I shall never reach the shore.' It was between two and three o'clock in the afternoon," continues Bayard Taylor, who gathered these particulars from the survivors on the shore, "immediately after the event, and after lingering for about ten hours, exposed to the mountainous surf that swept over the vessel, with the contemplation of death constantly forced upon her mind, she was finally overwhelmed, as the mast fell. Thus perished, at the age of forty, in company with those she loved dearest on earth, one who, had she lived, would have brought to American life and culture the mature fruits of an extraordinary intellectual development and experience, the value of which will not be lightly estimated by those who have studied and properly appreciated what she had already accomplished. Perhaps no one, from her intimacy with Mazzini and others of the revolutionary leaders, was so well qualified to write the history of the Roman Republic; and we may well regret that there was lost in the wreck of the vessel, when she perished, a full narrative of that movement, which she was bringing home with her for publication. The writings which she has left behind her will well repay the attention of the thoughtful reader, who will come to their perusal with a sense of admiration for their force and self-reliance, their beauty and sincerity, in the presence of many difficulties; and with a feeling of sympathy enhanced by her sorrowful fate.



George Peabody

GEORGE PEABODY.

THIS eminently successful philanthropic merchant was born of a respectable New England parentage, in the south parish of Danvers, Massachusetts, February 18, 1795. For two centuries the family to which he belonged had been influential residents in Essex County. He received, at the common schools of the village, a limited education, which terminated with his eleventh year, when he was placed to earn his living in a grocery store of the town. He found, in the proprietor, Mr. Proctor, a friend who treated him with parental kindness, and supplied him with maxims of prudence and good conduct, which, sown in a congenial soil, have borne their fruit in the distinguished career of the honorable merchant. It is, indeed, to this sound New England training that Mr. Peabody attributes the prosperity of his after life. "It was," as he wrote, forty-five years after, to the towns-people of Danvers, on the celebration of an epoch in the history of the place, to which we shall presently recur, "as many of you know, in a very humble house, in the south parish, that I was born, and from the common schools of that parish, such as they were in 1803 to 1807,

I obtained the limited education my parents' means could afford; but to the principles there inculcated in childhood and early youth, I owe much of the foundations for such success as Heaven has been pleased to grant me during a long business life."

Even in those early years passed in Mr. Proctor's grocery, young Peabody had acquired a reputation for intelligence and indomitable industry and perseverance. Several anecdotes are related of him at this period which exhibit these qualities, common to him doubtless with many other New England boys before and since who have not arrived at great fortune, but of none the less interest or importance on that account in his case. It is always of value in biography to know the earliest influences of character and disposition. The popular philosophy of the poets has often incalculated the maxim.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day,"

says Milton; Dryden echoed the sentiment in a line of one of his tragedies:

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

"The child," says Wordsworth, "is father of the man." In accordance with these proverbial sayings we shall commonly find the secret of great success in the tastes and habits of early years. Two things are generally indispensable, probity and perseverance; both of these were possessed by Mr. Peabody, with the addition of a third, growing every year of more value in our improved modern society, a spirit of liberality and beneficence. Of young Peabody's energy and activity in his boyhood, two characteristic stories are thus related by one of his biographers: "It appears that among other duties devolving upon the assistant of Mr. Proctor, was that of the manufacture of whips; and Mr. Proctor had often extolled the dexterity of one Life Smith, a man previously in his employ, who in one day had made six dozen of these same whips, which was deemed a brilliant specimen of dispatch. This was enough to stimulate George to action, who, though but a boy of eleven years, had enough emulation to compete with his predecessor, who was a man. He accordingly one day, during the absence of Mr. Proctor, set to work heart and hands, and reared a glorious pile of eight dozen whips, which were proudly displayed to the astonished gaze of good Mr. Proctor on his return home in the evening. Nor was this the first time George had surprised his friends by a display of energetic application rarely met with in one so young, and when met with, always indicative of rare achievements in after-life. During the year 1805, he passed some time with his grand-parents, who resided at

Thetford, Vermont. While here, his grandfather wished to have a hill-side cleared, which was overgrown with sumac trees. This hill-side included many acres, and the trees numbered some hundreds. George undertook to cut them down, and his grandfather gave him a week for the task. At early morning, forth sallied George, axe in hand, and by the evening of the same day the the task was accomplished. The sun went down, and left not a sumac standing to exult over its fallen companions."

Other incidents are related of his perseverance in boyhood; one in particular, of his collecting the small sum of two dollars due his grandfather by an incorrigible debtor, whose aversion to payment he overcame by an unintermitted series of applications during two months. Such anecdotes as these may be trifling in themselves, but as the first terms of a geometrical progression, ending in the development of a colossal fortune with millions at the disposal of the possessor, freely expended in promoting the welfare of the race, they are of pregnant vitality."

The second step in Mr. Peabody's mercantile career was his employment, in 1811, in the dry-goods store of his eldest brother, who was just setting up business at Newburyport, Massachusetts. This was speedily brought to a close by a great fire at the place, which caused the failure of the proprietor. It was a dull time for commercial enterprise in New England in those days of the embargo, preliminary to the war with Great Britain; and we find young Peabody, at the age of seventeen, an orphan by the sudden

death of his father, leaving his native State in company with a bankrupt uncle, John Peabody, to seek his fortune in another region. He sailed from Newburyport in the brig "Fane," Captain Davis, for Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, where the uncle established himself in business, which, owing to his pecuniary embarrassments, was conducted in the name of his nephew. War with England being declared immediately after arrival, young Peabody volunteered in an artillery company, formed at Georgetown, under the command of Colonel George Peter, and served at Fort Warburton, on the Potomac, in defence of the capital, then threatened by a British fleet in the river, one of his companions on duty at the fort being Francis S. Key, the author of the popular war lyric, the "Star Spangled Banner."

After a couple of years passed in conducting the business at Georgetown, Mr. Peabody, prudently anticipating possible embarrassment if he continued in charge of its affairs, when he came of age reluctantly parted with his uncle, and soon accepted an offer of partnership with Mr. Elisha Riggs, a dry-goods merchant of New York. He entered upon this new relation at the age of nineteen. In 1815, the house of Riggs and Peabody was removed to Baltimore, and other houses were established in Philadelphia and New York in 1822; the partnership continuing, in terms of five years each, for fifteen years, several other individuals occupying successively subordinate situations in the house. In 1829, Mr. Elisha Riggs re-

tired from the firm; but his nephew, Mr. Samuel Riggs, who had been admitted five years before, remained; and Mr. Peabody became senior partner, under the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co. He fairly attained this position by his business fidelity and activity; laboring incessantly for the house, and deservedly sharing its rising fortunes. He traveled much at home in prolonged collecting excursions in Maryland and Virginia, and, in 1827, visited England for the first time, for the purchase of goods. During the next ten years he occasionally repeated this voyage for a like object, and at the end of this time, 1837, made his residence permanently in England. A few years after, in 1843, he retired from the firm of Peabody, Riggs & Co., and established himself in London at the head of the well-known banking and commercial house of Peabody & Co.

In 1848, Mr. Peabody was brought into public notice in the United States by the thanks of the Legislature of the State of Maryland, accorded him for his generous services in negotiating an important loan, which enabled the State to maintain its credit at a period of great financial embarrassment. In the words of the joint resolution of the two Houses of the Legislature recording the act: "Whereas, Mr. George Peabody, a citizen of Maryland, now resident in London, was appointed one of the three commissioners, under the act of assembly of eighteen hundred and thirty-five, to negotiate a loan for this State, and after performing the duties assigned him, refused to apply for the compensation allowed by the

provisions of that act, because he was unwilling to add to the burthens of the State, at a time when she was overwhelmed with the weight of her obligations; and whereas, since the credit of the State has been restored, he has voluntarily relinquished all claim for the compensation due to him for his services, expressing himself fully paid by the gratification of seeing the State free from reproach in the eyes of the world. Be it unanimously resolved, by the General Assembly of Maryland, that the record of such disinterested zeal is higher praise than any that eloquence could bestow, and that this Legislature is therefore content with tendering the thanks of the State to Mr. Peabody for his generous devotion to the interests and honor of Maryland."

These resolutions, by further direction of the Legislature, were communicated to Mr. Peabody by the Governor of the State, the Hon. Philip J. Thomas, who added: "Instances of such devotion on the part of a citizen to the public welfare are of rare occurrence, and merit the highest distinctions which a Commonwealth can bestow. To one whose actions are the result of impulses so noble and self-sacrificing, next to the approval of his own conscience, no homage can be more acceptable than the meed of a people's gratitude, no recompense so grateful as the assurance of a complete realization of those objects and ends whose attainment has been regarded of higher value than mere personal convenience or pecuniary consideration."

In 1851, Mr. Peabody, whose influence had always been exerted in the

promotion of kindly feeling between the people of England and his country, celebrated the American national anniversary of independence by a splendid entertainment at his expense, at Willis's Rooms, in London, to which he invited a distinguished company of the best English society, and his countrymen who were then in the metropolis. This peculiar celebration of the day was undertaken, in the words of a London journalist, "for the avowed purpose of showing that all hostile feeling, in regard to the occurrences which it calls to mind, has ceased to have place in the breasts of the citizens of either of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, and that there is no longer anything to prevent them meeting together on that day, or on any other occasion, in perfect harmony and brotherhood." The affair was eminently successful; the ball room, in which the celebration was held, was appropriately decorated with the blended flags of England and the United States, and the portraits of Queen Victoria and of Washington. The entertainment opened with a concert, in which the best talent of the day was employed, followed by dancing and a costly supper. It was attended by a brilliant company, the Duke of Wellington being the honored guest of the evening. Lord Granville, subsequently referring to the fete, characterized it "as marking an auspicious epoch in the history of international feeling as between England and America."

The occasion on which Lord Granville made this remark was at another entertainment, given in the autumn of

the same year by Mr. Peabody, a farewell dinner at the London Coffee House, to "pay a parting tribute to the skill, ingenuity, and originality" of his American countrymen who had been connected with the great Industrial Exhibition of 1851, which the host had liberally promoted by every means at his command. His health having been proposed by Lord Granville, Mr. Peabody replied that he had "lived a great many years in England without weakening his attachment to his own land, but at the same too long not to honor the institutions and people of Great Britain. It has, therefore, been my constant desire, while showing such attentions as were in my power to my own countrymen, to promote to the very utmost kind and brotherly feelings between Englishmen and Americans."

In June, 1852, the centennial anniversary of the separation of Mr. Peabody's native town of Danvers from Salem, to which we have alluded, was celebrated by the inhabitants. To the gathering on this occasion Mr. Peabody was invited. He replied, in a characteristic letter, to his friends in the town, regretting that he could not be present, and referring to his early days in the words already cited. "It is now nearly sixteen years," he added, "since I left my native country; but I can say with truth, that absence has only deepened my interest in her welfare. During this interval I have seen great changes in her wealth, in her power, and in her position among nations. I have had the mortification to witness the social standing of Americans in Europe very seriously affect-

ed, and to feel that it was not entirely undeserved; but, thank Heaven, I have lived to see the cause nearly annihilated by the energy, industry, and honesty of my countrymen; thereby creating between the people of the two great nations, speaking the English language, and governed by liberal and free institutions, a more kind and cordial feeling than has existed at any other time. The great increase of population and commerce of the United States, the development of the internal wealth of the country, and the enterprise of her people, have done much to produce this happy change; and I can scarcely see bounds to our possible future if we preserve harmony among ourselves, and good faith to the rest of the world, and if we plant the unrivalled New England institution of the common school liberally among the emigrants who are filling up the great Valley of the Mississippi. That this may be done, is, I am persuaded, no less your wish than mine.

"I enclose a sentiment, which I ask may remain sealed till this letter is read on the day of the celebration, when it is to be opened, according to the directions on the envelope." The sentiment enclosed with the letter was this: "Education—a debt due from present to future generations;" and it was practically enforced by the exceedingly liberal donation of twenty thousand dollars, subsequently increased by the giver to fifty thousand, to the town, "for the promotion of knowledge and morality," by the erection and establishment, under the direction of a suitable committee, of a well appointed lyceum for the deliv-

ery of lectures, with a valuable library free to all the inhabitants.

The corner-stone of the "Peabody Institute," as it was subsequently called, for which provision was thus made, was laid, with appropriate ceremonies, on the 20th of August, 1853. On the 29th of September, 1854, it was formally dedicated, and an address delivered by the Hon. Rufus Choate, who paid a generous tribute to the merits of the founder. "I honor and love him," said Choate, on this occasion, in a discourse heightened by the generous enthusiasm of his nature, as he dwelt on topics of mental culture and learning, "not merely that his energy, sense, and integrity have raised him from a poor boy—waiting in that shop yonder—to be a guest, as Curran gracefully expressed it, at the table of princes; to spread a table for the entertainment of princes—not merely because the brilliant professional career which has given him a position so commanding in the mercantile and social circles of the commercial capital of the world, has left him as completely American—the heart as wholly untraveled—as when he first stepped on the shore of England to seek his fortune, sighing to think that the ocean rolled between him and home; jealous of honor; wakeful to our interests; helping his country, not by swagger and vulgarity, but by recommending her credit; vindicating her title to be trusted on the exchange of nations; squandering himself in hospitalities to her citizens—a man of deeds, not of words—not for these merely I love and honor him, but because his nature is affec-

tionate and unsophisticated still; because his memory comes over so lovingly to this sweet Argos; to the schoolroom of his childhood; to the old shop and kind master, and the graves of his father and mother; and because he has had the sagacity and the character to indulge these unextinguished affections in a gift—not of vanity and ostentation—but of supreme and durable utility. With how true and rational a satisfaction might he permit one part of the charitable rich man's epitaph to be written on his grave-stone: 'What I spent I had; what I kept I lost; what I gave away remains with me.'"

Mr. Peabody, in 1856, visited the United States, after an absence of twenty years. He was invited, of course, to various festive celebrations of his return, by friends in New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, but refused all these invitations with the exception of one, extended by the people of his native town of Danvers. There, in October of the year just named, a most imposing demonstration awaited him. Guests were assembled from various quarters; a procession of the inhabitants, of which the various schools formed an interesting feature, escorted Mr. Peabody, on his arrival, through the town; the stores and houses of which were gaily decorated and inscribed with mottos expressive of pride or gratitude; and a dinner was given, at which various eminent orators, including Edward Everett, spoke with effect. The latter, in his happiest manner, celebrated the services of Mr. Peabody to his countrymen abroad, and particularly his successful

efforts in maintaining the national credit when it was assailed on the score of repudiation. "At that moment, and it way a trying one," said he, "our friend not only stood firm himself, but he was the cause of firmness in others. There were not at the time, probably, a half-dozen other men in Europe, who, upon the subject of American securities, would have been listened to for a moment in the parlor of the Bank of England. But his judgment commanded respect—his integrity won back the reliance which men had been accustomed to place on American securities. The reproach in which they were all indiscriminately involved was gradually wiped away from those of a substantial character, and if on this solid basis of unsuspected good faith he reared his own prosperity, let it be remembered that, at the same time, he retrieved the credit of the State of which he was the agent; performing the miracle, if I may so venture to express myself, by which the word of an honest man turns paper into gold."

Other instances of Mr. Peabody's ample liberality might be recorded in further benefactions to the town, in his aid to the Grinnell Arctic Expedition, and other public-spirited enterprises; but that which by its extent and importance has most attracted the attention of the world, is his munificent gift to the city of London, of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling, more than a million and a half of dollars in our present currency, for the building and establishment of various extensive buildings, to be erected in appropriate situations, and appropriated as lodging-houses for poor and re-

spectable inhabitants, heretofore struggling without the means of obtaining the decencies of life in squalid and wretched abodes, which all the sanitary regulations of the metropolis seemed unable to regulate or improve. The situation, growing every day more desperate, needed the interposition of some powerful hand to meet the necessity. The sagacity, insight and beneficence of Mr. Peabody supplied the remedy. With prodigal liberality proportionate to the vast sphere of human misery in the great metropolis and its dependencies, in which he proposed to operate, he gave to the city of London the means of creating an ever-multiplying series of homes for its virtuous and destitute population. Those who have studied the developments of the life in great cities, under our modern civilization, know that the inadequate provision for the wants of the laboring classes in good lodgings, at moderate prices, is one of the greatest evils of the times, yearly sacrificing in untold amount, health, morality, and in a corresponding degree the prosperity of the community. To give to honest poverty the means of comfort and improvement, in a home where a family might be brought up with decency, and thus rescued from vice and suffering imposed by the neglect or extortion of selfish landholders, this was the simple object for which Mr. Peabody gave a fund sufficient for a fair trial of the experiment on a gigantic scale. His first donation of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, was given in 1863, the remaining one hundred thousand was added in 1866. Already, at the latter date, several extensive series of build-

ings, to be built on convenient sites, with money appropriated from the fund, were erected, or in progress, at Spitalfields, Chelsea, Bermondsey, Islington, Shadwell. The general plan of the buildings is to provide suites of rooms, airy, well ventilated, with appliances for washing, cooking, and every provision for health, to be let to suitable persons of the industrial classes on terms commensurate with their means. A great boon is thus extended, independence on the part of the recipient maintained, and the means provided in the revenue received by the trustees for future acts of similar beneficence. The Peabody fund is thus a self-multiplying charity.

The credit of this gift was much enhanced by the quiet manner in which it was made—simply a business provision, as it were, for the wants of a humble deserving class of certain portions of the city. But though hidden from the great highways in the squalid districts of poverty, this unobtrusive work of benevolence was not to be allowed to pass unnoticed by the British people. Their highest representative, Queen Victoria, touched perhaps in addition to the obvious appeal to her admiration by the consonance of the act with similar efforts of her lamented husband, the late Prince Albert, gracefully took occasion of the departure of Mr. Peabody, on a visit to the United States, to address to him the following letter, dated Windsor Castle, March 28, 1866: "The Queen hears that Mr. Peabody intends shortly to return to America, and she would be sorry that he should leave England without being assured by herself how deeply she

appreciates the noble act of more than princely munificence by which he has sought to relieve the wants of the poorer classes of her subjects residing in London. It is an act, as the Queen believes, wholly without parallel, and which will carry its best reward in the consciousness of having contributed so largely to the assistance of those who can little help themselves. The Queen would not, however, have been satisfied without giving Mr. Peabody some public mark of her sense of his munificence, and she would gladly have conferred upon him either a Baronetcy or the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, but that she understands Mr. Peabody to feel himself debarred from accepting such distinctions. It only remains, therefore, for the Queen to give Mr. Peabody this assurance of her personal feelings, which she would further wish to mark by asking him to accept a miniature portrait of herself, which she will desire to have painted for him, and which, when finished, can either be sent to him to America, or given to him on the return which, she rejoices to hear, he meditates to the country that owes him so much."

To this Mr. Peabody sent the following graceful reply, through Earl Russell, dated April 3:—"Madam,—I feel my inability to express, in adequate terms, the gratification with which I have read the letter which your Majesty has done me the high honor of transmitting by the hands of Earl Russell, on the occasion which has attracted your Majesty's attention, of setting apart a portion of my property to ameliorate the condition, and aug

ment the comforts, of the poor of London. I have been actuated by a deep sense of gratitude to God, who has blessed me with prosperity, and of attachment to this great country, where, under your Majesty's benign rule, I have received so much personal kindness and enjoyed so many years of happiness. Next to the approval of my own conscience, I shall always prize the assurance which your letter conveys to me of the approbation of the Queen of England, whose whole life has attested that her exalted station has in no degree diminished her sympathy with the humblest of her subjects. The portrait which your Majesty is graciously pleased to bestow on me I shall value as the most precious heirloom that I can leave in the land of my birth, where, together with the letter which your Majesty has addressed to me, it will ever be regarded as evidence of the kindly feeling of the Queen of the United Kingdom toward a citizen of the United States."

In 1866, Mr. Peabody revisited the United States and renewed his gifts to the educational and philanthropic institutions of the country on an unprecedented scale. To the "Peabody Institute," which he had founded at Danvers, he gave an additional hundred thousand dollars, and made provision for the permanent deposit in its gallery of the miniature of Victoria, just spoken of, which was forwarded to him while he remained in the country. To the scientific departments of Yale College he gave one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He gave funds for the building of a memorial Congregational Church, as a monument to the

memory of his mother, in the vicinity of his birthplace. To the Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, he gave twenty-five thousand dollars, for the purpose of endowing a Chair of Mathematics and the Natural Sciences. In his letter to the Trustees, conferring this gift, he says: "I make this offering, gentlemen, from a heartfelt appreciation and desire for the promotion of the most thorough and liberal education which our American institutions can be made to impart, and to a school like Phillips Academy, which, as I am informed and believe, seeks to give, in my native county of Essex, and so near my early home, not only the highest mental discipline in its sphere to all classes, but such a general training in manly virtues and in Christian morality and piety as all good men should approve, and which is, and I trust will ever remain, free from all sectarian influence."

Other examples of his liberality to public institutions might be given. One which crowned the whole must not be omitted. It was a direct gift to the nation of a million of dollars, and the foundation of a system of popular school education in the Southern States, to be conducted by a bureau of eminent citizens, chosen by the donor, with a single eye to their integrity and ability to serve the public in so peculiar and important a relation. As the nature and provisions of such a gift, in its original conception in the mind of its author, must remain matters of constant interest, they may best be presented in the words of the original letter of Mr. Peabody founding this munificent trust. It is dated

Washington, February 7, 1867, and is addressed "To the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop of Massachusetts, Hon. Hamilton Fish of New York, Rt. Rev. Charles P. McIlvaine of Ohio, Gen. U. S. Grant, of the United States Army, Hon. Wm. C. Rives of Virginia, Hon. John H. Clifford of Massachusetts, Hon. Wm. Aiken of South Carolina, Wm. M. Evarts, Esq., of New York, Hon. Wm. A. Graham of North Carolina, Charles Macalister of Pennsylvania, Geo. A. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, Samuel Wetmore of New York, Edward A. Bradford, Esq., of Louisiana, Geo. N. Eaton of Maryland, and George Peabody Russell of Massachusetts. Gentlemen: I beg to address you on a subject which occupied my mind long before I left England, and in regard to which one at least of you—Hon. Mr. Winthrop—the honored and valued friend to whom I am so much indebted for cordial sympathy, careful consideration, and wise counsel in this matter, will remember that I consulted him immediately upon my arrival in May last. I refer to the educational needs of those portions of our beloved and common country which have suffered from the destructive ravages and not less disastrous consequences of civil war. With my advancing years my attachment to my native land has but become more devoted. My hope and faith in its successful and glorious future have grown brighter and stronger; and now, looking forward beyond my stay on earth, as may be permitted to one who has passed the limit of three-score and ten years, I see our country united and prosperous, emerging from the clouds which still surround her, taking

a higher rank among the nations, and becoming richer and more powerful than ever before. But to make its prosperity more than superficial, her moral and mental development should keep pace with her material growth; and in those portions of our nation to which I have referred, the urgent and pressing physical needs of an almost impoverished people must for some years preclude them from making, by unaided effort, such advances in education and such progress in the diffusion of knowledge among all classes that every lover of his country must earnestly desire. I feel most deeply, therefore, that it is the duty and privilege of the more favored and wealthy portions of our nation to assist those who are less fortunate; and, with the wish to discharge, so far as I may be able, my own responsibility in this matter, as well as to gratify my desire to aid those to whom I am bound by so many ties of attachment and regard, I give to you, gentlemen, most of whom have been my personal and especial friends, the sum of one million of dollars, to be by your successors held in trust, and the income thereof used and applied, in your discretion, for the promotion and encouragement of intellectual, moral, or industrial education among the young of the more destitute portions of the South-western States of our Union, my purpose being that the benefits intended shall be distributed among the entire population, without other distinction than their needs and the opportunities of usefulness to them. Beside the income thus devised, I give you permission to use from the principal sum, within the next

two years, an amount not exceeding 40 per cent. In addition to this gift I place in your hands bonds of the State of Mississippi, issued to the Planters' Bank, and commonly known as Planters' Bank bonds, amounting, with interest, to about \$1,100,000, the amount realized by you from which is to be added to and used for the purposes of this trust. These bonds were originally issued in payment for stock in that bank held by the State, and amounted in all to only \$2,000,000. For many years the State received large dividends from that bank over and above the interest on these bonds. The State paid the interest without interruption till 1840, since which no interest has been paid, except a payment of \$100,000 which was found in the Treasury, applicable to the payment of the coupons, and paid by a *mandamus* of the Supreme Court. The validity of these bonds has never been questioned, and they must not be confounded with another issue of bonds made by the State to the Union bank, the recognition of which has been a subject of controversy with a portion of the population of Mississippi. Various acts of the Legislatures, viz.: of Feb. 28, 1842, Feb. 23, 1844, Feb. 16, 1846, Feb. 28, 1846, March 4, 1848, and the highest judicial tribunal of the State, have confirmed their validity, and I have no doubt that at an early day such legislation will be had as to make these bonds available in increasing the usefulness of the present trust. Mississippi, though now depressed, is rich in agricultural resources, and cannot long disregard the moral obligations resting upon her to make provision for their

payment. In confirmation of what I have said in regard to the legislative and judicial action concerning the State bonds issued to the Planters' Bank, I herewith place in your hands the documents marked A. The details and organization of the trust I leave with you, only requesting that Mr. Winthrop may be Chairman, and Gov. Fish and Bishop McIlvaine Vice-Chairmen of your body. And I give to you power to make all necessary by-laws and regulations, to obtain an act of incorporation, if any shall be found expedient, to provide for the expenses of the trustees and of any agents appointed by them, and generally to do all such acts as may be necessary for carrying out the provisions of this trust. All vacancies occurring in your number by death, resignation or otherwise, shall be filled by your election as soon as conveniently may be, and having in view an equality of representation, as far as regards the Northern and Southern States. I furthermore give to you the power, in case two-thirds of the Trustees shall at any time after the lapse of thirty years deem it expedient to close this trust, and of the funds which at this time shall be in the hands of yourselves and your successors, to distribute not less than two-thirds for such educational purposes as they may determine in the States for whose benefit the income is now appointed to be used; the remainder may be distributed by the Trustees, for educational or literary purposes, wherever they may deem it expedient. In making this gift, I am aware that the fund derived from it can but aid the States which I wish to benefit in their own

exertions to diffuse the blessings of education and morality; but if this endowment shall encourage those now anxious for the light of knowledge, and stimulate to new efforts the many good and noble men who cherish the highest purpose of placing our great country foremost, not only in power, but in the intelligence and the virtue of her citizens, it will have accomplished all that I can hope. With reverent recognition of the need of the blessing of a mighty God upon my gift, and with the fervent prayer that under His guidance your counsels may be directed for the highest good of present and future generations in our beloved country, I am, gentlemen, with great respect, your humble servant,—GEORGE PEABODY.”

This munificent gift to the nation was appropriately recognized by an Act of Congress, voting to the donor a gold medal bearing on one side his portrait and on the other the inscription: “The People of the United States to George Peabody, in acknowledgement of his beneficent promotion of universal education.”

As a further personal memorial of his extraordinary beneficence in England, a subscription was set on foot, headed by the Prince of Wales, for the erection of a statue of Mr. Peabody, to be placed near the Royal Exchange in London. It was executed in bronze, and presented to the public with appropriate ceremonies, in the summer of 1869. At this time Mr. Peabody was again in the United States, suffering from impaired health. His travels through the country from Massachusetts to Virginia were marked as heretofore by his liberal donations to

public objects. He increased the Southern Educational Fund by another million of dollars, and made other additions to the liberal institutions which he had founded. In the autumn he returned to England much enfeebled. He did not long survive, his death occurring at his residence in London on the night of November, 4th, 1869.

The lesson of such a life to the youth of America, as well as to the possessors of wealth in its employment is a valuable one. How that success, so far as it has been dependent upon character, has been obtained, we have already related; but it may be worth while to exhibit the temper and disposition, the practical good conduct of the actor of this munificent part in the social history of our times more fully, and this cannot be better done than in the words of one of the speakers at the Danvers Centennial Celebration, Mr. P. R. Southerick: “From his youth the mind of Mr. Peabody was imbued with sound principles. Early convinced of the value of time, he rightly estimated the importance of improving the opportunities and advantages with which he was favored; and we find him early distinguished by those habits of industry and by that purity of moral conduct which have ever since been pre-eminent in his character. He has been promoted entirely by his own exertions and merit. At home and abroad, in his youth and in his manhood, industry, decision, and perseverance characterize every stage of his life. His judgment is clear, deliberate, and peculiarly discriminating. He regards punctuality as the soul of business, and never violates the most trivial engagements.”



Napoleon

NAPOLÉON III.

CHARLES LOUIS NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE, the third and youngest son of Louis Bonaparte, younger brother of Napoleon, by his marriage with Hortense Fanny de Beauharnois, daughter of Josephine the divorced wife of Napoleon, by her first husband, the Viscount de Beauharnois, was born in Paris, at the palace of the Tuileries, on the 20th of April, 1808. His father Louis was the fourth son of Charles and Letitia, the Corsican parents of the house; Joseph, who became King of Spain, being the eldest; Napoleon the second; and Lucien, the Prince of Canino, the third. At the time of his son's birth, Louis had been for about two years on the throne of Holland, and Napoleon being then without children, by the imperial edicts of 1804 and 1805, the usual order of descent had been set aside, and the succession to the imperial crown declared to lie in the family of Louis. Louis Napoleon was the first prince born under the imperial rule in the direct line of succession; and his birth at Paris, where his mother, having a few months before been separated from her husband, had come to reside, was in consequence an-

nounced throughout the empire by discharges of artillery and other solemnities. The baptism of the child at Fontainebleau, in 1810, was also celebrated with unusual magnificence, the ceremony being performed by Cardinal Fesch, the brother of Josephine, and the sponsors on the occasion being the Emperor Napoleon and his newly married bride, the Empress Maria Louisa. From his infancy, the young prince resided with his mother, who had her separate establishment, and his education was conducted under her superintendance. Until the abdication of Napoleon, with whom she was always in great favor, Hortense resided at Paris, where she had an hotel and a princely household, and went by the title of the Queen of Holland, though her husband was no longer king. Though not divorced, she continued to live apart from her husband. The marriage originally had been one of convenience, and it had been early interrupted by incompatibility of temperament, Hortense, a charming woman, being as remarkable for her gay, lively qualities as her husband for the reverse. Whilst Napoleon was at Elba, Louis Bonaparte in-

stituted a suit in the courts at Paris to have his sons removed from their mother's charge and restored to him; but the Emperor's return put a stop to the proceedings, and henceforth the children remained under the charge of their mother. During the Hundred Days, she resided at the Tuileries and did the honors of Napoleon's court. At the great assemblage on the Champ-de-Mai, Napoleon presented his nephew, Louis Napoleon, then seven years old, to the soldiers and to the deputies; and the scene is said to have left a deep and abiding impression on the memory and the imagination of the boy.

After the battle of Waterloo, Hortense and her sons attended Napoleon in his retirement at Malmaison. Upon the restoration of the Bourbons, she made a visit to Bavaria; but, being forced to quit Germany, she retired to Switzerland, residing first at Constance, and subsequently, in 1816, at the estate she had purchased at Arenenberg, in the canton of Thurgau. Here she used, with her sons, to spend the summers; the winters she passed in Rome, at the Villa Borghese, which belonged to her sister-in-law Pauline. Her sons had thus opportunities of observing very different forms of government, and forming extensive connections with politicians and political adventurers both in Switzerland and Italy—opportunities which the young Louis Napoleon by no means neglected. The scholastic education of Louis Napoleon was conducted under the direction of M. Lebas, son of Robespierre's friend, a man, like his father, of stern republican principles; and from him

it may have been that the young prince imbibed those social doctrines which he held in opening manhood, and which, as developed in his early writings, appeared to consort rather oddly with the determined and pervading imperialism of all his literary productions. He was for a time a student in the military college at Thun, and is said to have made much progress in the art of gunnery. In these years he also made several pedestrian tours, knapsack on shoulder, among the wilder parts of Switzerland.

On the revolution of 1830, Louis Napoleon memorialized Louis Philippe for permission to return to France, offering to serve as a common soldier in the national army. The request was peremptorily refused; and the government of Rome, fancying that a meeting of the Bonaparte family in that city had a political tendency, Louis Napoleon and his brother were ordered to quit the papal territory. They retired to Tuscany, and at once united themselves with the Italian revolutionary party. In the insurrectionary movement of 1831, both the brothers took an active part; and, under General Sercognani, they shared in the victories gained over the papal troops. But the interference of Austria and France soon put an end to the progress of the popular arms. The elder brother Napoleon died at Pesaro, a victim to fatigue and anxiety, March 27, 1831; but Louis Napoleon succeeded, though with much difficulty, in escaping from Italy, and with his mother returned to the chateau of Arenenberg. Here he settled quietly

for a while, obtained letters of naturalization as a citizen of the canton of Thurgau, and pursued steadily his military and political studies.

But a new career was gradually unfolding itself before him. His eldest brother died in infancy; the second, as we have seen, died in 1831; and, in 1832, the only son of the emperor, now known as Napoleon II., but then as the Duke of Reichstadt, also died. Louis Napoleon had thus become, according to the decree of 1804, the immediate heir to the emperor. Thenceforward the restoration of the empire, and the Napoleon dynasty in his person, became the predominant idea of his life. He labored hard, not only to fit himself for the lofty post his ambition led him to believe he should at no distant period occupy, but also to impress his countrymen with his views, and to accustom them to associate his name with the future. He now published his first work, "Political Reviews," in which the necessity of the emperor to the state is assumed throughout as the sole means of uniting republicanism with the genius and requirements of the French people. His "Idées Napoléoniennes" were afterwards more fully developed, but the germ is to be found in his first publication. The "Political Reviews" were followed by "Political and Military Reflections upon Switzerland," a work of considerable labor and unquestionable ability; and this again, after an interval, by a large treatise entitled "Manual sur l'Artillerie," the result of the studies begun in the military school of Thun.

At length he fancied that the time

had arrived for attempting to carry his great project into effect. He had become convinced that the French people were tired of their citizen king, and that it only needed a personal appeal on the part of the heir of the great Napoleon to rally the nation round his standard. He had obtained assurances of support from military officers and others; and finally, at a meeting in Baden, he secured the aid of Colonel Vaudry, the commandant of artillery in the garrison of Strasburg. His plan was to obtain possession of that fortress; and, with the troops in garrison, who he doubted not would readily join him, to march directly on Paris, which he hoped to surprise before the government could make sufficient preparation to resist him. Having made all necessary preparations, and entered Strasburg secretly as a conspirator, early on the morning of the 30th of October, 1836, the signal was given by sound of trumpet, and Colonel Vaudry presented the prince to the regiment assembled in the square of the artillery barracks, telling the soldiers that a great revolution was commencing at the moment, and that the nephew of their emperor was before them. "He comes," said he, "to put himself at your head. He has arrived on the soil of France to restore to it liberty and glory. The time has come when you must act or die for a great cause—the cause of the people. Soldiers, can the nephew of the Emperor count upon you?" This was received with a shout of "Vive Napoleon!" "Vive l'Empereur," with a waving of sabres and other enthusiastic demonstrations.

When this had subsided, the Prince addressed the soldiers. "Resolved," said he, "to conquer or to die in the cause of the French nation, it was before you that I wished to present myself in the first instance, because between you and me exist some grand recollections in common. It was in your regiment that the Emperor Napoleon, my uncle, served as a captain; it was in your company that he distinguished himself at the siege of Toulon; and it was also your brave regiment that opened the gates of Grenoble to him on his return from Elba. Soldiers! new destinies are in reserve for you. To you is accorded the glory of commencing a great enterprise—to you it is given first to salute the eagle of Austerlitz and Wagram!" The Prince then snatching the eagle from the officer who bore it, continued: "Soldiers! behold the symbol of the glory of France, destined also to become the emblem of liberty! During fifteen years it led our fathers to victory; it has glittered upon every field of battle; it has traversed all the capitals of Europe. Soldiers! will you not rally round this noble standard, which I confide to your honor and your courage? Will you refuse to march with me against the betrayers and oppressors of our country, to the cry of 'Vive la France, Vive la Liberté!'" The soldiers echoed the appeal, and Louis Napoleon, placing himself at their head, marched off to the headquarters of the general, while a detachment was sent to a printer's to have the revolutionary proclamation set in type. The General had not finished dressing when the regiment ar-

rived, and was, of course, taken by surprise when the Prince appealed to him as a friend to place himself on his side, as the garrison was already in his favor. The General doubted this, and ordered the troops to return to their obedience, which was answered by shouts of defiance and his arrest. The city prefect, meanwhile, had also been arrested by the insurgent troops, and the colonel of the third regiment besieged in his own house. So far, all seemed to be going favorable for the Prince. The people of the town, on waking up to the affair, were crying "Vive l'Empereur." The Prince now proceeded to the barracks of another regiment, the soldiers of which were about to declare in his favor, when their Colonel, with great vehemence, cried out. "Soldiers, you are deceived! that man is no nephew of the Emperor Napoleon. He is an impostor and a cheat! He is a relative of Colonel Vaudry." The soldiers, seeing no resemblance to the great Emperor in the person before them, took up the cry, and the Prince in an instant exchanged the part of a successful revolutionary leader for that of an inglorious captive. He was arrested, and the affair was at an end.

The Prince's mother, who now passed by the name of the Duchess of St. Leu, on the instant of hearing of his arrest, hastened to Paris; and her appeals, and perhaps the want of sympathy which the Parisians exhibited, induced the king, Louis Philippe, to treat the aspirant to his throne with singular forbearance. The only punishment inflicted, was banishment from France to America. He was accord-

ingly, at the end of November, embarked on board a government frigate, the "Andromede," and carried by a circuitous route, the vessel going first to Brazil, to the United States, landing at New York. Here the Prince was employing himself in a study of the institutions of the country, and planning an extended tour of observation, when, a few months only after his arrival, he received a letter from his mother, acquainting him with her serious illness. He resolved at once to return to Europe, sailed in a packet for England; reached his mother at her residence at Arenenberg, in Switzerland, and was with her at the time of her death, in October. She was devotedly attached to her son, and her affection was warmly returned. She was a woman of ardent feelings and of considerable mental power. She published some reminiscences of a portion of her life, under the title of "Queen Hortense in Italy, France, and England, during the year 1831." She was also fond of music, and composed several airs, which have been much admired; among others, the favorite "Partant pour la Syrie."

By the death of his mother, the Prince inherited considerable property, including the richly-furnished and decorated chateau of Arenenberg, where he continued for some time to reside. An attempt, however, to vindicate his conduct in the affair at Strasburg, by means of the press, led the government of France, fearing his pertinacity, to demand his extradition from Switzerland. The cantons at first refused to comply, and expressed a determination to uphold his rights

as a citizen of Thurgau. But Louis Philippe sent an army to enforce his demands, and Louis Napoleon, not wishing to involve Switzerland in difficulty, withdrew to England. This occurred in the autumn of 1838. For about two years, he was leading apparently the life of a man about town in that country, visiting in the literary society of the metropolis which gathered about Lady Blessington and the Count D'Orsay, with whom he became quite intimate, and being received as the guest of the nobility, namely, the Duke of Montrose, the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Newcastle, and Lord Eglinton, at whose famous "Tournament" at Eglinton Castle, he was present, and in which he bore a part. All this while he was dwelling upon the future before him, and maintaining his pretensions to the throne of France, nothing doubting that he would one day be its emperor. The ingenuity and intensity of his convictions were witnessed by his publication in Brussels and London, in 1839, of his famous work, "Des Idees Napoléoniennes." In the preface to this book, dated Carlton Terrace, London, in July of that year, he says: "If the destiny which my birth presaged had not been changed by events, I, a nephew of the Emperor, should have been one of the defenders of his throne, and a propagator of his ideas; I should have enjoyed the glory of being a pillar of his edifice, or of dying in one of the squares of his guard, while fighting for France. The Emperor is no more! but his spirit still lives. Prevented from defending his shielding power with arms, I can at least attempt to

defend his memory with the pen. To enlighten public opinion by searching out the thought, which presided over his high conceptions, to recall to mind his vast plans, is a task which yet smiles upon my heart and consoles my exile. Fear of offending contrary opinions will not restrain me: ideas which are under the ægis of the greatest genius of modern times, may be avowed without reserve; nor do they need to adapt themselves to the varying caprices of the political atmosphere. Enemy of all absolute theories, and of all moral dependence, I have no engagement with any party, any sect, or any government. My voice is free—as my thought;—and I love freedom!”* The book to which this declaration was the prelude, discussed the general ideas of government, the “Mission” of the Emperor, and the details of the internal administration of France, civil and political, the judiciary, the army, etc., with a review of the foreign Napoleonic policy. “In conclusion,” says he, “let us repeat it, the Napoleonic idea is not one of war, but a social, industrial, commercial idea, and one which concerns all mankind. If to some it appears always surrounded by the thunder of combats, that is because it was, in fact, for too long a time veiled by the smoke of cannon and the dust of battles. But now the clouds are dispersed, and we can see, beyond the glory of arms, a civil glory greater and more enduring. May the shade of the Emperor repose, then, in peace! His memory grows greater every day.

* “Napoleonic Ideas.” Translated by James A. Dorr. New York, 1839.

Every surge that breaks upon the rock of Saint Helena, responding to a whisper of Europe, brings a homage to his memory, a regret to his ashes; and the echo of Longwood repeats over his tomb: “*The enfranchised nations are occupied everywhere in re-establishing thy work!*”

This manifesto of opinions and aspirations was the following year succeeded by the miserable attempt, a repetition of the Strasburg failure, at Boulogne. Again the Prince seems to have thought that he had but to show himself upon French soil to conquer the nation. Having got together a company of miscellaneous adventurers, by no means of a striking military appearance, about fifty in number, including Count Montholon, who had been an attendant of the first Napoleon at St. Helena, he embarked in a steamboat, the “City of Edinburgh,” hired for the occasion, from the English port of Margate, and, early on the morning of the 6th of August, 1840, under pretence of a party of soldiers proceeding from Dunkirk to Cherbourg, deceived the Custom officer on watch, and was permitted to land at Boulogne. An important member of this redoubtable expedition was a tame eagle, which the Prince carried with him for sentimental effect, or as an omen of victory! Hardly, however, was this motley company, the eagle included, on shore, than they were met by the garrison troops, who, had they been inclined, were not permitted to show any favor to the enterprise. The adventurers who had done nothing more than parade the streets, were speedily, within a couple of

hours, endeavoring to get back to their vessel; and, in the attempt at flight, Louis Napoleon, with most of his followers, was captured. It is difficult to suppose that the leader in this affair regarded it in any other light, than as a hap-hazard piece of daring, an announcement of himself which, successful or unsuccessful, would bring his name again before the French people. Anything to such a schemer would be preferable to stagnation or neglect. A color, however, seems to have been given to his hopes by some recent signs of disaffection to the government of Louis Philippe, and by the interest which the project of removing the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to Paris, then about to be accomplished, had occasioned. If the people were so elated at the prospect of doing honor to a dead Emperor, might they not hail with acclamation his legitimate successor? The time came when something was to be built upon this reasoning; but it had not yet arrived. A proclamation issued by the Prince at this Boulogne landing, for it was nothing more, shows that he connected the two events in his mind. "Frenchmen!" was its language, "the ashes of the Emperor should return only to regenerated France. The shade of a great man should not be profaned by impure and hypocritical homage. Glory and Liberty should stand at the side of the coffin of Napoleon. Traitors to their country should disappear. There is in France to-day but violence on one side and lawlessness on the other. I wish to re-establish order and liberty. I wish, in gathering around me all the interests of the

country without exception, and in supporting myself with the suffrages of the masses, to erect an imperishable edifice. I wish to give France true alliances and a solid peace, and not to plunge her in the hazards of a general war. Frenchmen! I see before me a brilliant future for our country, I perceive behind me the shade of the Emperor, which presses me forward. I shall not stop till I have regained the sword of Austerlitz, replaced the eagles upon our banners, and restored to the people their rights."

Louis Napoleon being now lodged in prison in the conciergerie at Paris, it was determined by the government to proceed with his trial on an impeachment of treason, before the Court of Peers. It was commenced on the 28th of September, and lasted several days. The Prince was defended by the eminent counsellor, Berryer, and himself delivered an elaborate speech in vindication of his projects and intentions. In the course of this, he asserted that nowhere in French history, had "the national will been proclaimed so solemnly, or been established by suffrage so numerous and so free, as on adopting the constitution of the Empire." He would not, however, he said, force any issue upon the country; but, if he had the power, would appeal to a National Congress to determine the question, whether "Republic or Monarchy, Empire or Kingdom." His concluding remarks were pointedly expressed. "A last word, gentlemen. I represent before you a principle, a cause, a defeat. The principle is the sovereignty of the people; the cause, that of the Empire; the defeat, Water-

loo. The principle, you have recognized it; the cause, you have served it; the defeat, you have wished to avenge it. Representative of a political cause, I cannot accept as judge of my intentions and my acts, a political tribunal. Your forms impose on no one. In the struggle now commencing, there can be but the victor and the vanquished. If you are the victorious, I have no justice to expect from you, and I do not wish generosity." Language like this was not likely to conciliate the court; nor was the argument of Berryer, which exhibited the weakness of the government, and appealed strongly to the Napoleonic prestige, adapted to lessen the sense of danger. The life of the Prince was saved; but he was found guilty of high treason, and condemned to perpetual imprisonment in a French fortress. The place chosen for his confinement was the Castle of Ham, situated in the town of that name, about 100 miles north-east of Paris; and there he remained for nearly six years, till the 25th of May, 1846, when, with the assistance of his friend, Dr. Conneau, his physician, residing in the prison, and a faithful valet, he escaped from the walls in disguise.

He has, himself, furnished an account of this adventure in a published letter. "My desire," he writes, "to see my father once more in this world, made me attempt the boldest enterprise I ever engaged in. It required more resolution and courage on my part than at Strasburg and Boulogne; for I was determined not to submit to the ridicule which attaches to those who are arrested escaping under a

disguise, and a failure I could not have endured. You know that the fort was guarded by four hundred men, of whom sixty soldiers acted daily as sentries outside the walls. Moreover, the principal gate of the prison was guarded by three gaolers, two of whom were constantly on duty. It was necessary that I should first elude their vigilance; afterwards traverse the inside court, before the windows of the commandant's residence; and, on arriving there, I should still have to pass by a gate which was guarded by soldiers. Not wishing to communicate my designs to any one, it was necessary to disguise myself. As several rooms in the part of the building which I occupied were undergoing repair, it was not difficult to assume the dress of a workman. My good and faithful valet, Charles Th  lier, procured a smock-frock and a pair of sabots; and, after shaving off my moustaches, I took a plank on my shoulders. On Sunday morning I saw the workmen enter at half-past eight o'clock. Charles took them some drink, in order that I should not meet any of them on my way. He was also to call one of the turnkeys, whilst Dr. Conneau conversed with the others. Nevertheless, I had scarcely got out of my room before I was accosted by a workman, who took me for one of his comrades; and, at the bottom of the stairs, I found myself in front of the keeper. Fortunately, I placed before my face the plank which I was carrying, and succeeded in reaching the yard. Whenever I passed a sentinel or any other person, I always kept the plank be-

fore my face. Passing before the first sentinel, I let my pipe fall, and stopped to pick up the bits. There I met the officer on duty; but as he was reading a letter, he paid no attention to me. The soldiers at the guard-house appeared surprised at my dress, and a chasseur turned several times to look at me. I next met some workmen, who looked very attentively at me. I placed the plank before my face; but they appeared to be so curious, that I thought I should never escape, until I heard them say, 'Oh! it is Bertrand!' Once outside, I walked quickly towards the road to St. Quentin. Charles, who had the day before engaged a carriage, shortly overtook me, and we arrived at St. Quentin. I passed through the town on foot, after having thrown off my smock-frock. Charles procured a post-chaise, under the pretext of going to Cambrai. We arrived, without meeting with any obstacles, at Valenciennes, where I took the railway. I had procured a Belgian passport, but I was nowhere asked to show it. During my escape, Dr. Conneau, always so devoted to me, remained in prison, and caused them to believe that I was unwell, in order to give me time to reach the frontier. Before I could be persuaded to quit France, it was necessary that I should be convinced that the government would never set me at liberty, if I would not consent to dishonor myself. It was also a matter of duty that I should exert all my efforts, in order to be enabled to solace my father in his old age."

Quickly making his way across the frontier, through Belgium, he was soon

landed in safety in England. Hearing presently of the serious illness of his father in Tuscany, he endeavored to get a passport to that country, to be with him; but before he could accomplish this, Ex-King Louis died at Leghorn, in July, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. His son inherited a portion of his property.

As if to make amends for his long confinement at Ham, the Prince now became more than ever a man of pleasure in London. He became greatly addicted to the turf, and lost much, it is said, at the hands of its professional gamblers. Reduced in fortune, he resided in London, in economical quarters, at a house in King street, St. James's. While there, he was, on occasion of a threatened Chartist disturbance, sworn in as a special constable. The French Revolution, in 1848, came to inspire him with fresh hopes. Louis Philippe was an exile in England; and, in the confusion of affairs in France, there was some chance for the heir of Napoleon. The exiled members of the family flocked to Paris, headed by Jerome, the brother of Napoleon. There was some opposition to the return of Louis Napoleon, who waited in London till he was ostensibly called by the will of the people. In the elections which presently took place, he was returned for four departments, including that of the Seine. Lamartine moved a decree on the 12th of June, banishing him from France, which was rejected with much excitement on the part of the people of Paris in his favor. But the Prince still held aloof, judiciously fanning the flame of the popular will by a resigna-

tion of the position tendered him, sent from London and read in the Assembly. "I was proud," he wrote, "to have been elected representative of the people of Paris, and in three other departments. It was, in my opinion, an ample reparation for thirty years' exile and six years' captivity. But the injurious suspicions to which my election has given rise, the disturbances of which it was the pretext, and the hostility of the executive power, impose upon me the duty to decline an honor which I am supposed to have obtained by intrigue. I desire order, and the maintenance of a wise, great and enlightened Republic, and, since involuntarily favoring disorder, I tender my resignation—not without regret—into your hands. Tranquility, I trust, will now be restored, and enable me to return as the humblest of citizens, but also as one of the most devoted to the repose and prosperity of his country." Paris, meanwhile, witnessed fresh scenes of disorder and insurrection, and the Prince bided his time. It came with a renewed offer of a seat in the National Assembly. He consented, in a letter from London, and was returned by an immense majority for the department of the Seine and five others. Leaving England immediately after the elections, he appeared in person, and, on the 26th of June, was enrolled a member of the National Assembly. On taking his seat, he addressed the House. "I have at last," said he, "recovered a country and my rights of citizenship. The Republic conferred on me that great happiness. I offer it now my oath of gratitude and devotion; and the generous fellow country-

men who sent me to this hall may rest certain that they will find me devoted to that double task which is common to us all; namely, to assure order and tranquility, the first want of the country, and to develop the democratical institutions which the people have a right to claim. * * * My conduct, you may be certain, shall ever be guided by a respectful devotion to the law; it will prove, to the confusion of those who attempted to slander me, that no man is more devoted than I am, I repeat it, to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic."

Louis Napoleon's election as President, for a term ending May, 1852, followed in December. An address to his "fellow citizens" was marked by lofty expressions of devotion to the cause of the Republic, not without suggestions of a "strong" and decided government, implied, however, rather than fully declared. "If I am elected President," said he, "I shall not shrink from any danger, from any sacrifice, to defend society which has been so audaciously attacked. I shall devote myself wholly, without reserve, to the confirming of a Republic which has shown itself wise by its laws, honest in its intentions, great and powerful by its acts. I pledge my honor to leave to my successor, at the end of four years, the executive power strengthened, liberty intact, and real progress accomplished. Whatever may be the result of the election, I shall bow to the will of the people; and I pledge, beforehand, my co-operation with any strong and honest government which shall re-establish order in

principles as well as in things; which shall efficiently protect our religion, our families, and our properties, the eternal bases of every social community; which shall attempt all practical reforms, assuage animosities, reconcile parties, and thus permit a country, rendered uneasy by circumstances, to count upon the morrow." In these and other declarations of the kind the ends of government were dwelt upon rather than the means, with an unsuspected leaning to imperial authority. When the election came on for the presidency, Louis Napoleon received nearly five million and a half votes; his chief opponent, General Cavaignac, the military leader of the Republican movement, about a million and a half, and Ledru Rollin, of the late "provisional" government, less than four hundred thousand. On taking the oath of fidelity, in the National Assembly, to the Constitution, the Prince President declared in an address to the members that "he should look upon those as enemies to the country who should attempt to change by illegal means what entire France has established. We have, citizen representatives, a great mission to fulfil. It is to found a Republic for the interests of all, and a Government just, firm, and animated, with a sincere love of progress, without being either reactionary or Utopian. Let us be men of the country, not men of a party; and, with the assistance of God, we shall at least accomplish useful, if we cannot succeed in achieving great things." In this it may be observed that a government is brought forward as distinct from the Republic. An

imperial authority resting on popular forms seems always to have been the ideal of Louis Napoleon.

From the moment of his election to the presidency, Louis Napoleon took a much more decided stand than either of those who had preceded him as head of the executive. There were symptoms of red republican discontent, but they were speedily checked. The contest with the legislative assembly was more important and of longer continuance. But the prince president was looking to popular support, and he soon found means of winning public favor by his progresses through the country, his sounding and significant addresses, and the desire he constantly expressed for the exaltation of France in the eyes of the surrounding nations. His dismissal, at the beginning of 1851, of a man so able and popular as Changarnier from the command of the army in Paris, showed that he would not permit himself to be bearded with impunity; and, rash as it might at first glance seem, it served to strengthen his position. He was met apparently by an equally firm resolution in the National Assembly; who, after repeatedly expressing want of confidence in his ministers, proceeded, on the 10th of February, 1851, by a majority of 102, to reject the President's Dotation Bill. In November, the president sent a message to the assembly, proposing to restore universal suffrage; and, in accordance with the message, a bill was introduced by the ministers, but thrown out by a small majority. The contest was hastening to a close. In a public speech, the President had denounced

the assembly as obstructive of all ameliorating measures, and a government journal now plainly accused the body of conspiracy against the Prince President, and of designing to make Changarnier military dictator. Paris was filled with troops. It was evident some decided measure was at hand. The leaders of the assembly hesitated and their cause was lost. On the second of December, the Prince President issued a decree dissolving the legislative assembly; declaring Paris in a state of siege; establishing universal suffrage; proposing the election of a President for ten years, and a second chamber or senate. In the course of the night, one hundred and eighty members of the assembly were placed under arrest; and M. Thiers and other leading statesmen, with generals Changarnier, Cavaignac, Lamoriciere, etc., were seized and sent to the castle of Vincennes. This was the famous *Coup d'Etat*: and it was eminently successful, if that can be called successful which was a violation of faith and an occasion of fearful slaughter. Numerous other arrests and banishments occurred subsequently. On the 20th and 21st of December, a "plebiscite," embodying the terms of the decree, with the name of Louis Napoleon as President, was adopted by the French people, the numbers, according to the official statement, being 7,439,216 in the affirmative, and 640,737 negative. A decree, published on the day of the official announcement of the vote, restored the imperial eagles to the national colors and to the cross of the Legion of Honor. In January, 1851, the new constitution was published; the

National Guard reorganized, and the titles of the French nobility restored. When the result of the vote approving of the *Coup d'Etat* was announced by the Committee to the President at his residence in Paris, the palace of the Elysée, he replied: "France has responded to the loyal appeal which I had made to her. She has comprehended that I departed from the legal only to return to the right. More than seven million votes have absolved me by justifying an act which had no other object than to spare France, and perhaps Europe, from years of troubles and misfortunes. If I congratulate myself upon this immense adhesion, it is not through pride, but because it gives me power to speak and act in a manner becoming the chief of a great nation such as ours. * * * I hope to assure the destinies of France in founding institutions which will correspond at once with the democratic instincts of the nation, and with the universally expressed desire of having henceforward a strong and respected government: in truth, to satisfy the demands of the moment by creating a system which reconstitutes authority without injuring equality, or closing any channel of amelioration, is to lay the true foundation of the only edifice capable of sustaining hereafter the action of a wise and salutary liberty."

It soon became evident that the restoration of the empire was only a matter of time. Petitions which had been presented to the senate, were printed in the newspapers, praying for the establishment of the hereditary sovereign power in the Bonaparte

family; cries of "Vive l'Empereur," were heard in every public ceremonial in which the President took part; and at length, the President himself, in a speech to the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, declared that "the Empire is peace." In November, 1852, the people were convoked to accept or reject a "plebiscite," resuscitating the imperial dignity in the person of Louis Napoleon, to be hereditary in his direct legitimate or adoptive descendants. The affirmative was declared to be voted by a majority of about seven and a half millions.

The announcement was received by the newly-made Emperor, on the 1st of December, in a speech from a throne which he had erected at the Palace of St. Cloud. Among other things, on this occasion, he said: "I take, to-day, with the crown, the name of Napoleon III., because the logic of the people has already given it to me in their acclamations, because the Senate has proposed it legally, and because the entire nation has ratified it. Is this, however, to say that in accepting the title, I fall into the error with which that prince is reproached, who, returning from exile, declared as null, and not having happened, everything which had taken place during his absence? Far from me a similar delusion. Not only do I recognize the governments which have preceded me, but I inherit in a measure the good or the evil which they have done; for governments which succeed each other, notwithstanding their different origins, are responsible for their predecessors. But the more I accept all that which, for fifty years, history

has transmitted to us, with its inflexible authority, the less it will be permitted to me to pass in silence the glorious reign of the chief of my family; and the regular title, though ephemeral, of his son, whom the Chambers proclaimed in the last outburst of vanquished pathetism. Thus, then, the title of Napoleon III. is not one of those dynastic and obsolete pretensions which seem an insult to good sense and to truth; it is the homage rendered to a government which was legitimate, and to which we owe the best pages of our modern history. My name does not date from 1815; it dates from the moment in which you make known to me the suffrages of the nation."

The entrance of Napoleon upon his new career as head of the Empire, was speedily followed by his marriage to a lady of Spain, Eugénie-Marie de Guzman, Countess of Teba, who, by her beauty and accomplishments, and the facility with which she adapted herself to French society, soon won a general popularity. The marriage took place on the 29th of January, 1853, and was celebrated with much pomp at Notre Dame. The issue of this marriage was a son, Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph, born March 16th, 1856. The public events of the reign belong rather to history than biography; though, as the Emperor had risen greatly by the force of his indomitable perseverance and assertion of Napoleonic ideas, with the prestige of his great name, there probably was no ruler in Europe during his reign, whose personal motives were more eagerly scanned, or who illustrated more

fully, spite of popular forms of government, the notion of personal sovereignty. His alliance with England, in the war with Russia, from 1854 to 1856, when the armies of the two nations maintained together a long and obstinate contest in the Crimea, was the first great event of his foreign policy; and his influence was strongly felt in arranging the terms of peace, at the treaty of Paris. A visit to England, in April, 1855, by the Emperor and Empress, followed by the appearance of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort the summer of the same year at Paris, witnessed to a friendly relation between the two countries, which was generally sustained during the Imperial rule. This year was also signalised by the opening at Paris of an "Exposition" of the arts and industry of all nations, which proved eminently successful. In January, 1858, an unsuccessful attempt was made upon the Emperor's life, by Orsini, an Italian, a supposed agent of the Revolutionary party in Italy, who were dissatisfied with the policy toward that country. It was not long, however, before the Emperor was in arms against the hated Austrians in Italy, in support of Victor Emanuel, the King of Sardinia, when his territory was invaded by Francis Joseph. Napoleon took the field in person in the campaign of 1859, commanding at the battle of Solferino, in which the Austrians were defeated, on the 24th of June; and, the next month, concluded the treaty of Villafranca, by which Lombardy was freed from Austrian rule, and added to the dominions of Victor Emanuel, who, in

the rapid march of events in Italy, on the liberation of Sicily and Naples, and the spontaneous national movement in other parts of the country, was, in March, 1861, proclaimed King of Italy. For the aid Napoleon had given in furtherance of this result, France was compensated by the cession of Savoy and Nice. A French army still occupied Rome, which it held since 1849, ostensibly in the cause of law and order, as a protection to the Pope; but the effect of the occupation had been to control the designs of Austria. In 1866, the troops were finally withdrawn from the city.

The next foreign movement of Napoleon, succeeding the Italian campaign, was less successful, his intervention in the affairs of Mexico, undertaken in 1861, when the United States were occupied in the conflict of the Southern Rebellion. It was ostensibly at the outset, in conjunction with Great Britain and Spain, to demand redress for injuries inflicted on subjects of the respective countries, and for the payment of a debt resisted by Mexico; but his two allies perceiving that the Emperor had other objects in view, withdrew from the expedition, and he was left to carry on the war alone. This cost France a great expenditure of men and money, with the melancholy sacrifice of the Emperor Maximilian, who, after the French army had entered the city of Mexico, in June, 1863, was invited to the throne by Napoleon. The firm conduct of the government at Washington, strong in the suppression of the home revolt, led to the withdrawal, by Napoleon of his troops from Mexico, in

1866, and Maximilian was left to his fate, to fall in the internal conflicts of the country. This Mexican intervention was the first great blunder of the imperial policy, and destroyed much of the prestige which Napoleon had gained abroad and at home by the success of his measures. One of the great resources of his internal administration was the employment of workmen in the improvement of Paris, which became almost a new city under the transformations which it underwent.

In the conflict which arose between Prussia and Austria, terminated in a short campaign by the decisive victory at Sadowa, in July, 1866, France remained neutral; but the territorial acquisitions of Prussia, and her increased military prestige, generated a feeling of jealousy and hostility in the French nation which was to produce the most important results. A difficulty, in 1867, between France and Prussia, respecting the affairs of Luxemburgh, averted for the time, showed the tendency of events. There was a strong popular feeling in France for war; measures were taken for the increase of the army, and Napoleon now experienced more than ever what he had often advanced in theory, that his throne was resting on the immediate will of the people. A greater infusion of liberty was demanded by the people in the imperial system, and expressed in the return of members to the legislative body. Personal government, as it was called, was violently opposed, while the Emperor was promising to "crown the edifice" he had erected by more liberal concessions of popular rights. So imposing

had the agitation become that resort was had to the extraordinary measure of taking a national vote of confidence in the imperial administration, a proceeding which could have been inspired only by doubt or mistrust of the strength of the Napoleonic government. This vote was taken on the 8th of May, and was decidedly in favor of the existing rule, more than seven millions voting in its support, and about a million and a half in opposition. Fifty thousand negative votes were cast in the army—a hint for a war policy which was not lost upon the government. Still there were no signs of war, and the Emperor seemed to be realizing his favorite idea of peace, when a pretext for the long talked of conflict with Germany arose in the Spanish Cortes, in the proffer of the vacant throne to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a reputed member of the reigning dynasty of Prussia. France at once took the alarm, and an explanation was demanded from Prussia, which disclaimed any agency in the appointment, and the name of the Prince was presently withdrawn as a candidate, by his father, in consequence of the opposition. Here the matter might, it would be supposed, have rested. The protest of France had been regarded, and by the defeat of the invitation to the Spanish throne the Emperor had gained a diplomatic triumph. But he was disposed to push this matter further. A more distinct interference, with pledges for the future, were demanded by the French minister of the King of Prussia, in an objectionable personal remonstrance. The ambassador, M. Ben-

edetti, was promptly repulsed, and immediately after, on the 15th of July, 1870, France declared war against Prussia. The armies of the two nations at once took the field; the Germans, anticipating invasion, hastening to the defence of their frontiers, and the French vaingloriously threatening a triumphant march to Berlin. Napoleon had resolved to take the command of his army; and, on the 24th of July, issued a proclamation asserting the aggressive spirit of Prussia, and in sounding phrases of warlike preparation pretending the security of peace. "Frenchmen," was its language, "there are in the life of a people solemn moments when the national honor, violently excited, presses itself irresistibly, rises above all other interests, and applies itself with the single purpose of directing the destinies of the nation. One of those decisive hours has now arrived for France. * * * There remains for us nothing but to confide our destinies to the chance of arms. We do not make war upon Germany, whose independence we respect. We pledge ourselves that the people composing the great Germanic nationality shall freely dispose of their destinies. As for us, we demand the establishment of a state of things guaranteeing our security and assuring the future. We wish to conquer a durable peace, founded on the true interests of the people, and to assist in abolishing that precarious condition of things when all nations are forced to employ their resources in arming against each other. The glorious flag of France, which we once more unfurl in the face of our chal-

lengers, is the same which has borne over Europe the civilizing ideas of our great revolution. It represents the same principles; it will inspire the same devotion. Frenchmen: I go to place myself at the head of that gallant army, which is animated by love of country and devotion to duty. That army knows its worth, for it has seen victory follow its footsteps in the four quarters of the globe. I take with me my son. Despite his tender years, he knows the duty his name imposes upon him, and he is proud to bear his part in the dangers of those who fight for our country. May God bless our efforts. A great people defending a just cause is invincible."

On the day this proclamation was issued, an advance party of the Germans covered the frontier at Saarbrück, where Napoleon made his appearance at the end of the month; and, in an unimportant skirmish on the 2nd of August, was present surveying the field. In a telegraphic message to the Empress, which was published, he thought fit to make the announcement that his son Louis, the Prince Imperial, a boy of fourteen, had "received his first baptism of fire. He was admirably cool and little impressed. A division of Frossard's command carried the heights overlooking the Saar. The Prussians made a brief resistance. Louis and I were in the front, where the balls fell about us. Louis keeps a bullet which he picked up. The soldiers wept at his tranquillity." This was literally child's play. Other moves began to be made on the chessboard of the war. The French lost time by delay; the Ger-

man host were on French soil; and battle after battle was lost, till the crowning disaster at Sedan, on the 2nd of September, when Napoleon surrendered, with his army, to King William of Prussia. A residence was assigned him at the palace of Wilhelmshohe, near Cassel, where he enjoyed the freedom of a private court, and awaited the termination of the war. In a despatch to his Queen, King William briefly noticed the appearance of Napoleon in the interview at the surrender: "What a thrilling moment was that of my meeting with Napoleon! He was cast down, but dignified in his bearing and resigned. Our meeting took place in a small castle in front of the western glacis of Sedan." The effect of this disaster at Paris was the immediate overthrow of the Napoleonic dynasty. The Empress had been left regent on the departure of the Emperor for the field; and now, in vain, attempted to preserve the imperial rule. The *déchéance*, as it was termed, was voted in the Corps Legislative; the Empress sought safety in flight; and the Republic was proclaimed. Eugenie, with her son the Prince, went to reside in England, where, at the close of the war, they were joined, in the spring of 1871, by Napoleon.

To this narrative, for a considerable portion of which we have been indebted to the account of the Bonaparte family in the "English Cyclopædia," we have to add a notice of a memorable literary production of Louis Napoleon which signalized his imperial rule. This was his "History of Julius Cæsar," the first volume of which ap-

peared in Paris in 1865, and a second ending with the termination of the Wars in Gaul, and the passage of the Rubicon, in 1866. This work, like all the writings of its author, is skilfully and effectively put together. In preparing a work on history, he knew well what would be expected in the country of Thierry, Michelet, Guizot, and their illustrious associates in this field of composition. Hence it has all the lights of geographical and antiquarian research; is graphic and pointed; and has, what we may suppose its author above all aimed to give it, an air of philosophical investigation. The design is obvious; the suggestion of the first Emperor and his authority as a ruler; a vindication of Cæsarism, embodied more fully in the reign of Augustus, the model of the second Empire in France. "The aim I have in view," says Napoleon III. in his preface, "in writing this history, is to prove that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries. Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow them! woe to those who misunderstand and combat them! They do as the Jews did, they crucify their Messiah; they are blind and culpable: blind, for they do not see the impotence of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; culpable, for they only retard progress by impeding its prompt and fruitful application." Such was the imperial language of the modern Augustus,

dated at the Palace of the Tuileries, March 20, 1862.

Louis Napoleon, with his wife and son had their residence in England, at Camden House, Chiselhurst, Kent. There the Ex-Emperor passed the short remaining period of his life. Early in January, 1873, suffering from the disease of stone in the bladder, he submitted to the operation of lithotomy, and almost immediately after, on the morning of the 9th, sank rapidly and expired. His death was attributed to failure of the circulation and a generally enfeebled constitutional condition. On the 15th, the funeral services were performed at the adjacent Roman Catholic Church, St. Mary's, Chiselhurst, and the remains deposited in a mortuary chapel within the edifice. The death of the Ex-Emperor created a feeling of profound sympathy in England, where he was held in great regard for the good feeling displayed by him in his administration toward that country. As it was expressed in a poetical tribute to his memory :

"Let whoso will count of his faults the cost,
And point a moral in his saddened end;
This is the thought in England uppermost—
He, who has died among us, lived our friend."

In France, his death excited little emotion. "One of the strangest, rarest, most complex phenomena of the nineteenth century," wrote M. Philarète Chasles, "he was a wonder, reigned some twenty years, and died almost unheeded and unknown. Brother citizens, in the streets of Paris, or the official Seigniors, in the *foyer de l'opera*, greet each other, saying only, 'The Emperor is dead!'—'I knew it;'—and go off. No passion is stirring; nobody feels angry, or glad, or excited in any way. The man was not hated, and among his *entours* and private friends he was a very great favorite—a silent, patient, sweet-tempered man; well bred, innocuous, easy of access, he smiled readily, and possessed many good points—many, indeed; but a *Sham Cæsar!*" †

* "Punch; or, the London Charivari," Jan. 18, 1873.

† "London Athenæum," Jan. 18, 1873.



Emily Judson

EMILY CHUBBUCK JUDSON.

READERS of the popular magazine literature of America, whose recollections go back about a quarter of a century, may remember the reputation acquired by a gentle female author, all tenderness, spirit, and vivacity, in the sketches and essays which she published under the name of Fanny Forester. For a long time few knew her under any other designation. She subsequently became known to a large portion of the religious world as the wife of the eminent missionary, Judson; and when, a few years ago, she passed away, and the story of her life was fully written, with loving insight, by Professor Kendrick, a new interest was awakened in her career by the touching picture then presented of her early years, in the struggle of her genius upward to the light, through adverse fortunes. In a fragment of autobiography, confined mostly to the period of her childhood, she has traced her family in America, four generations backward, to a paternal ancestor, John Chubbuck, a native of Wales, though of English parentage, who emigrated to the American Colonies about the year 1700. The vessel in which he sailed being wrecked off Nantucket,

he landed there, and became a resident in that locality. He had a son born there, who married Hannah Marble, "a worthy and pious woman," who became the mother of several children, one of whom, Emily's grandfather, served with the colonial army during the Revolutionary War. His son, Charles, married Lavinia Richards, of a New Hampshire family, of English origin, but long settled in the country. In 1816, this couple removed from New England to Eaton, Madison county, New York, bringing with them four children. A fifth, Emily, the subject of this notice, was born at that place, August 22d, 1817. From her birth, she was of a delicate constitution. Her earliest recollections were of her liability to illness, and of her susceptibility to religious emotions. Her parents, who are described as persons of more than ordinary intelligence, came poor in purse, settlers in a comparatively new region, and their children encountered with them the hardships of their lot. At the age of eleven, Emily removed with the family to Pratt's Hollow, a small village not far distant, the seat of a woollen factory, in which she was immediately

set to work in splicing rolls. "We were, at this time," she writes, "very poor, and did not know on one day what we should eat the next, otherwise I should not have been placed at such hard work. My parents, however, judiciously allowed me to spend half my wages—the whole was one dollar and twenty-five cents per week—as I thought proper; and, in this way, with numerous incentives to economy, I first learned the use of money. My principal recollections during this summer, are of noise and filth, bleeding hands and aching feet, and a very sad heart." The hard frosts of December came, bringing a happy relief for a few months, to this severe factory labor, which employed twelve hours of the day, and of needs sent the delicate child home at its close, utterly wearied and exhausted. While the water-wheel was stopped by the ice, Emily went to the district school; and it is a touching memorial of the time, that in her own words, she acquitted herself "to the satisfaction of every body, my poor sick sister especially." When the factory reopened in March, she left school, and returned to her routine of toil. A pathetic incident of her now constant home sorrow, in the illness of her sister Lavinia, the first-born of the family, ten years older than herself, is recorded in a passage of the autobiography for May: "It was some time in this month that the carding machine broke, and I had the afternoon to myself. I spent all my little stock of money in hiring a horse and wagon, and took poor Lavinia out driving. We spread a buffalo robe on a pretty, dry knoll, and fa-

ther carried her to it in his arms. I shall never forget how happy she was, nor how Kate and I almost buried her with violets and other wild spring flowers. It was the last time she ever went out." The sister died the following month, and Emily's health failed perceptibly after the event. A physician was called in, who condemned the factory life for the child, and pronounced freedom and fresh air indispensable—"a home on a farm, if possible."

In the month of November, we find the recommendation realized. The family have removed to a farm in the vicinity of Morrisville, a village not far off, where one of the sons, who subsequently became an editor of some note, was put to learn the printing business, and the father was often absent distributing newspapers. When he was at home, the severity of the winter so affected his health that he could do but little to assist the others. "Mother, Harriet, and I," writes Emily, were frequently compelled to go out into the fields, and dig broken wood out of the snow, to keep ourselves from freezing. Catharine and I went to the district school as much as we could." The year 1830 brought to the village revivals in the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches, which interested Emily greatly, for she was always susceptible to religious emotions; and her sister Harriet now was baptized, while she looked on, as she tell us, "almost broken-hearted." It may be taken as evidence of a certain candor and force of character, that, being thus predisposed, she did not, as a matter of course, fall in with the popular cur-

rent. "I recollect," she writes, "feeling myself very heart-heavy, because the revival had passed without my being converted. I grew mopish and absent-minded, but still I did not relax my efforts. Indeed, I believe my solemn little face was almost ludicrously familiar to worshippers of every denomination, for I remember a Presbyterian once saying to me, as I was leaving the chapel, after having, as usual, asked prayers: 'What! this little girl not converted yet! How do you suppose we can waste any more time in praying for you?'"

Meanwhile other influences are coming in. The family home became a great resort for students from the neighboring Hamilton College, whose conversation enlivened the place. The home was also well supplied with choice books, "a luxury," says Emily, "which, even in our deepest poverty, we never denied ourselves; for we had been taught from our cradles to consider knowledge, next after religion, the most desirable thing, and were never allowed to associate with ignorant and vulgar children." She was now taught something of rhetoric and natural philosophy, by a female teacher, and trained in English composition by another, seven or eight years older than herself, who was a great admirer of the misanthropic school of poetry, and of Lord Byron—always repeating his poetry and "actually raving" over Manfred. She also read the French writers in the originals; and, having imbibed infidel sentiments, introduced her pupil to Gibbon, Hume, Tom Paine, and more especially to Voltaire and Rousseau. These new literary acquaint-

ances, doubtless, stimulated the faculties; but they do not appear to have injured the faith or affected the serious disposition of Emily.

The necessity of making some provision for daily living, gave her something to think of beside theoretical irreligion. Her father, one of those men who seemed to have lacked the faculty of being successful in the world, had failed in his attempt at farming. So he removed to the village of Morrisville, to occupy a rude abode, described by Emily as "a little old house on the outskirts, the poorest shelter we ever had, with only two rooms on the floor, and a loft, to which we ascended by means of a ladder. We were not discouraged, however, but managed to make the house a little genteel, as well as tidy. Harriet and I used a turn-up bedstead, surrounded by pretty chintz curtains, and we made a parlor and dining-room of the room by day. Harriet had a knack at twisting ribbons and fitting dresses, and she took in sewing; Catharine and Wallace went to school; I got constant employment of a little Scotch weaver." In such nestling-places of poverty genius raises her pupils, proving their virtue in her rugged school, that they may come forth to the world and exhibit the beauty of life more beautiful by contrast with its early darkness. The example is instructive, and has its lights as well as its shades, showing that, even in the humblest abode, there is some grace and elegance even in externals, if knowledge and heart are not altogether extinguished. There happily was in this virtuous family no discouragement; and the picture, hum-

ble as it is, has its little idyllic graces, with something of the flavor, we may suppose, of the home of the Vicar of Wakefield, where "though the same room served for parlor and kitchen, that only made it the warmer;" and, even as the Vicar's household was thrown into a flutter by the visit of the fashionable town ladies, Lady Blarney and Miss Caroline Amelia Skeggs; so, one day in June, as Emily writes, she and her sisters "were surprised by a visit from a maiden sister of my mother, an elegant, dashing, gaily-dressed woman, who contrasted oddly enough with our homely house and furniture. Harriet and I estimated that the clothing and jewelry she carried in her two great trunks, would purchase us as handsome a house as we wished. She was quite surprised to find us in such humble circumstances, and wondered that we could be so happy. She told me a good deal of my mother, as she was in her former days, and frequently wept at the contrast."

The opening of a new academy in the village, in the spring of 1831, gave Emily the opportunity of some further instruction, of which she immediately availed herself, being in attendance there during the day, and at night working with her sister Harriet at sewing, to earn sufficient to clear the expenses of the day, including tuition, clothing, and food. At the close of the first term of the school in August, she enters regularly into the employ of the Scotch weaver, and as she stood alone in his house, turning her little crank all day, she revolved in her mind thoughts of the missionary life,

which, from her early childhood, had haunted her, and wondered how she could turn her little stock of learning to account, especially in refuting the infidel arguments of Paine and the like. The next winter brought a little change in the household arrangements. The father took a better house in the village, the expenses of which were to be met by receiving boarders, and the family had hardly entered upon the undertaking, when Harriet was stricken with a fever, and was soon taken away—another great sorrow for Emily in her young life. So the new year opened with fresh cares in housekeeping. Boarders thronged in, increasing, of course, the family labors. Emily assumed her full share of them, while she was making extraordinary exertions to maintain her place at school. What she encountered in this process she tells us herself. "On Monday morning, I used to rise at two o'clock, and do the washing for the family and boarders before nine; on Thursday evening I did the ironing; and Saturday, because there was but half day of school, we made baking day. In this way, by Katy's (her sister's) help, we managed to get on with only one servant. I also took sewing of a mantua-maker close by, and so contrived to make good the time consumed in school. My classmates had spent all their lives in school, and they now had plenty of leisure for study. They were also, all but one, older than myself, and I therefore found it a difficult task to keep up with them without robbing my sleeping hours. I seldom got any rest till one or two o'clock, and then I read French

and solved mathematical problems in my sleep." Her constitution again failed under these severe labors, a physician was again consulted, and he advised that she should leave school. Her mother then proposed that she should make millinery a means of livelihood. To this, Emily once and for all, objected. She had been willing to work at sewing and at the factory, as a temporary resource from which she could escape at will. She had higher objects in life, having tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and feeling the impulses of the nobler mental life within her. She would attend school one year longer to prepare herself for becoming a teacher; but even this was denied her. The boarders had proved unprofitable, and something must be done immediately to meet the expense of living; besides, the physician had just interdicted attendance at school as fatal to her health. In this extremity she resolved, if possible, to find employment at once as a school teacher—a serious and courageous undertaking for a feeble girl of fifteen.

Her first step was to consult her academy teacher. After some awkward hesitation, as she tells us, she ventured to ask him if he thought her capable of teaching school. "Yes," was the reply, "but you are not half big enough." He gave her, however, a recommendation. Losing no time, she manages to get access a day or two after to a farmer in a neighboring district, to inquire if the school there was engaged. She is informed that it is; and is told of another district near at hand, where there may be a vacancy,

and proceeds at once to the dispenser of this important patronage. The meeting is described by herself. "I took," says she, "a short cut across the lots, and soon stood trembling in the presence of Mr. J. He was a raw-boned, red-headed, sharp-looking man, in cow-hide shoes and red flannel shirt. 'Is your school engaged?' I timidly inquired. He turned his keen gray eye upon me, measuring me deliberately from head to foot, while I stood as tall as possible. I saw at once that it was not engaged, and that I stood a very poor chance of getting it. He asked me several questions; whistled when I told him my age; said the school was a very difficult one, and finally promised to consult the other trustees, and let me know in a week or two. I saw what it all meant, and went away mortified and heavy-hearted. As soon as I gained the woods, I sat down and sobbed outright. This relieved me, and after a little while I stood upon my feet again, with dry eyes, and a tolerably courageous heart." The next day, with the assistance of Emily's former companion and free-thinking instructor, the canvass was renewed. A Mr. D. proved more propitious than Mr. J.; and Mr. B., the acting trustee, more favorable still. "To Mr. B.'s we went, a frank, happy-looking young farmer, with a troop of children about him, and made known our errand. 'Why, the scholars will be bigger than their teacher,' was his first remark. 'Here, An't, stand up by the schoolma'am, and see which is the tallest; An't is the blackest, at any rate,' he added, laughing. He would not make any definite engagement with

me, but said I stood as fair a chance as anybody, and he would come to the village next week and settle the matter." A few days after he came, and the thing was arranged. Emily was engaged at the stipulated sum of seventy-five cents a week, with the addition of her board in turn, from week to week, at the different farmer's houses. She was driven over by her father on the first Monday in May, to Nelson Corners, and commenced proceedings there at once in the little brown school-house. About twenty children presented themselves, "some clean, some pretty, some ugly, and all shy and noisy." The day passed off tolerably well, and at its close, the schoolmistress retired to the residence of Mr. B., first in order, as the leading trustee. There she became very home-sick; having brought no work or books with her to occupy her time, and the trustee's library being confined to a Bible and Methodist hymn-book, with not a newspaper about the premises. She continued resolutely at her task, however, serving through the year at the school, and establishing herself firmly in her new calling.

Other engagements of the kind followed. In 1833, she opened a school in Morrisville, and the following year in the neighboring village of Smithfield—the year of her formal profession of faith as a member of the Baptist Church. We find her afterwards occupied as a teacher at Brookfield, Syracuse; and, in 1838, at Hamilton, where her evenings are devoted to the study of Greek, under the tuition of a student in the Theological Seminary, and she also appears as a contributor of

articles in prose and verse to the columns of the village newspaper. Other school employments follow at other places, at Morrisville again in the Academy building, and afterward at Prattsville or Pratt's Hollow, the scene of her early factory experiences, where she seems again to have tasted the full bitterness of her lot. The fortunes of the family had declined still further, and she was glad to accept this rude employment, at the low compensation of three dollars a week and her board. Writing to a female friend, with whom she had long been acquainted, she gives this lively sketch of her new situation. "Behold me then at the head of a little regiment of wild cats. Oh, don't mention it, don't. I am as sick of my bargain as—pardon the compassion, but it will out—any Benedict in Christendom. I am duly constituted sovereign of a company of fifty wild horses 'which may not be tamed.' * * * My school is almost ungovernable. They have dismissed their former teacher—an experienced one—a married man, and it seems a hopeless task to attempt a reformation among them." Fortunately, in trials like these, Miss Chubbuck was possessed of tastes and dispositions which enabled her to bear them with something more than resignation, with positive cheerfulness, if we may judge from the exquisite sketch she has drawn of village school life, in "Lilias Fane," which her biographer intimates was suggested by materials supplied by this very Pratt's Hollow experience. It was a happy nature which could sublimate from such embarrassments the soft ethereal picture of this gentle

heroine conquering all asperities by the radiant sunshine which emanated from her—a charming picture to be hung up for lasting admiration in the gallery of fanciful portraits of American village life, worthy to be placed by the side of some similar creations of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The letter which we have cited is also particularly worthy of notice, for its exhibition of that light, graceful, easy, familiar manner of writing, which, in the subsequent productions of “Fanny Forester,” became so acceptable to the public. The style is precisely the same, showing that it was not acquired by art or design, but was the natural spontaneous utterance of the life of the writer. It was indeed a sunny nature which, at this toilsome period of her career, could throw off abundant cares, and express its gratitude and cheerfulness in such strains as this—verses thrown off in a letter to a friend, not in any unconsciousness of her privations, but with a Christian philosophy, overcoming the darkness by the light:—

“Happy, happy! Earth is gay;
Life is but a sunny day.
Lightly, lightly flit along,
Child of sunshine and of song;
Happy, happy, earth is gay,
Life is but a sunny day.

“If perchance a cloud arise,
Darkly shadowing o'er thy skies,
Heed it not; 'twill soon depart;
Bar all sadness from thy heart.
Happy, happy, earth is gay,
Life is but a sunny day.

“Drink the cup and wear the chain,
But let them weave their spell in vain;
Lightly, lightly let them press
On thy heart of happiness.
Happy, happy, earth is gay,
Life is but a sunny day.”

If this last school engagement seemed a step backward in Miss Chubbuck's career, the next turn in her affairs afforded her an unexpected relief. By the aid of a kind friend, a young lady of Morrisville, then a pupil at the Utica Female Seminary, a school of some distinction, presided over by the Misses Sheldon, one of whom afterwards was married to President Nott, of Union College, Emily was admitted as a resident at the institution, with the opportunity of pursuing the higher studies—a privilege for which she was afterwards to make a proper return in becoming a teacher. This proved an admirable arrangement. The ladies at the head of the school were persons of great worth and amiability, and with them were associated an elder sister, Mrs. Anable, with her daughters, one of whom, Anna Maria, became an intimate companion of Miss Chubbuck; and, in due time, in her writings, a familiar acquaintance of the reading public, in “Fanny Forester's” inseparable associate, “Cousin Bel.” We have also a pleasing notice from *her* pen of Miss Chubbuck's early days at the Seminary. “I remember well,” wrote Miss Anable, in a letter to Dr. Griswold, when the reminiscence had become a matter of general interest, “her first appearance in Utica as a pupil. She was a frail, slender creature, shrinking with nervous timidity from observation; yet her quiet demeanor, noiseless step, low voice, earnest and observant glance of the eye, awakened at once interest and attention. Her mind soon began to excite a quiet but powerful influence in the school, as might be seen from the

little coterie of young admirers and friends who would often assemble in her room to discuss the literature of the day, or, full as often, the occurrences of passing interest in the institution. Miss Chubbuck had a heart full of sympathy; and no grief was too causeless, no source of annoyance too slight, for her not to endeavor to remove them. She therefore soon became a favorite with the younger, as with the older and more appreciative scholars." She was, of course, an apt learner entering heartily into the higher studies, perfecting herself in French, and grappling with the mathematics, while she cultivated her talent for poetical composition. In a letter to one of her female friends, at the close of 1840, she expresses her sense of happiness, ardent admiration of the character of Miss Sheldon, and hints at a project of turning her literary capacity to account in the publication of a volume of poems. By the judicious advice of the Misses Sheldon she was induced to modify this plan by writing for the publishers in prose, commencing with a book for children—a narrative with an immediate moral purpose—which she entitled "Charles Linn; or, how to observe the Golden Rule." A publisher was immediately found for the book in New York; it proved successful, an edition of fifteen hundred being sold within three months after its issue, which, at the customary rate of ten per cent on the sales to the author, produced her fifty-one dollars—no great sum, certainly, but all important to her in her dependent condition; and, what was of greater consequence, promising a con-

tinued harvest in future literary undertakings. Other juvenile works from her pen, of a similar kind, followed: "The Great Secret; or, How to be Happy;" "Allen Lucas; or, the Self-Made Man;" and "Effie Maurice," and "John Frink," which were published by the American Baptist Sunday School Union. It is to be noticed, as a characteristic of her always generous, self-sacrificing disposition, that as soon as she began to receive any pecuniary return from these writings, Miss Chubbuck purchased for her parents the house and garden occupied by them at Hamilton. The sum, four hundred dollars, does not appear large, but it was more than she could supply at any one time, and it required all her exertions to provide for it in four annual payments. American authorship was then, in general, but poorly rewarded. In the meantime, her position was advanced at the school. From a pupil, according to the agreement, she had become a teacher; first an assistant instructor in English composition, and afterwards head of the composition department, with a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars and her board; little enough, one may say, but even yet the labors of women are for the most part inadequately and disproportionately paid for, and the sum was probably as large as the school could afford.

The literary efforts of Miss Chubbuck soon took a wider range than was afforded in the composition of the juvenile volumes. Contributions from her pen began to make their appearance in the Magazines, the "Knickerbocker," and "Lady's Book," and

John Inman's "Columbian Magazine;" and she was the chief supporter, under various disguises, in verse and prose, of a monthly magazine published by the young ladies of the Utica Seminary—a miscellany which had the good fortune to be continued for a year. A visit to New York, which she made in the spring of 1844, in company with her friend, Miss Anable, incidentally became the means of bringing her more prominently before the public in this new literary relation as a contributor to the popular periodicals of the country. Keenly sensible to new impressions, she was delighted with the novel scenes which the city offered to her view; and, on her return to Utica, addressed a playful epistle to the editors of "The New Mirror," a weekly literary publication at New York, presided over by those veteran caterers to the reading public, Messrs. Morris and Willis; in which, under pretence of being fascinated by a Broadway bonnet, she very prettily made the enquiry whether there was any likelihood of her being able to purchase it by writing for the paper for a consideration—if, indeed, the "New Mirror" paid at all for articles.

As the "New Mirror" was, in fact, anything but a paying concern, barely supporting its editors, and, indeed, hardly being able to accomplish that, for it was discontinued a few months afterwards, this was rather a delicate question to answer. Willis parried it very gracefully. A master himself of the art of literary confectionary, he recognized a kindred hand in the whipped syllabub of Fanny's communication, which bore no other signature.

So he encouraged his correspondent with a proviso, as became his sagacity, for he was too knowing a bird to be caught with chaff. "We are fortunate," he wrote in his next number, "in a troop of admirable contributors, who write for love, not money—love being the only commodity in which we can freely acknowledge ourselves rich. We receive, however, all manner of tempting propositions from those who wish to write for the other thing—money—and it pains us grievously to say 'no,' though, truth to say, love gets for us as good things as money would buy—our readers will cheerfully agree. But, yesterday, on opening at the office a most dainty epistle, and reading it fairly through, we confess our pocket stirred within us! More at first than afterwards—for, upon reflection, we became doubtful, whether the writer were not old and 'blue'—it was so exceedingly well done! We have half a suspicion, now, that it is some sharp old maid in spectacles—some regular contributor to Godey and Graham, who has tried to inveigle us through our weak point—possibly some varlet of a man-scribbler—but no! it is undeniably feminine. * * Well—we give in! *On condition* that you are under twenty-five, and that you will wear a rose (recognizably) in your bodice the first day you appear in Broadway, with the hat and 'balzarine,' we will pay the bills. Write us thereafter a sketch of 'Bel' and yourself as cleverly done as this letter, and you may 'snuggle down' on the sofa and consider us paid, and the public charmed with you." All this appeared in the "Mir-

ror" of June 8th, 1844. In the issue of that paper for the 29th, the return sketch, entitled "The Cousins," was announced for the next number; and thereafter, as long as the publication lasted, there came tripping along to its readers, a delightful series of "Fanny Forrester" sketches,—"Kitty Coleman," "Norah Maylie," and the like, papers which figure in the author's collected writings, and are still read by her admirers. From the letters addressed by Willis to Miss Chubbuck, which have been printed, it would appear that she derived little, if any, direct pecuniary profit from these articles; but she gained, what was more important for her at the time, encouragement and reputation. Willis had remarkable talent in drawing out the abilities of his correspondents, and equal tact in gaining the attention of the public. When the daily "Evening Mirror" succeeded to the weekly "New Mirror," he solicited her assistance on the terms indicated in the following passage of one of his letters: "I shall go on glorifying you in our new daily paper, until the magazine people give you fifty dollars an article, and meantime, if you have anything you cannot sell (particularly a short story, or essay, or sketch of character), let us have it for the 'Evening Mirror,' and we will give you its value in some shape. Do not waste time and labor, however, even upon *us*, but write a novel little by little. You can." The compensation was given. Fanny Forrester suddenly became famous; her writings were in demand; and she rapidly poured forth in the magazines of the day, the series of tales, essays, poems, and

sketches, which, in 1846, were collected and published in two volumes, bearing the title "Alderbrook," the rural name under which she had pictured various incidents of country life, gathering about her early home in Madison county. The general sunny atmosphere of the occasional sketches gives little indication of the privations under which they were written. During part of the period their author suffered much from ill-health. Her constitution was naturally delicate, and a fever with which she was visited at the close of 1844, left its effects in continued weakness. Unable to endure the ensuing rough spring season of Central New York, she visited her friends, the Gillettes, in Philadelphia, where she made several literary acquaintances of value. After resuming her duties at the seminary, in improved health, in the summer, when the winter came, she was again compelled to resort to the milder climate of Philadelphia. While on this second visit to the house of the Rev. Mr. Gillette, an incident occurred which intercepted her career of authorship, and changed the whole current of her life. The return home to the United States, on a short visit, at the close of the year 1845, of the distinguished missionary to the East, the Rev. Adoniram Judson, after more than thirty years of heroic exertions, varied only by extraordinary sufferings among the heathen, naturally excited a lively interest in the Baptist denomination, to which he belonged, worthy of being shared by the whole Christian world. There was much about him to excite attention. The son of a Baptist clergyman, re-

markable for his self-reliance, he had inherited that quality from his parent, and become distinguished in his youth and early manhood for his industry, perseverance, intellectual vigor, and force of character. Born at Malden, Massachusetts, in 1788, he had been educated at Brown University, in Rhode Island, and while there, had contracted, from his friendship with a fellow student, who was a deist, some infidel notions. On receiving his degree at the college, he opened a private school, at Plymouth, Massachusetts, where his parents resided; and published, about the same time, two elementary works on English grammar and arithmetic. Closing his school, at the end of a year, in August, 1808, he made an independent journey through some of the New England States, and, being at Albany while Fulton's first steamboat was the wonder of the season, became a passenger in her on her second voyage to New York. He appears on this journey to have been deeply imbued with the spirit of adventure, for we find him adopting the name of Johnson, for which his own had been mistaken; and, on his arrival in the city, attaching himself to a theatrical company, not, it is stated, "with the design of entering upon the stage, but partly for the purpose of familiarizing himself with its regulations, in case he should enter upon his literary projects; and partly from curiosity and love of adventure." Freaks like these were but the youthful ebullitions of a strong nature. Before he had completed his autumnal travels, he had thrown off his infidelity and prepared his mind for the clerical

profession. An incident which assisted in bringing about this change, was not a little singular. Journeying from New York to Berkshire, Massachusetts, he passed the night at a country inn, where his rest was disturbed by the dying groans of a traveler in the next room. Revolving the situation in his mind, with the serious instructions of his youth rising within him, he thought with much concern of the possible religious condition of the sufferer; repressing his emotion, however, with the reflection that his intellectual college companion would laugh at such idle anxieties. When morning came, he inquired of the landlord the state of the sick man, and was told that he was dead. On further inquiry, he learned that he was from the University at Providence, and that he was the very friend whose infidel opinions he had been recalling in the night. With the impression upon him, so striking an event was calculated to produce, he at once turned back to the parental home at Plymouth, and, within a short time after, was admitted a special student at Andover Theological Seminary; for he had not as yet made a formal profession of religion, and could not, in consequence, be made a member in full standing. Six months after he made this dedication of himself, and thenceforth, during his long life, appeared to the world in the single aspect of a devoted Christian disciple and minister. When he had completed his course of education at Andover, he was licensed to preach as a Congregational minister, and became much interested in the organization of the efforts for foreign missions in Mas-

sachusetts. In 1841, he was sent to England to open communication with the London Missionary Society on behalf of the American board; and, after his return, was, on the 6th of February, 1812, ordained at Salem, Massachusetts, as a missionary to the heathen in Asia. He had been married the day before, to Ann Hasseltine, a well-educated young lady of his own age, of a New England family, who accompanied him a fortnight after, on his voyage to Calcutta. During the passage, he made a close examination of the scriptural authority for infant baptism, and, having convinced himself that it was without warrant in the New Testament, on their arrival in Calcutta, he and his wife were baptized according to the usage of the Baptists, and thus became members of that denomination — an independent act, proceeding from conscientious motives, which naturally caused him some embarrassment in his relations to the large religious association with which he had previously acted. He also encountered another difficulty in the treatment he experienced from the East India Company, which, at the time, fearing that the preaching of the gospel would excite the natives to rebellion, forbade any missionary operations in the regions under their jurisdiction. Mr. Judson, was, in fact, ordered to return to America, and with difficulty was enabled to secure a passage to the Isle of France. India being forbidden ground, after some perplexities, Burmah was chosen as the scene of his exertions; and, in July, 1813, he landed at Rangoon, where, under the auspices of the newly-formed

American Baptist Society for Propagating the Gospel in India and other Foreign Parts, he began the work which continued during his life, nearly forty years of devoted missionary labor, in the course of which he translated the Bible and other works into the native language. After some ten years, mainly passed in Rangoon, Dr. Judson, early in 1824, resolved to extend his efforts at Ava, the capital of the country; but he had hardly established himself there, when, war breaking out between Burmah and England, he was in consequence of the jealousy of the native government, arrested as a foreign spy, and thrown into prison, where he was for months treated with merciless severity. His wife being at liberty, was constantly engaged in the most heroic exertions in alleviating his wants, ministering to his necessities and endeavoring to procure his release. Her account of her trials during this period and of the sufferings of her husband, given in Dr. Wayland's Memoir of Dr. Judson, is one of the most pathetic and extraordinary chapters in the sad history of missionary endurance. Fettered like a criminal, face to face with death, for at one time he expected immediate execution, broken down by a continuous fever, his sufferings would have overpowered a less vigorous constitution. A curious anecdote of this imprisonment, will show the straits to which he was reduced. The king had a noble lion, a great favorite with him and the court. When his troops were defeated by the English, the report was spread about that a lion was painted on the flag, and a superstitious notion

of the people attached a fatal influence to the animal at the court. The king sent the beast for safe keeping to the death prison, where Judson and other foreigners were confined, while the queen's brother gave directions to the keeper not to supply the beast with food. The agony of his starvation, with his piteous outcries, added to the horrors of the place. When the animal was dead, Judson, crawling to the prison door, for his feet were motionless, manacled to a bamboo cane, to meet his wife, entreated her to procure for him the privilege of sleeping in the vacant cage of the lion, as an improvement of his condition. She was enabled to obtain this great boon, as it really was for him, and there he passed the lingering hours of fever. At length, after six months of tortures, he was released from his irons to act as an interpreter to the government officers, to whom he rendered important assistance in their final negotiations with the English. It was not till the close of the war, in 1826, that he was finally set at liberty. He then removed for a time to the new English settlement, in the ceded provinces at Amherst, where, in his absence, in July of that year, while on a visit with the British officers to the court, his wife died of a fever. The next year the seat of the mission was removed to Maulmain, a town under English rule, not far distant in the interior. In 1834, Dr. Judson was married to the widow of the Baptist missionary Boardman, who had been his associate in Burmah. Her health rapidly failing, in 1845, it became necessary that her husband should accompany her on a

voyage to the United States. Her death occurred on the way, while the vessel was at St. Helena, in September. The following month, Dr. Judson landed in Boston.

Such had been the career of Dr. Judson, when, at the age of fifty-seven, he first became acquainted with Miss Emily Chubbuck. The Rev. Mr. Gillette, with whom she was staying at the point where our narrative was interrupted, went on to Boston in December to secure his attendance at a series of missionary meetings in Philadelphia. Being detained by a slight railroad accident, on their way to the latter city, Mr. Gillette borrowed for his entertainment a copy of Fanny Forester's recently published volume, a collection of her sketches, entitled "Trippings in Author Land." Handing the book to Dr. Judson, the latter became earnestly interested in its perusal, and expressed a desire to know the author. Mr. Gillette told him he would soon be gratified in this, for he would presently meet her at his own house. On learning that she was a Baptist, Dr. Judson's interest in what he considered the due employment of her talents was proportionably increased. The sequel is best narrated in the words of Emily's biographer, Professor Kendrick. "Promptly on the day after their arrival in Philadelphia, Dr. Judson came over to Mr. Gillette's. Emily (in her morning dress) was submitting to the not very poetical process of vaccination. As soon as it was over, Dr. Judson conducted her to the sofa, saying that he wished to talk with her. She replied half playfully that she should be de-

lighted and honored by having him talk to her. With characteristic impetuosity, he immediately inquired how she could reconcile it with her conscience to employ talents so noble in a species of writing so little useful or spiritual as the sketches which he had read. Emily's heart melted; she replied with seriousness and candor, and explained the circumstances which had drawn her into this field of authorship. Indigent parents, largely dependent on her efforts—years of laborious teaching—books published with but little profit, had driven her to still new and untried paths, in which at last success unexpectedly opened upon her. Making this employment purely secondary, and carefully avoiding every thing of doubtful tendency, she could not regard her course as open to serious strictures. It was now Dr. Judson's turn to be softened. He admitted the force of her reasons, and that even his own strict standard could not severely censure the direction given to filial love. He opened another subject. He wished to secure a person to prepare a memoir of his recently deceased wife, and it was partly, in fact, with this purpose that he had sought Emily's acquaintance. She entertained the proposition, and the discussion of this matter naturally threw them much together during the ensuing few days. The consequences of the coming together of two persons respectively so fascinating, were what has often occurred since the days of Adam and Eve."

An association in missionary life was no new idea to Miss Chubbuck. It

had haunted her from her girlhood; while she might naturally have taken some pride at finding this eminent apostle to the heathen, with his extraordinary intellectual powers, and the proofs of self-sacrifice which he had given to the world, a suitor for her hand. A life spent in learned labors, and in the conversion of barbarians, was likely to afford a striking contrast to the newest refinements of a lady author skilled in the fashionable literature of the day; but Dr. Judson had a heart of great tenderness, and appears, throughout his married life, in its several periods, to have exhibited equal judgment and affection. In this affair of the engagement to Miss Chubbuck we are admitted by her biographer somewhat familiarly behind the scenes; and, though we may smile at the lover's occasional efforts at playfulness, we cannot but respect the kind motive of sympathy with the dependent being which inspired them. "The following little note," writes Professor Kendrick, "contains Dr. Judson's formal avowal of attachment. It seems half like sacrilege to lift the veil upon a thing so sacred as a marriage proposal; but this interweaves so ingenious and graceful a memorial of his former wives; and its delicate playfulness illustrates so admirably a large element in his character, which found little scope in his ordinary correspondence, that the reader will pardon its publication. 'I hand you, dearest one, a charmed watch. It always comes back to me, and brings its wearer with it. I gave it to Ann when a hemisphere divided us, and it brought her safely and surely to my arms. I gave

it to Sarah during her husband's lifetime (not then aware of the secret), and the charm, though slow in its operation, was true at last. Were it not for the sweet sympathies you have kindly extended to me, and the blessed understanding that "love was taught us to guess at," I should not venture to pray you to accept my present with such a note. Should you cease to "guess" and toss back the article, saying: "Your watch has lost its charm; it comes back to you, *but brings not its wearer with it*,"—O, first dash it to pieces, that it may be an emblem of what will remain of the heart of, Your Devoted A. JUDSON."

The watch, we may presume, was not returned, for the parties were, after a due interval, married in June of the following year, and the next month they embarked at Boston, and, in November, were landed at Amherst, whence they proceeded immediately to the home of the mission at Maulmain. Here, with the exception of an unhappy interval passed in an ineffectual attempt to revive the mission at Rangoon, the few years of her residence with her husband in the East were spent. She encountered many privations, and suffered from illness; but her cheerfulness remained unbroken, while she devoted herself to the care of a large household—Dr. Judson having several children by his second wife—and, with her accustomed readiness, mastered the Burmese language, that she might assist in the work of the mission. Part of her time was given to the composition of an interesting biography of the late Mrs. Sarah Boardman Judson. Her

letters to her friends at home exhibit much of her old vivacity in the description of the novel scenery and associations in which she was placed. In December, 1847, she became the mother of a daughter, who survived her. Her health meantime was very much broken, and the serious illness of her husband now added much to her anxieties. There is a touching poem of great beauty composed by her in 1849, while attending at his bedside, entitled "Watching."

Sleep, love, sleep!
The dusty day is done.
Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep,
Wide over groves of balm,
Down from the towering palm,
In at the open casement cooling run,
And round thy lowly bed,
Thy bed of pain,
Bathing thy patient head,
Like grateful showers of rain,
They come;
While the white curtains, waving to and fro,
Fan the sick air;
And pityingly the shadows come and go,
With gentle human care
Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep.
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

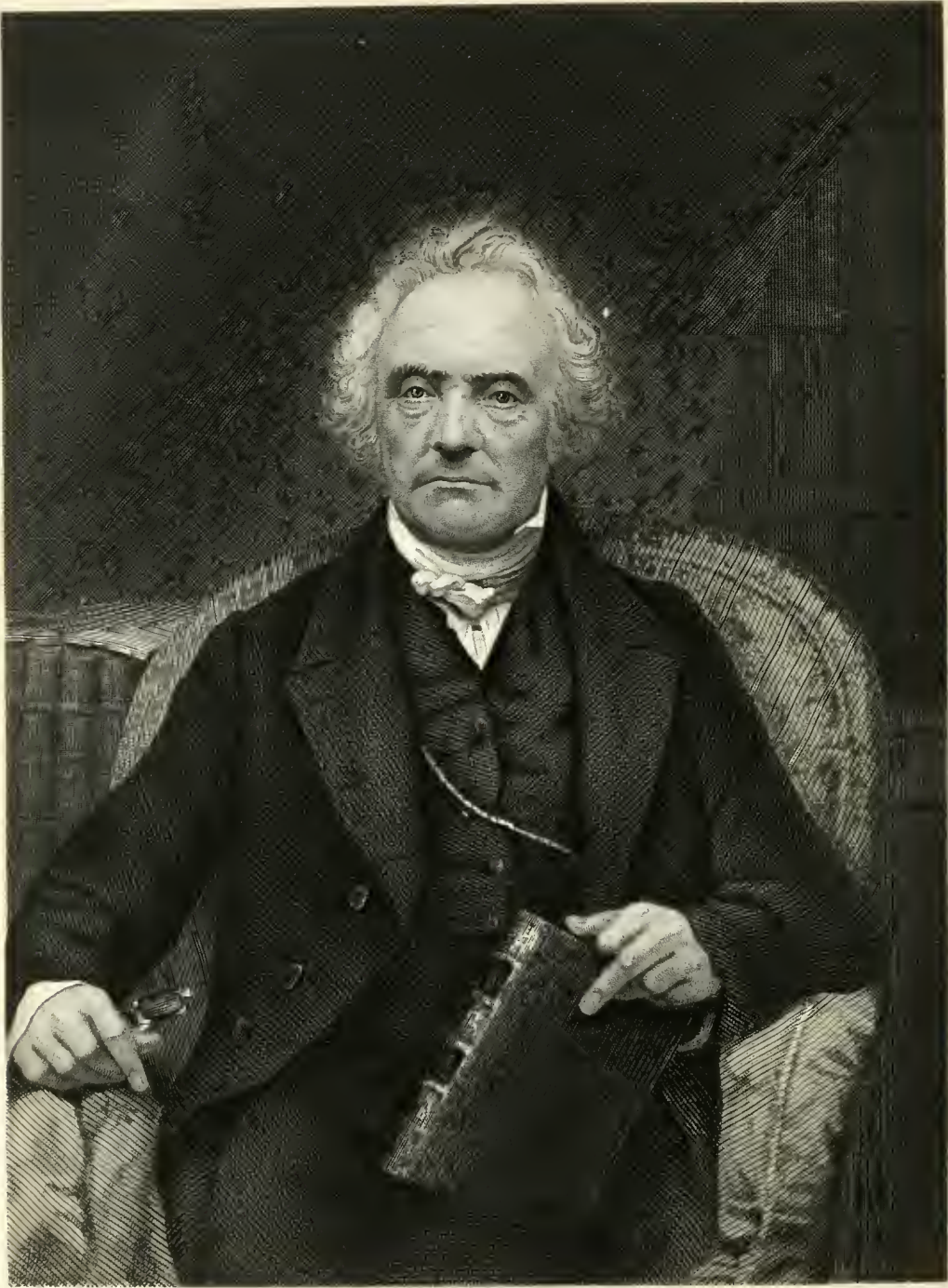
On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their golden eirelet in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,
Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound

The music floats around,
 And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
 Commingling with the hum
 Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
 And lazy beetle ever droning near.
 Sounds these of deepest silence born,
 Like night made visible by morn;
 So silent that I sometimes start
 To hear the throbbings of my heart,
 And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
 To see thy pale lids lift again.

The illness of Dr. Judson increased, and it was thought advisable, as a last resource, that a sea voyage should be tried. The health of his wife—she was now on the eve of her second confinement—did not permit her to accompany him, and, in March, 1850, they parted, to meet no more on earth. Dr. Judson sailed on board a vessel for the Isle of Bourbon, and died at sea on the 12th of April. It was nearly four months afterward before she heard of the event. In the meantime a son had been born to her and died on the instant. She would have remained in the East, devoted to her missionary work, but her health forbade. She was threatened with consumption, and a return home was imperative. Proceeding, by way of Calcutta, to England, she reached London in August, 1857; and, without lingering among her kind British friends, hastened to America, arriving in Boston in October. Her few remaining years were largely occupied in devotion to the memory of her husband. She rendered important assistance to Dr. Wayland in the preparation of the Me-

moirs. A collection of her poems, entitled "The Olio," appeared in 1852. She also wrote other occasional poems; a book entitled "The Kathayan Slave;" and, her thoughts reverting to the past, a touching memorial of her deceased sisters, Lavinia and Harriet, with the simple title "My Two Sisters." Calmly meeting the end which she had long foreseen, she died with Christian hope and resignation, at her home in Hamilton, New York, on the first of June, 1854.

The story of such a life needs no moral at its close. The patient, earnest child, sustained by a strong, cheerful disposition through trials of great hardship, develops into the faithful, self-denying teacher of the village school; emerging from poverty, and a life burdened with many cares, into the sunshine of popular favor, enlivening the world with her cheerful, happy writings; and, laying aside this flattering enjoyment at the call of affection, to devote herself to the welfare of a barbarous race, pursuing her Christian work through pain and suffering, in broken health with sorrows manifold, happy in herself and useful to others to the end—in all, we have a picture of life which must ever be dear to those who can appreciate the gentleness of woman, or who would seek in the world some resting-place for hope, confidence, and, admiration in the midst of its many disappointments.



Thomas Chalmers

THOMAS CHALMERS.

THIS eloquent Scottish divine,* who united with his profession so many claims to notice in his acquirements in natural philosophy, political economy, and the practical work of philanthropy in relieving the condition of the poor, a man of singular piety and breadth of moral cultivation, was descended from a family long established in Fifeshire, where his great grandfather had been ordained minister of a parish at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The grandson of this clergyman, James Chalmers, succeeded to his father's business as a dyer, ship-owner and general merchant. He was married to Elizabeth Hall, the daughter of a wine merchant; and of this union the subject of this notice, Thomas Chalmers, the sixth of a large family of fourteen, was born at the residence of his parents in Anstruther on the 17th of March, 1780. He received his first instruction in the parish school of the place, in association with which he was afterwards remembered as "one of its idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys." He had no sooner acquired the ability to read,

Adapted from the biographical article in the "Encyclopedia Britannica,"

than he exhibited the generous impressibility of his nature, in his fondness for two works of imagination foreshadowing the future tastes and culture of the man; the ingenious Utopian romance, "Gaudentio di Lucca" which has been thought worthy to be attributed to Bishop Berkeley and the world-renowned "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan. He long afterwards, in his recollections of this period, spoke of the influence on his mind and heart of the scripture dialogues and pictures with which he had become acquainted in his school-book. The clerical associations of the family had gathered round his home; and in his very childhood one of his earliest amusements was to stand upon a chair and imitate the actions of a preacher.

Before he was twelve years old he was enrolled as a student with an elder brother in the university of St. Andrews. At this age he had of course to attain the rudiments of learning; but this defect was soon supplied by his capacity and ardor. His third session, that of 1793-94, is spoken of by his biographer, Dr. Hanna, as his "intellectual birth-time." He then exhibited a striking fondness for mathemat-

ical studies, to which a taste for ethical and philosophical speculation was superadded. In 1795 the profession of his life was chosen, when he was enrolled as a student of divinity. He now displayed striking merit as a speaker and debater in the discussions of a club of fellow-students,—the Theological Society; and, having completed his preparatory studies, was in 1799 licensed as a preacher by the presbytery of St. Andrews. His first sermon was preached in the summer of that year in the vicinity of Liverpool, England, whither, performing the journey on foot, he had gone on a visit to one of the family. He did not, however, immediately pursue the active duties of his calling, passing the winter of that year and the next at Edinburgh, where he was employed in teaching, and devoted himself assiduously to study in attendance upon the lectures of the Professors of the University, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Robison, Playfair and Hope. Thus thoroughly qualified in a mature course of liberal education, he entered in May, 1803, upon his first ministerial work as minister of Kilmany, a small parish in his native Fifeshire, near St. Andrews.

During the preceding winter he had acted as assistant to Mr. Vilant, professor of mathematics in the university of that city, who for many years had been laid aside by ill health. The novelty, however, of his method, and the singular enthusiasm that he exhibited and excited were distasteful to those attached to the old routine of university education; and at the close of the session he was informed that his future services would not be re-

quired. Indignant at the fancied injustice thus done him, he adopted the singular expedient of opening mathematical classes of his own during the succeeding winter, which, though discountenanced in every way by the university authorities, many of the students were attracted to attend. The winter of 1803–4 was a very busy and exciting one. During the week he taught three classes in St. Andrews; prepared and delivered there a course of lectures on chemistry, largely illustrated by experiments,—appearing at the same time in the pulpit of Kilmany every Sunday. Having sufficiently redeemed his reputation by the great success which attended them, his mathematical classes were not resumed. The lectures on chemistry were frequently redelivered in his own and in many adjoining parishes, to the surprise and delight of many rural audiences. In 1805 the chair of mathematics in Edinburgh became vacant, and he appeared, but unsuccessfully, as a candidate. In 1808 he published an *Inquiry into the Extent and Stability of National Resources*, a treatise originated by the alarm which Bonaparte's commercial policy had created in Britain, and intended to elucidate some of those questions in political economy which the existing state of affairs had raised. He was preparing a new edition of this work when a series of domestic bereavements, and a severe illness that brought him to the brink of the grave, and laid him aside from all duty for upwards of a year, turned his thoughts and life into a new channel. Dr. Brewster had invited him to become a contributor to the "Edinburgh

Encyclopedia;" at his own request the article Christianity had been assigned to him, and he was now engaged in preparing it. In studying the credentials of Christianity, he received a new impression of its contents. A sustained but abortive effort to attain that pure and heavenly morality which the Gospel of Christ requires, led on to that great spiritual revolution, the nature and progress of which his journal and letters enable us to trace with such distinctness. When he resumed his duties, an entire change in the character of his ministry was visible to all. The report of discourses so earnest and eloquent as those now delivered, and of household visitations conducted with such ardent zeal, soon spread beyond the limits of his own neighborhood. His reputation as an author received at the same time a large accession by the publication in a separate form of his article on Christianity, as well as by several valuable contributions to the *Edinburgh Christian Instructor*, and the *Eclectic Review*. So strong, however, at that time was the public bias against those evangelical doctrines which he had embraced, that when a vacancy occurred in Glasgow, and his friends brought him forward as a candidate it was only after extraordinary efforts, and by a narrow majority, that his election was carried in the town-council.

In July, 1815, he was formally admitted as minister of the Tron church and parish. A blaze of unparalleled popularity at once broke around him as a preacher. A series of discourses which he had preached on the connection between the discoveries of astron-

omy and the Christian revelation were published in January, 1817. Its success for a volume of sermons was unprecedented. Within a year, nine editions and 20,000 copies of the book were in circulation. Soon after its appearance he visited London, and occupied for the first time one or two of the pulpits of the metropolis. The crowds were enormous, the applause loud and universal. "All the world," writes Mr. Wilberforce, "wild about Dr. Chalmers." His extraordinary popularity remained undiminished during the eight years that he remained in Glasgow.

His preparation for the pulpit, however, formed but a small part of his labors. In visiting his parish, which contained about 11,000 souls, he speedily discovered that nearly a third of them had relinquished all connection with any Christian church, and that their children were growing up in ignorance and vice. The appalling magnitude of the evil, and the certainty of its speedy and frightful growth, at once arrested and engrossed him. To devise and execute the means of checking and subduing it, became henceforth one of the ruling passions of his life. Attributing the evil to the absence of those parochial influences, educational and ministerial, which wrought so effectually for good in the smaller rural parishes, but which had not been brought to bear upon the overgrown parishes of our great cities, from all spiritual oversight of which the members of the Establishment had retired in despair, his grand panacea was to revivify, remodel, and extend the old parochial economy of Scotland.

Taking his own parish as a specimen, and gauging by it the spiritual necessities of the city, he did not hesitate to publish it as his conviction that not less than twenty new churches and parishes should immediately be erected in Glasgow. All, however, that he could persuade the town-council to attempt was to erect a single additional one, to which a parish containing no fewer than 10,000 souls was attached. This church built at his suggestion was offered to him and accepted, in order that he might have free and unimpeded room for carrying out his different parochial plans.

In September, 1819, he was admitted as minister of the church and parish of St. John's. The population of the parish was made up principally of weavers, laborers, factory workers, and other operatives. Of its 2,000 families, more than 800 had no connection with any Christian church. The number of its uneducated children was countless. In this, as in his former parish, Dr. Chalmers' first care and efforts were bestowed upon the young. For their week-day instructions, two commodious school-houses were built, four well qualified teachers were provided, each with an endowment of £25 per annum; and at the moderate school fees of 2s. and 3s. per quarter, 700 children had a first-rate education supplied. For the poorer and more neglected, between forty and fifty local sabbath-schools were opened, in which more than 1000 children were taught. The parish was divided into twenty-five districts, embracing from sixty to one hundred families, over each of which an elder and a deacon were

placed—the former taking the oversight of their spiritual, the latter of their temporal interests. Over the whole of this complicated parochial apparatus Dr. Chalmers presided, watching, impelling, controlling every movement. Nor was his work that of mere superintendence. He visited personally all the families, completing his round of them in about two years, and holding evening meetings, in which he addressed those whom he had visited during the week. Many families were thus reclaimed to the habit of church-going, and many individuals deeply and enduringly impressed by the sacred truths of Christianity.

The chief reason why Dr. Chalmers removed from the Tron parish to that of St. John's was that he might have an opportunity of fairly testing the efficacy of the old Scottish method of providing for the poor. At this period there were not more than twenty parishes north of the Forth and Clyde in which there was a compulsory assessment for the poor. The English method of assessment, however, was rapidly spreading over the southern districts of Scotland, and already threatened to cover the whole country. Dr. Chalmers dreaded this as a great national catastrophe. Having studied in its principles, as well as in its results, the operation of a compulsory tax for the support of the poor, he was convinced that it operated prejudicially and swelled the evil it meant to mitigate. It was said, however, that though the old Scotch method of voluntary contributions at the church-door administered by the kirk-session was applicable to small rural parishes it was in-

applicable to the large and already half-pauperized parishes of our great cities. Dr. Chalmers asked the magistrates of Glasgow to commit the entire management of the poor of the parish of St. John's into his own hands and he undertook to refute that allegation. He was allowed to try the experiment. At the commencement of his operations, the poor of this parish cost the city £1,400 per annum. He committed the investigation of all new applications for relief to the deacon of the district, who had so small a number of families in charge, that by spending an hour among them every week he became minutely acquainted with their character and condition. By careful scrutiny of every case in which public relief was asked for; by a summary rejection of the idle, the drunken, and the worthless; by stimulating every effort that the poor could make to help themselves, and when necessary aiding them in their efforts; a great proportion of these new cases were provided for without drawing upon the church-door collections; and such was the effect of the whole system of Christian oversight and influence, prudently and vigorously administered, that in four years the pauper expenditure was reduced from £1400 to £280 per annum.

At the commencement of his ministry in St. John's, Dr. Chalmers began a series of quarterly publications on "The Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns," devoted to the theoretic illustration of the various schemes of Christian usefulness which he was carrying on; presenting himself thus as at once their skilful deviser, their

vigorous conductor, their eloquent expounder and advocate. But the fatigues of so toilsome a ministry began to exhaust his strength; and he was already longing to exchange the personal for the literary labors of his profession, when the vacant Chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrews was offered to him. This offer, the seventh of the same kind that had been made to him during his eight years' residence in Glasgow, he accepted, entering on his new duties in November, 1823, and devoting the next four years of his life to their fulfilment. Hitherto metaphysics and ethics had been taught conjointly by the professors of moral science in the Scotch colleges, while, in teaching the latter, allusions to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity had generally and often carefully been avoided. Looking upon mental philosophy as belonging properly to another chair, Dr. Chalmers confined his prelections to the philosophy of morals, entering at large upon the duties man owes to God as well as those he owes to his fellow-men, endeavoring throughout to demonstrate the insufficiency of natural religion to serve any other purpose than that of a precursor of Christianity. Many of his lectures, as remodelled afterwards and transferred to the theological chair, are to be found now in the first and second volumes of his works. In the purely ethical department, those discussions in which he made important and original contributions to the science, are those occupied with the place and functions of volition and attention, the separate and underived character of the moral senti-

ments, and the distinction between the virtues of perfect and imperfect obligation. It was not so much, however, for their scientific speculations that his lectures in the moral philosophy classroom were distinguished, as for that fervor of professional enthusiasm with which they were delivered, and which proved so healthfully contagious. Beyond the intellectual impulse thus communicated, his frequent references to the great doctrines of Christianity, and still more the force of his inviting example, kindled to a very remarkable degree the religious spirit among the students of St. Andrews; and not a few of them—including many men who have since highly distinguished themselves—have been led thereby to consecrate their lives to missionary labor.

In November, 1828, Dr. Chalmers was transferred from the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrews to that of theology in Edinburgh. In this wider theatre he was enabled to realize all his favorite ideas as to the best methods of academical instruction. To the old practice of reading to his students a set of carefully prepared lectures he added that of regular *viva voce* examination on what was thus delivered, and introduced besides the use of text-books, communicating through them a large amount of information; and coming into the closest and most stimulating contact with his pupils, he attempted to combine the different systems pursued in the English and the Scottish universities. In the professorial chair there have been many who, with larger stores of learning, have conducted their students to greater

scientific proficiency; but none have ever gone beyond him in the glowing impulse, intellectual, moral, and religious, that he conveyed into the hearts of the ardent youths who flocked around his chair; and to that spirit with which he so largely impregnated the young ministerial mind of Scotland, may, to a large extent, be traced the disruption of the Scottish Establishment.

The leisure for literary labor which professorial life afforded was diligently improved. At St. Andrews he resumed the work which his departure from Glasgow had suspended, and in 1826, published a third volume of the "Christian and Civic Economy of Large Towns." This was followed in 1827, by his treatise on the "Use and Abuse of Literary and Ecclesiastical Endowments." For many years his chief ambition had been to complete a treatise on political economy, a science which had been a favorite one from youth. In St. Andrews, besides his ordinary course on ethics, he had opened a class for instruction in this science, and had been delighted to find how attractive it had proved. As soon as he had got through his first course of theological lectures in Edinburgh, he resumed this subject, and embodied the reflections and preparations of many years in a work on Political Economy, published in 1832 enforcing the truth that a right moral is essential to a right economic condition of the masses,—that character is the parent of comfort. His work on Political Economy was scarcely through the press, when, on invitation from the trustees of the Earl of Bridgewater,

Dr. Chalmers was engaged on a treatise "On the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man," which appeared in 1833. Literary honors, such as were never united previously in the person of any Scottish ecclesiastic, crowned these labors. In 1834 he was elected fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and soon after made one of its vice-presidents. In the same year he was elected corresponding member of the Royal Institute of France, and in 1835 the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of D.C.L.

Hitherto Dr. Chalmers had taken but little part in the public business of the church. One of the earliest acts of the General Assembly of 1834, the first in which the Evangelical party had the majority, was to place Dr. Chalmers at the head of a committee appointed to promote the extension of the church, a duty which he discharged with such success that, in 1841, when he resigned his office, he had to announce that, in seven years, upwards of £300,000 had been contributed to this object and 220 new churches had been built.

This great movement on behalf of church extension was finally checked by another in which Dr. Chalmers was destined to play a still more conspicuous part. In 1834, the General Assembly, after declaring it to be a fundamental principle of the church that "no minister shall be intruded into any parish contrary to the will of the congregation," had enacted, that in every instance the dissent of the majority of the male heads of families, being com-

municants, should be a bar to the settlement of a minister. This act, commonly called the Veto Law, was based upon the old constitutional practice of the Call in which the people invited the minister to undertake the pastoral office, on which invitation alone the spiritual act of ordination was grounded. But now the power of the church to pass such a law as that of the Veto was challenged, and the civil courts claimed a right not only to regulate the destination of the benefice, but to control and overrule the decisions of the Church. In the protracted struggle which ensued in this controversy between Church and State, Dr. Chalmers was the unflinching and indefatigable champion of the claims of his order; and when it was finally determined in favor of the State by the highest legal and parliamentary authority, he took the lead in the work of disruption, when, on the 18th of May, 1843, 470 clergymen withdrew from the General Assembly and constituted themselves into the Free Church of Scotland, electing Dr. Chalmers as their first moderator.

For two years previous to this final step, Dr. Chalmers had foreseen the issue, and in preparation for it had drawn up a scheme for the support of the outgoing ministers. For a year or two afterwards the establishment and extension of that fund, to which the Free Church owes so much of her stability, engaged a large share of his attention. He then gradually withdrew from the public service of the church occupying himself with his duties as Principal of the Free Church College, and in perfecting his "Institutes of

Theology." In May, 1847, he was summoned before a Committee of the House of Commons to give evidence regarding that refusal of sites for churches in which a few of the landed proprietors of Scotland who were hostile to the Free Church were still persisting. He returned from London in his usual health, and after a peaceful Sabbath (May 30), in the bosom of his family at Morningside, he bade them all good night. Next morning, when his room was entered and the curtains of his bed withdrawn, he was found half erect, his head leaning gently back upon the pillow, no token of pain or struggle, the brow and hand when touched so cold as to indicate that some hours had already elapsed since the spirit had peacefully departed.

"During a life of the most varied and incessant activity," writes Dr. Hanna, "spent much, too, in society, Dr. Chalmers scarcely ever allowed a day to pass without its modicum of composition. He had his faculty of writing so completely at command that at the most unseasonable times and in the most unlikely places, he snatched his hour or two for carrying on his literary work. He was methodical indeed in all his habits, and no saying passed more frequently from his lips than that punctuality is a cardinal virtue. His writings now occupy more than thirty volumes. He would permanently perhaps have stood higher as an author had he written less, or had he indulged less in that practice of reiteration into which he was so constantly betrayed by his anxiety to impress his ideas upon others. It would be premature to attempt to estimate the place

which his writings will hold in the literature of our country. We may briefly indicate, however, some of the original contributions for which we are indebted to him. As a political economist he was the first to unfold the connection that subsists between the degree of the fertility of the soil and the social condition of a community, the rapid manner in which capital is reproduced (See Mill's "Political Economy," vol i., p. 94), and the general doctrine of a limit to all the modes by which national wealth may accumulate. He was the first also to advance that argument in favor of religious establishments which meets upon its own ground the doctrine of Adam Smith, that religion like other things should be left to the operation of the natural law of supply and demand. In the department of natural theology and the Christian evidences, he ably advocated that method of reconciling the Mosaic narrative with the indefinite antiquity of the globe which Dr. Buckland has advanced in his Bridgewater Treatise, and regarding which Dr. Chalmers had previously communicated with that author. His refutation of Mr. Hume's objection to the truth of miracles is perhaps his intellectual *chef d'œuvre*, and is as original as it is complete. The distinction between the laws and disposition of matter, as between the ethics and objects of theology, he was the first to indicate and enforce. And it is in his pages that the fullest and most masterly exhibition is to be met with of the superior authority as witnesses for the truth of Revelation of the Scriptural as compared with the ex-Scriptural writers, and of the Chris-

tian as compared with the heathen testimonies. In his "Institutes of Theology," no material modification is either made or attempted on the doctrines of Calvinism, which he received with all simplicity of faith, as he believed them to be revealed in the Divine word, and which he defended as in harmony with the most profound philosophy of human nature, and of the Divine providence.

"The character of Dr. Chalmers' intellect was eminently practical. The dearest object of his earthly existence was the elevation of the common people. Poor-laws appeared to him as calculated to retard this elevation; he therefore strenuously resisted their introduction. The Church of Scotland appeared to him as peculiarly fitted to advance it; he spoke, he wrote he labored in its defence and extension. 'I have no veneration,' he said to the royal commissioners in St. Andrews, before either the Voluntary or the Non-Intrusion controversies had arisen, 'I have no veneration for the Church of Scotland *quasi* an establishment, but I have the utmost veneration for it *quasi* an instrument of Christian good.' Forcing that church to intrude unacceptable ministers, and placing her in spiritual subjection to the civil power, in his regard stripped her as such an instrument of her strength, and he resolutely but reluctantly gave her up.

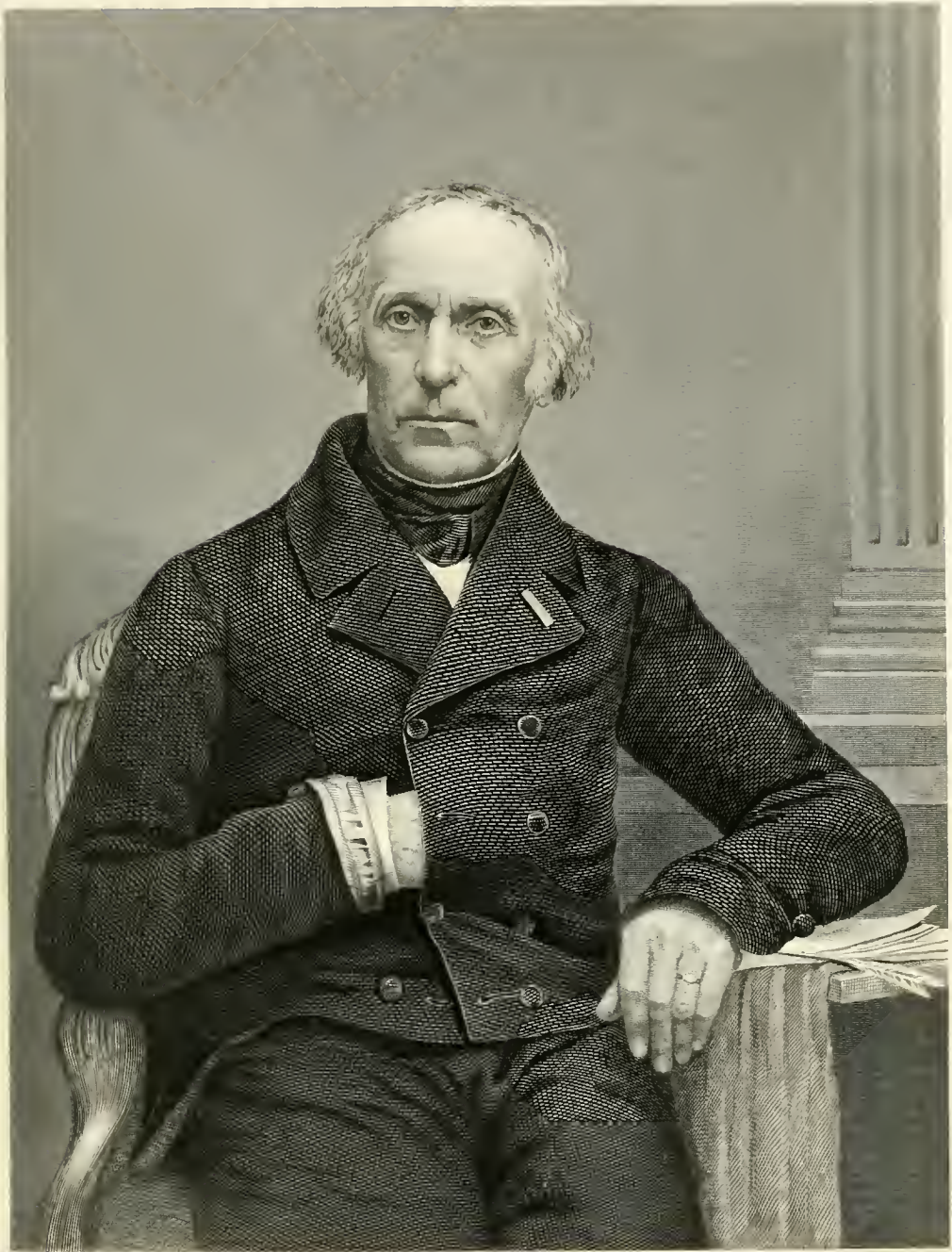
"It is as a mover of his fellow men, as the reviver of evangelistic feeling in

Scotland, and as a leader in that great movement which terminated in the erection of the Free Church, that Dr. Chalmers will fill the largest place in the eye of posterity, and occupy a niche in the history of Scotland and of the church. Various elements combined to clothe him with public influence—a childlike, guileless, transparent simplicity, the utter absence of everything factitious in matter or manner—a kindliness of nature that made him flexible to every human sympathy—a chivalry of sentiment that raised him above all the petty jealousies of public life—a firmness of purpose that made vacillation almost a thing impossible, a force of will and general momentum that bore all that was movable before it—a vehement utterance and overwhelming eloquence that gave him the command of the multitude, a scientific reputation that won for him the respect and attention of the more educated—the legislative faculty that framed measures upon the broadest principles, the practical sagacity that adapted them to the ends they were intended to realize—the genius that in new and difficult circumstances could devise, coupled with the love of calculation, the capacity for business details and the administrative talent that fitted him to execute—a purity of motive that put him above all suspicion of selfishness, and a piety unobtrusive but most profound, simple yet intensely ardent."

GUIZOT.

THIS philosophical French historian and statesman was born in October 4, 1787, at Nismes, in the French department of Gard, where his father, François André Guizot, an advocate of distinction, and a Protestant, became one of the victims of the French Revolution, and was executed on the 8th of April, 1794. The widow, left with two sons, of whom François was the elder, removed from her native town to Geneva, where she had some relatives, and where she hoped to obtain a better education for her children. After having completed his studies in the gymnasium of Geneva with extraordinary success, and acquired the Greek, Latin, German, English, and Italian languages, M. Guizot, in 1805, proceeded to Paris for the purpose of studying jurisprudence, the schools of law having been re-established in 1804. Instead, however, of prosecuting this study, he accepted an engagement as tutor in the family of M. Stapfer, who had been for many years ambassador from Switzerland to Paris, and by him was introduced to M. Suard, the journalist and litterateur, the translator into French of Robertson's "History of Charles the Fifth,"

in whose reception rooms he had the opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of the most distinguished literary persons of the times. In 1809, he published his first work, a "Dictionary of Synonyms," which was followed by "Lives of the French Poets," and by an edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," with historical notes by the editor. M. Guizot had been for some time a periodical writer, and his "Annals of Education," in 6 vols. 8vo, extend from 1811 to 1813. His talents were already known, when, in 1812, M. de Fontanes attached him to the University of Paris, as assistant in the Professorship of History, in the Faculty of Letters, and not long afterwards named him Professor of Modern History, a chair which he was peculiarly fitted to occupy with distinction. In the winter of 1812, he married Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, a lady of birth, whose family had been ruined by the Revolution, and who supported herself and others of her family by journalism. She was engaged in the editorship of a magazine called "The Publicist," and it is said that the assistance she received in the conduct



Shurtz

1850

of this work, during a long illness, from Guizot, the authorship of whose contributions was at the time unknown to her, paved the way for their union. She was fourteen years his senior. Her relations with the chiefs of the Royalist party assisted in opening a political career for her husband. Their married life lasted fifteen years, Madame Guizot dying in 1827. She possessed remarkable talents, which she displayed in literature, chiefly as a critic and writer on morals and subjects of domestic life. Before her marriage to M. Guizot, she had published a novel, entitled "The Contradictions;" among her later works were "Domestic Education," and "A Family."

In the year 1814, M. Guizot paid a visit to his mother, who was then residing in her native town of Nismes. Before his return, Louis XVIII. had been seated on the throne of his ancestors; and the young professor was indebted to the active friendship of M. Royer Collard, for the patronage of M. Montesquieu, then minister of the interior, who appointed him his secretary-general. This was the first step of M. Guizot in the career of politics. The return of Napoleon I. from the island of Elba displaced him from his political situation, and he resumed his occupation as Professor of History. After the restoration of Louis XVIII., M. Guizot was appointed secretary-general to the Minister of Justice. His first political pamphlet "Of Representative Government and the Actual State of France" placed him in the ranks of the constitutional royalists. In his "Essay on Public Instruction,"

published in 1816, he defended the cause of public education against the attacks of the Jesuits. In 1818, he was named Counsellor of State; and, while M. Decazes was minister of the interior, M. Guizot had an office specially formed for him in the communal administration of the departments.

After the assassination of the Duc de Berri, in February, 1820, the ultra-royalist party gained the ascendancy, and the constitutional royalists, M. Decazes, M. Royer Collard, M. Guizot, and the rest, were expelled from office. In the years 1820-'22, M. Guizot published several political pamphlets, directed generally against the administration of M. Villèle, which created a sensation at the time. His historical lectures at the Sorbonne were attended by crowded audiences, but the free expression of his opinions gave offence to the government, and his lectures were suspended. M. Guizot then relinquished politics for awhile and resumed his historical researches. In the period from 1822 to 1827, he published a "Collection of Memoirs Relative to the English Revolution," followed by the first part of his "History of the Revolution," comprising the Reign of Charles I.; a "Collection of Memoirs, relating to the Ancient History of France;" "Essays on the History of France;" and, "Historical Essays on Shakespeare." He also contributed to the "Revue Française," and was one of the founders of the society called "Aide-toi, le Ciel t'aidera,"—Assist thyself, and Heaven will assist thee—the object of which was to secure the freedom of elections. In 1828, the ministry of M. de Martignac

allowed him to resume his lectures at the Sorbonne; they were attended by very large numbers, and occupied much of his time from 1828 to 1830. At the end of 1828, he married his second wife, niece of his first wife, who, when she was dying, advised the union. In 1829, he was reappointed Counsellor of State, and in the same year became part-editor of the "Journal des Debats," and of "Le Temps." In January, 1830, he was elected for the first time a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the arrondissement of Lisieux, department of Calvados, where he had an estate.

M. Guizot had assisted largely in producing the Revolution of 1830, which expelled Charles X. and introduced Louis Philippe; and the commission which sat in the Hôtel de Ville, on the 31st of July, named him Minister of Public Instruction, and the next day appointed him Minister of the Interior. The first ministry of Louis Philippe lasted but a few months, M. Guizot losing office with it in November. In the Cabinet, of which Marshal Soult was the head in 1832, he became again the Minister of Public Instruction. Many important reforms were carried out by him in this department of the government. The law of the 28th of June, 1833, on primary education, prepared by himself, raised in a brief period, in nine thousand communes, the village school-room for the instruction of the poor. Under the ministry of Thiers, he was, in 1840, ambassador to England, after which he became Minister of Foreign Affairs, and was paramount in the councils of Louis Philippe during the

last year of his reign. In the revolution of 1848, following the example of the King, he escaped from Paris in the dress of a workman, but returned the following year and engaged in various political writings, chiefly as a journalist and reviewer. His main pursuits, however, during the rule of Louis Napoleon, were in the province of history, biography, philosophy, and general literature. Though a representative of the cause of Protestantism in France, he, in 1861, in a public address, advocated a continuance of the temporal power of the Pope.

Such is a brief outline, for which we are indebted to the "English Cyclopædia," of the public career of M. Guizot. The general importance of his writings, his studies in English history, his familiar acquaintance with the statesmen of that country, shown in his composition of a work of "Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel," with the acute philosophical character of his mind, have led to frequent translations of his works into English. There are few French writers on history whose works are so well known to intelligent readers in Great Britain and America. In an article on the publication of the first volume of his "Memoirs to Illustrate the History of My Time," in 1858, the "Edinburgh Review" thus speaks of his mingled literary and political career: "Amongst the band of great and honorable men, the parliamentary statesmen of the late monarchy in France, equally distinguished by literary ability and by political eloquence, M. Guizot will retain in history, as he has occupied in life, the first and highest place. Other writers,

gifted with livelier powers of imagination, and appealing more directly to the sentiment of their contemporaries, may, like M. de Châteaubriand, have exercised for a time a more powerful influence on the literature of France. Other orators may have kindled fiercer passions in the audiences they addressed, and may leave on some memories the impression of more intense dramatic power. Other statesmen have enjoyed far more of popular sympathy in their day, for they fought under a banner to which M. Guizot was steadily opposed; and, whilst they spoke with the energy of assailants, his public life has been, for the most part, spent in the service of the crown, and in the discharge of the positive duties of government. But, in the depth and variety of his literary labors, which have enlarged the philosophy of history and extended our knowledge of the laws that manifest themselves in all human affairs; in the force and precision of his oratory, which at one swoop could bend an assembly or crush a foe; and, in the systematic consistency of his whole political life, which realized in action the opinions of his closet, and gave the authority of a minister to the principles of a philosopher, M. Guizot has had no equal, either in his own country, or, as far as we know, in any other. The wisdom of some of his writings, and the felicity of some of his orations, may not improperly be compared to the productions of Burke; the ascendancy he enjoyed in the executive government and the parliament of France was probably greater than any minister has possessed in a constitutional

state since the death of Mr. Pitt. But in M. Guizot the speculative genius of the one was united to the practical authority of the other; and, though each of these great Englishmen may have possessed his own peculiar qualification in a still higher degree, M. Guizot stands before them both, in the rare union of the contemplative and active faculties. To have written the "History of Civilization in France," and to have occupied the most important position in the government of France for a longer period than any minister since the Duc de Choiseul, are joint achievements in literature and politics which no other man has performed."

In a brief compass there is a clear and earnest exposition of M. Guizot's political views in the pamphlet entitled "Democracy in France," which was written immediately after the Revolution of 1848. In this he deprecates as the greatest of all evils for his country the paramount ascendancy of the democratic principle, to the exclusion of all other elements of order in the State. Instancing the example of Washington, and the early history of the United States, in the influence of sound conservatism, he traces the defects of socialism in the destruction of property, with its manifold rights and duties, violating the continuity of society, and reducing its members to "mere isolated and ephemeral beings, who appear in this life, and on this earth the scene of life, only to take their subsistence and their pleasure, each for himself alone, each by the same right and without any end or purpose beyond, precisely the condi-

tion of the lower animals, among whom there exists no tie, no influence which survives the individual and extends to the race." Passing thence to the consideration of the essential aspects of society, in all states of whatever description, he looks to a corresponding variety of constitutional powers in the government, and the influence of the moral conditions of social peace in the domestic virtues, and the superintending spirit of a true christianity. He concludes with these words at once of warning and encouragement to his country, destined to acquire new significance as the years rolled on.

"Let not France deceive herself. Not all the experiments she may try, not all the revolutions she may make or suffer to be made, will ever emancipate her from the necessary and inevitable conditions of social tranquility and good government. She may refuse to admit them, and may suffer without measure or limit from her refusal, but she cannot escape from them. We have tried everything:—Republic, Empire, Constitutional Monarchy. We are beginning our experiments anew. To what must we ascribe their ill success? In our own times, before our own eyes, in three of the greatest nations in the world, these three same forms of government—Constitutional Monarchy in England, the Empire in Russia, and the Republic in North America—endure and prosper. Have we the monopoly of all impossibilities! Yes; so long as we remain in the chaos in which we are plunged, in the name and by the slavish idolatry of Democracy; so long as

we can see nothing in society but Democracy, as if that were its sole ingredient; so long as we seek in government nothing but the domination of Democracy, as if that alone had the right and power to govern. On these terms the Republic is equally impossible as the Constitutional Monarchy, and the Empire as the Republic; for all regular and stable government is impossible. And liberty—legal and energetic liberty—is no less impossible than stable and regular government. The world has seen great and illustrious communities reduced to this deplorable condition; incapable of supporting any legal and energetic liberty, or any regular and stable government; condemned to interminable and sterile political oscillations, from the various shades and forms of anarchy to the equally various forms of despotism. For a heart capable of any feeling of pride or dignity, I cannot conceive a more cruel suffering than to be born in such an age. Nothing remains but to retire to the sanctuary of domestic life, and the prospects of religion. The joys and the sacrifices, the labors and the glories of public life exist no more.

"Such is not, God be praised, the state of France; such will not be the closing scene of her long and glorious career of civilization—of all her exertions, conquests, hopes, and sufferings. France is full of life and vigor. She has not mounted so high to descend in the name of equality to so low a level. She possesses the elements of a good political organization. She has numerous classes of citizens, enlightened and respected, already accustomed to man-

age the business of their country, or prepared to undertake it. Her soil is covered with an industrious and intelligent population, who detest anarchy, and ask only to live and labor in peace. There is an abundance of virtue in the bosoms of her families, and of good feeling in the hearts of her sons. We have wherewithal to struggle against the evil that devours us. But the evil is immense. There are no words wherein to describe, no measure wherewith to measure it. The suffering and the shame it inflicts upon us are slight, compared to those it

prepares for us if it endures. And who will say that it cannot endure, when all the passions of the wicked, all the extravagancies of the mad, all the weaknesses of the good, concur to foment it? Let all the sane forces of France then unite to combat it. They will not be too many, and they must not wait till it is too late. Their united strength will more than once bend under the weight of their work, and France, ere she can be saved, will still need to pray that God would protect her."

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THIS lady, the powers displayed in whose works place her at the head of the female poets of England, the daughter of Mr. Barrett, a wealthy London merchant, was born near Ledbury, Hertfordshire, about the year 1807. She very early exhibited great precocity of intellect, which was fostered by her learned education. At ten, she wrote verses; and at nineteen, in 1826, published, anonymously, her first volume, entitled "An Essay on Mind, with other Poems." The chief poem in this collection, indicated in the title, is a discursive review, a fluent, and by no means elaborate adaptation of the style of Pope's famous essay, rambling over the themes of philosophy and poetry, with instances from their chief forms of production, frequently illustrated by the great authors of the world, in numerous tributes to their genius and example. The metaphysicians are boldly dealt with, and with good judgment, in the writer's appreciation of Plato, Bacon, and Locke, whom she revered for his spirit of liberty and truth. The cause of freedom, for her advocacy of which in Italy she was to be afterwards so greatly distinguished, was even then

dear to her, one of the most enthusiastic passages of the "Essay" being devoted to the national struggle then going on in Greece.

"Lo! o'er Ægea's waves, the shout hath ris'n!
Lo! Hope hath burst the fetters of her prison!
And Glory sounds the trump along the shore,
And Freedom walks where Freedom walked
before!
Ipsara glimmers with heroic light,
Redd'ning the waves that lash her flaming
height;
And Egypt hurries from that dark-blue sea!
Lo! o'er the cliffs of fam'd Thermopylae,
And voiceful Marathon, the wild winds
sweep—
Bearing this message to the brave who sleep—
'They come! they come! with their embat-
tled shock,
From Pelion's steeps, and Paros' foam-dash'd
rock!
They come from Tempe's vale, and Helicon's
spring,
And proud Eurotas' banks, the river king!
They come from Leuctra, from the waves that
kiss
Athena—from the shores of Salamis;
From Sparta, Thebes, Eubœa's hills of blue—
To live with Hellas—or to sleep with you!"

The show of reading in this first volume is something extraordinary; for the author already had high claims to learning, which she afterwards perfected and she shows not a trace of pedantry, scholarship with her being



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

always an instrument of thought. With what a warm, natural, unaffected feeling she paints, under the disguise of a school-boy, her own first passion :

“Oh! beats there, Heav'n! a heart of human frame,
Whose pulses throb not at some kindling name?
Some sound, which brings high musings in its track,
Or calls, perchance, the days of childhood back,
In its dear echo,—when, without a sigh,
Swift hoop and bounding ball were first laid by,
To clasp in joy, from school-room tyrant free,
The classic volume on the little knee,
And eon sweet sounds of dearest minstrelsy,
Or words of sterner lore; the young brow fraught
With a calm brightness which might mimic thought,
Leant on the boyish hand—as, all the while,
A half-heav'd sigh, or aye th' unconscious smile
Would tell how, o'er that page, the soul was glowing,
In an internal transport, past the knowing!
How feelings, erst unfelt, did then appear,
Give forth a voice, and murmur, ‘We are here!’”

We have given these passages as indications of the early bent of Miss Barrett's powers, and of the natural development of her genius, shown in her subsequent performances. These youthful poems, moreover, have not been included in any edition of her collected writings, and the volume in which they appear is of great rarity. The preface, it may be added, shows an equal readiness and proficiency in prose writing, of which the author subsequently gave some happy examples, in a few published literary critical sketches in the “Athenæum;” and of which her “Letters,” if they were brought together, would afford constant instances, and gain her a distinct

reputation in this department of literature.

In the absence of fuller biographical materials, we may note several allusions to her early home-life, in the occasional poems appended to the “Essay on Mind.” There are tuneful flowing lines “To My Father on His Birth-day,” with an appropriate Horatian motto expressive of her sense of gratitude; for even, as Horace, she owed to her parent that greatest of all gifts, her training in literature. It is curious to observe her, even then, when not out of her teens, giving this sentiment the form of a reminiscence.

“For 'neath thy gentleness of praise,
My Father! rose my early lays!
And when the lyre was scarce awake,
I lov'd its strings for *thy* lov'd sake.”

From some “Verses to my Brother,” in the same volume, we learn that they pursued their studies together in a happy childhood:

“And when the laughing mood was nearly o'er,
Together, many a minute did we wile
On Horace's page, or Maro's sweeter lore;
While one young critic, on the classic style
Would sagely try to frown, and make the
other smile.”

This first volume was succeeded, in 1833, by a translation from the Greek of the tragedy of Æschylus, “Prometheus Bound,” which was sent forth from the midst of his learned proof-sheets, by the students' publisher, Valpy. There was boldness in this attempt; but no one sooner found it out than the author. In 1830, she replaced this “early failure,” as she then quite unnecessarily called it—for it has much poetical excellence—by “an

entirely new version, made for her friends and her conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind." Comparing the two versions, we find, as might be expected, particularly in the lyrical passages, an increased depth of feeling, and especially a sinewy knotted expression. The easy enthusiasm, the flowing stream of thought, has become crystalized and more beautiful at the touch of the magician, Learned Experience. The preface to the first version has a handsome compliment to "the learned Mr. Boyd," who, among other works, translated from the Greek, published in 1806, "Select Passages of the writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil." It was the privilege and luxury of Miss Barrett to share in these erudite studies—an intimacy of friendship and scholarship which has left an eloquent memorial, in a fine poem, celebrating a gift of "The Wine of Cypress," from that learned companion:

"And I think of those long mornings
Which my Thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading,
Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*.
Then what golden hours were for us!
While we sat together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
Seemed to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
Down the deep iambic lines:
And the rolling anapestic
Curled, like vapor over shrines."

Miss Browning appears to have been specially indebted to Mr. Boyd for

her acquaintance with the Greek Christian Poets, Gregory Nazianzen and the rest (of whose verses she gave some fine poetic translation) in the papers already alluded to, published in the "Athenæum" for 1842, and issued in a posthumous volume in 1863. On the death of Mr. Boyd, in 1848, she paid a tribute to his memory in two sonnets, feelingly picturing his elevation of soul and sympathies with nature, under the privation of blindness, by which he had been long afflicted, and which *her* reading to him of the Greek alluded to in the poem just cited, had done something to assist. He remembered this in a legacy.

"Three gifts the Dying left me; Æschylus,
And Gregory Nazianzen, and a clock
Chiming the gradual hours out like a flock
Of stars, whose motion is melodious.
The books were those I used to read from, thus
Assisting my dear teacher's soul to unlock
The darkness of his eyes—now, mine they
mock,
Blinded in turn, by tears."

The year 1838 brought with it "The Seraphim, and other Poems," the first volume by Miss Barrett which attracted any general attention. The "Seraphim" rises on the wings of the Greek chorus to a higher Christian theme—a lyric strain of divinity which reached its culmination in the author's "Drama of Exile," in 1844. Sublimity, tenderness, the sympathy of inanimate nature, the compensation of the second Eden, are blended in that bold, but human and pathetic choral song of the "Fall of Man." Before the last-mentioned work was produced, other lessons and discipline of a more personal character, nearer than the sympathies

of the imagination, had been interposed to temper, refine, and strengthen the aspiring soul of the young poetess. For a knowledge of these incidents, we are indebted to a reminiscence of the poetess given by her friend, Miss Mitford, in her "Recollections of a Literary Life." "My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett," she writes, "commenced about 1835. She was certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen. Everybody who then saw her said the same; so that it is not merely the impression of my partiality or my enthusiasm. Of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face; large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes; a smile like a sunbeam; and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went together to Chiswick, that the translator of the 'Promethæus' of Æschylus, the authoress of the 'Essay on Mind,' was old enough to be introduced into company, in technical language—was out. By the kindness of another invaluable friend, to whom I owe many obligations, but none so great as this, I saw much of her during my stay in town. The next year was a painful one to herself, and to all who loved her. She broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs, which did not heal. If there had been consumption in the family, that disease would have intervened. There was no seeds of the fatal English malady in her constitution, and she escaped. Still, however, the vessel did not heal, and after attending her for about a twelvemonth at her father's house in

Wimpole street, Dr. Chambers, on the approach of winter, ordered her to a milder climate. Her eldest brother, a brother in heart and in talent worthy of such a sister, together with other devoted relatives, accompanied her to Torquay; and *there* occurred the fatal event which saddened her bloom of youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling to her poetry.

"Nearly a twelvemonth had passed, and the invalid, still attended by her affectionate companions, had derived much benefit from the mild sea breezes of Devonshire. One fine summer morning her favorite brother, together with two other fine young men, his friends, embarked on board a small sailing-vessel for a trip of a few hours. Excellent sailors all, and familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatmen, and undertook themselves the management of the little craft. Danger was not dreamt of by any one. After the catastrophe no one could divine the cause; but, in a few minutes after their embarkation, in sight of their very windows, just as they were crossing the bar, the boat went down, and all who were in her perished. Even the bodies were never found. I was told by a party who were traveling that year in Devonshire and Cornwall, that it was most affecting to see on the corner houses of every village street, on every church door, and almost every cliff, for miles and miles along the coast, handbills offering large rewards for linen cast ashore marked with the initials of the beloved dead; for it so chanced that all the three were of the dearest and the best; one, I believe, an only son, the other the son of a widow. This

tragedy nearly killed Elizabeth Barrett. She was utterly prostrated by the horror and the grief, and by a natural but a most unjust feeling that she had been in some sort the cause of this great misery. It was not until the following year that she could be removed in an invalid carriage, and by journeys of twenty miles a day, to her afflicted family and her London home. The house that she occupied at Torquay had been chosen as one of the most sheltered in the place. It stood at the bottom of the cliffs almost close to the sea; and she told me herself that during the whole winter the sound of the waves rang in her ears like the moans of one dying. Still she clung to literature and to Greek: in all probability she would have died without that wholesome diversion to her thoughts. Her medical attendant did not always understand this. To prevent the remonstrances of her friendly physician, Dr. Barry, she caused a small edition of Plato to be so bound as to resemble a novel. He did not know, skilful and kind though he was, that to her such books were not an arduous and painful study, but a consolation and a delight. Returned to London, she began the life which she continued for so many years, confined to one large and commodious but darkened chamber, admitting only her own affectionate family and a few devoted friends (I, myself, have often traveled five and forty miles to see her, and returned the same evening without entering another house); reading almost every book worth reading in almost every language, and giving herself heart and soul to that poetry of which she seemed born to be the priestess."

During this period of confinement, the "Drama of Exile" was written, and the numerous fine poems which accompanied it on its publication. It was the first of her works published in America, and one of the most original; and among the longest of the poems, the admired "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was written in the space of twelve hours, in order to be included in the proof sheets to be sent across the Atlantic in advance of the English publication. Of this ballad, Edgar Poe wrote, "with the exception of Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' we have never perused a poem combining so much of the fiercest passion with so much of the most ethereal fancy." The volumes also included several poems, which will be remembered with the best of her writings, among them especially that piercing appeal to the humanity of England, memorable in its utterance as Hood's lament of another class of sufferers, "The Song of the Shirt," with which, though quite unlike in its structure, it has been often compared. We allude to the vivid presentation of the sufferings and privations of the young factory operatives, in the poem entitled "The Cry of the Children." Nor less noticeable is the rapid, energetic "Rhyme of the Duchess May," a ballad instinct with life and imagination, worthy of being ranked with the best of any of the great masters of lyric narrative: while, in another vein of elevated thought, there is the "Vision of Poets" with its fine characterization of the noble spirits of the race, and its philosophical expression of their sympathies and sufferings. Interspersed

with the rest are several direct allusions to the enforced confinement of the sick room to which she was bound in these days and months of illness. There is a touching picture of her darkened hours, in a little poem "To Flush, My Dog," a favorite gift from Miss Mitford, and a graver expression of her sense of privation in the sonnet entitled "The Prisoner:"

"I count the dismal time by months and years,
Since last I felt the green sward under foot,
And the great breath of all things summer-
mute

Met mine upon my lips. Now Earth appears
As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres,
Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at. Nature's
lute

Sounds on behind this door so closely shut,
A strange, wild music to the prisoner's ears,
Dilated by the distance, till the brain
Grows dim with fancies which it feels too fine;
While ever, with a visionary pain,
Past the precluded senses, sweep and shine
Streams, forests, glades—and many a golden
train

Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.

But from this seclusion the poetess was soon to be emancipated. Her health gradually improved, and the whole current of her life, in 1846, was altered by her marriage in that year to the poet Robert Browning, whose genius she had been among the earliest to appreciate. This union was followed by an immediate change of residence to Italy, where her subsequent life was passed with her husband. The climate was favorable to her health, and, under these joint influences, her thoughts were diverted from more purely imaginative themes to subjects drawn from the outer world and her new living experiences. As she had before lived in the past life of

Greece, she now devoted herself to the drama acting before her eyes in the emancipation of Italy, to which the later exertions of her muse were almost wholly given. She resided first at Pisa and afterwards at Florence, which became her permanent home. The first fruits of this new Italian life was her poem given to the world in 1851, entitled "Casa Guidi Windows," a picture of the Revolutionary scenes of 1848 as witnessed from her residence at Florence. "From a window," she says in her preface to the book, "the critic may demur. She bows to the objection in the very title of her work. No continuous narrative, nor exposition of political philosophy, is attempted by her. It is a simple story of personal impressions, whose only value is in the intensity with which they were received, as proving her warm affection for a beautiful and unfortunate country; and the sincerity with which they are related, as indicating her own good faith and freedom from all partizanship." The verse in which this poem or series of poems is written is somewhat intricate and difficult in its system of triple rhymes, managed as usual by the author with great felicity; and it is made the vehicle of the most impassioned description of the animated scenes passing before her, and of her aspirations and prophecies of the certain redemption and emancipation of Italy. Colored by philosophy and fancy, the work is yet intensely real, and may be read as a chapter of history as well as for its individual exhibition of the poetic faculty.

In her next publication, in 1856,

"Aurora Leigh," Mrs. Browning essayed her longest flight. It is a novel in verse, comprehended in nine books, and extending to some ten thousand lines. Its subject is the social philosophy of the times: it is a picture of manners and a code of perceptions in literature and art—a *resumé* of the author's opinions on a vast variety of subjects, moral, social and æsthetic. As a novel, its incidents are subordinate to its reflections, yet it is striking as a story with a sustained interest in the plot as the narrative moves on in flexible, rapid, blank verse; simple, sarcastic, passionate, as may be required. The story may be briefly outlined. Aurora is the offspring of an English gentleman of wealth, who, late in life, falls in love with and marries a fair Italian girl, whom he first sees in a priestly procession in Florence. The mother dies in her daughter's infancy, and a few years of fond intimacy in childhood with her father, in a mountain home in Tuscany, close with his death. The proud, passionate, intellectual, sensitive child of the South, an orphan, passes to the pupilage of a maiden aunt in England, whose prospects had been disconcerted by the marriage—a character admirably drawn, though a cramped, gnarled growth of society, not a caricature, but with allowances of human emotion. It is evident that the warm Italian nature of Aurora will be sadly congealed by this northern iceberg. Her youth is of course in danger of being sacrificed to the conventionalisms and so-called proprieties of the ordinary English dwarfing routine of female education. But Nature had got the start of

the Ologies, and was wayward to save some part of that life for herself. She has a lover, too, the hero of the book, Romney Leigh—not a very attractive sort of hero—a benevolent man, but a calculating moralist, a kind of softened Gradgrind, a Utilitarian philanthropist, the goodness in him starched into a stiff formalism of behaviour—beneficial but unpleasant. A little spontaneity at the outset would have saved this man much misery through life. The better he sought to protect himself and his schemes, the worse they were protected. His first misfortune was losing the hand of the fair Aurora; his cool, didactic philosophies on the superiority of his sex not suiting her ardent impulses. His head is too much for his heart. The lady, it must be admitted, is a little exacting—since she has all along a half-conscious affection for her cousin. She rejects him, to the dismay of the aunt, who, suddenly quitting this earthly scene shortly after, a wide separation of parties ensues. Dying, she held in her hand an unsealed letter, which proves a generous device of Cousin Romney to secure a fortune to Aurora. It is a deed of gift to the aunt of thirty thousand pounds, to be inherited by the niece. The latter disdains the contrivance, and, proudly shaking off the dust of the ancestral acres, of which she was disinherited by her semi-foreign parentage, departs for London, to enter upon the character of an author by profession. This introduces an animated sketch of the literary life of a productive writer, and pairs off with the brilliant portraits by Thackeray of the other sex. An-

other important actor now appears upon the stage, a bold, adventurous, spoilt widow, Lady Waldemar, who, setting her cap for the wealthy social philanthropist, Romney Leigh, is bent upon defeating a quixotic match he has upon the *tapis* with a daughter of the people whom he has fallen in with, upon his errands of benevolence. This character, Marian Erle, is powerfully delineated, though her suffering is such an overwhelming dispensation of fate as to limit her actions in the world to a narrow sphere. Romney, who has a touch of vain glory in his beneficence, is to marry the girl at a fashionable West-end church, and Mayfair and St. Giles meet for the ceremony. Lady Waldemar, however, prevents the marriage. She induces Marian to depart with an attendant of her own choosing. The victim falls a prey to violence, and is next met with in Paris, a mother living only in her child. Shall this injured woman be an outcast? Society answers such questions with little discrimination by a too general affirmative. It was in this poem the privilege of an honored mother of England—an intellectual representative of her sex to the world—a lady whose simple truthful life, unimpeachable, sought no empty glory of the reformer, who justified religion and every home morality, a voice unquestionable—to reply in the tenderness of a woman's heart, with the inspired eloquence of the singer, No! The muse covers this sorrow for all

coming time under the wings of her protection. The sequel of the story may be readily anticipated. Lady Waldemar is in the end exposed, and the exposure brings about an understanding between the original lovers, the cousins. Each has learned much in the interim; the too pragmatist philosopher, that a little more nature and less restraint would produce better practical results; while the lady has learned something in the school of experience, has found life superior to literature and its true oracle, and, woman of genius as she is, acquiesces in attainable results. Such a narrative of course afforded scope for many reflections, and it is in the strong expression of sentiment, rather than in its literary art or finish, that the poem excels.

"Aurora Leigh" was followed, in 1860, by another series of patriotic and political verses relating to the affairs of Italy, entitled "Poems before Congress." This proved the author's last publication. In the following year her invalid constitution gave way, and, on the 29th of June, she died in Florence, at the Casa Guidi. In recognition of her services to the cause of Italy, the house, by order of the city government, bears an inscription recording her residence in it and the national appreciation of the Poems she wrote there. A posthumous volume of her "Last Poems," on a variety of themes, appeared in England in 1862.

COUNT VON MOLTKE.

HELMUTH KARL BERNHARD VON MOLTKE, the most distinguished strategist of his times, renowned for his success in directing the military operations of the two great wars which have resulted in the creation of the new German Empire, is descended from an ancient Danish family of celebrity. He was born on the 26th of October, 1800, at Gnawitz, the estate of his father, near Parchim, in Mecklenburg. Soon after his birth, his parents became residents of Holstein, and in his twelfth year, young Moltke was sent to Copenhagen, to be educated at the Cadet's Institution, to the military profession. He became a page at the Danish Royal Court, and held the rank of lieutenant. He remained in Denmark till 1822, when he entered the Prussian service as Second-Lieutenant in an infantry regiment, and pursued his studies in the Military Academy at Berlin. After having passed some time in perfecting his education, and serving as military instructor in the division schools, he was, in 1828 and 1832, promoted to appointments on the General Staff. In 1832, he was promoted to a first-lieutenancy, and two years later to a cap-

taincy. In 1835, while engaged in a tour in Turkey, he was presented to the Sultan Mahmoud II., by whom, with the consent of the Prussian government, he was employed in introducing various improvements into the service, and superintending the reorganization of the Turkish army. He remained several years in the country, and accompanied the army in its campaign in Syria against Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, and was decorated for distinguished services on the field. Returning to Prussia, he resumed, in 1841, his connection with the staff, and the next year became major. He prepared about this time a volume of letters on the circumstances of Turkey, during the period of his employment by that government, which was issued at Berlin in 1841, with an introduction by the geographer, Carl Ritter. He also, in 1845, published an elaborate work on the military campaign of Russia in European Turkey, in 1828-'29, which was subsequently translated into French and English, the latter version bearing the title "The Russians in Bulgaria and Roumelia in 1828 and 1829." In 1846, he was appointed aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prus-



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sia, then resident in Rome, after whose death, in 1847, he was engaged in connection with the general command on the Rhine, becoming in 1848, a member of the Grand General Staff, and in 1849, chief of the staff of the fourth army corps in Magdeburg. In 1850, he became lieutenant-colonel; in 1851, full colonel, and in 1855, was appointed major-general, when he was assigned as aide-de-camp to Prince Frederick William, King of Prussia, and Emperor of Germany of after-days, and in 1858, was appointed Chief of the Grand General Staff of the Prussian Army, and, the following year, to the rank of lieutenant-general.

In the war between Austria and Italy, which ensued, Gen. Moltke was present in the Austrian head-quarters, and at its conclusion, superintended an official account of the campaign, which was published at Berlin, in 1812. He was now actively devoted to the improvement and development of the Prussian army, which was soon to be called into active service in the field. In the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1864, he was engaged in planning the operations of the campaign, being attached, as chief of the staff, to Prince Frederick Charles. The development of the military resources of Prussia was now the grand object of the administration. It was the policy of the king, who had been educated as a soldier; and what Count Bismarck was promoting by his political measures, Gen. Von Moltke was perfecting in the camp. The nation soon prepared for its new military career, and it was greatly indebted for its powerful army organization to the genius of Von Moltke. Having now

reached the rank of full general of infantry, he planned with great care the campaign against Austria, in 1866, accompanying the army to the field, and personally directing the operations in the battle of Koniggratz. "The brilliancy of the campaign," writes Gen. Haven, in his work on "The School and the Army in Germany and France," was unparalleled, while the sacrifice of life was marvelously small. The active fighting campaign embraced but seven days, with an effective force in line of 437,262 men and officers, and 120,892 horses. There were killed in battle and died from wounds, but 262 officers and 4,093 men; and died from other causes 53 officers and 6,734 men; while the whole loss in horses from all causes was but 4,750. Whatever credit is due for the wonderful success of this campaign and its speedy termination, largely belongs to General Moltke." At the close of the "Seven Weeks' War," Gen. Moltke was employed in conducting the negotiations for an armistice, and the preliminaries of peace. In the triumphal entry into Berlin which followed, General Von Moltke, as chief of the general staff, rode in the front rank, immediately before the king, with the war minister, Von Roon, and the premier, Count Bismarck. For his eminent services in the campaign, he received from the king, the order of the Black Eagle. An account of the war was drawn up under his superintendence, which was issued at Berlin, and also in a French translation.

The ability shown by Von Moltke on all previous occasions, designated him as commander-in-chief in the great

war with France, of 1870-71. He directed all its important movements with unfailing success, was created a Count for his services during its progress, received from the king the decoration of the Order of the Iron Cross, and on the triumphal conclusion of the war, was further rewarded with the rank of Field Marshal of the newly-created German Empire.

The first volume of the official history of the war, was published at Berlin, in the summer of 1872. The preparation of the work, the proceeds of which are devoted to patriotic and charitable purposes, is carried on under the immediate superintendance of Count Moltke, who is understood to furnish to it its most important passages.

The diary of Gen. Haven of the United States Army, already cited, furnishes us with a personal notice of Gen. Moltke, as he was observed by the writer, one Sunday in October, 1870, at the head-quarters of the German forces at Versailles:—"While going to church, I noticed near me, in a new uniform of a general officer, some one who at first impressed me as the

youngest, blondest, and slenderest general officer I ever saw, and I tried to divine how promotion could have been so rapid in an army where every thing is regular. I looked again, and the quick, elastic step, the slender, almost womanly wrist, contrasted strangely with his rank, which I now noticed to be that of a full general. On looking into his face, I was still more surprised to recognize Gen. Von Moltke. We continued on the remaining hundred yards to the chapel-door together. He is a man of few words, of a singularly youthful expression of countenance and eye; and, although one knows that he is seventy years of age, and heavy time-lines mark his face, it is hard to shake off the idea that he is a boy. He has a light and nearly transparent complexion, a clear, blue eye, flaxen hair, white eyebrows, and no beard. He speaks good English, and, on calling at his room, I found him very affable, and full of sagacity and accurate knowledge. In his room were a few chairs, a desk, on which was displayed a map of France, and not another scrap of anything to be seen."



Samt. F. B. Morse

SAMUEL FINLEY BREESE MORSE.

THIS eminent inventor of the electric telegraph, who but for this addition to his fame in his later years would have been more widely known to his countrymen by his early achievements in art, was born of a distinguished New England family in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 29, 1791. His name, Samuel Finley, was derived from his maternal great-grandfather, the predecessor, in the age preceding the Revolution, of Dr. Witherspoon, in the Presidency of the College of New Jersey. His father, Jedediah Morse, of Connecticut, minister of the church at Charlestown, at the time of his son's birth, is remembered in the annals of American literature by his pioneer labors in the department of geography, which remain an interesting study of the topography and early material development of the nation at the close of the last century. Young Morse, of course, with such parentage received a sound elementary education, which was developed by a course of study at Yale College, then under the inspiring government of President Timothy Dwight. He graduated at this institution in 1810. Influenced by an early taste, and doubt-

less inspired by the example and success of his countryman, Benjamin West, he was now intent upon pursuing the profession of a painter—a resolution in which he was confirmed by his acquaintance with Washington Allston, then passing a short time in America after his first animating visit to Europe. It was natural that Morse should imbibed the enthusiasm of so devoted an artist, and be governed by the ideas of a friend whose additional ten years of profitably-spent life made his judgment respected. Painting, as a means of getting a living, we may presume, was not then, in the infancy of the United States, regarded as a very profitable or desirable pursuit by a prudent New England clergyman; and it is to the credit of the elder Morse that he appreciated his son's tastes sufficiently to give to him his consent and furnish him the means for the prosecution of the coveted calling in a residence in England. Allston was about to return to that country; Morse sailed with him, and the two friends arrived in London in August, 1811. A short time after, Charles Robert Leslie, then a youth of seventeen, came to the great metropolis to enter upon that pursuit of art in

which he was destined to gain fame and fortune and the highest personal consideration in the best society of England. A warm friendship soon sprang up between him and Morse; they took lodgings together, and together explored the world of art which lay before them. The two eminent American painters, Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy, and John Singleton Copley were then in London, approaching the close of their distinguished career. They were of the same age, about seventy-three; Copley, oppressed with infirmities, West, reaping the fruit of his diligent labors and splendid opportunities, still actively employed in his studio. Morse carried letters to both these venerable artists. West, ever ready to impart to his young countrymen the lessons of his long and successful artist's life, received him in his accustomed friendly manner, opened to him the doors of the British Museum, and cordially assisted his studies. An incident of this intercourse is related by Dunlap, in his History of the Arts of Design in America, which exhibits at once the perseverance of the young student and something of the humor of the venerable President: "Morse, anxious to appear in the most favorable light before West, had occupied himself for two weeks in making a finished drawing from a small cast of the Farnese Hercules. Mr. West, after strict scrutiny for some minutes, and giving the young artist many commendations, handed it again to him, saying, 'Very well, sir, very well, go on and finish it.' 'It is finished,' replied Morse. 'Oh, no,' said Mr. West; 'look here, and here, and here,' pointing to

many unfinished places which had escaped the untutored eye of the young student. No sooner were they pointed out, however, than they were felt, and a week longer was devoted to a more careful finishing of the drawing, until, full of confidence, he again presented it to the critical eyes of West. Still more encouraging and flattering expressions were lavished upon the drawing; but on returning it, the advice was again given, 'Very well indeed, sir; go on and finish it.' 'Is it not finished?' asked Morse, almost discouraged. 'Not yet,' replied West; 'see, you have not marked the muscle, nor the articulations of the finger joints.' Determined not to be answered by the constant 'go on and finish it' of Mr. West, Morse again spent diligently three or four days touching and reviewing his drawing, resolved if possible to elicit from his severe critic an acknowledgment that it was at length finished. He was not, however, more successful than before; the drawing was acknowledged to be exceedingly good, very clever indeed; but all its praises were closed by the repetition of the advice, 'Well, sir, go on and finish it.' 'I cannot finish it,' said Morse, almost in despair. 'Well,' answered West, 'I have tried you long enough; now, sir, you have learned more by this drawing than you would have accomplished in double the time by a dozen half-finished beginnings. It is not numerous drawings, but the character of one, which makes a thorough draughtsman. Finish one picture, sir, and you are a painter.'

There was also another artist in London to whom the young painters could look for advice and assistance, the late

Charles B. King, of Rhode Island, who had then been six years a resident of the metropolis, diligently engaged in his profession, and resolutely employed in the general cultivation of his powers. The advantages of such common intimacies to our juvenile adventurers from America, in the great, and, to a stranger, desolate world of London life, are hardly to be over-estimated. Leslie, in his autobiography, has recorded his feeling of utter loneliness on his first arrival, and the solace of friendship by which the sense of his desolation was overcome. "The two years I was to remain in London," says he, "seemed, in prospect, an age. Mr. Morse, who was but a year or two older than myself, and who had been in London but six months when I arrived, felt very much as I did, and we agreed to take apartments together. For some time we painted in the same room, he at one window and I at the other. We drew at the Royal Academy in the evening, and worked at home in the day. Our mentors were Allston and King; nor could we have been better provided: Allston, a most amiable and polished gentleman, and a painter of the purest taste; and King, warm-hearted, sincere, sensible, prudent, and the strictest of economists. These gentlemen were our seniors; our most intimate associates of our own age were some young Bostonians, students of medicine, who were walking the hospitals, and attending the lectures of Cline, Cooper and Abernethy. With them we often encountered the tremendous crowds that besieged the doors of Covent Garden Theatre when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons played. It

was the last season in which the public were to be gratified with the performance of the greatest actress that ever trod the stage, and we practised the closest economy that we might afford the expense of seeing her often." After the death of his wife, Allston joined Morse and Leslie in hiring apartments at their residence, long a favorite with artists, at No. 8 Buckingham Place, Fitzroy Square.

So Morse and Leslie began their career in London. The first portraits which they painted, says Dunlap, were of each other in fancy costume, Morse being represented in old Scottish dress, "with black-plumed bonnet and tartan plaid," Leslie in the garb of a Spanish cavalier, with "Vandyke ruff, black cloak, and slashed sleeves." The two friends, however, had more serious work before them, and resolutely set themselves to perform it. They were at this time intent on the grand and colossal, and both appear to have been engaged on paintings of Hercules, while Allston was painting his "Dead Man restored to life by touching the bones of Elijah." Morse chose for his subject the dying Hercules; and, following the precept and example of Allston, first modeled the figure with such success as to gain the admiration of West, and afterwards receive for the work the prize in sculpture of a gold medal from the London Society of Arts. He painted the picture from the model, and sent it to the Royal Academy Exhibition, at Somerset House, in the spring of 1813, to which Leslie also contributed a picture, entitled "Murder," suggested by a passage in the second act of Macbeth. The pictures of both artists were hung

in excellent positions on the gallery walls, and were favorably noticed in the newspapers of the day. This success encouraged Morse to contend for the premium offered by the Academy, the following year, for the best historical composition on the pretty mythological subject of "The Judgment of Jupiter in the case of Apollo, Marpessa and Idas." He completed the picture, but was unable to present it, in consequence of his unavoidable return to America, and his consequent inability to meet the requisitions of the Academy, which required the personal attendance of the successful artist at the delivery of the prize. West wished him to remain; and afterwards said that if he had done so, and entered into the competition, he would have gained the reward, a gold medal and fifty guineas. Morse carried this picture with him to America, in the summer of 1815, and set it up in his studio at Boston, where he now established himself. There was but a poor market for works of art in the country at that time. The artist found no purchaser for his prize picture, and eventually bestowed it upon a friend and patron, Mr. John A. Allston, of South Carolina, where Morse found his first real encouragement in the United States. Driven from Boston by want of support in that city, he went to New Hampshire, and for a time painted portraits at fifteen dollars a head, a rate which secured him plenty of employment, and at least kept him from starvation. From New Hampshire he was induced to go to Charleston, South Carolina, where his prospects were much improved, and the price of his

portraits raised to sixty dollars, with a long list of orders. This success gave him the means of returning to New Hampshire to marry a lady to whom he had been for some time engaged, and for four years he spent his winters regularly, and with profit, in the southern city. He then made his home for a while in New Haven, and was engaged in painting a large picture of the interior of the House of Representatives at Washington, with portraits of the members. From New Haven he removed to New York, and was employed by the corporation of the city in painting a full length portrait of General Lafayette, who was then, in 1824, visiting the United States. Shortly after this, in the autumn of 1825, Mr. Morse was instrumental in forming an association of artists, "a Society for Improvement in Drawing," out of which grew the National Academy of Design, of which he was elected first President. The object of this institution was not merely to furnish to the public an annual exhibition of the works of living painters and sculptors, but to unite artists in a liberal and comprehensive society, for their common support and protection; to educate students, and advance the knowledge of art in the community by every practical resource. In aid of these objects, Mr. Morse, who had already delivered a series of lectures on the Fine Arts before the New York Athenæum, repeated the course before the students and members of the new Academy. He also delivered an elaborate discourse, in which he reviewed the history of similar institutions in Europe, on the first anniversary of the Academy in

1827. In consequence of the collision of the new association with a former society, "The Academy of Arts," which it superseded, there was much public controversy attending the early movements of the Academy, in which, as well as in removing various prejudices which were in the way of the enterprise, the pen of Morse was frequently employed.

In 1829 Mr. Morse revisited England and extended his tour to the Continent, residing some time in France and Italy, and employing himself not only in original works, but in masterly copies of the old masters. On his return voyage to America, in 1832, an incident occurred which determined his devotion to a new field of scientific labor in his invention of the Recording Telegraph. The circumstances bearing upon the great object of his life are thus related in a recent biographical sketch contributed to Messrs. Appleton's "New Cyclopædia:" "While a student in Yale College, Mr. Morse had paid special attention to chemistry, under the instruction of Professor Silliman, and to natural philosophy under that of Professor Day; and these departments of science, from being subordinate as a recreation, at length became a dominant pursuit with him. In 1826-7, Prof. J. Freeman Dana had been a colleague lecturer in the city of New York with Mr. Morse at the Athenæum, the former lecturing upon electro-magnetism and the latter upon the fine arts. They were intimate friends, and in their conversations the subject of electro-magnetism was made familiar to the mind of Morse. The electro-magnet, on Sturgeon's principle (the first ever

shown in the United States), was exhibited and explained in Dana's lectures, and at a later date, by gift of Professor Torrey, came into Morse's possession. Dana even then suggested by his spiral volute coil the electro-magnet of the present day. This was the magnet in use when Morse returned from Europe, and is now used in every Morse telegraph throughout both hemispheres. He embarked in the autumn of 1832, at Havre, on board the packet ship 'Sully,' and a casual conversation with some of the passengers on the recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity or relation of electricity and magnetism, Morse's mind conceived, not only the idea of an electric telegraph, but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. The testimony to the paternity of the idea in Morse's mind, and to his acts and drawings on board the ship, is ample. His own testimony is corroborated by all the passengers (with a single exception), who testified with him before the courts, and was considered conclusive by the judges, and the date of 1832 is therefore fixed by this evidence as the date of Morse's conception and realization, also, so far as drawings could embody the conception, of the telegraph system which now bears his name. But though thus conceived and devised, as early as 1832, in the latter part of which year, on reaching home, he made a portion of the apparatus, yet circumstances prevented the complete construction of the first recording apparatus in New York city

until the year 1835; and then it was a rude single apparatus, sufficient, indeed, to embody the invention, and enable him to communicate from one extremity of two distant points of a circuit of half a mile, but not back again from the other extremity. This first instrument was shown in successful operation to many persons in 1835 and 1836. For the purpose of communicating from, as well as to, a distant point, a duplicate of his instruments was needed, and it was not until July, 1837, that he was able to have one constructed to complete his whole plan. Now he had two instruments, one at each terminus, and could therefore communicate both ways; whereas before, with one instrument, he could signal to one terminus only, and receive no answer. Hence, early in September, 1837, having his whole plan thus arranged, he exhibited to hundreds the operations of his system at the University in New York. From the greater publicity of this latter exhibition the date of Morse's invention has erroneously been fixed in the autumn of 1837, whereas he has been proved by many witnesses to have operated successfully with the first single instrument as early as November, 1835. After the summer of 1837, it was in a condition to be submitted to the inspection of Congress, and consequently we find Mr. Morse in the latter part of that year, and at the beginning of 1838, at Washington, asking that body for aid to construct an experimental line from Washington to Baltimore, to show the practicability and utility of the telegraph. Although the invention, by its successful results

before the Congressional committees, awakened great interest, yet from the skepticism of many and the ridicule of others, it was doubtful whether the favorable report of the committee would command a majority of Congress in its favor. The session of 1837-38 closed without any result, when the inventor repaired to England and France, hoping to draw the attention of the European governments to the advantages of his invention to them, and also to secure a just reward to himself. The result of this visit was a refusal to grant him letters patent in England and the obtaining a useless *brevet d'invention* in France, and no exclusive privilege in his invention in any other country. He returned home to struggle again with scanty means for four years, not discouraged, but determined to interest his countrymen in behalf of his invention. The session of Congress of 1842-3 was memorable in Morse's history as one of persevering effort on his part, under great disadvantages, to obtain the aid of Congress; and his hope had expired on the last evening of the session, when he retired late to bed preparatory to his return home the next day. But in the morning—the morning of March 4, 1843—he was startled with the announcement that the desired aid of Congress had been obtained in the midnight hour of the expiring session, and \$30,000 placed at his disposal for his experimental essay between Washington and Baltimore. In 1844 the work was completed, and demonstrated to the world the practicability and utility of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphs. In the sixteen years since its first establish-

ment, its lines have gone throughout North and parts of South America to the extent of more than 36,500 miles. The system is adopted in every country of the Eastern Continent; in Europe, exclusively on all the Continental lines from the extreme Russian North to the Italian and Spanish South; eastward through the Turkish empire; south into Egypt and Northern Africa, and through India, Australia, and parts of China.*

Services like these to the world happily were not allowed to pass unrecognized during the inventor's lifetime, though any honors or rewards bestowed upon such a benefactor must needs have borne but a small proportion to the benefits his ingenuity conferred in the promotion of the material interest and the wealth of nations. At the suggestion of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, an assembly was held, composed of representatives of the chief European States, at which 400,000 francs were voted to Mr. Morse, as a reward for his beneficent invention. Other national honors were conferred upon him; but the hourly and general use of his brilliant invention is the best tribute to his fame. He had the satisfaction also of anticipating and keeping pace with the extraordinary development of the telegraphic systems which now literally engage the attention of the world. In 1842 he laid the first submarine line of telegraphic wire in

the harbor of New York, for which he received at the time in acknowledgment the gold medal of the American Institute; and the first suggestion of an Atlantic Telegraph, it is said, was made by him in a letter addressed in August, 1843, to the Secretary of the United States Treasury. In his later years, Mr. Morse resided in the City of New York, in the winter months; passing the summer at his country seat on the Hudson river at Poughkeepsie.

He continued to the close of his life to take an active interest in the liberal, artistical, and scientific interests of his time, traveling abroad, where he was always received with distinguished attention, and at home practising a liberal hospitality. New York, grateful for his services to science, in 1871, erected his statue in a conspicuous position in her great Central Park, in connection with which, it may be noted that his last appearance in any public act, was his unveiling the statue of Franklin, set up in the city by the side of the City Hall on Franklin's birth-day, in 1872. He did not long survive this ceremony, his death occurring at his residence in New York after a short illness on the ensuing second of April. Every honor, public and private, was paid to his memory at his decease: after imposing funeral services at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, his remains were deposited in Greenwood Cemetery.

* "Appleton's New Cyclopædia," Article—Morse. 1861.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

THE family of Harriet Martineau is of French origin, owing its settlement in England to the emigration of the Protestant Exiles, consequent upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which impoverished France, and enriched other countries by the acquisition of large numbers of prudent, conscientious, and industrious citizens. The Martineaus were of this class. Establishing themselves at Norwich, they carried on, for several generations, at that place, the business of silk manufacturers. There Harriet was born, June 12th, 1802, the sixth of a family of eight children. Her father was a prosperous manufacturer, occupying a substantial house in the city. Harriet, whose health was delicate in her childhood, was educated chiefly at home. The deafness with which she has been afflicted through life, early developed itself, and encouraged a devotion to reading and study, which was a marked trait of her youth.

Of the manner in which she gratified this taste, at this early age, she has given an interesting reminiscence in one of her later works on "Household Education:" "One Sunday afternoon," she writes, "when I was seven years

old, I was prevented by illness from going to chapel,—a circumstance so rare, that I felt very strange and restless. I did not go to the maid who was left in the house, but lounged about the drawing-room, where, among other books that the family had been reading, was one turned down upon the face. It was a dull-looking octavo volume, thick, and bound in calf, as untempting a book to the eyes of a child as could well be seen; but, because it happened to be open, I took it up. The paper was like skim-milk,—thin and blue, and the printing very ordinary. Moreover, I saw the word 'Argument,'—a very repulsive word to a child. But my eye caught the word 'Satan;' and I instantly wanted to know how anybody could argue about Satan. I saw that he fell through Chaos; found the place in the poetry; and lived, heart, mind, and soul in Milton from that day till I was fourteen. I remember nothing more of that Sunday, vivid as is my recollection of the moment of plunging into Chaos; but I remember that, from that time, till a young friend gave me a pocket edition of Milton, the calf-bound volume was never to be found, because



Harriet Martineau

I had got it somewhere; and, that for all these years, to me the universe moved to Milton's music. I wonder how much of it I knew by heart,—enough to be always repeating some of it to myself, with every change of light and darkness, and sound and silence,—the moods of the day, and the seasons of the year. It was not my love of Milton which required the forbearance of my parents,—except for my hiding the book, and being often in an absent fit. It was because this luxury made me ravenous for more. I had a book in my pocket,—a book under my pillow; and in my lap as I sat at meals; or rather, on this last occasion, it was a newspaper. I used to purloin the daily paper before dinner, and keep possession of it, with a painful sense of the selfishness of the act; and, with a daily pang of shame and self-reproach, I slipped away from the table when the dessert was set on, to read in another room. I devoured all Shakespeare, sitting on a footstool, and reading by firelight, while the rest of the family were still at the table. I was incessantly wondering that this was permitted; and intensely, though silently, grateful for the impunity and the indulgence. It never extended to the omission of any of my proper business. I learned my lessons; but it was with the prospect of reading while I was brushing my hair at bed-time; and many a time have I stood reading, with my brush suspended, till I was far too cold to sleep. I made shirts with due diligence, being fond of sewing; but it was with Goldsmith, or Thomson, or Milton, open on my lap, under my

work, or hidden by the table, that I might learn pages and cantos by heart. The event justified my parents in their indulgence. I read more and more slowly, fewer and fewer authors, and with ever-increasing seriousness and reflection, till I became one of the slowest of readers, and a comparatively sparing one."

With reading came a talent for composition, which she pursued with energy, and to which, on her father's affairs becoming deeply embarrassed by failure in trade, she turned, while she was quite young, as a means of independent support. Her first publication appeared in 1823, a volume of "Devotional Exercises for the use of Young Persons," followed by various tales of a practical moral character; "Christmas Day," "The Friend," "Principle and Practice," "The Rioters," "Mary Campbell," "The Turn Out," "My Servant Rachel," illustrative of the life of the industrial classes. The publication of these books, appearing generally at intervals of a year, extended to 1830, when she produced "The Traditions of Palestine," a little book which is described by one of her critics as "a beautiful conception, executed in a spirit of love and poetry, which throws a charm over its pages. The period in which Jesus Christ fulfilled his mission on earth, the people among whom he dwelt, the scenes in which he moved, the emotions he awakened, the thoughts he kindled, all are portrayed in a series of descriptions; while He himself, with that true art which has in this instance been instilled by reverence, is never introduced in person."

In this, and the two or three following years, Miss Martineau, who was attached to the Unitarian denomination, was the author of three essays written to meet the offer of a prize proposed by the committee of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. They were severally entitled "The Essential Faith of the Universal Church;" "The Faith as unfolded by many Prophets," and "Providence as Manifested through Israel." Three distinct sets of judges were appointed to decide on the comparative merits of the essays in competition, and each set of judges awarded the premium to the composition of Miss Martineau. She was also, at this time, engaged as a writer for "The Monthly Repository," a Unitarian periodical, to which she contributed numerous essays, including a series on "The Art of Thinking," reviews, and even poems, of which the following "Song for August" may be taken as an indication of the fine philosophical mood of reflection which was already entering into her writings:

"Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As eave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, for ever.

By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;

They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time.
On, on, for ever."

Meanwhile, Miss Martineau was pursuing a design which had grown out of her early compositions, of tales for the industrial classes. This was a series of stories to be entitled "Illustrations of Political Economy," suggested by Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations on Political Economy." The plan was submitted to the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge," and rejected by the managers of that institution, who thought it inexpedient in their publications to mingle fact and fiction. And, while the Society was thus fearful of spoiling their "facts," the publishers of the day were generally of opinion that no work of "fiction" could be found entertaining or profitable, which rested upon such a dry scientific basis. An effort to obtain a subscription among her friends for the publication of the first volume also failed. When the little books were at last issued by a bookseller in Paternoster Row, little known beyond his connection with the Unitarians, they proved at once, not only by their didactic teaching, but by their vigorous presentation of scenes of common life, a decided success. They were issued monthly, a score or more of volumes on various points of political

economy, taxation, poor laws, and paupers, the theory in each being exhibited in an attractive story. In two other series, the subjects of "Taxation," and the "Poor Laws" were in like manner "illustrated." So great was the popularity of these stories, and the intelligent interest which they excited, that they were translated into French and German, and most of the other European languages. While their publication was in progress in England, where they had been continued for a year, exhibiting monthly, in great variety of treatment, the principles affecting the production of wealth, and its distribution, they were greeted by a discriminating, but, upon the whole, highly eulogistic review in the "Edinburgh." While practical men, says this writer, were "delighting to spread the rumor that political economy had died outright in the cavern of obscure abstractions; whilst firmer and more philosophical believers in its vitality were compelled to bitterly lament that its nature as a science of facts, as well as of reasoning, was often almost forgotten, this writer has already made, by a previously undreamed of route, a brilliant progress towards the rescue of her beloved science—the science of Adam Smith—from the cloud which some persons have thought was gathering over its condition and its fate. * * Her plan is, in the same process to at once authenticate and popularize the supposed elements of the science. By the help of a well-contrived fiction, she puts society, as it were, into a sieve, and takes out of the commingled mass of human affairs, one by one, the par-

ticular amount and description of person and circumstances which an actual experiment would require. * * The characteristic merit of the volumes, as a whole, consists in their singular combination of general beauty, with a positive object of great utility, prominently announced, and strictly pursued. All are equally remarkable for the simplicity and beauty of the style. It ordinarily flows in a clear and lucid stream, but readily drops to any tone, or rises to the height which the occasion may require. Franklin could not have epigrammatized more sententiously her mottoes. The descriptions, whether of natural scenery, or of domestic incident, are pictures by Calcott or by Wilkie, turned into poetry by a sister genius. Her sketches of character are bold, sometimes almost too bold in outline; the muscle being forced out anatomically, as in an academy model. But the hardness is usually relieved, and the natural effect preserved, by the exuberant variety of sentiment and expression which breaks out and flows over every part." Speaking of the third of the stories, the scene of which is laid in Brooke Farm, a village on the eve of an enclosure, the reviewer says: "among the sketches there are some as clear as Crabbe's, some as elegant as Goldsmith's, and others as touching almost as those of Cowper."

With her fine and strong intellectual powers, thus invigorated by exercise and encouraged by success, Miss Martineau, on the completion of her self-appointed task, which had led her to investigate well nigh every condition of national prosperity springing from the relations of the masses of the

people in the production of wealth, resolved upon a visit to America. Probably of all the travellers who have written upon the condition of the country, no one ever came to it with a mind better prepared for acute and impartial observation. Miss Martineau at the time she visited the United States, was at the age of thirty-two, with the freshness of youthful feeling still upon her,—indeed it appears at no subsequent time to have deserted her—her sympathies with popular forms of government and institutions rendered more lively and susceptible by her recent efforts in her writings to illustrate and improve the life of the great masses of the people. She was trained as a thinker, accustomed to pursue political and social ideas to their source; and consequently, at the start, was prepared to welcome, with a philosophic appreciation, whatever phenomena might present themselves to her. The subject was a novel one to her, to be first seriously studied, not in the books of others, which appeared to her unsatisfactory, but in her own practical observations. The conditions under which she entered upon the journey are thus described by herself. “At the close of a long work—the ‘Illustrations of Political Economy,’ which I completed in 1834, it was thought desirable that I should travel for two years. I determined to go to the United States, chiefly because I felt a strong curiosity to witness the actual working of republican institutions; and partly because the circumstance of the language being the same as my own is very important to one who, like myself, is too deaf to enjoy anything

like an average opportunity of obtaining correct knowledge, where intercourse is carried on in a foreign language. I went with a mind, I believe, as nearly as possible unprejudiced about America, with a strong disposition to admire democratic institutions, but an entire ignorance how far the people of the United States lived up to, or fell below, their own theory. I had read whatever I could lay hold of that had been written about them; but was unable to satisfy myself that, after all, I understood anything whatever of their condition. As to knowledge of them, my mind was nearly a blank: as to opinion of their state, I did not carry the germ of one.”

The tour thus undertaken occupied exactly the time set apart for it. Landing at New York in the middle of September, 1834, after an excursion to the cotton factories and the falls of the Passaic and Paterson in New Jersey, and a visit to some friends on the Hudson, and at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, she travelled in October, through New York, by Trenton Falls and the route of the canal to Niagara, thence to Pittsburgh and through Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, making a pilgrimage on the way to the grave of Priestley at Northumberland. After a stay of six weeks at Philadelphia, three more were passed at Baltimore, bringing the traveller to Washington during the session of Congress in January. Five weeks were spent at the Capitol, then illustrious by the presence of the great statesmen of the last generation, who have now all passed away. General Jackson was in the President's chair; Chief Justice Marshall presided

over the Supreme Court in which Judge Story was busy as an advocate; Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Preston, and a host of other celebrities adorned the Senate and House of Representatives. To all of them Miss Martineau had ready access; she studied their history and peculiarities of character and temperament, while she obtained their views and candidly discussed with them the rationale of public affairs. Her deafness proved no obstacle in these intimacies; it was more than compensated by the privileged use of the ear-trumpet which she always carried with her, "an instrument," as she describes it, "of remarkable fidelity, seeming to exert some winning power, by which I gain more in *tête-à-têtes* than is given to people who hear general conversation, its charm consisting probably in the new feeling which it imparts of ease and privacy in conversing with a deaf person."

From Washington Miss Martineau passed to Montpelier, to which she had been invited by its venerable occupants Mr. and Mrs. Madison. Two days were passed there, "wholly occupied," as she tells us, "with rapid conversation; Mr. Madison's share of which, various and beautiful to a remarkable degree, will never be forgotten by me. His clear reports of the principles and history of the Constitution of the United States, his insight into the condition, his speculations on the prospects of nations, his wise playfulness, his placid contemplation of present affairs, his abundant household anecdotes of Washington, Franklin, and Jefferson, were incalculably valuable and exceedingly

delightful to me." On leaving Montpelier a visit was paid to the Professors of the University at Charlottesville; with a minute study of the institutions and the views of its founder Jefferson. A few days were then given to Richmond, where the legislature was in session, after which the journey was continued through North Carolina to Charleston, thence to Augusta, Georgia, Mobile, and New Orleans, ascending the Mississippi in May, with a visit to Nashville, Lexington, and the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky. Cincinnati succeeded in turn; Virginia was crossed by the Kenhawa to the Sulphur Springs, New York being reached in July. The Autumn was spent among the villages and smaller towns of Massachusetts, in a visit to Dr. Channing at his seat near Newport in Rhode Island, and in an excursion to the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont. The ensuing winter was given to Boston, and the following spring to New York, with excursions to Saratoga and Lake George. A portion of the Summer, ending the period of two years assigned to the journey, was given to a rapid tour to Lakes Michigan and Huron; taking Chicago, then an infant settlement, by the way, and Rapp's industrial settlement at Economy on the Ohio, on the return to New York, which our traveller finally left for the voyage home on the 1st of August 1836.

In the course of this comprehensive tour, Miss Martineau, as she herself sums up her special opportunities of travel, "visited almost every kind of institution. The prisons of Auburn, Philadelphia, and Nashville; the in-

sane and other hospitals of almost every considerable place: the literary and scientific institutions; the factories of the north; the plantations of the south; the farms of the west. I lived in houses which might be called palaces, in log-houses, and in a farm-house. I travelled much in wagons, as well as stages; also on horseback, and in some of the best and worst of steamboats. I saw weddings and christenings; the gatherings of the richer at watering places, and of the humbler at country festivals. I was present at orations, at land sales, and in the slave market. I was in frequent attendance on the Supreme Court and the Senate; and witnessed some of the proceedings of state legislatures. Above all, I was received into the bosom of many families, not as a stranger, but as a daughter or a sister."

The manner in which Miss Martineau first turned this varied experience to account in her writings was somewhat peculiar. Instead of the ordinary diary or gossiping book of travels, without other order than that supplied by the passage from one place to another, she chose a more philosophical mode of presenting her views. This was accomplished on her return to England, in the work which she published the following year, entitled "Society in America." It was arranged in four leading divisions, politics, economy, civilization, and religion. In the first was discussed the subject of parties; an exposition of the apparatus of government was given, with a review of what was entitled "the morals of politics," embracing the topics of office, newspapers, apathy in citizen-

ship, allegiance to law, sectional prejudice, citizenship of people of color, the "political non-existence of women." The last was a plea for the principle of the representation of the sex, the absence of which she regarded as a defect in a government based on the democratic principle, which "requires the equal political representation of all rational beings—children, idiots, and criminals, during the season of sequestration, being the only fair exceptions." The power of woman to represent her own interests, she maintained, could not be denied till it had been tried. The mode of its exercise might be varied with circumstances. "The fearful and absurd images which are perpetually called up to perplex the question—images of women on wool-sacks in England, and under canopies in America, have nothing to do with the matter. The principles being once established, the methods will follow easily, naturally, and under a remarkable transmutation of the ludicrous into the sublime. The kings of Europe would have laughed mightily, two centuries ago, at the idea of a commoner, without robes, crown or sceptre, stepping into the throne of a strong nation. Yet who dared to laugh when Washington's super-royal voice greeted the New World from the presidential chair, and the old world stood still to catch the echo." A generation has passed by since these views were given to the world; and in that time, without by any means seeing her theory fully established in practice, Miss Martineau has certainly witnessed a beneficial progress in the woman's rights question, which she

was amongst the foremost to agitate, at least in the better security, by legal provision and otherwise, of the interests of the sex.

In regard to another question of still greater importance in the government and social relations of various communities, Miss Martineau has been a leader; and, in the unexpected progress of events, her just theories have been crowned with an early success in the world's history which she could hardly have ventured to anticipate. The topic of negro slavery, with its various influences affecting the whole moral and material system of the country, appears again and again in her pages. It is the one pervading subject of her volumes. Her exhibition of it in theory and practice is a landmark in the history of the institution. The free discussion of it then brought her many assailants, and undoubtedly obscured the great merits of her book in the eyes of vast numbers of intelligent but interested or prejudiced persons in the community. The work may now be read, not merely with equanimity but admiration, as an important contribution to the history of the times. It is never clearer, more outspoken, or more sagacious than in its numerous illustrations of the evils of slavery. Even then she saw its certain downfall; though she did not foresee the means of its immediate overthrow in the fatal issue of war. She looked rather to moral influences, through the agency of the Abolitionists, with whom she herself was classed, bearing with them the invective and contumely to which they were then subjected. "The world," she

wrote, "has heard and seen enough of the reproach incurred by America, on account of her colored population. It is now time to look for the fairer side. The crescent streak is brightening towards the full, to wane no more. Already is the world beyond the sea beginning to think of America, less as the country of the double-faced pretender to the name of Liberty than as the home of the single-hearted, clear-eyed Presence which, under the name of Abolitionism, is majestically passing through the land which is soon to be her throne." And again, with a moral at the close consolatory to the struggles of our own day: "It requires no gift of prophecy to anticipate the fate of an anomaly among a self-governing people. Slavery was not always an anomaly; but it has become one. Its doom is therefore sealed; and its duration is now merely a question of time. Any anxiety in the computation of this time is reasonable; for it will not only remove a more tremendous curse than can ever again desolate society, but restore the universality of that generous attachment to their common institutions which has been, and will again be, to the American people, honor, safety, and the means of perpetual progress."

On other subjects of everyday life and manners, as well as in regard to the general class of political topics, in the working of elections, choice of candidates, and the like, Miss Martineau showed the acuteness and intelligence which might have been expected from one who had studied political economy so thoroughly in the entire range of its application to society.

Evils she found in abundance in political corruption, the elevation of unworthy men to office, and other unseemly exhibitions apparently at war with the democratic principle, which, however, she still clung to as the safeguard of the state. Let the people be purified, is her argument, and the result will be right. What she writes of the ignorant or depraved newspapers of the time, she applies to other objectionable outgrowths of the day in politics or religion. "There will be no great improvement," she writes, "in the literary character of the American newspapers, till the literature of the country has improved. Their moral character depends upon the moral taste of the people. This looks like a very severe censure. If it be so, the same censure applies elsewhere, and English morals must be held accountable for the slanders and capriciousness displayed in the leading articles of British journals, and for the disgustingly jocose tone of their police reports, where crimes are treated as entertainments, and misery as a jest. Whatever may be the exterior causes of the Americans having been hitherto ill-served in their newspapers, it is now certain that there are none which may not be overpowered by a sound moral taste. In their country the demand lies with the many. Whenever the many demand truth and justice in their journals, and reject falsehood and calumny, they will be served according to their desire."

Interspersed with the arguments and reflections of the book, indeed composing the largest part of it, are the enlivening conversations with all elas-

ses of persons by the way, and the descriptions of scenery, for the beauties of which the author has always a sympathetic poet's eye. Passing over particular scenes, a sketch of the general woodland features of the country may be taken as an instance of the habitual blending of her inner life with her pictures of outward circumstances. Writing of the trees which adorn the course of the Connecticut, she writes: "Hills of various height and declivity bound the now widening, now contracting valley. To these hills the forest has retired; the everlasting forest, from which, in America, we cannot fly. I cannot remember that, except in some parts of the prairies, I was ever out of sight of the forest in the United States; and I am sure I never wished to be so. It was like the 'verdurous wall of paradise,' confining the mighty southern and western rivers to their channels. We were, as it appeared, imprisoned in it for many days together, as we traversed the South-Eastern States. We threaded it in Michigan; we skirted it in New York and Pennsylvania; and, throughout New England it bounded every landscape. It looked down upon us from the hill-tops; it advanced into notice from every gap and notch in the chain. To the native it must appear as indispensable in the picture gallery of nature as the sky. To the English traveller it is a special boon, an added charm, a newly-created grace, like the infant planet that wanders across the telescope of the astronomer. The English traveler finds himself never weary by day of prying into the forest, from beneath its canopy;

or, from a distance, drinking in its exquisite hues: and his dreams, for months or years, will be of the mossy roots, the black pine, and silvery birch stems, the translucent green shades of the beech, and the slender creeper, climbing like a ladder into the topmost boughs of the dark holly, a hundred feet high. He will dream of the march of the hours through the forest; the deep blackness of night, broken by the dim forest-fires, and startled by the showers of sparks sent abroad by the casual breeze, from the burning stems. He will hear again the shrill piping of the Whip-poor-will, and the multitudinous din from the occasional swamp. He will dream of the deep silence which precedes the dawn; of the gradual apparition of the haunting trees coming faintly out of the darkness; of the first level rays, instantaneously piercing the woods to their very heart, and lighting them up into boundless ruddy colonnades, garlanded with wavy verdure, and carpeted with glittering wild-flowers. Or, he will dream of the clouds of gay butterflies, and gauzy dragon-flies, that hover above the noon-day paths of the forest, or cluster about some graceful shrub, making it appear to bear at once all the flowers of Eden. Or the golden moon will look down through his dream, making for him islands of light in an ocean of darkness. He may not see the stars but by glimpses; but the winged stars of those regions—the gleaming fire-flies—radiate from every sleeping bough, and keep his eye in fancy busy in following their glancing, while his spirit sleeps in the deep charms of the summer night.

Next to the solemn and various beauty of the sea and sky, comes that of the wilderness. I doubt whether the sublimity of the vastest mountain-range can exceed that of the all-pervading forest, when the imagination becomes able to realize the conception of what it is."

Following the "Society in America," Miss Martineau published, 1838, a sequel to that work entitled "Retrospect of Western Travel" presenting, in a series of chapters covering the general outline of her tour, a variety of personal narratives, describing the public men whom she had met, and various minor incidents of travel. Less purely philosophical than her former work, it afforded more of entertainment to the general reader, while it will be equally valued hereafter as an historical picture of life and manners which, in the rapid shifting of the kaleidoscope of American life have already given place to new combinations of social effects.

Having thus far prosecuted a career of successful authorship, the literary activity of Miss Martineau was for a long time uninterrupted—book following book, with the regularity of the seasons. Alongside of the American Travels, appeared a volume written for a series published by Mr. Charles Knight under the general title "How to Observe," Miss Martineau taking for her theme the wide range of "Morals and Manners," the title of her book. Like the "Society in America" of which it was a species of offshoot, it is marked by its philosophic method, the subject being treated under the general divisions of "Requisites for Observation"

and "What to Observe;" both departments being illustrated in appropriate subdivisions by a great variety of suggestions on practical topics of everyday occurrence. A chapter, for instance, on "General Moral Notions" treats, in an interesting manner, of such matters as "Epitaphs," "Love of Kindred and Birth-place," "Talk of Aged and Children" "Prevalent Pride," "Popular Idols," while, under the head of the "Domestic State" there are discussions of "Health," "Marriage and Women," "Children," and other kindred points. Mainly a book for travellers into other countries, it is a profitable companion for those who pursue the journey of life at home, and would have an intelligent acquaintance with the principles at work on the objects before and around them.

Next in order to the books we have noticed, Miss Martineau ventured on the field of fiction in the production of a regular novel. Her "Deerbrook," published in 1840, is the story of a man who, from a mistaken motive of compassion, marries a woman whom he does not love, while he deeply loves her sister, who is unconscious of his attachment, and indifferent to him. The struggle of conflicting passions is worked out by the hero, and ends in his happiness in his wedded life. "The Hour and the Man," which succeeded this novel, is a species of historical romance founded on the story of "Toussaint L'Ouverture, in which the life of that hero with the tragic scenes of the Revolution in St. Domingo, of which he was the hero, are presented in vivid colors. It was not, however, as a rival to the novelists of the day that Miss

Martineau was to find her constant employment. The cast of her mind was too serious to be engaged in such a contest, in which lighter pens were more successful. She, however, in various minor works of fiction, pursued the path in which she had been first successful, her new series of "The Play-fellow," including "The Settlers at Home," "The Peasant and the Prince," "Feats on the Fiord," and "The Crofton Boys," being received with favor. She also wrote much of a direct practical character, furnishing several little works as, "The Maid of all Work," "The Lady's Maid," "The House Maid," and "The Dress Maker" to Charles Knight's series of "Guide-Books."

For a long time following the period of these works the health of Miss Martineau was much impaired, so that she was in a great measure, if not wholly, debarred from literary composition. Her influential friends, who sympathized with her, brought her case to the notice of the government; and Lord Melbourne, would have conferred a pension upon her—but this she firmly and magnanimously declined, in the words of her biographer, Mr. Smiles, "holding it to be wrong that she, a political writer, should receive a pension which was not offered by the people, but by a government which, in her opinion, did not represent the people; sincerely desiring to retain her independence and entire freedom of speech with respect to government and all its affairs."

The disease under which Miss Martineau suffered was an obscure internal complaint, by which she was prostrated while travelling on the Conti-

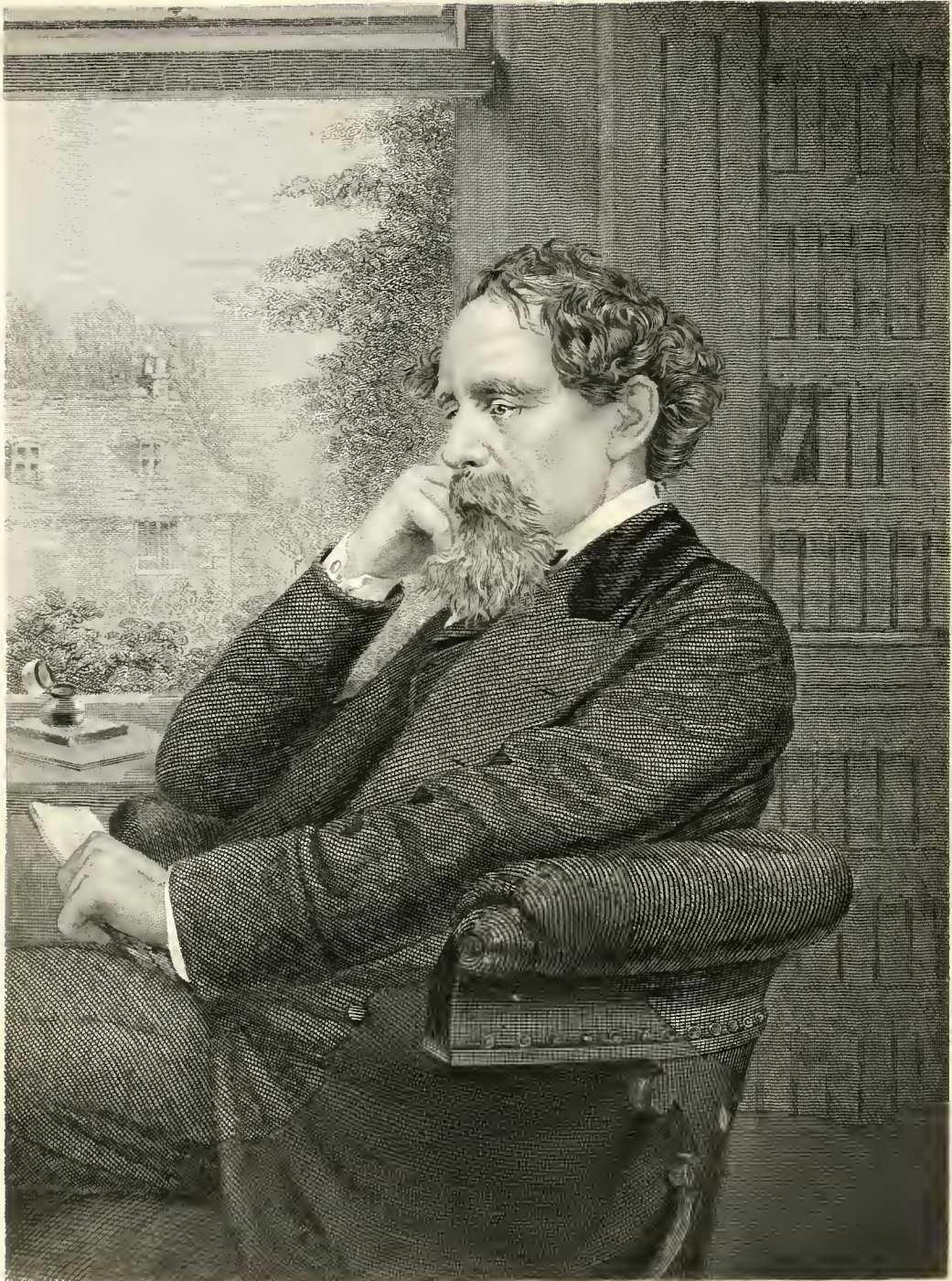
ment in the summer of 1849. She sank lower and lower after her return home, and, for nearly five years, never, felt wholly at ease—this is her own account—for a single hour. “I seldom,” she says, “had severe pain, but never entire comfort. A besetting sickness, almost disabling me from taking food for two years, brought me very low; and, together with other evils, it confined me to a condition of almost entire stillness,—to a life passed between my bed and my sofa.” From this distress she was at last relieved by a course of Mesmeric treatment, which she made the subject of a series of letters, narrating her experiences in detail, published by her in the “Athenæum” at the close of her year of deliverance, 1844. These papers, entering into the general subject of Mesmerism, attracted much attention at the time, and were the occasion of a medical controversy carried on in the columns of the journal. They were not the only evidence furnished by the writer of her restored health. In a previous publication, issued at the beginning of the year, entitled “Life in a Sick Room, she had given to the world, in a style of unabated literary excellence, the story of her experiences as an invalid. Having chosen for her residence a finely situated house at Tynemouth overlooking the sea, she had, with the aid of a telescope, the means of observing a large area of land and water scenery, filled with life and animation, which afforded her a constant subject of instruction and amusement. Of this view she gives a highly pleasing account in her volume, describing the sports, sea-side amusements, rural

occupations in the foreground, and numerous picturesque accessories, to be seen from her window. Within she had a still more remarkable field of observation in the imaginations and workings of her own mind, into which she enters largely in the volume, making the book a species of confessional of spiritual experiences. Some of these appeared to her readers as strange utterances; but the moral of the whole could not fail to be admired, the recognition of the superiority of the mind to all bodily infirmity, a conviction of the temporary nature of pain, and of the sure and lasting triumph of good over evil.

Miss Martineau, on her restoration to health, became again actively engaged with the publishers. Returning to her old walk of composition, she produced three volumes of “Forest and Game Law Tales.” This was followed, in 1846, by “The Billow and the Rock” a story founded on the abduction and imprisonment in the Hebrides of Lady Grange, wife of Lord Grange, on account of her misconduct or eccentricities. The book was reviewed in the “Edinburgh,” in its relation to the biographical incidents which suggested it, and its moral commended. It gives ample proof, says the writer of the article, “that the restoration to health of the author is complete, that her mental powers have been strengthened rather than impaired by Mesmerism, and that her long trials have left no traces of other than healthful influences—such as the admirable book entitled “Life in the Sick Room” would lead every reader of taste, feeling, or reflection to expect.”

The winter of 1846-7 was passed by Miss Martineau in a tour with some friends to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, her observations during which were given to the public on her return, in her work entitled "Eastern Life, Present and Past." Like all her books, it is graphic in its descriptive passages, and candid in its revelations of her opinions, entering boldly upon points of theological learning and belief. In the latter she held an independent position, apart from any of the great religious denominations of the day. Her philosophical views were, a year or two later, again brought prominently before the public in a published correspondence with her friend, Mr. H. G. Atkinson. "On the Laws of Man's Na-

ture and Development;" followed, in 1853, by her condensed version of Comte's "Positive Philosophy." A History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace following 1815, a work of much interest, the completion of a general History of England begun by Charles Knight, is among the most important of her later works, among which are to be included an interesting series of "Biographical Sketches contributed since 1852 to the London 'Daily News;'" a book on "Household Education," a collection of papers from the "People's Journal," and a "Complete Guide to the Lake Country," in which she has long resided, in a cottage built for herself at Ambleside.



Charles Dickens

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE true biography of an original author, to a greater degree than is generally supposed, is to be found in his writings. His life history is written in his works. Though it may not always lie on the surface for the observation of the casual reader, or be expressed in definite fact or very clear outline, yet it exists implicitly wrought in every mental product. Of course, what is purely mathematical or scientific must be exempted in this remark; but it is essentially true of all that involves knowledge of the world, taste, feeling, imagination—in fine, of what constitutes the man in his moral relations or social experiences. Regret is often expressed at the scantiness of the materials for a life of Shakespeare; but, if we had the faculty to discover it, the story of the man is to be found written on every page of his writings, not merely in the peculiarities of his mind, his ways of thinking, but in his outer existence, his contact with the world. So too of Dante, of Milton, of Wordsworth, and others, who would seem to have lived quite apart from their race. The secret lies in their very originality. Mere copyists and imitators tell us nothing; inventors

tell us everything. It is an old philosophical saying that nothing is conceived in the mind which has not before existed in the world of the senses. Whatever may be our theory of innate ideas, we must acknowledge the obligations of the soul to impressions from without. The poet Shelley, one of the most ideal of the race, tells us of his craft, that they learn in suffering what they teach in song. Every sigh, every aspiration, every consolation has its antecedent in some experience, has been somehow taught or communicated; and, if we had the clues for the investigation, history or biography in all authorship worth the name, would be coextensive with performance. Every metaphor, every simile, every illustration, has its story, for it is but the interpretation of an idea by some fact of experience, mental or physical, or both combined. Behind the poet is always the man in his everyday relations. He refines and sublimates them, elevating commonness into nobility, extracting beauty from deformity, virtue from vice, by a species of subtle transmutation; but it is the plain earth and ordinary humanity from which he rises. If all

this is to be discovered in the poets, it is much more to be suspected in the novelists, who have actual manners and customs for their constant theme. Consequently, when, at the end of their career, they sit down to tell their story, it is frequently, as in the case of Sir Walter Scott, simply to inform the public that it has had the better part of it already in their writings.

Another extraordinary confirmation of this observation is furnished in the "Life of Charles Dickens," the most fertile and inventive of authors. Not only is his character written in the general philosophy of his writings, but you may find there, under a thin disguise, the incidents and adventures of his career, much derived from observation which, indeed, implies individual insight, much from real personal suffering or action. His biography, as related by his chosen confidant during life, and literary executor, John Forster, is constantly drawn from or illustrated by his published writings, and the result is highly advantageous to both. We are inspired in the recital with fresh sympathy and love for the man, and with a profounder regard for the humanity and truthfulness of his writings.

The father of Charles Dickens, for his biographers do not care or are not able to trace his ancestry higher, was John Dickens, at the time of his son's birth a clerk in the Navy Pay Office, stationed in the Portsmouth dockyard. He was married to Elizabeth Barrow, whose brother was also engaged in government employment. They had altogether a family of eight children, of whom Fanny, born in 1810, was

the oldest. Charles, the second child, was born at Landport, in Portsea, February 7, 1812. His baptismal name was Charles John Huffham, but he very wisely, for the convenience of the public, confined himself in his days of authorship to the first of these designations. His infancy, following the places where his father was stationed, was passed at Portsea, London; and, between his fourth or fifth and ninth years, at the dockyard at Chatham. At this period, he is described as "a very little and a very sickly boy, subject to attacks of violent spasm, which disabled him for any active exertion." This inability to engage in the ordinary boisterous sports of childhood left him much to himself, and encouraged habits of reading and observation. He was taught the elements of English by his mother, and, after a time, some Latin. For the rest, he went with his sister Fanny to a preparatory day school at Chatham, and later at a school kept by a young Baptist minister named Giles, who seems to have discovered his capacity. Happily for the future of the child, he was early thrown in the way of the English novelists, in a cheap popular series of the day, Fielding, Smollett, Goldsmith, and the immortal fictions of Cervantes, and Le Sage. He also made the acquaintance of the British Essayists, and of a host of pleasant dramatic entertainments in Mrs. Inchbald's Collection of Farces. But the story is worth telling in Dickens' own words, as he has related it in the "Personal Experiences and History of David Copperfield." The passage, it appears, was written as it stands,

for an intended autobiography, before it was inserted in the novel.

"My father," says he, "had left a small collection of books in a little room up-stairs, to which I had access, for it adjoined my own, and which nobody else in our house ever troubled. From that blessed little room, 'Roderick Random,' 'Peregrine Pickle,' 'Humphrey Clinker,' 'Tom Jones,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'Gil Blas,' and 'Robinson Crusoe,' came out, a glorious host to keep me company. They kept alive my fancy, and my hope of something beyond that place and time—they, and the 'Arabian Nights,' and the 'Tales of the Genii'—and did me no harm; for whatever harm was in some of them was not there for me; *I* knew nothing of it. It is astonishing to me now, how I found time, in the midst of my porings and blunderings over heavier themes, to read those books as I did. It is curious to me how I could ever have consoled myself under my small troubles, which were great troubles to me, by impersonating my favorite characters in them. I have been Tom Jones—a child's Tom Jones, a harmless creature—for a week together. I have sustained my own idea of Roderick Random for a month at a stretch, I verily believe. I had a greedy relish for a few voyages and travels—I forget what, now—that were on those shelves; and for days and days I can remember to have gone about my region of our house, armed with the centre-piece out of an old set of boot-trees, the perfect realization of Captain Somebody, of the Royal British Navy, in danger of being beset by

savages, and resolved to sell his life at a great price. When I think of it, the picture always rises in my mind, of a summer evening, the boys at play in the churchyard, and I sitting on my bed, reading as if for life. Every barn in the neighborhood, every stone in the church, and every foot of the churchyard, had some association of its own, in my mind, connected with these books, and stood for some locality made famous in them. I have seen Tom Pipes go climbing up the church-steeple; I have watched Strap, with the knapsack on his back, stopping to rest himself upon the wicket-gate; and I *know* that Commodore Trunnion held that club with Mr. Pickle, in the parlor of our little village ale-house."

Dickens was accustomed to look back tenderly upon this period of his life, with a certain quaint impression of his diminutive size and sensitive way of thinking, and has woven his recollections of himself into many a touching boy legend in his books. There was one reminiscence which he was fond of narrating—how, when a boy at Chatham, passing on the road near Rochester, and admiring a fair country house by the way, his father said to him he might yet have it to live in, if he would only work hard enough; and how it did, long years after, become his own, and was his favorite Gad's Hill Estate. There is a very pleasant version of this incident in a number of Dickens's "Uncommercial Traveller," when the said traveller is midway between Gravesend and Rochester, and meets, on the highway, "a very queer, small boy," whom he

proceeds to interrogate. "Holloa!" said I to the very queer small boy, "Where do you live?" "At Chatham," says he. "What do you do there?" says I. "I go to school," says he. I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer, small boy says, "This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away." "You know something about Falstaff, eh?" said I. "All about him," said the very queer, small boy. "I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!" "You admire that house?" said I. "Bless you, sir," said the very queer, small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now, I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me: 'If you were to be very persevering, and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer, small boy, drawing a long breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might. I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer, small boy; for that house happens to be my house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

It was upon the whole a joyous life for the child at Chatham; he was praised for his recitation (of a humorous piece) at school; he sang comic songs, to the delight of his friends, and

regaled his boyish companions with a tragedy of his own composing, made up out of the "Tales of the Genii." There was thus a fair prospect of a happy development of his gentle nature, when his father removed to London; and, his pecuniary affairs getting into an unhappy condition, the family was compelled to take up its residence in Bayham Street, Camden Town, a poverty-stricken suburb of the great city. There were no fit acquaintances for the child here, but such company as Goldsmith had about him in Green Arbor Court. Goldsmith, however, was a man when he lived there, and might endure it or be indifferent to it. The craving soul of the young Dickens, just opening to all the refinements of life, starved in such associations; and the prospect within doors was worse under the accumulating depressions of want. It was a terrible thing for a child to witness this degradation from all respectability of living, with the neglect of all proper care and education, while he was put to menial occupations; and there grew up in his soul a fearful interest in the debased life around him. A sickly boy, his imagination was excited, and it fed on what was nearest to him. "To be taken out for a walk into the real town," we are told, "especially if it were anywhere about Covent Garden or the Strand, perfectly entranced him with pleasure. But most of all he had a profound attraction of repulsion to St. Giles's. If he could only induce whomsoever took him out to take him through Seven Dials, he was supremely happy. 'Good Heaven,' he would exclaim, 'what wild visions of prodigious

gies of wickedness, want and beggary, arose in my mind out of that place!"

May not these impressions, with this early acquaintanceship with misery, have had their effect in after-life, in attracting the author to those darker shades of London life which sometimes oppress his pages? But there was a deeper woe yet to be suffered by the child, in descending into the abyss the family was now steadily traversing. Meanwhile, his nature was throwing out its tendrils in search of amusement and recreation; which it found then, as through life, in the humorous observation of manners and character. He visited an old uncle, his mother's brother, who was laid up from a fall, and was so tickled with the conversation of an old barber he met there, that he wrote a description of him, which he kept to himself, for he was too timid to come forward in this way. There was abundant food for meditation in store for him. Young as he was when he commenced authorship, he was truly to know life before writing about it. The Dickens' fortunes were rapidly waning. Mrs. Dickens projected a school, an "Establishment" as it was called on the brass door-plate of a house taken for the purpose; and young Dickens, as he tells us, went about "leaving at a great many other doors, a great many circulars calling attention to the merits of the Establishment. Yet nobody ever came to school, nor do I recollect that anybody ever proposed to come, or that the least preparation was made to receive anybody. But I know that we got on very badly with the butcher and baker; that very often we had not too much

for dinner; and that at last my father was arrested."

In this downward progress, Charles was employed as the negotiator with that last trader with misfortune, the pawnbroker. One article of household use or comfort went after another; and, following them, the old novels and romances, which were sold for a trifle to a stall-keeper—who, however in the end, paid up the difference by furnishing a page descriptive of his dirty ways to David Copperfield. Then father and mother went to the Marshalsea, and there occurred the actual prison scenes with Micawber and his new acquaintances, set down in the fiction,—Micawber, with some allowances, standing for the elder Dickens, and Captain Hopkins in the story being a real personage, with a simple change of name from that of Captain Porter. While these events were occurring, young Charles was provided for after a peculiar fashion. A person connected with the family had become interested in a blacking manufactory, set up by a man named Warren as a rival to *the* celebrated Warren, one of his relatives, at 30 Strand. This opposition Warren had his warehouses at 30 Hungerford Stairs, Strand; and, by printing the number and Strand very large and the rest of the direction very small, was able to confuse the public mind and compete with the better-known article. Charles, without regard to the further work of education before him, was taken to the Hungerford Stairs establishment, and given employment at the rate of six or seven shillings a week. "It was," writes Dickens, in his reminiscences given to

Mr. Foster, "a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting, of course, on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and their squeaking and scuffling, coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me, as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening; first with a piece of oil-paper and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat, all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary's shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots."

The associations of such a life were a cause of intense suffering to the sensitive boy, and long after to the man, in haunting recollections of the period. "No words," he writes, "can express the secret agony of my soul, as I sunk into this companionship, compared these every-day associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my earlier hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in my heart. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart, to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and

thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more, cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations, that even now, famous, and caressed, and happy, I often forget, in my dreams, that I have a dear wife and children; even that I am a man; and wander desolately back to that time of my life." The little incidents of that time of servitude, when the boy was left to provide for himself out of that scanty pittance of a shilling a day; how, as he tells us, he "tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate the money, and make it last the week through, by putting it away in a drawer he had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount, and labeled with a different day;" how he wandered about the streets, ill-fed, lonely and desolate, seeking with his sister, chance hours of *home*, in visits to his parents in the prison; acquitting himself meanwhile faithfully and nobly, it may be said, in his poor calling; acquiring great dexterity in its humble work, and, child as he was, sacrificing none of his higher nature in it; how crowds gazed in at the window where he was at work, wondering at its rapidity; how, among his fellow-workmen, he got the name of "the young gentleman;" and how all this misery was relieved by his constitutional gaiety of disposition, and a capacity of humorous observation, which showed at once his sympathy with, and superiority to the humiliating conditions around him: all this may

be read under a thin concealment in his romance of "David Copperfield," or better, in his own still more feeling narrative, where again "truth is stranger than fiction."

Happily, the boy very soon escaped from this house of bondage. A timely legacy from a relative released his father from the Marshalsea, and the family were again in lodgings together. Soon an opportune quarrel occurred between the elder Dickens and the blacking proprietor, growing out of some treatment of the child, and he was discharged from the employment. After this, he was secured the privilege of attending as a day scholar at a suburban school, kept by a Mr. Jones, and dignified with the sign of the Wellington House Academy. A humorous description of this establishment may be found in one of the papers of "Household Words," written by Dickens at the age of forty, entitled "Our School"—a kindly reminiscence of a miscellaneous sort of life, with very little in it about books and learning, and a great deal about the comical associations of the place, and the accomplishments of certain white mice, who were trained by the boys "much better than the master trained the boys." An old schoolfellow, Dr. Dawson, supplements this account in Mr. Forster's narrative, with some interesting additional circumstances. He is very doubtful whether Dickens was much of a scholar there, or studied Greek or Latin at all; but has a lively recollection of his spirit of fun and frolic; of his writing little tales which were circulated among the boys; of his active participation in getting up small

theatres, and the gorgeous style in which he presented the "Miller and his Men;" and, on one occasion, of his "heading us in Drummond-street, in pretending to be poor boys, and asking the passers-by for charity,—especially old ladies, one of whom told us she 'had no money for beggar boys;' and when, on these adventures, the old ladies were quite staggered by the impudence of the demand, Dickens would explode with laughter, and take to his heels."

He was two years at this academy, from twelve to fourteen, and for a short time afterward, at another London school, when a place was obtained for him as an office lad, with an attorney in Gray's Inn, where he passed a year or so at a salary of thirteen, raised to fifteen shillings a week. The elder Dickens having meanwhile become a newspaper parliamentary reporter, Charles left his rudimentary service of the law, to qualify himself, by the assiduous study of short-hand, for his father's new vocation. It was a toilsome occupation; and, as the novelist drawing from his own experience, has plunged young Copperfield into its difficulties, the public is pretty familiar with the nature of them. He learnt the art thoroughly, taking a year or more to its acquisition, while he was also attaining a great variety of knowledge in a constant attendance at the reading-room of the British Museum. At the age of nineteen, he was fairly at his work, reporting debates in the galleries of the Houses of Parliament for the "True Sun;" afterwards for the "Mirror of Parliament," and in his twenty-third year for the "Morning

Chronicle"—in all four years of excellent discipline in readiness and acuteness of perception, in an apt study of language, and the art of rapid composition. In after-life, he often recurred to this period of exertion. It gave him a sympathy with newspaper men which he never lost. Nor was it a mere routine employment in London. His duties carried him to different parts of England on public occasions, where eminent men were the speakers, and a report was to be transmitted with the utmost speed to the capital. There was no telegraphing in those days. The reporter traveled by express, and wrote out the speech from his rough notes or hieroglyphics, while he was hurried at midnight over the ground. "I have often," said Dickens, at an annual dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund, in 1865, "transcribed for the printer, from my short-hand notes, important public speeches, in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake would have been to a young man extremely compromising, writing in the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark-lantern in a post chaise and four, galloping through a wild country and in the dead of night, at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. Returning home from exciting political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London, I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, belated on miry by-roads, towards the small hours, forty or fifty miles from London, in a wheelless carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got

back in time for publication, to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew." The friendship and appreciation of Mr. Black, the editor of the "Morning Chronicle," gave Dickens his first real encouragement in his pursuits of literature, and he never forgot it.

For he was now entering on that career of authorship which continued to the end. His first appearance in print as a writer, was in January, 1834, when an article by him was published in the "Old Monthly Magazine,"—that chapter of the "Sketches by Boz," entitled "Mrs. Joseph Porter," an amusing story of certain private theatricals at a cockney London villa, which were brought to confusion by the artful interference of that envious lady. This sketch had been secretly dropped by Dickens as a voluntary contribution into the letter-box of the publishers. When he bought the number which contained it, at a shop in the Strand, he was so overcome with emotion, that, as he tells us, he "walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there." Other contributions to the "Monthly Magazine" followed, one of them having the signature "Boz," which he adopted and maintained for some time on the title-pages of his books. It was a ludicrous nick-name which he had given to a younger brother, whom he called "Moses," out of the "Vicar of Wakefield," and Moses

degenerating in nursery parlance into "Bozes," ended in "Boz." The "Monthly" being in a very feeble condition, could pay nothing, so the free-will offerings of tales and sketches having proved successful, were continued in a new series in the "Evening Chronicle," a supplement to the "Morning Chronicle," on which the author was engaged as reporter. At the beginning of 1836, a first series of the sketches in book form, was published by Macrone, who purchased the copy-right for a conditional payment of one hundred and fifty pounds. The work, entitled "Sketches by Boz, Illustrative of Every-day Life and Every-day People," appeared in two volumes, with illustrations by George Cruikshank. In happy facility of style, originality of material, and humorous treatment, it exhibited the germs of his best later writings. So unerring was his genius, that nothing which he ever published from the beginning, can be spared from his collected works.

The "Sketches" led the way at once to the production of the "Pickwick Papers." Chapman and Hall, a young publishing house in the Strand were issuing a Library of Fiction; for which their editor, familiar with the "Monthly Magazine," had secured a tale by Dickens, "The Tuggs at Ramsgate." They were also the publishers of one of the numerous comic books illustrated by Seymour, an artist of considerable force of humor, particularly in his caricatures of cockney sportsmen. He now proposed a new series of sporting adventures, to be issued monthly, for which he would furnish the designs. A writer was wanted to supply the

text. Dickens, who had already furnished the publishers a story, was naturally thought of, and it was proposed to him. He consented—with an important modification, however, of the plan. As laid before him, it was to embrace simply a Nimrod Club, involved in various fishing and sporting adventures and the like. Seeing at once that this was a worn-out device, and having himself little experience in that way, he projected an original serial work of greater variety, in which the plates should illustrate the text rather than the text be written for the plates. So the Pickwick Club was adopted, with a concession to the idea of the artist in the introduction of the cockney sporting member, Mr. Winkle. Soon after it was thus planned, the first number was given to the world, on the last day of March, 1836, with the title of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club, edited by Boz;" and, simultaneously with its issue, on the 2nd of April, the author was married to Catharine, daughter of George Hogarth, a writer of some celebrity on topics relating to music, and engaged upon the "Morning Chronicle." Thus two of the most important events of the author's life occurred within the same week. The publication of "Pickwick," however, was not at the outset the great success it shortly proved. There was a very small sale for the first few numbers, and some embarrassment was caused by the death of the artist, Mr. Seymour, in a fit of melancholy, by his own hand, between the issue of the first and second numbers. Mr. Hablot K. Browne, known so long in connec-

tion with the illustration of Dickens' novels, by his designation of "Phiz," was then engaged; and, by the time he had got fairly to work in the fourth or fifth number, the public had got wind of the merits of the story; and its success, rising to the end, was firmly established. A sale of a few hundreds at the beginning reached nearly forty thousand before its close. The flame of popular enthusiasm kindled by Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers spread everywhere. "Pickwick" became the rage in England and America, and wherever the English language was spoken. The interest is easy to account for, since it has hardly been diminished by time; for "Pickwick" remains one of the author's most thoroughly enjoyable books—the freshness of style, the exuberance of animal spirits, the pervading humor, the good-humored benevolence, the wholesome satire, were unrivalled at the time in this species of literature. There was new life and new delight in every page, and the public heartily relished it. Before engaging upon "Pickwick," Dickens had become much interested in the theatre, and, at the close of the year 1836, two pieces from his pen, "The Strange Gentleman," a farce, and "The Village Coquettes," an operatic burletta, were successfully produced at the St. James' Theatre, Harley and Braham taking the principal characters.

Under the spur of the needs of married life, and the demands of his generous impulses, the author somewhat hastily committed himself to new literary enterprises. Before "Pickwick" had been many months under way, an

engagement was formed with the publisher, Bentley, to edit a Magazine, commencing with the new year, and furnish to its pages a continuous story. So the year 1837 found him engaged at once on "Oliver Twist," in "Bentley's Miscellany," and the later numbers of "Pickwick." He was also employed at this time with editing, which involved to a considerable extent re-writing, the Memoirs of the celebrated clown, Joseph Grimaldi, who, for a year before his death, had been engaged in writing a full account of his life and adventures. The manuscript had been revised by a Mr. Wilks; and, in this state, was about to be issued by Bentley, when he availed himself of the ability and sudden popularity of the author of "Pickwick" to present it in the most attractive and profitable way to the public. It was a subject after Dickens' own heart, and he infused into the book his peculiar humor, prefacing it with a delightful introductory chapter, in which the boy's admiration for the performances of the circus—and what admiration of the circus is equal to the boy's?—lives in every line. The work, capitally illustrated by George Cruikshank, appeared in two volumes early in 1838. There is to be added also to the record of his labors of this year, a pleasant little volume, published anonymously by Chapman and Hall, "Sketches of Young Gentlemen," a companion to "Sketches of Young Ladies" from another pen, and followed by "Sketches of Young Ladies" in another volume from his own. In the previous summer of 1837, he visited Belgium on a short excursion, accom-

panied by his wife and Mr. Hablot Browne, the artist, noticeable as the first of those trips to the Continent which were so often afterwards the solace of his overwrought powers.

The successive chapters of "Oliver Twist," running through the year 1838, secured a splendid success for "Bentley's Miscellany." The new story was more artistic in its form, and awakened a deeper interest than the light humors of the "Pickwick Papers." Its pathetic story of the youth of Oliver, its exhibition of the poor-house system, and the profounder horrors of the career of crime of Fagin and his companions in London, touched the springs of pity and terror with a master's hand. There was abundance of amusement in the work, relieving the else insupportable pressure of vice and misery; but the effect upon the whole was tragic. It raised the author at once from the class of writers for mere entertainment into a moralist and instructor. Henceforth the humorous, the pathetic, often elevated into the sublime, became the joint characteristics of his works. George Cruikshank, too, in the series of remarkable etchings which accompanied the work, exhibited his best and strongest powers.

Meantime, while "Oliver Twist" was being published, another serial was before the public as the successor to "Pickwick," in similar monthly parts, "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby," introducing the world to the abuses of the Yorkshire schools in the famous Dotheboy's Hall, a name which was a curative prescription in itself, with Squeers and his interesting family, and that wondrous

Mantolini and Newman Noggs, the Brothers Cheeryble, and that amusing world in which the Crummles family passed their existence. The reading public was again shaken with laughter or weeping in sympathy with suffering. After "Nickleby" had run its course in twenty monthly parts, its author entered upon a new style of publication, in the weekly issues of "Master Humphrey's Clock," the device of the meeting of a club, as a vehicle for the introduction of a great variety of papers reflecting the topics of the day in playful satire, with essays somewhat in the vein of the "Spectator" and Goldsmith with modern additions, short tales, et cetera, supported by longer works of fiction. The idea was entered upon with the author's usual felicity; but the old men of the club proved too quiet, and the clock machinery was somewhat cumbersome; the public did not enter heartily into it; not even the introduction of the Wellers, a dangerous experiment, could save the miscellaneous portions of the work. So they were gradually abandoned, and the interest concentrated upon the main story, "The Old Curiosity Shop," the personages of which fiction created a wonderful interest in the public mind. Indeed, we doubt whether any of the author's pathetic characters has produced a deeper impression than "Little Nell;" while Dick Swiveller, the Marchioness, and a host of others in the book, speedily became universal favorites. In its successor, "Barnaby Rudge," the author left his great field, the life of London in his own day, for the historic period of 1780, the action

of the work turning upon the "No Popery" riots of that year. The subject offered great opportunities for his rare and peculiar talent in description, and he invested it with all the resources of his fancy and imagination. The pleasant life of the Varden Family, in this book, is to be remembered with the vivid descriptions of the city in tumult and conflagration; nor is Barnaby's "Raven," as real a personage as any, to be forgotten among the rest.

Encouraged by the praises of Lord Jeffrey, Dickens, in the summer of 1841, accepted an invitation to Edinburgh, where the most enthusiastic reception awaited him. The hospitalities freely extended to him by the most distinguished persons of the city, began with a public dinner, over which Professor Wilson presided. He was presented with the freedom of the city, visited its historic localities, and was overwhelmed with attentions during his stay. On leaving the city, he made a tour in the western Highlands, where he seems, from his letters, to have encountered extraordinary difficulties and privations from the unusual tempests and floods of the season. The pass of Glencoe, under these circumstances, impressed him as the height of the terrible and sublime. Shortly after his return from these adventures, the weekly issues of "Master Humphrey's Clock" were brought to an end with the conclusion of "Barnaby Rudge," when, weary of his crowded and continuous labors, he resolved upon a year's interval before commencing the publication of another serial work. He was of too restless a nature, however, to remain long

idle, or to take much repose. The warm reception of his writings in America, particularly of the recent character, *Little Nell*, with the hearty commendations of Washington Irving and other friendly correspondents, turned his thoughts across the Atlantic, and he suddenly resolved to employ a part of his leisure in a visit to the United States. Setting sail in the steamship "Britannia," from Liverpool, on the 3d of January, 1842, he reached Boston, after a boisterous wintry passage of eighteen days; and, immediately upon his landing, was received with a flood of hospitalities hardly less tempestuous than the voyage. At the outset, with his accustomed heartiness of disposition, he entered vigorously into the festivities and receptions, but soon found that the enthusiasm of a nation was too much to be encountered by one man. The whole reading world of America, and that embraced pretty much all but children in the cradle, seemed intent upon doing him homage, at balls, dinners, private parties, and in every method of congratulation and compliment. As at Edinburgh, the most eminent citizens were foremost in their attentions at Boston, New York, and elsewhere on his route, by Washington and the Ohio, to the west at St. Louis. There was much to please, and much with which he was really delighted; but, as commonly happens in such wholesale affairs, there was much also that was annoying and displeasing. Curiosity was excited, and was gratified at the expense of the illustrious traveller. All sorts of weak, womanly enthusiasm were poured out upon him with multifarious civilities,

to the exclusion of rest and privacy. It was decidedly too much of a good thing. The fools, as usual, where notoriety was to be gained for themselves, rushed in, and the angels, in their respectful timidity, began to stay at home. There was a sad want of good management in this unprecedented author's progress. He was well nigh bored to death. No human being could stand such persistent lionizing by men and women of weak minds. Writing piteously, towards the end of his journey, to his friend Forster, he says: "I really think my face has acquired a fixed expression of sadness, from the constant and unmitigated boring I endure. The —— have carried away all my cheerfulness. There is a line in my chin (on the right side of the under lip), indelibly fixed there by the New Englander I told you of. I have the print of a crow's foot on the outside of my left eye, which I attribute to the literary characters of small towns. A dimple has vanished from my cheek, which I felt myself robbed of at the time by a wise legislator." In fact, when Dickens left the country in June, by the way of Canada, he carried with him a sense of weariness and disappointment, which found vent shortly after his return to London in the publication of two decidedly bilious volumes, entitled "American Notes for General Circulation." His private letters to Forster disclose the motives of much of the acerbity which he displayed in this work. Soon after his arrival in America, he undertook, in his public speeches, to further the interests of international copyright by appeals for legis-

lation on the subject. Though what he said on this topic was perfectly just, it was misrepresented by many whose interests were opposed to the measure; while others, inclined, perhaps, to estimate empty applause too highly, thought it ungracious that he should in any way disturb the national conscience, while he was partaking such unbounded hospitality. It would certainly have been better if he had left the question to others. As it was, his good humor was unhappily affected by the result. The book which he published, with much in it to admire in humor and happy description, was felt to be too satirical, if not decidedly contemptuous, to proceed with propriety from the accepted guest of the nation. With all its home truths admitted, it proved that the author was too little of a philosopher to lay aside the peculiar insular prejudice of his countrymen, and estimate the circumstances in which he had been placed at their proper value. This lack of a higher philosophic element was, in truth, the defect of his character and writings.

In his next novel, "Martin Chuzzlewit," the publication of which was commenced in the serial form in January, 1843, Dickens drew upon his American experiences or antipathies in carrying his hero across the Atlantic, among the editors and politicians. This, however, was but an episode in the work, its main strength lying in the portraiture of Mr. Pecksniff, a type of social hypocrisy, and in the exquisite comic representations of Mrs. Gamp, decidedly one of the best of his humorous creations. Somehow, the cir-

ulation of this work did not at once attain the extent of its predecessors; but any lost ground, for the moment, in this respect, was compensated by the immediate brilliant success of the "Christmas Carol," published at the end of the year, a story of humor and glowing benevolence, which led the way in successive seasons for its companion volumes, all fraught with the same interest, in a highly effective imaginative way in bringing the extremes of life in sympathy, and teaching a lesson of respect or practical charity for virtuous poverty. The series of these delightful little works, in which he had the aid of his artist friends, Leech, Stanfield, and Maclise, included "The Chimes," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "The Battle of Life," and "The Haunted Man," the last published in 1848. A portion of this interval, from the summer of 1844, to the close of 1846, was passed in a year's residence at Genoa, and a subsequent sojourn in Switzerland, at Lausanne, with a few months in Paris. A spirited narrative of his Italian experience was given to the public in 1846, in his "Pictures from Italy," a portion of which was first issued in a short series of descriptive traveling letters, contributed to the early numbers of the "Daily News," the London daily journal of which he was one of the founders, and for a brief period, its editor. With the book on Italy, was announced a "New English Story" in preparation. This was the tale of "Dombey and Son," with its pathetic life and death of Little Paul; and its humors of Captain Cuttle and Jack Bunsby, relieving the stern isola-

tion of the conventional life of the haughty London merchant, the hero of the book.

Parallel with these literary occupations in his old walk of fiction, the author was now attracting the attention of the public in another field of exertion, as an amateur actor. He had by nature a strong propensity for the stage; and had he not early been successful as a writer, would probably have become celebrated as a professional performer. Indeed, at the outset of his career, he had offered himself to a London manager for an engagement in the style of representations of the elder Mathews, of whom he was a great admirer. Fortunately for the reading world, this overture was accidentally interrupted; and in the rapid literary engagements which ensued, there was no thought of its resumption. In a pleasant chapter of his biography of Dickens, entitled "Splendid Strolling," Mr. Forster gives an account of the amateur performances in which they were engaged, with other distinguished authors and artists, associates, between 1847 and 1852, commencing with the representation at Manchester, of Ben Jonson's comedy of "Every Man in his Humor," for the benefit of Leigh Hunt; and including with various standard and minor performances, the production of a five act comedy, "Not So Bad as We Seem," written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, to assist in creating a fund for the establishment of a "Guild of Literature and Art," which was a favorite object with Dickens. This was a scheme for the endowment of an institution of a somewhat peculiar charac-

ter, a species of benefit society for the relief of distressed authors and actors, with the provision of a permanent home in a partially independent club life. Chiefly through the amateur theatrical performances, in which Dickens was associated with Douglas Jerrold, Forster, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, Wilkie Collins, George Cruikshank, and others of his distinguished author and artist friends, funds were provided, and a series of buildings erected on a portion of the estate of Lord Lytton, near Knebworth. But, notwithstanding the cheerful auspices of the undertaking, it failed to go into successful operation, for the simple reason that the intended beneficiaries were shy of its charitable aid and necessary personal restrictions. Among other parts enacted by Dickens in the furtherance of this work, was Ben Jonson's character of Bobadil, and Lord Wilmot, in Lord Lytton's comedy.

By the side of his fondness for the stage, Dickens had always a passion for the life of a journalist. Inconvenient to him as his connection with the "Daily News" had proved, and glad as he was to relinquish it after an editorship of four months, he did not lose sight of its main object, a direct communication with the public on popular topics of the day, with the enforcement of his philanthropic objects for the benefit of the people. Early in 1850, he carried out his work in the establishment of the weekly periodical entitled "Household Words," which was continued under that name till 1859, when it was immediately succeeded by another of like character, "All the Year Round," of which he remain-

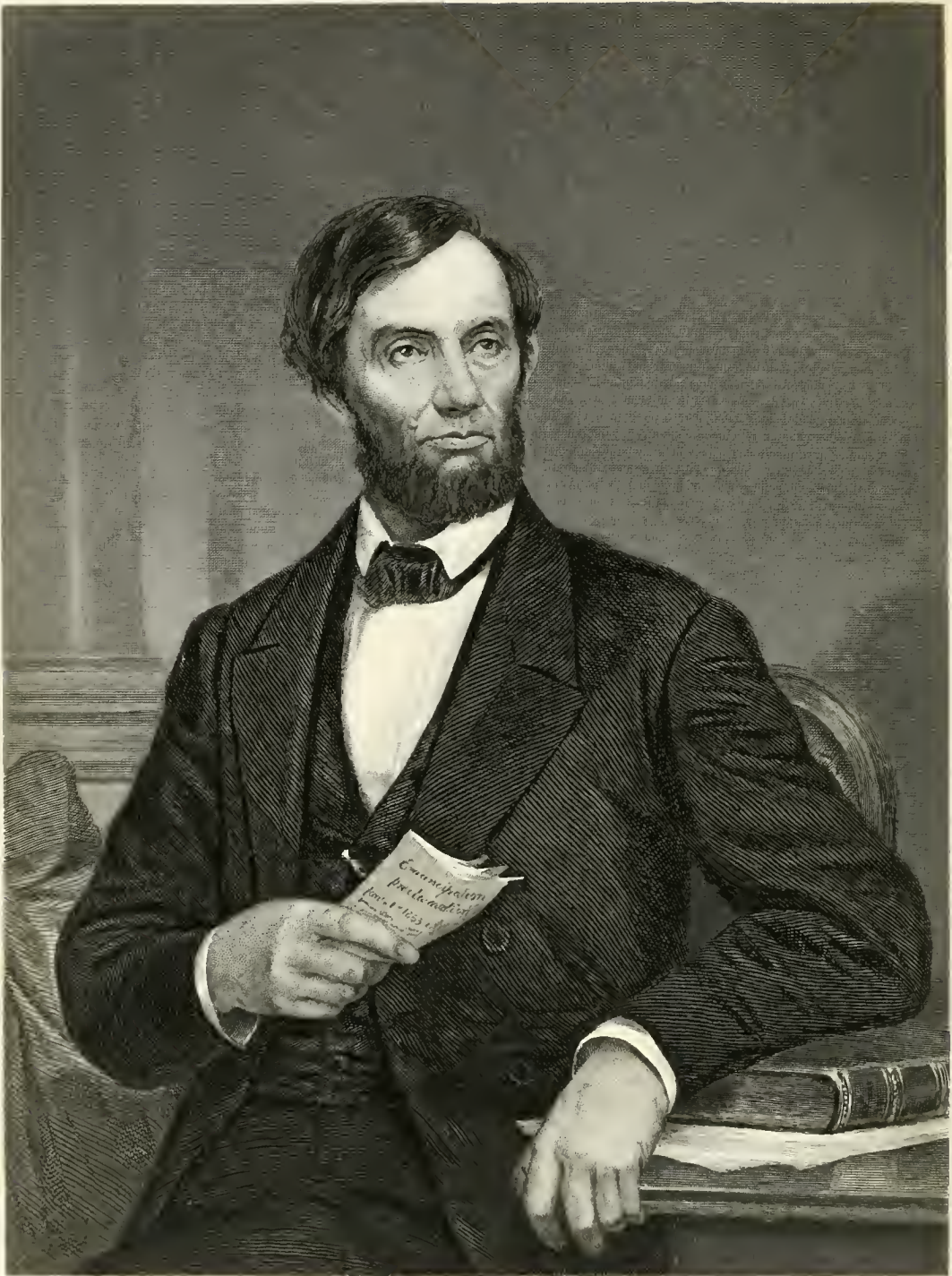
ed editor until his death. In the holiday numbers of this paper, he continued, with the assistance of others, his admirable series of Christmas stories, and with a variety of characteristic papers, the series of "The Uncommercial Traveller." In it, also, first appeared his novel, "Hard Times," his "Tale of the Two Cities," "Great Expectations," and "A Child's History of England," originally written for the instruction of his own children. In the meantime, the longer serials, with short intervals of time, were succeeding one another. "David Copperfield," in which, as we have seen, he put so much of his early life and history; "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," and "Our Mutual Friend." The last was completed in 1865.

Diversified as had been the literary career of Dickens, it was further varied by the course of public readings from his own writings, which he began in London in 1858, and afterwards pursued at intervals, till it grew into a systematic and regular, as it was always, a most profitable occupation. His dramatic skill was here brought into exercise; the "reading," being, in fact, a thoroughly well-sustained and laborious piece of acting. It was through the success of these performances, that he was induced by the liberal offers made him to deliver the series in this country, that he again visited the United States towards the close of the year 1867. He landed again in Boston, in November, and left New York on his return home the following April. During these few months, his time was almost exclusively occupied, to the admiration of his large audiences, in the delivery of his "readings," prominent

among which, was his recitation of "The Christmas Carol." He was throughout his journey received with favor and enthusiasm, and the pecuniary return from the expedition was large. In these "readings," he not only greatly delighted the public and benefited his own income, but led the way by his example to a new and profitable career for others of his brethren, in the improvement of their fortunes. On his return to England, he closed this episode of his career by a series of "Farewell Readings" in the chief cities, failing health warning him of the danger of continuing these labors.

It was not, however, to remain idle. A new serial was at once projected, the story of "Edwin Drood," the publication of which he commenced with his accustomed vigor in the spring of 1870. The early numbers were strongly marked by his peculiar powers, and the public were eagerly intent on the development of the startling plot, when

word suddenly came to them that the author was prostrated by an attack of apoplexy, which twenty-four hours after he was taken, terminated in his death. He was stricken down on Thursday, the 9th of June, 1870, at dinner-time, after a morning's labor on his unfinished novel, at his house at Gad's Hill near Rochester, in the vicinity of the scenes which he was describing in his fiction, and in the realization of the home upon which his youthful fancy had been fixed. But one thing appeared to mar his domestic felicity, the separation from his wife on some ground of incompatibility of temper, which had been of some ten or twelve years continuance. On the Tuesday following his death, his remains were privately interred beneath the pavement of the "Poet's Corner," in Westminster Abbey, a fitting shrine, by the ashes of his great compeers in English literature, the honored memories of his country and the world.



A. Lincoln

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born February 12th, 1809, in a district of Hardin County, now included in Larue County, Kentucky. His father and grandfather, sprung from a Quaker family in Pennsylvania, were born in Rockingham County, Virginia. Thence the grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, removed to Kentucky, where, encountering the fortunes of the first settlers, he was slain by the Indians, about the year 1784. His third and youngest son, Thomas, brought up to a life of rude country industry, in 1806, married Nancy Hanks, of Kentucky, a native of Virginia, so that the blood of Abraham Lincoln is directly traceable to the Old Dominion—the mother of Presidents.

The parents, it is said, partly on account of slavery, partly on account of the disputed Kentucky land titles, removed to a new forest home, in what is now Spencer County, Indiana, when their son Abraham was in his eighth year. The task before the settlers was the clearing of the farm in the wilderness; and in this labor and its incidents of hunting and agricultural toils, the rugged boy grew up to manhood,

receiving such elementary instruction as the occasional schoolmasters of the region afforded. Taken altogether, it was very little—for the time which he attended schools of any kind, was in the whole less than a year. His knowledge from books was to be worked out solely by himself; the vigorous life around him and rough experience were to teach him the rest. His first adventure in the world was at the age of nineteen, when, hired as an assistant to a son of the owner, the two, without other aid, navigated a flat boat to New Orleans, trading by the way—an excursion on which more might be learnt of human nature than in a year at college. At twenty-one, he followed his father, who had now married a second time, to a new settlement in Macon County, Illinois, where a log cabin was built by the family, and the land fenced in by rails, vigorously and abundantly split by the stalwart Abraham.

The rail-splitter of Illinois was yet to be summoned to a fiercer conflict. To build a flat-boat was no great change of occupation for one so familiar with the axe. He was engaged in this work on the Sangamon River, and in taking the craft afterward to New Orleans,

-serving on his return as clerk in charge of a store and mill at New Salem, belonging to his employer. The breaking out of the Black Hawk war in Illinois, in 1832, gave him a new and more spirited occupation. He joined a volunteer company, was elected captain, served through a three months' campaign, and was in due time rewarded by his share of bounty lands in Iowa. A popular man in his neighborhood, doubtless from his energy, sagacity, humor, and innate benevolence of disposition, admirably qualifying him as a representative of the West, or of human nature in its better condition anywhere, he was, on return from the war, set up as a Whig candidate for the Legislature, in which he was beaten in the district, though his own precinct, democratic as it too was, gave him 277 out of 284 votes. Unsettled, and on the look-out for occupation in the world, he now again fell in charge of a country store at New Salem, over the counter of which he gained knowledge of men, but little pecuniary profit. The store, in fact, was a failure, but the man was not. He had doubtless chopped logic, as heretofore timber, with his neighbors, and democrats had felt the edge of his argument. Some confidence of this nature led him to think of the law as a profession. Working out his problem of self-education, he would borrow a few books from a lawyer of the village in the evening, read them at night, and return them in the morning. A turn at official surveying in the county meanwhile, by its emoluments, assisted him to live. In 1834, he was elected, by a large vote to the Legislature, and again in 1836, '38, and '40.

In 1836, he was admitted to the bar, and the following year commenced practice at Springfield, with his fellow-representative in the Legislature, Major John F. Stuart. He rapidly acquired a reputation by his success in jury trials, in which he cleared up difficulties with a sagacious, ready humor, and a large and growing stock of apposite familiar illustrations. Politics and the bar, as usual in the West, in his case also went together; a staunch supporter of Whig principles in the midst of the democracy, he canvassed the State for Henry Clay in 1843, making numerous speeches of signal ability, and in 1846, was elected to Congress from the central district of Illinois. During his term he was distinguished by his advocacy of free soil principles, voting in favor of the right of petition, and steadily supporting the Wilmot proviso prohibiting slavery in the new territories. He also proposed a plan of compensated emancipation, with the consent of a majority of the owners, for the District of Columbia. A member of the National Whig Convention of 1848, he supported the nomination of General Taylor for the Presidency, in an active canvass of Illinois and Indiana. In 1856, he was recommended by the Illinois delegation as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, on the Republican ticket with Colonel Fremont. In 1858, he was nominated as candidate for United States Senator in opposition to Stephen A. Douglas, and "took the stump" in joint debate with that powerful antagonist of the Democratic party, delivering a series of speeches during the summer and autumn, in the chief towns and cities of the State. In

the first of these addresses to the Republican State Convention at Springfield, June 17th, he uttered a memorable declaration on the subject of slavery, much quoted in the stirring controversies which afterwards ensued. "We are now," said he, "far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object, and confident promise, of putting an end to slavery agitations. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other."

Other opinions expressed by him in this political campaign, while they exhibited him as no friend to slavery, placed him on the ground of a constitutional opposition to the institution. In answer to a series of questions proposed by Mr. Douglas, he replied that he was not in favor of the unconditional repeal of the fugitive slave law; that he was not pledged against the admission of any more slave States into the Union, nor to the admission of a new State into the Union with such a constitution as the people of that State may see fit to make, nor to the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, nor to the prohibition of the slave-trade between the different States; while he was "impliedly, if not expressly, pledged to a belief in the

right and duty of Congress to prohibit slavery in all the United States Territories." With regard to the acquisition of any new territory, unless slavery is first prohibited therein, he answered: "I am not generally opposed to honest acquisition of territory; and in any given case, I would or would not oppose such acquisition, accordingly as I might think it would or would not aggravate the slavery question among ourselves." Mr. Lincoln, in fine, while he held the firmest opinions on the evil of slavery as an institution, and its detriment to the prosperity of the country, was not disposed to transcend the principles or pledges of the Constitution for its suppression. He would not, with regard to circumstances, press even the legitimate powers of Congress. Of the vexed negro question, he said further, on a particular occasion in those debates: "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it now exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so. I have no purpose to introduce political and social equality between the white and the black races. There is a physical difference between the two, which, in my judgment, will probably forever forbid their living together upon the footing of perfect equality, and inasmuch as it becomes a necessity that there must be a difference, I, as well as Judge Douglas, am in favor of the race to which I belong having the superior position. I have never said anything to the contrary; but I hold that, notwithstanding all this, there is no reason in the world why the negro is not en-

titled to all the natural rights enumerated in the Declaration of Independence—the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I hold that he is as much entitled to these as the white man. I agree with Judge Douglas he is not my equal in many respects—certainly not in color, perhaps not in moral or intellectual endowment. But in the right to eat the bread, without the leave of any one else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man.”

This contested Douglas and Lincoln election in Illinois ended in the choice of a Legislature which sent the former to the United States Senate, though the Republican candidates pledged to Mr. Lincoln received a larger aggregate vote.

Mr. Lincoln, now a prominent man in the West, was looked to by the rapidly developing Republican party as a leading expounder of its principles in that region. In the autumn and winter of 1859, he visited various parts of the country, delivering lectures on the political aspect of the times, and was constantly received with favor. In a speech which he made, addressing a mixed assembly at Leavenworth, in Kansas, in this season, the following passage occurred, which, read by the light of subsequent events, appears strangely prophetic. “But you, Democrats,” said he, “are for the Union; and you greatly fear the success of the Republicans would destroy the Union. Why? Do the Republicans declare against the Union? Nothing like it. Your own statement of it is, that if the Black Republicans elect a President, you

won't stand it! You will break up the Union. That will be your act, not ours. To justify it, you must show that our policy gives you just cause for such desperate action. Can you do that? When you attempt it, you will find that our policy is exactly the policy of the men who made the Union. Nothing more and nothing less. Do you really think you are justified to break up the government, rather than have it administered as it was by Washington, and other great and good men who made it, and first administered it? If you do, you are very unreasonable, and more reasonable men cannot and will not submit to you. While you elect Presidents we submit, neither breaking nor attempting to break up the Union. If we shall constitutionally elect a President, it will be our duty to see that you also submit. Old John Brown has been executed for treason against a State. We cannot object, even though he agreed with us in thinking slavery wrong. That cannot excuse violence, bloodshed, and treason. It could avail him nothing that he might think himself right. So, if constitutionally we elect a President, and, therefore, you undertake to destroy the Union, it will be our duty to deal with you as old John Brown has been dealt with. We shall try to do our duty. We hope and believe that in no section will a majority so act as to render such extreme measures necessary.”

In the ensuing nomination, in 1860, for the Presidency, by the National Republican Convention at Chicago, Mr. Lincoln, on the third ballot, was preferred to Mr. Seward by a decided

vote, and placed before the country as the candidate of the Republican free-soil party. He had three rivals in the field: Breckinridge, representing the old Southern pro-slavery Democratic party; Douglas, its new, "popular sovereignty" modification; Bell, a respectable, cautious conservatism. In the election, of the entire popular vote, 4,662,170, Mr. Lincoln received 1,857,610; Mr. Douglas, 1,365,976; Mr. Breckinridge, 847,953; and Mr. Bell, 590,631. Every free State, except New Jersey, where the vote was divided, voted for Lincoln, giving him seventeen out of the thirty-three States which then composed the Union. In nine of the slave States, besides South Carolina, he had no electoral ticket. Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North and South Carolina, Texas, cast their votes for Breckinridge and Lane, 72; for Bell and Everett, 39; for Douglas and Johnson, 12.

The "Platform" or series of resolutions of the Republican Convention by which Mr. Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, were explicit on the principles and objects of the party. The highest devotion was expressed for the Union, with a political instinct seemingly prescient of the future. It was declared that "to the Union of the States this nation owes its unprecedented increase in population; its surprising development of material resources; its rapid augmentation of wealth; its happiness at home, and its honor abroad; and we hold in abhorrence all schemes for disunion, come from whatever source they may; and we congratulate the country that no

Republican member of Congress has uttered or countenanced a threat of disunion, so often made by Democratic members of Congress without rebuke, and with applause from their political associates; and we denounce those threats of disunion, in case of a popular overthrow of their ascendancy, as denying the vital principles of a free government, and as an avowal of contemplated treason, which it is the imperative duty of an indignant people strongly to rebuke and forever silence."

The "maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively," was declared to be essential to "that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political faith depends," and "the lawless invasion by armed force of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext," was denounced "as among the gravest of crimes." The existing Democratic administration was arraigned for its "measureless subserviency to the exactions of a sectional interest, as is especially evident in its desperate exertions to force the infamous Lecompton Constitution upon the protesting people of Kansas—in construing the personal relation between master and servant to involve an unqualified property in persons—in its attempted enforcement everywhere, on land and sea, through the intervention of Congress and the Federal Courts, of the extreme pretensions of a purely local interest."

The principles of the party in regard to slavery in the Territories, were laid down in the declarations "that the

new dogma that the Constitution, of its own force, carries slavery into any or all the Territories of the United States, is a dangerous political heresy, at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous expositions, and with legislative and judicial precedent; is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country:" and "that the normal condition of all the territory of the United States is that of freedom; that as our republican fathers, when they had abolished slavery in all our national territory, ordained that no person should be deprived of life, liberty, or property, without the process of law, it becomes our duty, by legislation, whenever such legislation is necessary, to maintain this provision of the Constitution against all attempts to violate it; and we deny the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States."

Such were the declarations under which Mr. Lincoln was elected to the Presidency. The legitimate influence of the Government, it was designed, should be exerted to give every fair opportunity for the development of liberty, and not, as was charged upon the Democrats, for its forced suppression. For the maintenance of these views, it was admitted by all who were acquainted with him, that a man of singular plainness and sincerity of character had been chosen for the chief magistracy. "He is possessed," wrote an intelligent observer who had studied his disposition in his home in Illinois,

"of all the elements composing a true western man, and his purity of character and indubitable integrity of purpose add respect to admiration for his private and public life. His word 'you may believe and pawn your soul upon it.' It is this sterling honesty (with utter fearlessness) even beyond his vast ability and political sagacity, that is to command confidence in his administration."

In February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln left his home at Springfield, on his way, by a circuitous route through the Northern States, to Washington. His journey at the start was impressed with the peculiar responsibility of his new position. A defeated party, supported by the haughty pretensions and demands of the South, which even then stood in an attitude of armed rebellion, was determined to place every obstacle in his way which the malignity of disappointed political ambition could suggest. He felt that a crisis was at hand requiring the most consummate prudence and political wisdom in the guidance of the Ship of State. In taking farewell of his friends at the railway station, at Springfield, he said with fervor, "no one not in my position can appreciate the sadness I feel at this parting. To this people I owe all that I am. Here I have lived more than a quarter of a century; here my children were born, and here one of them lies buried. I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. He never would have succeeded except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon

which he at all times relied. I feel that I cannot succeed without the same Divine aid which sustained him; and in the same Almighty Being I place my reliance for support; and I hope you, my friends, will all pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain. Again I bid you all an affectionate farewell."

With this feeling of religious earnestness, Mr. Lincoln, who did not overestimate the importance of his position, set his face towards Washington. At every stage on the journey he took the opportunity, when he was called upon to speak by the citizens, to express his determination to use his influence and authority equitably for the interests of the nation, without infringement on the rights of any. "We mean to treat you," he said at Cincinnati, to an audience in which, we may suppose, the Democratic party was liberally represented, "as near as we possibly can as Washington, Jefferson, and Madison treated you. We mean to leave you alone, and in no way to interfere with your institutions; to abide by all and every compromise of the Constitution, and in a word, coming back to the original proposition; to treat you so far as degenerate men, if we have degenerated, may, according to the example of those noble fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison." On the same day, the 12th of February, in another speech at Indianapolis, he alluded to the question then pressing upon the country for early solution regarding the maintenance of the national authority in a rebellious State, by force, if it should be necessary. "An outcry had

been raised against the "coercion" of a State? He saw in the clamor, a specious mask favoring a desperate political intrigue which threatened the life of the nation, and he sought to strip off the disguise that the reality beneath might be seen. Would it be "coercion," he asked, if the United States should retake its own forts, and collect the duties on foreign importations. Do those who would resist coercion resist this? "If so, their idea of the means to preserve the object of their great affection would seem to be exceedingly thin and airy. If sick, the little pills of the homœopathist would be much too large for them to swallow. In their view, the Union, as a family relation, would seem to be no regular marriage, but rather a sort of free love arrangement, to be maintained on passional attraction."

Everywhere on his journey he was received with enthusiasm. At New York he was greeted by the Mayor and citizens at the City Hall; and at Philadelphia, on Washington's birthday, he assisted in raising the national flag on Independence Hall. In a few remarks on the latter occasion, he spoke feelingly, with a certain impression of melancholy, of the great American principle at stake, promising to the world "that in due time, the weight should be lifted from the shoulders of all men;" adding, "if the country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say, I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it." The word "assassination" was afterwards noticed when, a day or two later, it was found that the President, warned of a plot to take his life

on his way to Washington, had felt compelled, by the advice of his friends, to hasten his journey by an extra train at night, to the capital, and thus baffle the conspirators. He had been made acquainted with the scheme on his arrival at Philadelphia, by the police; and it was after this intimation had been received by him that he spoke at Independence Hall. He then proceeded to keep an appointment with the Pennsylvania Legislature, at Harrisburg, whom he met on the afternoon of the same day. At night he quietly returned by rail to Philadelphia, and thence to Washington, arriving there early on the morning of the twenty-third.

Ten days after, his inauguration as President took place at the Capitol. The usual ceremonies were observed; but in addition, General Scott had provided a trained military force, which was at hand to suppress any attempt which might be made to interrupt them. Happily its interference was not called for. The inaugural address of the President was every way considerate and conservative. He renewed the declarations he had already made, that he had no intention to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists, adding, "I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." In a brief argument he asserted the perpetuity of the Union. "It is safe to assert," he said, "that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever, it

being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself." He therefore announced his intention, as in duty bound by the terms of his oath, to maintain it. "I shall take care," said he, "as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this, which I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, I shall perfectly perform it, so far as is practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisition, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union, that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself. In doing this there need be no bloodshed or violence, and there shall be none unless it is forced upon the national authority. The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the Government, and collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States shall be so great and so universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people who object. While the strict legal right may exist of the Government to enforce the exercise of the offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses

of such offices. The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security, which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed, unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to the circumstances actually existing, and with a view and hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections."

This disposition to effect a peaceful settlement of the existing difficulty was further shown in an earnest expostulation or plea for the preservation of the endangered Union, and the admission or declaration that "if a change in the Constitution to secure this result should be thought desirable by the people, he would favor, rather than oppose a fair opportunity to act upon it." He had no objection, he said, that a proposed amendment introduced into Congress "to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of States, including that of persons held to service," should be made "express and irrevocable."

"My countrymen," he concluded, "my countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you, in hot haste, to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated

by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and on the sensitive point the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there is still no single reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulties. In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend' it. I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

In this spirit, the President commenced his administration. In the following month the bombardment of Fort Sumter, by the South Carolinians under General Beauregard, "inaugurated"

the war. On receipt of the news of its fall, President Lincoln, on the 15th of April, issued his proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand militia, to suppress the combinations opposing the laws of the United States, and commanding the persons composing the combinations to disperse, and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days. Congress was, at the same time, summoned to meet in extra session on the ensuing 4th of July. When that body met, the Southern Confederacy had succeeded in arraying large armies in the field for the accomplishment of its revolutionary designs. Various skirmishes and minor battles had occurred in Missouri, Western Virginia, and elsewhere, and the troops which had been raised at the North were about to meet the enemy in the disastrous battle of Bull Run. The President laid the course which he had pursued before Congress, calling upon them for "the legal means to make the contest a short and decisive one." He felt, he said, that he had no moral right to shrink from the issue, though it was "with the deepest regret that he had found the duty of employing the war-power." "Having," he said, in the conclusion of his message, "chosen our course without guile and with pure purpose let us renew our trust in God, and go forward without fear and with manly hearts.

The story of the conduct of that struggle through four years of unexampled sacrifices by the people, of unprecedented trials to the State, of a controversy of arms and principles testing every fibre of the nation, and ending in the vindication and reestablishment of

the Union, belongs to History rather than to Biography. But the part borne in the struggle by President Lincoln will ever be memorable. He was emphatically the representative of the popular will and loyal spirit of the nation. In his nature eminently a friend of peace, without personal hostilities or sectional prejudices, he patiently sought the welfare of the whole. Accepting war as an inevitable necessity he conducted it with vigor, yet with an evident desire to smooth its asperities and prepare the way for final and friendly reconciliation. Unhappily, the demands of the South for independence, and their continued struggle for the severance of the Union, rendered any settlement short of absolute conquest of the armies in the field impossible. To hasten this end, when the condition appeared inevitable, President Lincoln, after many delays and warnings, issued a proclamation of negro emancipation within the rebellious States, on the twenty-second of September, 1862. It was appointed to go into effect—the States continuing in rebellion—on the first of January ensuing. "All persons," it declared, "held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforward and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." This proclamation, in general accordance with the action of the Congress, was a war measure; it

had grown out of the war as a necessity, was promulgated conditionally with an appeal for the termination of the war, and if destined to be operative, was dependent upon military success for its efficiency. The war, it was generally admitted, if continued, would put an end to slavery; and as the slave passed under new social relations by the advance of the national armies, by conquest, by services rendered to the national cause, and finally by enlistment in the national armies, this became every day more apparent. The President's proclamation, the great act of his Administration, proved the declaration of an obvious and inevitable result. Two years more of war, after it was issued, of war growing in malignity and intensity, and extending through new regions, confirmed its necessity; while President Lincoln, as the end drew nigh, sought to strengthen the fact of emancipation by recommending to Congress and the people, as an independent measure, the passage of an amendment of the Constitution, finally abolishing the institution of slavery in the United States.

President Lincoln, as we have said, in his conduct of the war, steadily sought the support of the people. Indeed, his measures were fully in accordance with their conviction, his resolutions, waiting the slow development of events, being governed more by facts than theories. He thus became emphatically the executive of the national will; his course, wisely guided by a single view for the maintenance of the Union, was in accordance with the popular judgment; and, in consequence, as the expiration of his term

of office approached, it became evident that he would be chosen by the people for a second term of the Presidency. As the canvass proceeded, the result was hardly regarded as doubtful, and the actual election in Nov., 1864, confirmed the anticipation. Out of twenty-six States, in which the vote was taken he received a majority of the popular vote of twenty-three—Delaware, Kentucky, and New Jersey for McClellan.

President Lincoln's second Inaugural Address, on the 4th of March, 1865, was one of his most characteristic State papers. It was a remarkable expression of his personal feelings, his modesty and equanimity, his humble reliance on a superior power for light and guidance in the path of duty. Success in his great career, the evident approach of the national triumph, in which he was to share, generated in his mind no vulgar feeling of elation; on the contrary he was impressed, if possible, with a weightier sense of responsibility and a deeper religious obligation. "With malice toward none," was his memorable language, "with charity for all, with firmness in the right—as God gives us to see the right—let us strive on to finish the work we are in—to bind up the nation's wounds—to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." The peace so ardently longed for was not far distant. On the 9th of April General Lee surrendered the chief rebel army to General Grant, and with that event the war

was virtually ended. President Lincoln had been witness of some of its closing scenes at Richmond, and had returned to Washington in time to receive, at the Capitol, news of the surrender. In an address to a gathering of the people who came to the Presidential mansion to congratulate him on the result, he avoided any unseemly expressions of triumph, and turned his thoughts calmly to the great problem of reconstruction, upon which his mind was now fully intent. This speech was made on the evening of the eleventh of April. The fourteenth was the anniversary of Sumter, completing the four years' period of the war. There was no particular observance of the day at Washington, but in the evening the president, accompanied by his wife, a daughter of Senator Harris, and Major Rathbone, of the United States army, attended by invitation the performances at Ford's Theatre, where a large audience was assembled to greet him. When the play had reached the third act, about nine o'clock, as the President was sitting at the front of the private box near the stage, he was deliberately shot from behind by an assassin, John Wilkes Booth, the leader of a gang of conspirators, who had been for some time intent, in concert with the rebellion, upon taking his life. The ball entered the back part of the President's head, penetrated the brain, and rendered him, on the instant, totally insensible. He was removed by his friends to a house opposite the theatre, lingered in a state of unconsciousness during the night and expired at twenty-two minutes past

seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th.

Thus fell, cruelly murdered by a vulgar assassin, at the moment of national victory, with his mind intent upon the happier future of the Republic, with thoughts of kindness and reconciliation toward the vanquished enemies of the State, the President who had just been placed by the sober judgment of the people a second time as their representative in the seat of executive authority. The blow was a fearful one. It created in the mind of the nation a feeling of horror and pity, which was witnessed in the firmest resolves and tenderest sense of commiseration. All parties throughout the loyal States united in demonstrations of respect and affection. Acts of mourning were spontaneous and universal. Business was everywhere suspended, while the people assembled to express their admiration and love of the President so foully slain, and to devote themselves anew to the cause—their own cause—for the assertion of which he had been stricken down. When the funeral took place, the long procession, as it took its way from Washington through Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio and Indiana, to the President's home in Illinois, was attended, at every step, with unprecedented funeral honors; orations were delivered in the large cities, crowds of mourners by night and day witnessed the solemn passage of the train on the long lines of railway; a half million of persons it was estimated, looked upon the face of their departed President and friend.



Frances Sargent Osgood

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

THIS gentle American poet, whose delicacy and susceptibility are reflected in a peculiar manner in all that she wrote, giving promise of still higher excellence, had her life been prolonged, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in the year 1812. She was the daughter of Joseph Locke, a merchant of that city, and a gentleman of education. A taste for literary composition seems to have been a natural gift in the family, for several of its members were successful writers. Anna Maria Foster, the daughter of Mrs. Locke by her first husband, who was married to Mr. Thomas Wells, an officer of the United States revenue service, published a volume of poems in 1831. A younger sister of Mrs. Osgood, and her brother, Mr. A. A. Locke, wrote for the magazines. The childhood of Frances was chiefly passed in the village of Hingham, a locality peculiarly adapted by its beautiful situation for a poetic culture, which soon developed itself in her youthful mind. She was encouraged in writing verses by her parents, and some of her productions being seen by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, were so highly approved, as to be inserted by her in a *Juvenile Miscellany*

which she at that time conducted. They were rapidly followed by others from the same facile pen, which soon gave their signature, "Florence," a wide reputation.

In 1834, Miss Locke formed the acquaintance of Mr. S. S. Osgood, a young painter, already favorably known in his profession. She sat to him for her portrait, and the artist won the heart of the sitter. Soon after their marriage, they went to London, where they remained four years, during which Mr. Osgood pursued his art of portrait-painting with success; and his wife's poetical compositions to various periodicals met with equal favor. In 1839, a collection of her poems was issued by a London publisher, with the title of "A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England." A dramatic poem, "Elfrida," in the volume, impressed her friend, James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, so favorably, that he urged her to write a piece for the stage. In compliance with the suggestion, she wrote "The Happy Release; or, The Triumphs of Love," a play in three acts. It was accepted by one of the theatres, and would have been produced, had not the author, while

engaged in the reconstruction of a scene, been suddenly summoned home by the melancholy news of the death of her father. She returned with Mr. Osgood to Boston, in 1840. They soon afterwards removed to New York, where, with a few intervals of absence, the remainder of her life was passed. Her poetical contributions appeared at brief intervals in the magazines, for which she also wrote a few prose tales and sketches. In 1841, she edited "The Poetry of Flowers and Flowers of Poetry," and in 1847, "The Floral Offering," two illustrated gift-books.

Mrs. Osgood's physical frame was as delicate as her mental organization. She suffered frequently from ill health, and was an invalid during the whole winter of 1847-'8. During the succeeding winter, she rallied; and her husband, whose own health required the reinvigorating influence of travel, with a view to this object, and to a share in the profitable adventure which at that time was tempting so many from their homes, sailed for California, in February, 1849. He returned, after an absence of a year, with restored health and ample means, to find his wife fast sinking in consumption. The husband carried the wife in his arms to a new residence, where, with the happy hopefulness characteristic of her disorder, she selected articles for its furniture and decoration, from patterns brought to her bedside. The rapidly approaching termination of her illness was soon gently made known to her, and received, after a few tears at the thought of leaving her husband and two young children, with resigna-

tion. The evening but one after, she wrote for a young girl at her side, who was making and teaching her to make paper flowers, the following lines:

"You've woven roses round my way,
And gladdened all my being;
How much I thank you, none can say,
Save only the All-seeing.

I'm going through the eternal gates,
Ere June's sweet roses blow;
Death's lovely angel leads me there,
And it is sweet to go."

The touching prophecy was fulfilled, by her calm death, five days after, on Sunday afternoon, May 12th, 1850. Her remains were removed to Boston, and laid beside those of her mother and daughter, at Mount Auburn, on Wednesday of the same week.*

This brief narrative, penned by the writer of this notice, written shortly after her death, for insertion in the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," supplies the simple outline of this amiable person's career. After the lapse of twenty years, we recall with feelings of respect and tenderness, her cheerful, happy temperament, and the facility of her genius, which shone equally in the seemingly unpremeditated efforts of her muse, and the involuntary delight which she exhibited in the friendly courtesies of life, as her enthusiasm was kindled in the society of her friends. A playful fancy, and truthful, unaffected sentiment, expressed in easy numbers, were the main characteristics of her writings. Her lines to the "Spirit of Poetry," exhibit the keenness of her susceptibility, and her reverence for the Muse:

* "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

"Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,

'Thou dear Ideal of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the beautiful—the only,
Whom I would keep, tho' all the world depart!

Thou, that dost veil the frailest flower with glory,

Spirit of light and loveliness and truth!
Thou that didst tell me a sweet, fairy story,
Of the dim future, in my wistful youth!
Thou, who canst weave a halo round the spirit,
Thro' which naught mean or evil dare intrude,

Resume not yet the gift, which I inherit
From Heaven and thee, that dearest, holiest good!

Leave me not now! Leave me not cold and lonely,

Thou starry prophet of my pining heart!
Thou art the friend—the tenderest, the only,
With whom, of all, 'twould be despair to part.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming childhood,

Shaping the changeful clouds to pageants rare.

Peopling the smiling vale, and shaded wild-wood,

With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was saying,
While it went whispering thro' the willing leaves,

Bidding me listen to the light rain playing
Its pleasant tune, about the household eaves;
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,
Till its melodious murmur seemed a song,
A tender and sad chant, repeated ever,
A sweet, impassioned plaint of love and wrong!

Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and lonely,

Thou star of promise o'er my clouded path!
Leave not the life, that borrows from thee only
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

Thou, that when others knew not how to love me,

Nor cared to fathom half my yearning soul,
Didst wreath thy flowers of light around,
above me,

To woo and win me from my grief's control.
By all my dreams, the passionate, the holy,
When thou hast sung love's lullaby to me,

II.—52

By all the childlike worship, fond and lowly,
Which I have lavished upon thine and thee.

By all the lays my simple lute was learning,
'To echo from thy voice, stay with me still!
Once flown—alas! for thee there's no return-
ing!

The charm will die o'er valley, wood, and hill.

Tell me not Time, whose wing my brow has shaded,

Has withered spring's sweet bloom within my heart,

Ah, no! the rose of love is yet unfaded,
Tho' hope and joy, its sister flowers, depart.

Well do I know that I have wronged thine altar,

With the light offerings of an idler's mind,
And thus, with shame, my pleading prayer I falter,

Leave me not, spirit! deaf, and dumb, and blind!

Deaf to the mystic harmony of nature,
Blind to the beauty of her stars and flowers.

Leave me not, heavenly yet human teacher,
Lonely and lost in this cold world of ours!
Heaven knows I need thy music and thy beauty

Still to beguile me on my weary way,
To lighten to my soul the cares of duty,
And bless with radiant dreams the darkened day:

To charm my wild heart in the worldly revel;
Lest I, too, join the aimless, false, and vain;
Let me not lower to the soulless level
Of those whom now I pity and disdain!

Leave me not yet!—leave me not cold and pining,

Thou bird of paradise, whose plumes of light,

Where'er they rested, left a glory shining;
Fly not to heaven, or let me share thy flight!"

A prevailing mood of Mrs. Osgood's verse, in its light airy qualities, capable of rendering fugitive shades of emotion, is indicated in one of her occasional poems addressed "To a Dear Little Truant:"

'When are you coming? The flowers have come!
Bees in the balmy air happily hum:
Tenderly, timidly, down in the dell

Sighs the sweet violet, droops the Harebell:
Soft in the wavy grass glistens the dew—
Spring keeps her promises—why do not you?

Up in the air, love, the clouds are at play;
You are more graceful and lovely than they?
Birds in the woods carol all the day long;
When are you coming to join in the song?
Fairer than flowers and purer than dew!
Other sweet things are here—why are not you?

When are you coming? We've welcomed the
Rose!

Every light zephyr, as gaily it goes,
Whispers of other flowers met on its way;
Why has it nothing of you, love, to say?
Why does it tell us of music and dew?
Rose of the South! we are waiting for you!

Do, darling, come to us!—'mid the dark trees,
Like a lute murmurs the musical breeze;
Sometimes the Brook, as it trips by the flowers,
Hushes its warble to listen for yours!
Pure as the Violet, lovely and true!
Spring should have waited till she could bring
you!"

Not unfrequently, however, her poems reflect the sadness of life, but in a Christian spirit of reconciliation; while, in one of her later compositions, she rises in her moral earnestness to a high degree of eloquence. The lines to which we allude, are entitled "Labor:"

"Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on the
pillow,
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming
billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping
willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life current
leaping;
How his strong arm, in its stalwart pride
sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.

Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon
floweth,
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, tho' shame, sin, and anguish are
round thee!

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath
bound thee;

Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!

Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;

Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;

Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy
God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come
o'er us:

Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!

Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;

Never the little seed stops in its growing;

More and more richly the Rose-heart keeps
glowing,

Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

'Labor is worship!'—the robin is singing,

'Labor is worship!'—the wild bee is ringing,

Listen! that eloquent whisper upspringing,

Speaks to thy soul from out nature's great
heart.

From the dark cloud flows the life-giving
shower;

From the rough sod blows the soft breathing
flower,

From the small insect—the rich coral bower,
Only man in the plan shrinks from his
part."

Edgar A. Poe, who was intimate with the author, in one of his literary sketches, has left upon record his critical appreciation of her intellectual powers in their various aspects. Noticing the first volume of her poems, published in London, he speaks of the leading piece, "Elfrida," as "in many respects, well entitled to the appellation 'drama.'" We cite his remarks,

preserving, as characteristic of his style, the italics, in which he has marked favorite lines. "I allude," he writes, "chiefly to the passionate expression of particular portions, to delineation of character, and to occasional scenic effect:—in construction or plot—in general conduct and plausibility, the play fails; comparatively, of course—for the hand of genius is evinced throughout. * * * I cannot speak of Mrs. Osgood's poems without a strong propensity to ring the changes upon the indefinite word 'grace,' and its derivatives. About everything she writes we perceive this indescribable charm—of which, perhaps, the elements are a vivid fancy and a quick sense of the proportionate. Grace, however, may be most satisfactorily defined as 'a term applied, in despair, to that class of the impressions of Beauty which admit of no analysis.' It is in this irresolvable effect that Mrs. Osgood excels any poetess of her country—and it is to this easily appreciable effect that her *popularity* is owing. Nor is she more graceful herself than a lover of the graceful, under whatever guise it is presented to her consideration. The sentiment renders itself manifest, in innumerable instances, as well throughout her prose as her poetry. Whatever be her theme, she at once *extorts* from it its whole essentiality of *grace*. Fanny Ellsler has been often lauded; true poets have sung her praises; but we look in vain for any-

thing written about her, which so distinctly and vividly paints her to the eye as the half dozen quatrains which follow. They are to be found in the English volume:

"She comes!—the spirit of the dance!
And but for those large eloquent eyes,
Where passion speaks in every glance,
She'd seem a wanderer from the skies.

So light that, *gazing breathless there,*
Lest the celestial dream should go,
You'd think the music in the air
Waved the fair vision lo and fro.

Or think the melody's sweet flow
Within the radiant creature played,
And those soft wreathing arms of snow
And white sylph feet the music made.

Now gliding slow with dreamy grace,
Her eyes beneath their lashes lost,
Now motionless, with lifted face,
And small hands on her bosom crossed.

And now with flashing eyes she springs—
Her whole bright figure raised in air,
As if her soul had spread its wings
And poised her one wild instant there!

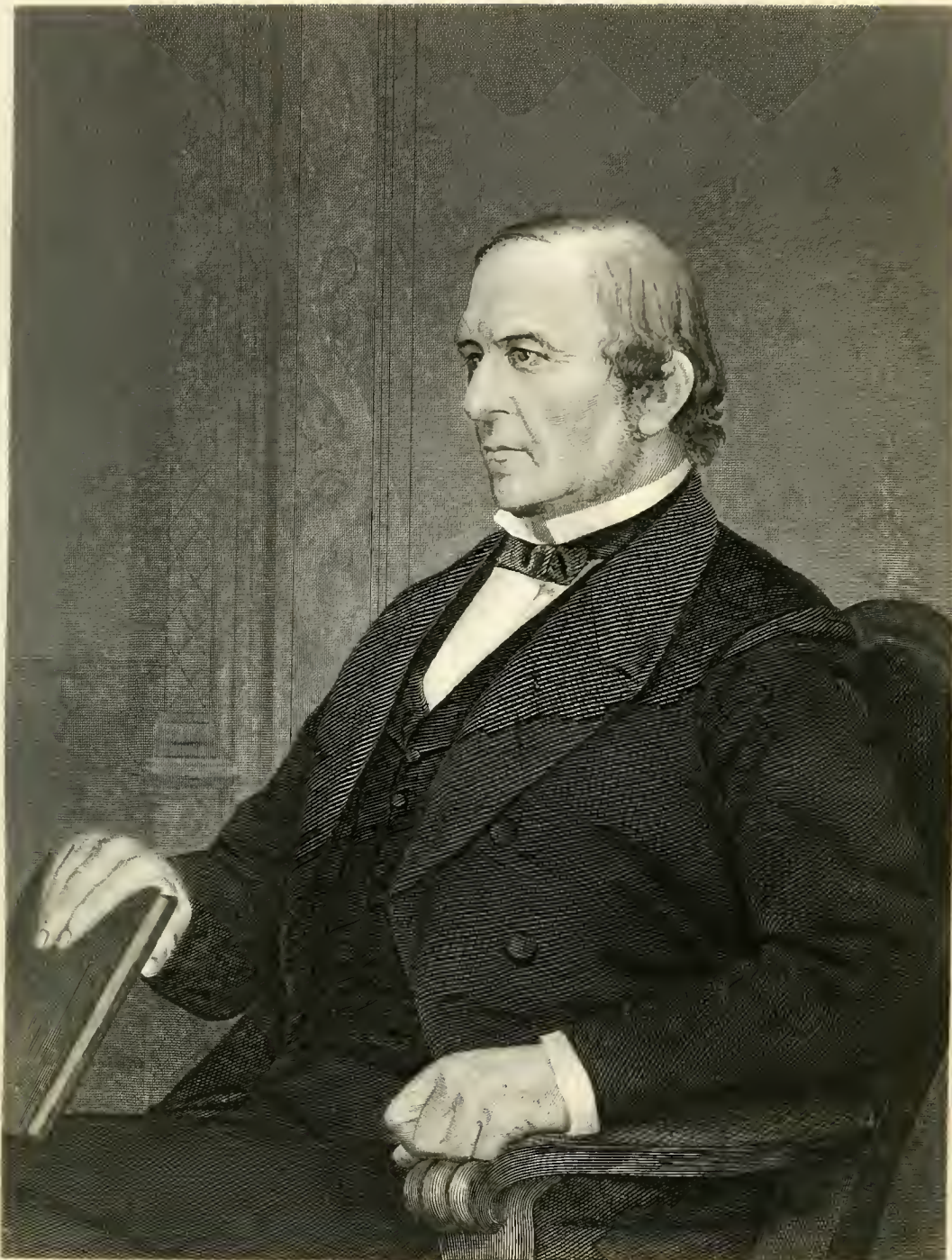
She spoke not—but, so richly fraught,
With language are her glance and smile,
That, when the curtain fell, I thought
She had been talking all the while."

"This is, indeed, poetry—and of the most unquestionable kind—poetry *truthful* in the proper sense—that is to say, breathing of Nature. There is here nothing forced or artificial—no hardly sustained enthusiasm. The poetess speaks because she feels, and *what* she feels; but then what she feels is felt only by the truly poetical."

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

THE family of the English prime minister has been curiously traced through an ancient Scottish ancestry of the middle class to the early part of the sixteenth century. The Gladstones, as the name was then and for some time after spelt, held land in various southern counties of that country. A number of the family were maltsters, in Lanarkshire, amongst them the great-grandfather of William, who ended his days as a small farmer. One of his sons was educated for the ministry, and became rector of the High School of Leith. A second, John Gladstone, settled as a corn merchant in Leith, where his eldest son, John, the father of the premier, was born. He was destined to become quite a distinguished man in trade, and to attain considerable social and political influence. An incident of his early career, leading to his rise in business, is thus related by Mr. Gilchrist: "When John was just of age, he was sent by his father to Liverpool, to sell a cargo of grain which had arrived at that port. He so attracted the attention of a leading corn-merchant there, that the latter earnestly entreated his father to let his son settle at that port.

After sundry negotiations, the result was the formation of the firm of Corrie, Gladstone, and Bradshaw, corn merchants; Mr. Corrie taking the two latter young men into partnership. The firm had hardly existed two years, ere its stability was very sorely tried. There came a general failure of the corn crops throughout Europe. Mr. Corrie at once dispatched his junior partner, Mr. Gladstone, to the United States, to buy grain. John Gladstone was then about twenty-four years of age. Having the needful letters of credit, he started upon a mission of which the parties to it entertained the most sanguine hopes. On reaching America, he found that the corn crops had failed there also, and that there was not a single bushel to be procured. To his dismay, by the next advices which he received from England, he was informed that some twenty-four large vessels had been chartered to bring home the grain which he was supposed to have bought. The situation was most perilous, and it seemed that the prospects of so young a man were fairly shipwrecked. Indeed, when the news became known at Liverpool, it was considered impossible for the



W. E. Gladstone.

house to recover the shock arising from so many vessels returning in ballast, instead of bearing the cargoes which they had been chartered to convey. Corrie and Co. were therefore regarded as a doomed house, and the deepest commiseration was felt for the young absent partner, while the senior was blamed for his precipitancy. But young Gladstone, though strongly impressed with the difficulties of the position in which he found himself, maintained unimpaired his courage and presence of mind. He sought every means by which to lighten, if not to avert the blow. By careful examination of price lists, by ascertaining what procurable products would best suit the English market, he succeeded, without waste of time, in filling the holds of all the vessels. And when all was sold and realized, the net loss on the large transaction of the house hardly exceeded £500.

From that time, we are told, John Gladstone became a marked and prosperous man in the commercial world. The house to which he was attached became the agents of government in Liverpool; the elder partners grew wealthy and retired; John's brother Robert was called in, and five other brothers after a while were settled in Liverpool. "It was about this time," Mr. Gilchrist tells us, "that Mr. Brougham, while going the Northern Circuit, was John Gladstone's guest, and accompanied his host to the Liverpool theatre. The play was *Macbeth*, and Kean played the chief character. When *Macduff* said, 'Stands Scotland where it did?' a Scotchman in the gallery cried out, 'Na, na, sirs; there's pairt

o' Scotland in England noo—there's John Gladstone and his clan." John Gladstone rose in the world with the rapid commercial advancement of Liverpool. He traded to the East and the West Indies, and, being a man of intellectual ability, became a kind of guardian of the political interests of the city. It was partly by his influence that Brougham was defeated there in his famous electioneering contest with Canning. The latter often advised with him on mercantile affairs, and assisted in bringing him into parliament, the Marlborough family providing him with a seat as the representative of their borough of Woodstock. In 1845, he was made a baronet by Sir Robert Peel. He had married in early life Ann Robertson, a lady of Scottish birth, of intellect and accomplishments, a native of Dingwall, in Rosshire, of which town her father had been Provost. There were three sons of this union, of whom William Ewart, the subject of this notice, was the youngest. He was born in Liverpool, on the 29th of December, 1809, and named after William Ewart, one of the leading merchants of Liverpool, and an intimate friend of his father. Early exhibiting a ready capacity for instruction, his education was amply provided for by his parents. He grew up, indeed, under the most favorable influences for the development of talent. The associates of his father were some of the leading conservative statesmen of his time, and the union of political with mercantile ideas in the society about him was well calculated to sharpen his intellect. He was sent to school at Eton, where he was

noted as a student; passing thence to Christ Church College, Oxford; where, graduating in 1831, he achieved the highest distinction both in the classics and mathematics. He became a Fellow of All Souls College, and, in 1834, received his degree of Master of Arts. Among his intimates at Eton and Christ Church were two of the worthiest public men of his time, Mr. Sidney Herbert, afterwards Lord Herbert of Lea, the eminent philanthropist, and Lord Lincoln, afterward Duke of Newcastle.

Marked out for public life by his father's desires and political associations, Mr. Gladstone was early introduced into Parliament, taking his seat in 1833, at the age of twenty-four, as representative of the borough of Newark, by the influence of the Duke of Newcastle. His maiden speech, delivered in July, was in defence of the Established Church in Ireland in support of its Episcopate. Without becoming prominent as a speaker, he was, at the close of 1834, appointed by Sir Robert Peel, on his accession to office and formation of a new cabinet, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and shortly after was made Under-Secretary of the colonial office. He held the position, however, but for a short time, going out with the ministry in its early defeat. He now continued in opposition as a tory member, supporting the measures of the party till the return of Sir Robert Peel to power in 1841, when he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, with a seat at the Privy Council. Previously to this, he had, in 1838, called attention to his

abilities, by his speech in opposition to the humanitarian movement, led by Brougham for the Abolition of Negro Apprenticeship in the West Indies, in which he defended the views of the planters. It was his first published speech of consequence, and was warmly commended by the "Times." The following summary of it is given by Mr. Gilchrist: "The question," he said, "was to the colonists a matter, not of property alone, but of character; and he would prove that they were guiltless of the oppression imputed to them. The report of the committee, of which Mr. Buxton was chairman, and which had continued its sittings to the end of last session, had, with Mr. Buxton's concurrence, negatived the necessity for this change. Perhaps there was no compact in a legal sense, but in a moral one there was. The apprenticeship was a part of the compensation, and the labor due under it had a marketable value, of which it was unjust to deprive the master or his assigns. He deprecated an appeal to mere individual instances. There were cases of abuse, no doubt; but the question was, were the abuses general? To prove that they were not, he would take, point by point, the public reports of magistrates, and even governors. He then, by a variety of citations, proceeded to prove, that on every one of the heads, complaint of the satisfactory cases exceeded, four or five times over, the unsatisfactory ones, and showed an improvement under the system of apprenticeship, of which this may serve as an example, that in British Guiana, where, in the last year of slavery, the number of lashes in-

flicted had been 280,000, the number inflicted, on the average of the years elapsed since the apprenticeship, had been only 684. The flogging of females, under any circumstances, was odious and indefensible; but this motion could not effect that practice; because, when females are flogged, it is not as apprentices, but as disorderly persons—the same punishment being inflicted on free women. He did not shrink from inquiry; but with facts such as those he had proved, he could not help thinking that the state of the apprentices had but little to require the attention of humane persons, while such grievances remained unredressed as the condition of the factory children, and the system of the foreign slave-trade.”

This, of course, was but an incidental subject of discussion in his parliamentary career. One of more importance, representing his Oxford habits of thinking, as well as the acuteness of his intellect, was that set forth in the title of his first book, published in 1838, entitled “The State in its Relations with the Church”—a work written from the High Church, Tory point of view, and which many years afterwards became memorable, when its author, having changed his opinions with the times, took the lead as prime minister, in the overthrow of the Irish Church Establishment, the principle of which he had formerly so resolutely defended. Shortly after its appearance, Mr. Gladstone’s book was reviewed by Macaulay in one of his brilliant critical papers in the “Edinburgh.” The opening sentence of this article indicates the regard in which

the author, as a man of intellect and ideas, was already held by the enlightened scholars and politicians of the time. “The author of this volume is a young man of unblemished character, and of distinguished parliamentary talents, the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor. It would not be at all strange if Mr. Gladstone were one of the most unpopular men in England. But we believe that we do him no more than justice when we say that his abilities and his demeanor have obtained for him the respect and good will of all parties. His first appearance in the character of an author is therefore an interesting event; and it is natural that the gentle wishes of the public should go with him to his trial. We are much pleased, without any reference to the soundness or unsoundness of Mr. Gladstone’s theories, to see a grave and elaborate treatise on an important part of the philosophy of government, proceed from the pen of a young man who is rising to eminence in the House of Commons. * * * That a young politician should, in the intervals afforded by his parliamentary avocations, have constructed and propounded, with much study and mental toil, an original theory on a great problem in politics, is a circumstance which must be considered as highly creditable to him.”

In the “Essay on Church and State,” Mr. Gladstone based his argument for the alliance, on the divine authority

and paramount necessity of Christian obligation, regarding the State as a grand personality accountable as an individual for the highest use and direction of its powers—a theory which has much of nobleness in it, but which, in the modern world, fails in its practical application, from the varied forms of religious belief of its members. The book was accordingly received with different impressions as it was viewed by different parties, the old Tory school favoring its doctrines, and the liberal opposition looking upon it as a visionary theory. The difficulty in the management of religion by the State is to hold the authorities to a consistent system of administration. This is almost impossible in a representative government, subjected to the change or arbitrary control of the people; and consequently we find in England the old Established Church more and more, as time goes on, complaining of the interference of parliament with its interests; with the seeming anomaly of a latitudinarian party in the Church, holding on to the Union for the protection it affords to their liberal doctrines or practices. The defect of the Gladstonian theory is that it cannot be made to work, at least without great laxity of interpretation; and laxity is fatal to its perfection as a theory. America has solved the problem, preserving her character as a religious nation under a hundred years of separation of Church and State; and, though the union may be maintained in England some time longer, in consequence of the complex traditions and policy of the country; the system there, even under Gladstonian rule,

seems rapidly verging to its extinction. It was something, as Macaulay suggested, to have a thinking man in politics. There was life in his book, and where there is life there is apt to be growth. This development of the powers of a subtle and acute thinker has been admirably illustrated in the career of Mr. Gladstone; bringing him out of the ranks of the High Tories by no unphilosophical deductions to his later position as a liberal leader. The business commercial questions which he had early to handle may have had much to do in promoting this change. The position which he held in Sir Robert Peel's cabinet brought him immediately in contact with these affairs, in which he greatly profited by the mercantile experience of his family. He was employed in the revision of the tariff of 1842, in which he exhibited, to the admiration of the public, his indomitable industry and great mastery of details. The following year he succeeded Lord Ripon as President of the Board of Trade. In 1845, he resigned this position on a point of honor and delicacy. Though he had changed his views on the obligations of the State to the Church, and was now ready to sustain the grant to the Roman Catholic Maynooth College, he was not willing to subject himself to the charge of inconsistency by advocating a measure which he might be supposed to favor from self-interest as a necessity of his position in the ministry. But he was not long permitted to remain out of office. In a few months he was called by Sir Robert Peel to the Secretaryship for the Colonies, as the successor

of Lord Stanley. The question of the repeal of the Corn Laws then coming up, though in favor of the measure, Gladstone again showed his sense of honor by resigning his seat for Newark, being reluctant to hold his position in opposition to the strong protectionist views of the Duke of Newcastle, the owner of the borough.

At the general election, shortly after, in August, 1847, he was, with the late Sir Robert Harry Inglis, elected for the University of Oxford. In his address to the electors, he thus spoke of his altered views in reference to the Maynooth question: "However willing I had been upon, and for many years after, my introduction to Parliament, to struggle for the exclusive support of the national religion by the State, and to resist all arguments drawn from certain inherited arrangements in favor of a more relaxed system, I found that scarcely a year passed without the fresh adoption of some measure involving the national recognition, and the national support, of various forms of religion, and in particular that a recent and fresh provision had been made for the propagation from a public chair of Arian or Socinian doctrines. The question remaining for me was, whether, aware of the opposition of the English people, I should set down as equal to nothing, in a matter primarily connected, not with our but with their priesthood, the wishes of the people of Ireland; and whether I should avail myself of the popular feeling in regard to the Roman Catholics for the purpose of enforcing against them a system which we had ceased by common consent to

enforce against Arians—a system, above all, of which I must say that it never can be conformable to policy, to justice, or even to decency, when it has become avowedly partial and one-sided in its application."

Gladstone was now recognized in Parliament as an independent advocate of liberal measures of reform, especially with regard to free trade—a man whom it was impossible to consider a slave to the Conservative party to which he had hitherto been united. The cause of freedom and humanity, it was evident, was to find in him a noble and disinterested supporter. This was shown by his active interference in behalf of certain victims of political oppression in the kingdom of Naples, under the tyrannical rule of its notorious sovereign, Ferdinand II,—King "Bomba" as he was called in the revolutionary times which soon succeeded. Mr. Gladstone had spent the winter of 1850–51 in Naples. "While there," says Mr. Gilchrist, "he was induced to make personal examination into the condition of the political prisoners—victims of the part they had played in the Revolution two years before, and victims of the perfidy of their sovereign, who crowded his prisons with the very best of his subjects. When he had possessed himself of the facts, he issued a pamphlet, which was followed by a second supplementary one, in which he revealed what he had discovered to sympathetic and indignant Christendom. The known character of the writer, as well as the fact that he had not as yet displayed any but Conservative sympathies, gave to his *brochures*

a very high weight and authority. His word was taken—a more obscure man's might have passed unheeded—when he stated, as the result of what he had seen with his own eyes, or what at least he personally vouched for and was prepared to stand by—that the law had been violated by sending men to prison without even the formality of a sham trial; that a former Prime Minister and the majority of a recent Parliament were in prison; that there were in all twenty thousand prisoners for political offences; and that they were chained together two and two. Late in the session of 1851, Sir De Lacy Evans, in his place in Parliament, asked of Lord Palmerston a question, the gist of which was an inquiry into the accuracy of Mr. Gladstone's statements—whether the victims “are suffering refinements of barbarity and cruelty unknown in any other civilized country?” In his reply, Lord Palmerston used these words:—“It has not been deemed a part of the duty of the British Government to make any formal representation to the Government of Naples in a matter that relates entirely to the internal affairs of that country. At the same time I thought it right, seeing that Mr Gladstone—whom I may freely name, though not in his capacity of a Member of Parliament—has done himself, as I think, very great honor by the course he pursued at Naples, and by the course he has followed since; for I think, when you see an English gentleman who goes to pass a winter at Naples, instead of confining himself to those amusements that abound in that city; instead of diving into vol-

canoes and exploring excavated cities—when we see him going to courts of justice, visiting prisons, descending into dungeons, and examining great numbers of the cases of unfortunate victims of illegality and injustice, with a view afterwards to enlist public opinion in the endeavor to remedy these abuses—I think that it is a course that does honor to the person who pursues it.”

Lord Palmerston went on to say that he had sent copies of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet to every English ambassador, with an injunction, that, in the interests of humanity, they should bring them under the notice of the Courts to which they were severally accredited. This statement was most enthusiastically cheered. The importance of these productions of Mr. Gladstone's heart and pen can hardly be exaggerated. They did very much to arouse and intensify the sympathy of all classes of English society for long-suffering Italy. They did not a little to pave the way for what Cavour, Garibaldi, Napoleon, and Bismarck afterwards effected or were the means of effecting.

On the formation of the ministry of Lord Aberdeen, at the close of 1852, Mr. Gladstone was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, a position to which he was naturally invited by his previous experience in matters of finance at the Board of Trade. The speeches on presenting his “Budgets” in this new relation, soon became celebrated by their thoroughness of detail, and the acuteness, boldness, and effectiveness of his recommendations; and many reforms of importance in the

distribution of taxes in England, owe their origin to him. Under Lord Palmerston's ministry, which succeeded to that of Lord Aberdeen, in 1855, Mr. Gladstone, at the commencement, returned to his post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, soon resigning it, however, and for several years continued out of office, till he was restored to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer under Palmerston, in 1859. In this new tenure of office, his course is remembered by his instrumentality in securing the repeal of the paper duty, and the aid which he lent Mr. Cobden in his negotiation of the commercial treaty with France. He remained all this while the representative of the University of Oxford; but his liberal policy had for some time partially alienated him from that exclusive constituency. In the general election of 1865, he was thrown out by that body; but was immediately returned by South Lancashire, which he represented till the election of 1868, when he was defeated, and was successfully put in nomination for Greenwich. He was now the acknowledged leader of the House of Commons, foremost in the work of reform on the liberal side, introducing in 1866 a new measure of Parliamentary Reform, extending the franchise; which, by a small majority on the part of the opposition, caused the defeat of the ministry of Lord John Russell, who had succeeded Palmerston at his death. The measure, however, was adopted by the administration of Lord Derby; and, on the overthrow of that ministry in 1868, Gladstone came into power as the head of the new government. The first great act of his administration

was the pacification of Ireland by a sweeping measure of reform in the reduction of the Irish Church Establishment, which was carried by him in July, 1869. Never were his resources more fully displayed than in the exhaustive acuteness which he brought to this measure. Every objection to his plan was met by him with the minutest statement of its practical working, as he displayed a like business sagacity with that which had distinguished his financial exhibits as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The occasion was one, however, which, in view of his earlier strongly expressed convictions on the conscience of the State, and its obligations to support the established religion of the country, seemed to require from him something in the nature of an apologetic explanation. This he afforded to the public, in a volume memorable in the annals of statesmanship, which he issued on the eve of these parliamentary changes in the status of the Irish church. The book is entitled simply "A Chapter of Autobiography." It was made the subject of a searching analysis of the author's character in the "Quarterly Review.*" "In this pamphlet," says the writer in that article, "Mr. Gladstone has put forth a sort of *apologia pro vitâ suâ*, which, to say the least, is singularly characteristic, and will disappoint both his enemies and his friends. As a psychological revelation, the 'Chapter of Autobiography' is eminently interesting:—as a political justification, it is eminently unsatisfactory. It is not an attempt to reconcile his present conduct in reference

* No. 251, January, 1869.

to the Irish Church with his early well-known, and published opinions as to Church and State; but an admission, candid in the extreme, that the two things are wholly irreconcilable. It will, we think, satisfy every one of what scarcely any one who knows Mr. Gladstone, ever doubted—namely, the honesty and disinterestedness of his retreat from his original position; but it leaves our amazement that a man of his mental powers should ever have intrenched himself in such a position, tenfold greater than before.”

We may trace, also, something of this candor in Mr. Gladstone's treatment of the American question at different periods. During the struggle, in an address delivered while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, before the University of Edinburgh, of which he was Rector—in January, 1862—he reviewed the subject in its relation to British opinion. Claiming that a general feeling of good will toward America existed in England at the outbreak of the rebellion, he asserted as a fact of which there could be no doubt, that when that event occurred, “all the thinking men in the country came to the conclusion, that in the war which had commenced, the party which was apparently the strongest, had committed themselves to an enterprise which would probably prove to be completely beyond their powers. We saw there a military undertaking which, if it was to be successful, would only be the preface and introduction to political difficulties far greater than even the military difficulties of the war itself.” Towards the end of the same year, when the efforts of the South had been

prolonged, though without any gain of material advantage; in fact, were nearing the process of exhaustion, which was to end the rebellion, Mr. Gladstone, in October, in a speech at a banquet at Newcastle, did not hesitate to assert in the most decided manner, while expressing his concern for the welfare of the North, his belief of the final and inevitable dissolution of the Union. “We may,” said he, “have our own opinions about slavery—we may be for the South or against the South, but there is no doubt, I think, about this; Jefferson Davis, and the other leaders of the South, have made an army—they are making, it appears, a navy—and they have made what is more than either, they have made a nation. I cannot say, that I, for one, have viewed with any regret their failure to establish themselves in Maryland. It appears to be too probable, that if they had been able to establish themselves in Maryland, the consequences of the military success in any aggressive movement, would have been that a political party favorable to them would have been formed in that State—that they would have contracted actual or virtual engagements with that political party, and that the existence of these engagements hampering them in their negotiations with the Northern States, might have formed a new obstacle to peace. Gentlemen, from the bottom of our hearts, we should desire that no new obstacle to peace may be formed. We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards effecting their separation from the North. I, for my own part, can-

not but believe that that event is as certain as any event yet future and contingent can be."

The war, in due time, ended, and Mr. Gladstone changed his views of the power and stability of the government at Washington. Nor did he hesitate, when prime minister, to acknowledge his error. Five years after the date of the opinions we have recorded, in a letter to Mr. C. E. Lester, of New York, dated August 8th, 1867, and published with Mr. Gladstone's consent, he thus wrote: "With respect to the opinions I publicly expressed at a period during the war, that the South had virtually succeeded in achieving its independence, I could not be surprised or offended, if the expression of such an opinion at such a time, had been treated in your work much less kindly than the notice I find. I must confess that I was wrong, and took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. 'My sympathies' were then where they had long before been—*with the whole American people*. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and working of the American Union. I had imbibed, conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier, and would be stronger (of course assuming that they would hold together) without the South than with it, and that the negroes would be much nearer emancipation under a Southern government, than under the old system of the Union, which had not, at that date (August, 1862), been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the

whole power of the North at the command of the stockholding interest of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest, that the Union should be kept entire."*

With all his working ability, so often and resolutely applied in the conduct of parliamentary affairs, it might be thought that the time and attention of the political leader were sufficiently employed. But Mr. Gladstone has associated with his political labors a devotion to literature and learning which has given him rank among the foremost scholars of the age. His twin University training in Classics and Mathematics has never been lost sight of by him in either department. To the influence of the latter we may assign much of his exact business faculty; while the former has been abundantly exhibited in his important contributions to the critical study of early Greek history and poetry. His largest work of this character entitled "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" appeared from the University Press of Oxford in three octavo volumes in 1858. It is a series of Essays, learned and philosophical, on well nigh every possible interest or question which may be attached to the great works of Homer. History, Ethnology, Religion, Politics, Domestic Manners, the Relations of War and Peace, Geography, the Laws of Poetry, with the various topics comprehended under them are successively treated, minutely and with a painstaking cau-

* "New York Times," Dec. 28, 1868.

tion for the scholar; with enthusiasm and picturesque illustration to stimulate the attention of the general reader.

A kind of resumé of the "Homeric Studies," with important modifications in the Ethnological and Mythological portions of the inquiry was published by Mr. Gladstone in 1869, the produce of the parliamentary vacations of the two preceding years. This work he entitled "Juventus Mundi; The Gods and Men of the Heroic Age."

In another walk of classic literature, Mr. Gladstone appears as a poet, the author of various translations in verse from the Greek, Latin, German and Italian. Of these the version of the Ode of Horace "To Lydia" has proved a favorite with scholars and the public. It is a picture of a lover's quarrel and reconciliation, which has exercised the talents of many celebrated persons in efforts to render the simplicity and conciseness of the original.

HORACE.

While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck, than mine;
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possess,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blest.

LYDIA.

While thou did'st feel no rival flame,
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded e'en Ilia's Roman fame.

HORACE.

Me now Threïcian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So she, my better life, may live.

LYDIA.

The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face two several deaths with joy,
So Fate but spare my Thurian boy.

HORACE.

What if our ancient love awake,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?

LYDIA.

Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou, rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light bark; yet I
With thee would live, with thee would die.



A. Hanson

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS.

LOUIS ADOLPHE THIERS, the historian and statesman of France, was born at Marseilles, on the 16th of April, 1797. His father was a working locksmith; his mother was of a mercantile family of the town, which had fallen in circumstances, but could boast of having given birth to Joseph and Andre Chenier, the poets of the Revolutionary era. Through the influence of his mother's family, Thiers was admitted, when a boy, to the Lyceum of Marseilles, where he was one of those who received a gratuitous education at the public expense. It was intended that he should proceed from the school to the *École Polytechnique*, in order to be educated for the military service of the empire; but the fall of the empire and the restoration of the Bourbons having put an end to the design, he resolved to become an "avocat," and went to Aix to study jurisprudence. At the college of Aix, he formed an intimate acquaintance, continued in the literary and political associations of after-life, with M. Mignet, the accomplished historical writer. At Aix, young Thiers distinguished himself by his vivacity and talent, and his fondness for economical and historical

studies. A curious story is told of his cleverness while at college. The authorities of the college had offered a prize for the best *éloge* on Vauvenarges, the French moral philosopher, born at Aix, and Thiers had given in an *éloge* which was found to be the best. At that time, however, political feeling ran high among the authorities of the college—some being eager liberals, and others eager royalists; and, it having transpired, before the opening of the sealed packets containing the competitor's names, that the author of the successful *éloge* was the young liberal, M. Thiers, the royalist party among the judges were strong enough to prevent the prize being awarded. No prize was given, and the same subject was prescribed for competition in the following year. That year Thiers again sent in the identical *éloge*, which had, in his opinion, been unfairly treated in the former year. It was pronounced to be second in merit, the prize being awarded to another essay, which had been sent from Paris. It remained to ascertain who was the author of this piece; and greatly to the discomfiture of the judges, when the sealed packet con-

taining the name was opened, it was found that the writer of this *éloge*, also, was M. Thiers, who had resorted to this trick, partly by way of revenge, partly by way of frolic.

His education having been finished, M. Thiers began the practice of an "avocat," but had little success. He then turned his attention to literature, and removed to Paris. His first public appearance as a writer of which we have any mention, was as a newspaper contributor of political and other articles to the "Constitutionnel." While thus, about the age of twenty-six, he was earning a moderate livelihood as a liberal journalist under the Restoration, he was privately engaged in authorship of an ambitious kind. In 1823, he wrote a sketch entitled "The Pyrenees and the South of France during the months of November and December, 1822," of which a translation appeared in English; and about the same time, assisted by information on financial subjects supplied him by M. le Baron Louis, a great authority on such matters, he wrote an account of Law and his schemes, which appeared in a review. But the work which he had prescribed for his leisure, was a "History of the French Revolution." He had diligently gathered documentary materials; and, in order to inform himself on special topics, he made it his business to become acquainted with survivors who had acted special parts in that great crisis. The volume appeared in 1823, and the others were successively published, till the work was completed in ten volumes, in 1830. At first, the work did not attract much attention; but, before it

was concluded, it had produced a powerful sensation. Since that time, there have been many histories of the French Revolution; but, published as the work of M. Thiers was, during the Restoration, the sympathies which it showed with the Revolution, and the boldness with which it endeavored to revive the reputations of the great actors in that extraordinary drama, was something original in French historical literature. The vivacity of the style, and the fulness of detail, have caused it to retain, in the midst of numerous works on its theme, a high place in France and in other countries.

It was the Revolution of 1830, however, that brought M. Thiers into prominence in the active politics of France. There can be no doubt that he contributed powerfully to the preparation for this event. But, in consequence of his "History" and writings as a journalist, he had been for some time before recognized as one of the most active men of the revolutionary party among the French liberals, as distinct from the "Doctrinaire" party, of which the Duc de Broglie, M. de Remusat, and Guizot were leaders. He was on intimate terms with Lafitte, Manuel, Beranger, and Armand Carrel; and when the last of these projected the famous journal called the "National," as an organ of the more revolutionary form of liberalism, he associated Thiers and Mignet with himself for the purpose of carrying it on. It was agreed that the three should be editors in turn, each for a year; and Thiers was chosen editor for the first year. The first number appeared on the 1st of January, 1830, and no journal did more

to damage the cause of the Bourbon legitimacy during the first half of that year. The main idea of the journal, under the management of Thiers, was in the words of the French writers, "war upon royalty, but legal war, constitutional war, war in the name of the charter." In other words, the opinions of M. Thiers were not those of the Republic; and what he desired was something in France that should be equivalent to the Revolution of 1688 in England; that is, that should secure constitutional sovereignty with a change of person. The natural issue of such views was Orleanism; and, accordingly, after the Three days of July, during which the office of the "National" was the head-quarters of the opposition government, M. Thiers had an important share with Lafitte and others, in the arrangements which brought Louis Philippe to the throne. This solution exactly answered his views, which were as adverse to a pure Republic as to legitimacy; he prepared the public mind for it by placards and the like; and it were he who undertook the mission to Neuilly to invite Louis Philippe to assume the government.

M. Thiers was, of course, a prominent man in the new system of things which he had helped to bring about. He first held an office in the French ministry, under his old patron, M. le Baron Louis, and showed such talent in the office, that, when this first cabinet of Louis Philippe resigned, in November, 1830, the minister recommended Thiers as his successor. M. Thiers contented himself with an under-secretaryship in the Lafitte ministry, which

lasted till March, 1831, still making financial administration his specialty, while, as deputy for Aix, he began his career as a parliamentary orator. At first his attempts in this latter character, were not very successful; his extremely diminutive, and even odd appearance operating to his prejudice in the tribune; but very soon he acquired that wonderful volubility, and that power of easy, familiar, anecdotic, and amusing, and yet bold and incisive rhetoric which have characterized his oratory since. On the accession of the Casimir Perier ministry, in March, 1831, M. Thiers went out of office, and had even to contest the election at Aix, with an adherent of the ministry; but very soon he deserted the opposition, and astounded the Chamber by a speech against its policy. The consequence was, on the one hand, that he was appointed chief of the commission on the budget, in whose name he presented the report; and that, on the other hand, he lost his popularity, and was assailed everywhere as a traitor to liberalism. It was at this time that he visited Italy on a political mission, and conceived the idea of writing a history of Florence. On the accession of the Soult ministry, in October, 1832, M. Thiers was established in the Ministry of the Interior, M. Guizot being appointed Minister of Public Instruction, and M. le Duc de Broglie being also in the cabinet. As Minister of the Interior, M. Thiers planned and executed the arrest of the Duchess de Berry. On the subdivision of the Ministry of the Interior, he chose the Ministry of Commerce and Public Works; and, it was while holding this

office, that he declared himself in various important questions affecting the internal politics of France. His interest in the railway system, and in the question of tariff reform, led him to visit England; and the result was that, though he advocated a political alliance with England, he deprecated a commercial alliance, and declared in favor of a protectionist policy. He also favored measures tending to centralization in France. In general politics, the part taken by M. Thiers, was such that he was no longer regarded as a popular liberal, but rather as a decided Orleanist, and therefore Conservative. His hostility to political associations increased his unpopularity with the Republican or advanced liberal party.

In 1834, M. Thiers again became Minister of the Interior, in which capacity he had to direct measures for the suppression of the Lyons insurrection. On the dissolution of the Broglie Ministry, in 1836, he was made President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. He remained at the head of the government for almost six months, when a difference with the King on Spanish affairs led to his resignation. He was again Chief Minister in 1840, and then showed himself, in the conduct of foreign affairs, in favor of a war policy or assertion of the military power of the country. Being soon relieved from office during the latter years of Louis Philippe's reign, his party was one of the elements of the opposition. His leisure was now employed in the composition of his important work, a sequel to his "History of the Revolution," the "History of

the Consulate and Empire," the first volume of which appeared in 1845.

When the Revolution of 1848 came, it found Thiers out of office. His political career, for the moment, seemed quite at an end; but his voice was soon heard as a member of the Constituent, and then of the National Assembly. He opposed by pen and speech the socialist schemes of the day. After the elevation of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, M. Thiers was thought sufficiently in his way, in the contest with the Assembly, to be included in the arrests in the famous *coup d'état* of the night of December 2, 1851. He was seized and sent to the Castle of Vincennes, and subsequently banished the country. He visited Italy, and, after residing in various places, was permitted to return to Paris. He was now for a number of years separated from political affairs, being employed in literary and artistic studies, and in the continuation and completion of his work on "The Consulate and Empire," the twentieth and concluding volume of which was published in 1862. The following year he reappeared in the Chamber of Deputies, as one of the representatives of the city of Paris, and took sides with the opposition in attacking the administration of the finances, the municipal administration of M. Hausmann, in his enormous outlays for the reconstruction of Paris, and the foreign policy of the Emperor. He denounced the conduct of the administration with regard to Rome and Italy, the Mexican Expedition, and the war between Prussia and Austria in 1866. He upbraided the govern-

ment with the loss of its foreign prestige, and repeatedly reproached the Emperor with allowing the union of North Germany to be accomplished without intervening to prevent. When war, however, was declared by Napoleon, in 1870, he opposed it as inopportune; and, in a memorable speech on the eve of this unfortunate act, prophesied its failure.

Its early disasters summoned him again to prominence and activity in the affairs of the nation. On the 17th of August, 1870, a month after the declaration of war, when the armies were in the field, in a speech in the Corps Législatif, he expressed a hope that Paris would, in case of necessity, oppose an invincible resistance to the enemy. For that purpose he said that it would be necessary to make a waste around Paris with the double object of depriving the enemy of sustenance and of causing abundance in the capital by allowing the inhabitants of the surrounding country to take refuge in it with all their produce. Ten days later he was appointed a member of the Paris Defence Committee; and, although he declined to become a member of the Government of National Defence, formed after the downfall of the Empire, he voluntarily undertook the position of negotiator abroad for the purpose of requesting the intervention of the neutral nations in arresting the inroads of Germany. In this capacity he visited London in September, and, after conferences with the premier, Mr. Gladstone, and Earl Granville, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, proceeded to prosecute his mission at the courts of St. Petersburg,

Vienna, and Florence, the last of which cities he left on his return to Tours, on the 18th of October. A few days afterwards, in accordance with the proposal of the four neutral powers, he proceeded as Envoy Extraordinary of the French Republic to Versailles, then the Prussian headquarters; and, having received from the Paris government the completion of the powers with which he had been entrusted by the Delegation at Tours, opened negotiations with Count Bismarck, on the 1st of November, for a twenty-five days' armistice, which should stay the effusion of blood, and should allow France to constitute, through elections freely held, a regular government, with which it would be possible for Prussia to treat in a valid form. The negotiations were broken off on the 6th of November, on the question of the revictualling of the besieged fortresses, and specially of Paris, during the armistice, a concession which was refused by Count Bismarck, in deference to the representations of the Prussian military leaders; and M. Thiers returned to Tours to place himself again at the disposal of the Delegate Government, which, on the 9th of December, removed from Tours to Bordeaux, the former of which towns fell on the 21st of the same month into the hands of the Prussians.

The surrender of Paris, on the 28th of January, 1871, was followed on the evening of the same day by an armistice, which was arranged in order that elections might be held throughout France for a National Assembly, which was to meet at Bordeaux, for the pur-

pose of concluding peace with the German Empire. To this Assembly, M. Thiers, who was only twentieth on the list of members elected by the constituencies of the capital, was returned by one-third of the nation; and this unrivalled popularity, a sign of the universal appreciation of his patriotic endeavors, naturally pointed him out to the Assembly as the future head of the Provisional Government; and one of the first acts of the Chamber, which met for a preliminary sitting on the 12th of February, was to confer that dignity upon him. Two days afterwards, he delivered a speech in the National Assembly, in which he stated that, although appalled at the painful task imposed upon him by the country, he accepted it with obedience, devotion, and love, and with hope in the youth, resources and energy of France. Besides the prerogatives of Chief of the State, he enjoyed the privileges of a deputy, and was allowed to take part in the deliberations of the Assembly whenever he pleased, a privilege which proved subsequently of advantage to the State in completing the arrangements for peace. On the 28th of February, he introduced to the Assembly the treaty of peace, which he had assisted on the 26th to conclude at Versailles, subject to the ratification of the National Assembly, which was voted on the succeeding day by a large majority.

Early in March, 1871, the National Assembly removed to Versailles; on the 18th of that month, Paris fell into the hands of the Communists, who, about the 15th of May, destroyed the house of M. Thiers; and it was only

on the 28th of May that the capital was completely recovered to the Government by the army of MacMahon. The supplementary elections of July gave additional power to the policy of M. Thiers in the Assembly; which, by a law passed by a very large majority, on the 31st of August, prolonged his tenure of office "until it shall have completed its labors," increased his powers, and changed his designation from "Chief of the Executive Power" to that of President of the French Republic. In the discharge of the duties of this office he, as the most important of all measures, directed his efforts to hastening the emancipation of French territory from the occupation of the Germans, secured to them, by the treaty of peace, as a guaranty for the payment of the war indemnity. This he accomplished by new negotiations and a series of loans, anticipating the times of payment. His success in these schemes, especially in the generous reception by the country of his financial measures, proves at once the extraordinary pecuniary resources of France, and its confidence in the general administration of its affairs under his leadership.*

Having, by the financial success of his administration, provided for the large indemnity due to Germany, and thus hastened the period for the final departure of the Emperor's troops from the kingdom, M. Thiers was, in the spring of 1873, engaged in the development of political measures in the Assembly, calculated to consolidate the Republic thus far provisionally adopted, and to the full establishment

* Abridged from the "English Cyclopædia."

of which, under proper constitutional restraints, he was fully pledged. The recent popular elections had been decidedly in favor of the Republic, with a preference in one or two instances for the old radical leaders, which gave alarm or a pretence to the more conservative monarchical party in the Assembly; and, in a test vote in that body, on the 24th of May, M. Thiers was left in a minority. Upon this, he immediately tendered his resignation as President of the Republic; it was promptly accepted, and Marshal MacMahon, a soldier of honorable character, the military hero of Algeria and the wars of the Second Empire, was chosen in his place. With characteristic devotion to the political service of his country, M. Thiers, without delay, took his seat in the Assembly, in the ranks of the Constitutional opposition.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FROM the interesting semi-autobiographical work in which the career of the late Dr. Lyman Beecher is exhibited, with considerable minuteness, we learn that the earliest American ancestors of the family came from England with the celebrated London clergyman, John Davenport, who, with a distinguished body of emigrants, settled at New Haven, in 1638. In this company was Hannah Beecher, the wife of one of the original members of the party, who died on the eve of the sailing of the expedition. Being skilled as a midwife, the services of the widow were thought to be of such importance to the colony, that she was secured to accompany it by the promise of her husband's share in the town plot. She brought with her a son, John, who is simply mentioned in the family history as the parent of Joseph, who married a Pomeroy, "was of great muscular strength, being able to lift a barrel of cider, and drink out of the bung-hole," and left a son, Nathaniel, who, we are told, "was not quite so strong as his father, being only able to lift a barrel of cider into a cart." He was six feet high, and a blacksmith by trade. His anvil, we are told, by Dr. Ly-

man Beecher, "stood on the stump of an old oak-tree, under which Davenport preached the first sermon; just the place for a strong man to strike while the iron was hot, and he hit the nail on the head." He married a Sperry, the granddaughter of a full-blooded Welehman. Their son, David, "was short, like his mother, and could lift a barrel of cider and carry it into the cellar. He was a blacksmith, and worked on the same anvil his father had before him." Besides coming up to the standard of physical strength in the family, in the handling of the cider barrel, he was fond of reading, and an adept in politics, a man of humor and humors, the latter somewhat encouraged by dyspepsia, which he incurred from keeping boarders, and providing a better table than that of his neighbors, for the representatives to the legislature, who lodged with him. He was five times married, his third and "best-loved" wife, Esther Lyman, of Scottish descent, giving birth, in 1775, to the late Dr. Lyman Beecher, one of the paternal family of twelve children, all but four of whom died in infancy. Though a seven months' child, the offspring of a consumptive mother, who



Harriet Beecher Stowe

died only two months after he was born, there was something of the iron of the old race of blacksmiths in his composition, to preserve the puny infant for the good hard work he was destined cheerfully to undertake in the world. Educated at Yale College, under the presidency of the venerable Theodore Dwight, he rendered eminent service as a clergyman in his long pastorate at East Hampton, Long Island, and other parochial charges; in the Presidency of the Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, and in various other relations, up to the time of his death, in Brooklyn, New York, in 1863, in his eighty-eighth year.

Dr. Lyman Beecher was married in 1799, shortly after leaving college, to Roxana Foote, an estimable lady, the descendant of Andrew Ward, a fellow emigrant with Hannah Beecher, under Davenport. The Ward family was represented in the military service of the old French and Revolutionary wars, and the Foote family, to which they became allied by intermarriage, was of equal distinction in the history of the country. The literature of the country certainly owes much to the union of Dr. Beecher with Miss Foote; for, of their numerous family of children, nearly all have been eminent in authorship and professional life. The eldest son, the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, is known as the author of "The Conflict of Ages," and other books; his brother Charles has written several popular works on religious topics of the day; while we have but to mention in this connexion the name of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, to awaken a host of kindred recollections

of his rich and varied activity in the world of letters. The eldest daughter of the family, Catherine Esther Beecher, has also published much of value on topics of domestic interest. Of a younger sister, the most celebrated of all in literature, we have now to speak.

Harriet Beecher, the third daughter and sixth child of Lyman Beecher and Roxana Foote, was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, while her father was settled as pastor in that town, on the 14th of June, 1812. Mrs. Beecher dying when Harriet was not yet four years old, she can have been but little indebted to that parent for the early training of her faculties; but, apart from any hereditary influences transmitted to her at her birth, the child could not fail, as she grew up, to be greatly influenced by the vivid recollections in the family of the many fine and true qualities of her mother. In a letter to her brother Charles, she has herself, with much feeling, recorded some of these impressions. "During all my childhood," says she, "I was constantly hearing her spoken of, and, from one friend or another, some incident or anecdote of her life was constantly being impressed on me. She was one of those strong, restful, yet widely sympathetic natures, in whom all around seemed to find comfort and repose." While her religious affections were strongly developed, she shrank with a genuine feminine reserve from their utterance in public. "She was of such great natural sensitiveness and even timidity, that, in some respects, she never could conform to the standard of what was expected of a pastor's wife. In the weekly female

prayer-meetings, she could never lead the devotions." And her daughter also records how "that at first the house was full of little works of ingenuity, and taste, and skill, which had been wrought by her hand—furniture adorned with painting; pictures of birds and flowers, done with minutest skill; fine embroidery, with every variety of lace and cobweb stitch; exquisite needle-work, which has almost passed out of memory in our day." By these and other traits of refinement and a cultivated taste, of which we have also an idyllic picture in her husband's autobiography, where he sketches her as she appeared among her companions on his first acquaintance with her, we may estimate the value of the memory of such a mother to such a daughter. Long years after these traditions, which doubtless have secretly imparted a grace to many a thoughtful, feeling passage of her writings, were called to mind, and embalmed, as Mrs. Stowe tells us, in her memorable book. "The passage in 'Uncle Tom,'" she says, "where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence, is a simple reproduction of this mother's influence, as it has always been in her family."

When Harriet was about six years old, Dr. Beecher brought his second wife, Harriet Porter, to the home at Litchfield, a lady also of a refined and amiable disposition. Mrs. Stowe describes her as "peculiarly dainty and neat in all her ways and arrangements," seeming at first sight to the children, "so fair, so delicate, so elegant, that we were almost afraid to go near her." She took kindly to her new relations in the home circle, and we find her in

the "Correspondence" published with Dr. Beecher's autobiography, in an account of the family to her sister, in December, 1817, when she comes to Harriet and Henry (the pulpit orator of the Plymouth, born a year or so after Mrs. Stowe), speaking of them as "always hand-in-hand, as lovely children as ever I saw, amiable, affectionate, and very bright." In another letter, in 1819, when Harriet was about seven, we get a second glimpse of the pair, somewhat curious in the light of later results: "Harriet makes just as many wry faces, is just as odd, and loves to be laughed at as much as ever. Henry does not improve much in talking, but speaks very thick." About this time, Harriet was put to the famous Female Academy, kept by Miss Pierce, with the assistance of a Mr. Brace, at Litchfield. Here she continued till the age of twelve. She was now a diligent reader, delighted, we are told, with such works as the novels of Sir. Walter Scott, the "Arabian Nights," and "Don Quixote," when the latter book fell in her way in broken fragments. In 1821, her brother Edward writes, "Harriet reads everything she can lay her hands on, and sews and knits diligently." Novels, as a general thing, were tabooed in the family, but her mother had read to her Miss Edgeworth's 'Frank,' and her father encouraged the children in the reading of "Waverley" and its successors. "Come, George," he would say, among them in the cold wintry nights at Litchfield, "I'll tell you what we'll do to make the evening go off. You and I'll take turns, and see who'll tell the most out of Scott's novels."

In one summer, says Mrs. Stowe, "George and I went through "Ivanhoe seven times, and were both able to recite many of its scenes, from beginning to end, verbatim." Another kindly influence in the household was the introduction of "a fine-toned upright piano, which a fortunate accident had brought within the range of a poor country minister's means. The ark of the covenant was not brought into the tabernacle with more gladness (curiously adds Mrs. Stowe), than this magical instrument into our abode." The father accompanied it on the violin, and her brothers on the flute, so there were many joyful concerts, to which a certain charming young lady boarder contributed a stock of Scotch ballads—altogether a pleasing, genial picture of the minister's home at Litchfield. The attendance of Harriet, meanwhile, at the Academy, was producing the ripest results. Mr. Brace had a rare faculty of teaching through conversation, by calling out the powers of his pupils, and inspiring them with a love for their historical studies. He had, also, a particular faculty in teaching composition, proposing themes, and calling for volunteers outside of the regular divisions of classes, to write upon them. Harriet profited greatly by these opportunities, and became such a proficient in writing, that in her twelfth year, she was appointed one of the writers for the annual exhibition. The question proposed was, "Can the immortality of the soul be proved by the light of nature?" in which she took the negative. "I remember," says she, "the scene, to me so eventful. The hall was crowded

with all the literati of Litchfield. Before them all, our compositions were read aloud. When mine was read, I noticed that father, who was sitting on the right of Mr. Brace, brightened and looked interested, and at the close, I heard him say, 'Who wrote that composition?' 'Your daughter, sir!' was the answer. It was the proudest moment of my life. There was no mistaking father's face when he was pleased; and to have interested *him*, was past all juvenile triumphs."

Harriet's sister Catharine, the oldest of the family being born in 1800, had meantime opened a female seminary at Hartford, which was in successful operation. Thither Harriet was sent as a pupil in her thirteenth year, and subsequently became associated in its management with her sister. When her father, in 1832, removed from Boston to Cincinnati to undertake the charge of a congregation, with the presidency of the newly-founded Lane Theological Seminary at that place, he was accompanied by his daughter Harriet. In a chapter contributed to the Beecher Autobiography, already cited, she gives a spirited and entertaining account of the journey, exhibiting a lively talent in hitting off the passing humors of the scene—such as the public has become familiar with in her numerous character sketches. One passage shows her superiority to the ordinary hack impertinencies of the religious newspapers of the time. "I saw to-day," she writes, at Philadelphia, "a notice about father; setting forth how 'this distinguished brother, with his large family, having torn themselves from the endearing scenes of their

home,' etc. 'were going like Jacob,' etc. —a very scriptural and appropriate flourish. I do hate this way of speaking of Christian people. It is too much after the manner of men, or, as Paul says, speaking 'as a fool.'"

Arrived at Cincinnati the family soon became established at a pleasant rural residence on Walnut Hills, overlooking the city, where the old cheerful home life was renewed; not, however, without disturbances in the outer world, in the theological and anti-slavery discussions which grew up in connexion with the Doctor's western pastorate and presidency. Harriet was here for a time still associated with her sister in the conduct of a school for female instruction. In 1836 she became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Calvin Ellis Stowe, a native of Massachusetts, born in 1802, a scholar of much distinction, who had been called from a professorship in Bowdoin College to the Chair of Biblical Literature in the Lane Theological Seminary. She remained with her husband in Cincinnati till his withdrawal from the institution in 1850. During these years she experienced in the struggle in the college, and in other opportunities of observation, the force of the conflict which was being urged between the hostile elements in the nation of freedom and slavery. It need not be stated on which side, by principles and feeling, she was enlisted.

It was inevitable that a person gifted with the peculiar talents of Mrs. Stowe, surrounded on all sides by intellectual influences, should become an author. Her ability as a writer was early displayed in a series of tales and sketch-

es, a collection of which was published by the Harpers in 1849, with the title of "The May Flower; or, Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims." By these she was known as a lively, accomplished writer, agreeable in style, felicitous in description, and with a turn for humorous characterization. Her pen was frequently employed in the composition of short stories for the periodicals, and she wrote several books for Sunday schools. In 1851, while residing in Brunswick, Maine, where her husband had been called from Cincinnati to the Divinity professorship in Bowdoin College, she contributed to the "National Era," an anti-slavery weekly paper at Washington, the national capital, a sketch of "The Death of Uncle Tom," a negro slave, which excited so much attention that she supplied other portions of the narrative in instalments, from week to week, during nearly a year, till the whole story was completed. It was shortly after published in Boston, from the press of Jewitt & Co., with the title "Uncle Tom's Cabin; or, Life Among the Lowly." Its success was immediate and extraordinary. The pictures of Southern life which it exhibited, its remarkable humorous and descriptive talent, the vivacity of its scenes, its pathetic interest in depicting the fortunes of the slave, its bold romantic adventure, and its warm religious interest, formed a combination which challenged the attention of readers of all classes. It had, too, a special attraction as a timely exhibition, in a vivid dramatic manner, of a long agitated subject, familiar in other forms to the public mind, and con-

nected with the most engrossing interests of the country. Slavery had become the social, religious and political topic of the day. It had been exhausted by orators, declaimers and newspaper editors; and now a new and brilliant light was thrown upon the whole in a most attractive fiction, of breathless interest in the plot, powerful and sympathetic in every page. Within a few months of its publication, one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the work were sold in the United States, and its success abroad was quite as remarkable. The first London edition, published in May, 1852, as we learn from an article in the "Edinburgh Review," was not large, "for the European popularity of a picture of negro life was doubted;" but in the following September, the London publishers furnished to one house ten thousand copies per day for about four weeks, and had to employ a thousand persons in preparing copies to supply the general demand. By the end of the year a million of copies had been sold in England. It was at once translated into most of the languages of Europe. Mr. Allibone, in his "Dictionary of Authors," enumerates nearly forty translations in seventeen different foreign tongues, three or four in French, thirteen or fourteen in German, two in Russian three in the Magyar, and alongside of the Danish, Swedish, Portuguese, Italian, and Polish, the Romaic, Arabic and Armenian. In addition to this it was dramatised in twenty different forms, and acted in the leading cities of Europe and America. The sale of the work in the United States, includ-

ing the German version, has reached, it has been calculated, half a million of copies. In England, in the absence of copyright, it had the advantage of being reproduced in some twenty editions, ranging in price from ten shillings to sixpence a copy. A popular edition of large circulation was illustrated by George Cruikshank. As a vindication of the essential truthfulness of the pictures of slave life in her book, Mrs. Stowe subsequently published a volume entitled "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," a collection of facts on the subject drawn from southern authorities.

In the spring of 1853, in that period of the early brilliant success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe, in company with her husband and her brother, the Rev. Charles Beecher, visited Great Britain. They were received from the moment of their landing at Liverpool with the utmost enthusiasm, not merely with what might be called a popular "ovation" in the phrase of the day, but with the most distinguished attentions on the part of the higher classes and various members of the nobility. After a tour in Scotland, spent in a round of entertainments and visits to celebrated localities, Mrs. Stowe reached London in May, and was emphatically the lion of the season. Lord Shaftesbury and the Duchess of Sutherland were her constant supporters. The large liberal and philanthropic party of the country hailed her as an associate. From London she passed to the Continent, visiting France, Switzerland, and Germany. On her return to America, she published, in 1854, a record of the

tour, in a couple of volumes entitled "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." The book was what its name imparts, not a philosophical or critical estimate of the countries she had visited, but a record of her first impressions, with which, of necessity, were mingled many notices of the personal attentions she had received—for she was everywhere in the hands of her friends. The volumes, indeed, were made up of the off-hand letters she had written from time to time to different members of her family at home. Though somewhat in undress in point of style and arrangement, the "Sunny Memories" is not the least attractive of her writings, exhibiting as it does less of the author than the woman in her impressionable character, a lover of nature and keen appreciator of the enjoyable scenes through which she was passing.

After a second visit to Europe, Mrs. Stowe published, in 1856, a companion to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in "Dred; a Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp," which had a large circulation of more than three hundred thousand copies in England and America. It could hardly be expected to equal its predecessor in interest, for such great successes are seldom repeated; but it was a timely work, and prophetic of the end at hand. "The issues," says the author in the preface, "presented by the great conflict between liberty and slavery do not grow less important from year to year. On the contrary, their interest increases with every step in the development of the national career. Never has there been a crisis in the history of this nation so momentous as the present. If ever a nation was raised

up by Divine Providence, and led forth upon a conspicuous stage, as if for the express purpose of solving a great moral problem in the sight of all mankind, it is this nation!"

Since the production of "Dred," the attention of Mrs. Stowe, as a novelist, has been turned mainly to subjects drawn from New England; the society and manners of which, at different periods, she has painted with force and interest. After her early sketches of this character, which were collected in a new edition in 1855, her next work of this class was "The Minister's Wooing," a tale of Rhode Island life in the last Century; which has been followed at intervals by "The Pearl of Orr's Island: a Story from the Coast of Maine;" "Old Town Folks," with its humorous nondescript village character "Sam Lawson," one of the author's happiest creations, in a rare picture of the social life of New England; to which, as a sequel, has since been added a series, collected in 1871, of "Old Town Fireside Stories." Interpolated with these appeared, in 1862, simultaneously published in the "Atlantic Monthly," and "The Cornhill Magazine," an historical Italian romance, entitled "Agnes of Sorrento."

The hitherto smooth course of Mrs. Stowe's literary successes was somewhat ruffled in 1869, by her publication, in September of that year, of an article in the "Atlantic Monthly" and "Macmillan's Magazine," in London, bearing the title, "The True Story of Lord Byron's Life." In this, the separation of the poet from his wife, about which there had always hung an air of mystery, was assigned to a

charge of incest. The motive for this publication was a defence of the character of the late Lady Byron against aspersions upon her in a recently published book of "Recollections of Lord Byron," by the Countess Guiccioli. The revelation by Mrs. Stowe brought upon her a host of adverse critics; and, to justify herself and Lady Byron, on whose personal communication to herself the charge was based, she published shortly afterward a volume entitled "Lady Byron Vindicated: a History of the Byron Controversy from its beginning in 1816 to the Present Time."

In addition to the volumes we have noticed, Mrs. Stowe is the author of several other works, essays, moral tales, etc., of which we may mention, "Little Foxes, by Christopher Crowfield;" "Pink and White Tyranny;" "My Wife and I; or Harry Henderson's History." She has also written a number of stories for the young: "Palmetto Sketches," a series of chapters descriptive of scenery, climate, and social and industrial life in Florida, where she has a winter residence on the St. John's River, appeared in 1873.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

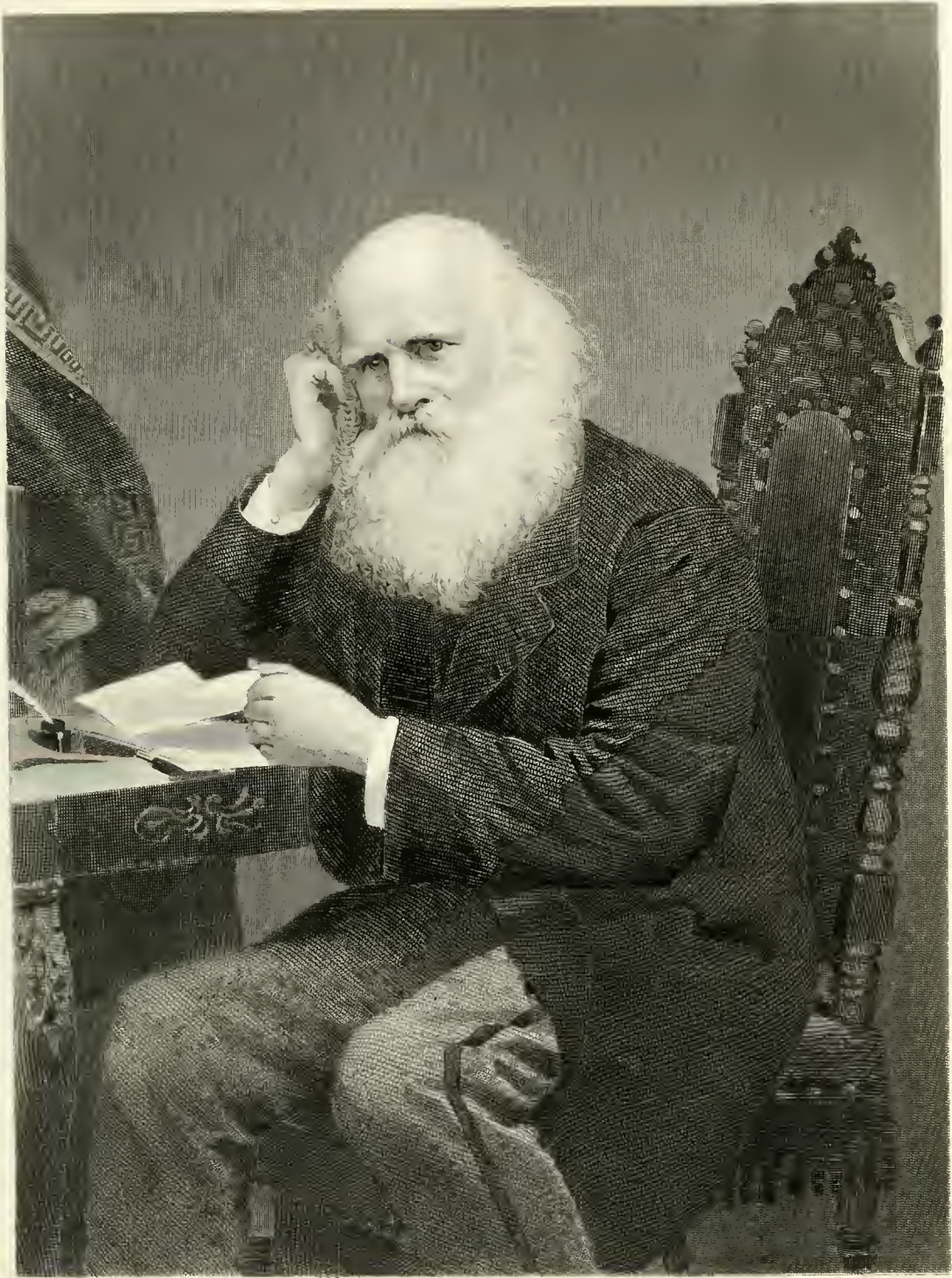
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT was born at Cummington, Hampshire County, Massachusetts, November 3rd, 1794. His father, Dr. Peter Bryant, was a physician whose character and attainments are spoken of with high respect. He was married to a lady "of excellent understanding and high character, remarkable for judgment and decision, as for faithfulness to her domestic duties." Of an active mind, Dr. Bryant was versed in literature and science, and took an honest pride in the culture of his son, who exhibited an early mental development. In one of the poems of the mature man, the "Hymn to Death," written in 1825, after celebrating in a lofty strain, the moral uses of the King of Terrors, the poet turns to a tribute to the memory of his father :

"Alas! I little thought that the stern power
Whose fearful praise I sung, would try me
thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses. Oh, cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,

(442)

Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lessons, taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And, last, thy life. And, therefore, when the
Earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding
eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed
thy skill
Delayed their death hour, shuddered and
turned pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse,
which thou
Shalt not, as won't, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not
think
As of an enemy's, whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead."

In the poem "To the Past," there is another allusion of similar tenor. From these it appears that the son traces much of his taste for literature to the example and encouragement of his parent. His very childhood, indeed, was marked by great precocity. At ten, we are told, he was a contributor of verses to the neighboring "Hampshire Gazette," at Northampton, and judging from those which he published



William Cullen Bryant

a very few years after, they were, doubtless, quite respectable. Besides this home culture, the youth received the instructions at school, of the Rev. Mr. Snell, of Brookfield, and of the Rev. Mr. Hallock, of Plainfield, Mass. He was prepared by their care for Williams' College, which he entered as a sophomore, in his sixteenth year, in 1810. The year previously to this, appeared a thin little pamphlet of poems from his pen, at Boston, entitled "The Embargo; or, Sketches of the Times. A Satire. The second Edition, corrected and enlarged, together with the Spanish Revolution, and other poems." The preface to the leading poem bears date, Cummington, October 25th, 1808, and the rest are dated still earlier. The poems, therefore, were written before the author had completed his fourteenth year, a remarkable instance of early poetical cultivation, when we consider both the subject-matter of the poems and their execution. The "Embargo, a Satire," as its title suggests, was written from the New England Federal point of view, and levelled at that monster, in the eyes of all devout persons in that region—Thomas Jefferson. The young bard mourns the decline of commerce, and deprecates the fate of the country thrown into the arms of France. The picture of the President himself is sufficiently personal, but it is by no means more severe than what older rhymsters, and even grave divines from their pulpits were saying. That a mere boy should put all this feeling of the times into three or four hundred good set verses is something extraordinary. The critics of the excellent "Monthly Anthology,"

a critical journal of the savans at Boston, would not believe the statement of the extreme youth of the writer, and an advertisement or certificate was, in consequence, appended to the second edition vouching for the fact.

At college Mr. Bryant was distinguished, as might have been anticipated by his fondness for the classics. He did not, however, pursue his studies to the close of the course at Williamsburg, but left with an honorable dismissal, with the intention of completing this portion of his education at Yale. From this he was diverted to the immediate study of the law, at first with Judge Howe, of Washington, in his native State, and afterwards with Mr. William Baylies, of Bridgewater. He was, at the age of twenty-one, admitted to the bar, at Plymouth, when he engaged in the practice of the profession for a year, at Plainfield, near his birth-place, and then removed to Great Barrington, in Berkshire. There, in 1821, he was married to Miss Frances Fairechild, a most happy union, worthy a poet's home.

From this brief allusion to Mr. Bryant's law pursuits, we must turn to narrate his history as a poet. In 1816 appeared in the "North American Review," perhaps to this day, the most popularly known of his productions, the lines entitled "Thanatopsis." They were written four years before, when the poet was but eighteen. Their lofty declamation on the solemn theme still finds an echo in the hearts of all readers, and will while life continues to be devoured by death. They are recited by schoolboys, they are found in popular collections, both English

and American; they are heard often from the pulpit, with their wealth of imagination, their noble topics of consolation, and incentive to manly endeavor:

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

We may well believe the story of the fond father, though “a somewhat stern and silent man,” melting into tears at the recital of these verses. Nor does the poem stand alone at this early period, the dawn of the poet’s career. The “Inscription for an Entrance into a Wood” was written the year after, in 1813. It is in the same easy, sonorous, well-modulated, blank verse, and stands as a prelude to many of the author’s subsequent poems, which have drawn a genuine inspiration from that woodland—a real American forest, with all its peculiarities of light and foliage, of rock and rivulet, its rustling leaves, its busy animal life, and the minstrelsy of its winds. The “Lines to a Water-fowl,” an exquisite carving against the clear sky, worthy companionship with the finely-wrought lyrics of ancient Greece, is dated 1816. The author’s longest poem, “The Ages,” was delivered the year of his marriage as a Phi Beta Kappa poem at Harvard. It is written in the Spenserian measure, the recurring rhyme and lengthened line at the close falling on the ear

with an added burden of thought and sentiment, as the poet, in historic review, celebrates the progress of the world in liberty and virtue, and dissipates the doubt so feelingly expressed at the onset, as he contemplates the departure of the virtuous.

“Lest goodness die with them and leave the
coming years.”

The poem is varied by a succession of the most pleasing imagery:—pictures of man and nature; of Greece, of Rome, of mediæval Europe, of our own forest land and rising civilization:

“Thus error’s monstrous shapes from earth are
driven,

They fade, they fly—but truth survives their
flight;

Earth has no shades to quench that beam of
heaven,

Each ray that shone, in early time, to light
The faltering footsteps in the path of right,

Each gleam of clearer brightness shed to aid
In man’s maturer day his bolder sight,

All blended, like the rainbow’s radiant braid,
Pour yet, and still shall pour, the blaze that
cannot fade.”

It is still the burden of the poet’s song, the cause that cannot die, “the blaze that cannot fade.” We may trace the unyielding sentiment in many of his after poems—in that noble strain of eloquence, “The Antiquity of Freedom:”

“O Freedom! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his
slave

When he took off the gyves. 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 armorers, 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."

in the sublime consolation of the "Battle Field:"

"A friendless warfare! lingering long
Through weary day and weary year.
A wild and many-weaponed throng
Hang on thy front, and flank, and rear.

Yet nerve thy spirit to the proof,
And blench not at thy chosen lot.
The timid good may stand aloof,
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;
For with thy side shall dwell at last,
The victory of endurance born.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

—in many of the author's prose writings; in his daily survey, in the journal which he edits, of all that in the providence of Heaven throughout the world ministers to human freedom, virtue, and happiness.

After ten years spent in the practice of the law, having achieved no little distinction by the publication of the first volume of his poems, and become familiar with literary employments, by his contributions to the "Boston Literary Gazette," Mr. Bryant, by the ad-

vice of his friend Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, removed to the city of New York, with the intention of pursuing the career of a man of letters. He at once became associated with Mr. Henry James Anderson, an accomplished scholar, in editing the "New York Review," a monthly publication of much literary merit of those days, which the following year was merged in a similar work entitled "The United States Review and Literary Gazette," which in turn was brought to an end in a brace of volumes in the autumn of 1827. Mr. Bryant wrote many just and forcible reviews for these publications, in maintaining which, he had the assistance, as contributors, of his early friend Mr. Richard H. Dana, Robert C. Sands, and the poet, Halleck. There also appeared many of his poems, as "The Death of the Flowers," "The Disinterred Warrior," "The African Chief," "The Indian Girl's Lament."

At the end of 1826, Mr. Bryant first became connected with the "Evening Post" as a contributor. The following year he was made one of the proprietors, and fairly entered on that career of journalism which, with the exception of an occasional vacation, he has never since intermitted. The "Evening Post," with which he thus became associated, is one of the oldest and most influential newspapers in the city of New York, being founded by the eminent Federalist, William Coleman, in 1801. On his death, which occurred some two or three years after Mr. Bryant's introduction to its columns, William Leggett was employed as assistant editor. His labors on it ceased in 1836, when it was, for a

number of years, conducted solely by Mr. Bryant, assisted a portion of the time by his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, till Mr. John Bigelow became a fellow-proprietor in 1850, so that it is seen to have been under the guidance of men of distinguished ability from the start.

About the time of his introduction to the "Evening Post," Mr. Bryant engaged with his friends Sands, already mentioned, and Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, in the composition of an annual entitled "The Talisman," which was published for three years by a very worthy bookseller of New York, a gentleman of taste and refinement, Mr. Elam Bliss. For this Mr. Bryant wrote poems, sketches, and several stories. He also contributed two prose narratives, "The Skeleton's Cave," and "Medfield," to the "Tales of the Glauber Spa," published by the Harpers, two years after the conclusion of the "Talisman," in 1832.

His remaining literary works consist of various poems written from time to time, and collected at different periods in several editions, two volumes of travelling letters, the fruits of journeys at intervals, from 1834 to 1858, in the Southern States of the Union, the island of Cuba, and in various parts of Europe—Scotland, England, Holland, France, Switzerland, and Spain; and Eulogies, delivered in memory of the artist Thomas Cole, the novelist Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, and Gulian C. Verplanck, with numerous other anniversary and occasional addresses.

All these productions, whether in prose or verse, whether as an editorial

in his newspaper or a staid academical discourse, are distinguished by the same unvarying purity of expression and faithful adjustment of the words to the subject. In this respect, Mr. Bryant stands distinguished among the authors of the day, in thorough mental discipline, strength of perception, and truthfulness in all that he utters. His verse never oversteps the modesty of nature. Whether it paints a bird, a flower, a prairie, or an ocean, it is fidelity itself. There is, perhaps, less surplusage in his writings, than in those of any author who has written so much. Of his published compositions in verse, since his manhood, we know of nothing which could be spared from his collected works. This is a very rare merit, and argues not merely self-knowledge, for that a man may have and fall very far short of perfection, but a concentrated power of mind which is proof of a very high order of genius. Whenever a poem appears from his pen it is sure to possess some peculiar merit—some grace of nature, heightened by art, yet with no taint of affectation; something plain yet refined, like the beauty of the Roman poet's mistress, *simplex munditiis*.

The topics of the poems are of permanent interest, the great emotions of life, its joys, oftener its sorrows, and not seldom its visions of death; the four seasons of the year, with their varieties of association, the voices of birds and rills, and sweet faces of the flowers; the elements of nature—the heavens with the winds and tides; the struggles of man for freedom and happiness; the love of country, the love

of all. They are sentimental, yet the sentiment is so blended with truth and reason, and the outward types of nature, that it never becomes sentimentality. They are sometimes personal, yet the personality is so veiled and associated with universal objects and emotions that it may be as true to your experience as to the writer's. There is one poem in particular of the latter character which reveals a world of heartfelt emotion. It is entitled "The Future Life."

How shall I know thee in the sphere which
keeps

The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were
given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in
heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing
wind,
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy
will

In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the
scroll;

And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the
same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

The part borne by Mr. Bryant in political life is well known. Long attached to the Democratic party, a supporter of its great measures in free trade and finance as they were illustrated by such leaders as Andrew Jackson, Silas Wright, and others, he took the initiative in the formation of the new Republican party, which he has seen grow to strength by his advocacy, as much as that of any man, and which now, in its maturity, recognizes him as its honored guide.

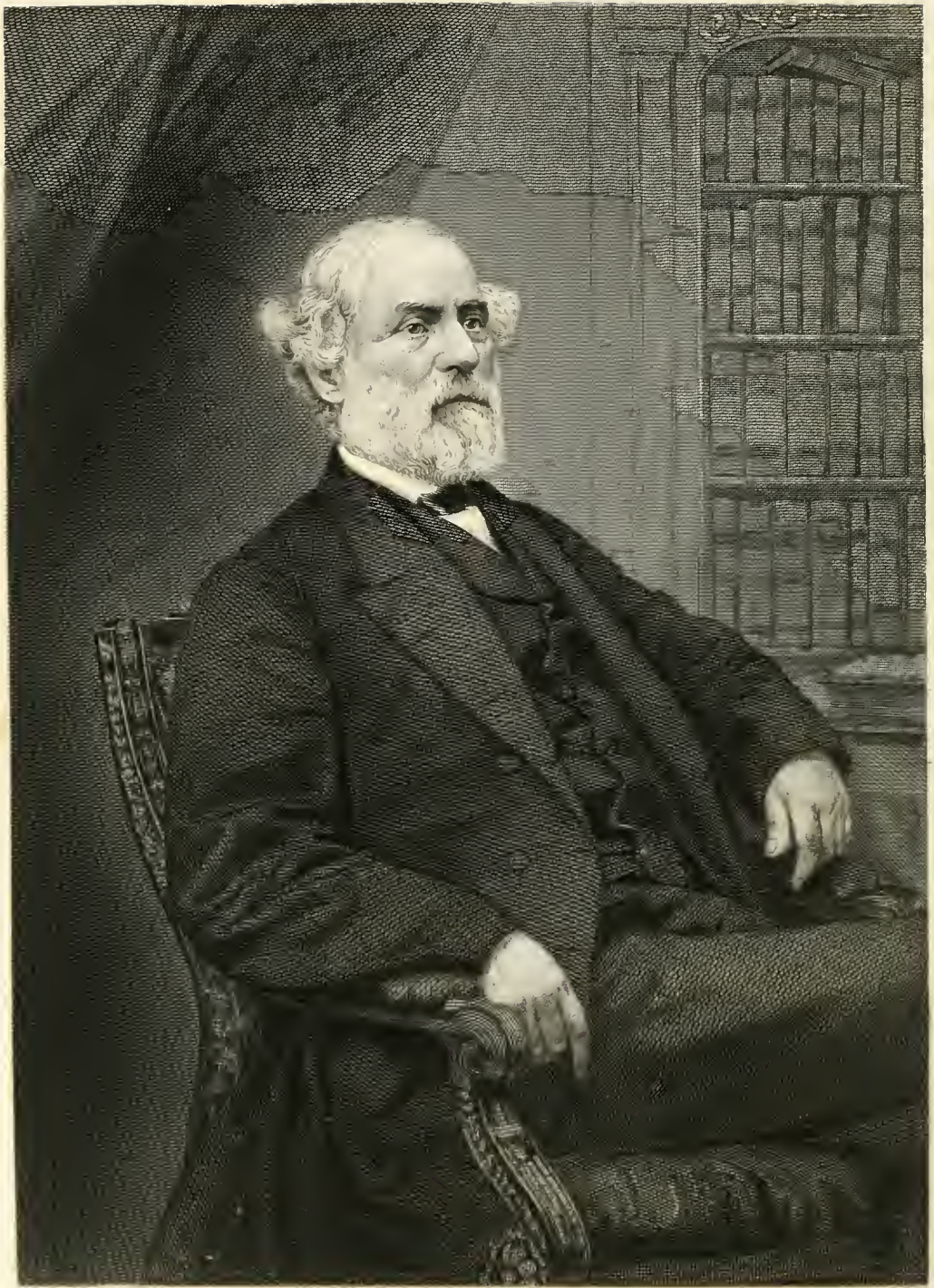
Mr. Bryant's residence, for the greater part of the year, is in the country, at Roslyn, Long Island, on the Sound, a few hours' distant from the city. His house is a plain, rural dwelling of the better class, built by a Quaker settler, toward the close of the last century, with an eye to substantial comfort. It stands—we quote from the description in the "Homes of American Authors," "at the foot of a woody hill, which shelters it on the east, facing Hempstead harbor, to which the flood tide gives the appearance of a lake, bordered to its very edge with trees, through which, at intervals, are seen farm-houses and cottages, and all that brings to mind that beautiful image, 'a smiling land.' The position is well chosen, and it is

enhanced in beauty by a small, artificial pond, collected from the springs with which the hill abounds, and lying between the house and the edge of the harbor, from which it is divided by an irregular embankment, affording room for a plantation of shade-trees and fine shrubbery." Roslyn, the name of the village, was suggested by Mr. Bryant, from an incident recorded in the town annals, that the British troops marched out of Hempstead to the tune of Roslyn Castle. Mr. Bryant has also another rural residence, the old paternal homestead in Berkshire.

In person, Mr. Bryant is tall and rather slender, but vigorous and capable of endurance. In early life he had, we have heard, a tendency to ill health, which has been overcome by care and exercise. He is an early riser, a stout pedestrian, and spite of his editorial labors, lives much in the open air. He is fond of rural pursuits, and is frequently called upon to address horticultural and other agricultural societies. He has also a sincere fondness for art, and may be seen at the annual openings of the exhibitions of the Academy of Design, in New York, one of the most honored and delighted guests. He was one of the Presidents of the American Art Union. In fine, there

which has sprung up in the city in his is no literary or artistical excellence time, which has not benefited by his genial presence, as there are no great questions which have agitated the country, in which he has not taken an influential part.

Advanced some years beyond the three-score and ten allotted to man, he has added to his many services to his country and the literary world, a translation of the grand Epics of Homer, the Iliad and the Odyssey. The latter, finishing this great undertaking, was completed in 1872. It is generally acknowledged that in this work Mr. Bryant has rendered the felicities of the original in an appropriate style of simplicity and refinement unequalled by any of his numerous predecessors who have attempted the task. Choosing blank verse as the best medium of interpretation in the English language; a measure which he has cultivated in its highest perfection, the reader is carried along by him on a smooth current, reflecting in the finest transparency the truth and nature of the original. With a just conception of the author and his age, never violating the essential characteristics of the Homeric poems, the book has the ease and grace of an original composition.



R. E. Lee

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

THE family tree of Lee strikes its root deep in the early ancestry of Virginia. His forefathers are to be traced far back in colonial times, to the reign of Charles I., when Richard Lee, bringing with him a train of followers, settled in the region between the Rappahannock and Potomac. In the Cromwellian era he was Secretary to Governor Berkeley. His descendants for several generations were men of learning and influence in the colony; and when a new era dawned upon the country, his great grandson, Richard Henry Lee, was one of the leading spirits of the time in his advocacy and support of the national cause of independence. Henry Lee, the soldier of the Revolution, the hero of Paulus Hook, Washington's favorite cavalry officer "Light Horse Harry," who repaid the esteem of his friend by his funeral eulogy, proclaiming him before Congress and the world, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"—was the cousin of Richard Henry, and the father of the subject of this notice.

Robert Edward Lee, the fruit of a second marriage of Henry Lee with Anne, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley,

was born at the family seat of Stratford, in 1806. His boyhood was passed in Virginia, its most noticeable incident being the death of his father, in Georgia, in 1818, while returning from a visit to the West Indies in search of health. At the age of eighteen he entered the military academy at West Point as a cadet, pursued there a diligent and unblemished career, and, in 1829, graduated the first in his class, with an appointment in the engineer corps with the usual brevet rank of Second Lieutenant. Being a time of peace, he was for six years employed in engineering work on the military defences of the seaboard. In this period, in 1832, he was married to Miss Custis, of Arlington, in Alexandria County, Virginia, the daughter and heiress of George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted son of General Washington, and son of his wife by her first marriage. By this marriage Lieutenant Lee became possessed of the estate at Arlington, opposite Washington, and of the equally celebrated family seat of the Custis family, the White House, on the banks of the Pamunkey, which was consumed in the course of Gen. McClellan's military

operations before Richmond. In 1836, Lee was promoted First Lieutenant, and in 1838, Captain. Continuing in the engineering corps, he was called into active service in the Mexican war; at first under General Wool, and subsequently with General Scott, with whom he conducted the arduous campaign from Vera Cruz to the capital. Scott constantly in his official reports celebrates the activity and usefulness of Capt. Lee, upon whose judgment and skill he greatly relied in all his military movements. Lee was constantly employed in reconnoissances, and tracing out paths for the progress of the victorious army. In his record of the action at Cerro Gordo, Scott writes: "I am compelled to make special mention of Capt. R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz; was again indefatigable during these operations in reconnoissances as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries, and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy." He was similarly employed with equal honor in the subsequent actions; in the words of Scott "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." In the closing action at Chapultepec, Lee was wounded, and compelled from loss of blood to retire from the field. After the war, Lee, who had by successive promotions become Colonel, was in 1852, and for two subsequent years, Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. In 1855, he was employed as Lieut.-Colonel of a cavalry regiment in Texas, and in 1859 was brought prominently into notice

by his command of the regular troops sent from Washington to suppress the insurrection of the famous John Brown, at Harper's Ferry. When he arrived on the spot, Brown, at bay, was shut up with the prisoners he had taken in one of the buildings on the armory grounds; Lee's dispositions were skilfully made; the prisoners were released and Brown captured.

At the outbreak of the Southern war Col. Lee was with his regiment in Texas. Returning to Virginia he sent in his resignation in April, 1861, immediately after the fall of Sumter. In a letter to Lieutenant-General Scott, dated Arlington on the 20th, he wrote stating that he would have resigned before "but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted all the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed. * * * Save in the defence of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword." To his sister he wrote at the same time "We are now in a state of war which will yield to nothing. The whole South is in a state of revolution, into which Virginia, after a long struggle, has been drawn; and though I recognize no necessity for this state of things, and would have forborne and pleaded to the end for the redress of grievances, real or supposed, yet in my own person I had to meet the question, whether I should take part against my native State. With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army;

and, save in defence of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword." These utterances exhibit in few words the opinions and feelings of Col. Lee at this time. Imbued with the doctrine of State rights, impressed with sympathy for his kindred, unable to extricate himself from what he thought the necessity of his position, he reluctantly bade adieu to the nation from which he had derived all his honors, and accepted the fortunes of a warring section of the country.

Lee was ready to sacrifice his fortune for Virginia, and the State, conscious of his worth, hastened to draw him from his retirement and entrust her welfare to his hands. On the 23d of April he was appointed by Gov. Letcher Major-General of the State forces, and solemnly pledged himself before the Virginia convention, then assembled at Richmond, to the duty assigned to him. He was immediately actively engaged in organizing the bodies of troops which hastened to Virginia as the battleground of the war. When the government of the Southern Confederacy was fully established at Richmond, he received, in July, the rank of Brigadier-General in the Confederate army. His estate at Arlington Heights, where he had at the outset erected fortifications, was now deserted, and in the possession of the Union forces. His first active campaign was in another direction in Western Virginia, whither he was sent as the successor of General Garnett. There, in August, he planned an attack upon the camp of Gen. Reynolds at Cheat Mountain, which failed of

success; when, in September, he proceeded to the relief of Generals Floyd and Wise, then pressed by Gen. Rosecrans in the Kenhawa region. The winter closing in and forbidding further operations for the season in this quarter, Lee was recalled and sent to superintend the military coast defences of South Carolina and Georgia. Early in 1862 he was summoned to Richmond to assist in the defence of the capital, which was presently beleaguered by the great army of McClellan. Gen. Joseph E. Johnson was at that time in command, and directed the first grand attack on the Union army before the city, in the battle of Seven Pines. Being severely wounded and disabled in this engagement, that officer was compelled to retire from active service, and Gen. Lee was on the instant appointed to the chief command of the army.

His active superintendence became at once visible in the much improved condition of the camps and general discipline of the army. It was a critical moment, and whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Lee rose to the emergency, and initiated a series of strategical movements, which in a short time effected the deliverance of Richmond, and the retreat of the army of McClellan. To gain thorough information of the position and resources of his enemy, Gen. Stuart was sent, in the middle of June, on his famous cavalry raid through the outposts and around McClellan's army. This was successfully accomplished, and important information gained, which determined Lee in his plan of attacking his foe to the East of Richmond, on the

north bank of the Chickahominy. For this purpose "Stonewall" Jackson, an officer on whom Lee always placed great reliance, and who never failed him, was called with his command from the Valley, where he confronted Fremont, at Harrisburg. Jackson adroitly brought off his forces, reaching Ashland on the 25th of June, when he was within striking distance of the right wing of McClellan's forces. The next day, in combination with Gen. Hill, he was in action at Mechanicsville; and the following, struck a decided blow in the desperate encounter at Cold Harbor. That night began the full retreat of the army of McClellan to the James, Gen. Lee being on the field and directing operations in the vigorous movements of that week of battles, ending with the Confederate disaster at Malvern Hill.

When McClellan, in August, left the Peninsula, recalled to the Potomac to co-operate with Gen. Pope, then on the line of the Rapidan, Lee, anticipating the new aggressive movement of his enemy, sent forward Jackson with his corps, to arrest his operations. The battle of Cedar Run was fought and followed up by a northern Confederate movement, directed by Lee in person, which culminated in the second battle of Bull Run or Manassas. There was much confusion at this time in the military regulation of the Union forces, and Lee, thinking it a favorable opportunity to carry out a policy eagerly demanded by the South, resolved upon the invasion of Maryland, which was supposed to have a large population ready to serve the Confederate cause. The second battle

of Manassas was fought on the 30th of August. On the 4th of September, Lee crossed the Potomac, with his army in front of Leesburg; and on the 8th issued the following proclamation to the people of Maryland, from his headquarters, near Frederickton: "It is right," said he, "that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves. The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy, the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political and commercial ties, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned, upon no charge, and contrary to all the forms of law. A faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by a venerable and illustrious Marylander, to whom in better days no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the Press and of speech has been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by military commission for what they may dare to speak. Believing that the people of Maryland possess a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government,

the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you to again enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore the independence and sovereignty of your State. In obedience to this wish our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been so unjustly despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned. No restraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed within the limits of this army at least. Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all of you in every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be, and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.”

Maryland, however, did not respond to the call, and Lee was left to his own resources, while McClellan, who was in command of the hastily reorganized Union army, advanced to meet him on the line of the Potomac. Lee planned his campaign skilfully; made an easy conquest of the garrison and stores at Harper's Ferry, but, unable to hold his ground at South Mountain, was again overpowered at Sharpsburg or Antietam in the bloody battle of the 17th of September, from which he retired discomfited, hurrying his forces across the Potomac.

Another campaign followed before the year closed. In November McClellan crossed the Potomac and was pushing southward along the mountain ranges on the east, when he was superseded by Gen. Burnside, who turned his force to the left and confronted Lee, who, in anticipation of his movement, had carried a large portion of his army to Fredericksburg. Here the armies lay opposed to each other till the middle of December, when Burnside sent his forces across the river, and the action known as the battle of Fredericksburg was fought with equal determination on each side. Lee's dispositions were well made, and, seconded by the bravery of his troops, secured the speedy withdrawal of Burnside to his former camp, on the bank of the river. New efforts were now made for the spring campaign, and the war on the Rappahannock was again renewed in April, Lee holding his own position on the southern bank, the Union army under a new commander, General Hooker, confronting him on the north. A passage of the river was again forced at the end of April, 1862; Gen. Hooker by a vigorous flank movement establishing himself at Chancellorsville, to the west of Fredericksburg. Here, in the “Wilderness,” as the desolate range of country was called, in the first days of May was fought the battle of Chancellorsville, memorable for the extraordinary severity of the struggle, the retreat of the Union forces, and the loss to the Confederate ranks of the brave and resolute Southern champion, a soldier whose devotion to arms and to his cause was tinged with fanaticism—Stonewall Jackson.

The fall of Jackson, wounded by his own men, touched Lee deeply. When he heard from Jackson of his disaster, he wrote to him, "could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead;" and when the news of the death of his friend and fellow-soldier came, Lee announced the event to his army: "The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by a decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit lives and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword for his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country."

Once more it was determined by Lee, in the summer of 1863, to make a powerful diversion, if not secure final success, by carrying the war across the Potomac, into the Northern States. The motives which influenced him, are indicated in his report of the campaign which ensued. "The position," says he, "occupied by the enemy opposite Fredericksburg being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah Valley from the troops that had occupied the lower part of it during the Winter and Spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac. It

was thought that the corresponding movement on the part of the enemy, to which those contemplated by us would probably give rise, might offer a fair opportunity to strike a blow at the army therein commanded by General Hooker, and that, in any event, that army would be compelled to leave Virginia, and possibly to draw to its support troops designed to operate against other parts of the country. In this way it was supposed that the enemy's plan of campaign for the summer would be broken up, and part of the season of active operations be consumed in the formation of new combinations and the preparations that they would require."

Accordingly, on the 3d of June, he began the movement of his troops in the direction of Culpepper. A cavalry reconnoissance, ordered by Hooker, brought the opposing forces in contact, and developed the intentions of the enemy. The Lower Valley again became the scene of military operations, and Lee pushed an advanced body of cavalry across the Potomac to Chambersburg. While this was engaged in seizing upon supplies, he himself was moving by the Valley, while Hooker pursued a parallel course to the east of the mountains, coming up in time to guard the lower fords of the Potomac. On the eve of crossing the river, on the 21st, Lee issued his general orders for the regulation of his army "in the enemy's country." Requisitions were to be made upon the local authorities for needed supplies; which, if granted, were to be paid for or receipts given; and if not yielded, to be seized. The corps of Ewell, Longstreet, and Hill now

crossed the river at Williamsport and Shepardstown. Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, and Carlisle, Pennsylvania, were rapidly occupied in succession, and Harrisburg threatened. A force was sent eastward to protect the main column. A portion of the invading army levied a contribution at Gettysburg on the 26th, and York, to the eastward, suffered a similar visitation two days afterwards. Hooker was succeeded in the chief command of the Union army by Meade, who rapidly concentrated his forces. The first of July saw the beginning of what, in truth, was the decisive conflict of the war, at Gettysburg. The march towards this place, says Lee in his official report, "was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known. The leading division of Hill met the enemy in the advance of Gettysburg on the morning of the first of July. Driving back these troops to within a short distance of the town, he there encountered a large force, with which two of his divisions became engaged. Ewell, coming up with two of his divisions by the Heidlersburgh road, joined in the engagement. The enemy was driven through Gettysburg with heavy loss, including about five thousand prisoners and several pieces of artillery. He retreated to a high range of hills south and east of the town. The attack was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of our troops. Orders were sent back to hasten their march; and, in the mean-

time, every effort was made to ascertain the numbers and position of the enemy, and find the most favorable point of attack. It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack. The remainder of Ewell's and Hill's corps having arrived, and two divisions of Longstreet's, our preparations were made accordingly. During the afternoon intelligence was received of the arrival of General Stuart at Carlisle, and he was ordered to march to Gettysburg, and take position on the left."

Continuing his report, the second and third days' battles are thus noticed by Gen. Lee: "The preparations for attack were not completed until the afternoon of the second. The enemy held a high and commanding ridge, along which he had massed a large amount of artillery. General Ewell occupied the left of our line, General Hill the centre, and General Longstreet the right. In front of General Longstreet

the enemy held a position, from which, if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to endeavor to carry this position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack. After a severe struggle, Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of and holding the desired ground. Ewell also carried some of the strong positions which he assailed, and the result was such as to lead to the belief that he would ultimately be able to dislodge the enemy. The battle ceased at dark. These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day. Pickett, with three of his brigades, joined Longstreet the following morning, and our batteries were moved forward to the position gained by him the day before. The general plan of attack was unchanged, except that one division and two brigades of Hill's corps were ordered to support Longstreet. The enemy, in the meantime, had strengthened his line with earthworks. The morning was occupied in necessary preparations, and the battle recommenced in the afternoon of the third, and raged with great violence until sunset. Our troops succeeded in entering the advanced works of the enemy, and getting possession of

some of his batteries ; but our artillery having nearly expended its ammunition, the attacking columns became exposed to the heavy fire of the numerous batteries near the summit of the ridge, and after a most determined and gallant struggle, were compelled to relinquish their advantage and fall back to their original positions, with severe loss."

Such, in Lee's simple statement, was the battle of Gettysburg; the heaviest blow yet suffered by the Confederate army of Virginia. Lee bore the disaster with patient resignation, made the best dispositions for retreat, and succeeded in a disadvantageous march in bringing the remains of his shattered army across the Potomac into Virginia.

Seven months of comparative quiet ensued in Virginia, while new combinations were being effected. Lee fell back with his army to the Rapidan. In October and November there was some sharp fighting with Meade on the old skirmishing grounds of Eastern Virginia, but nothing decisive. In the spring of 1864, Gen. Grant, crowned with western laurels, was appointed Lieutenant-General and Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces. In the beginning of May, he opened the contest in earnest; crossing the Rapidan in the face of Lee's army, and then began in the Wilderness, a series of battles unparalleled during the war, in dogged, hard fighting and loss of life, in which Grant's obstinacy at last prevailed; bringing him by a continued flank movement to the old battle-ground of the Chickahominy, and Lee once more in Richmond. The south side of the James river, before Petersburg, then

became the main field of operations, where, during the summer and autumn of this eventful year, various engagements were fought; the winter succeeded, with manifold conflicts, and yet Lee held Richmond. In February, 1865, destined to be the last year of the war, Lee, in obedience to a universally expressed desire, was created General-in-Chief of the army of the Confederate States. In assuming the command, he said in a general order: "Deeply impressed with the difficulties and responsibilities of the position, and humbly invoking the guidance of Almighty God, I rely for success upon the courage and fortitude of the army, sustained by the patriotism and firmness of the people—confident that their united efforts, under the blessing of Heaven, will secure peace and independence." But the exhausted Confederate cause was past surgery. Not even the skill, prudence and military combinations of Lee could save it. Its strength was effectually broken by the grand march of Sherman in the South; and Grant, at the end of March, was closing in upon the devoted city. Lee made one last effort for Richmond, in an attack on the Union forts before Petersburg, on the 25th; but the valor of his troops was of no avail. Overpowered by numbers and superior resources, he was compelled to evacuate his capital. The Union forces followed on the track of his enfeebled army, and on the 9th of April Lee surrendered to Grant, at Appomattox Court House. He received honorable terms, being paroled with his army. The war was virtually at an end.

On the 10th of April, Lee issued the following farewell address to his

army: "After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard-fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them; but, holding that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would attend the continuation of the contest, I have determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past vigor has endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain there till exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend you His blessing and protection. With an increasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

After this, Lee returned to his home in Richmond, where he passed a few months in retirement; and in October, having taken the amnesty oath required by the government, was installed President of Washington College, at Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia. Avoiding, as far as possible, all public notoriety, he continued in the discharge of the duties of this office during the brief remainder of his life. He died at his home at Lexington, of congestion of the brain, October 12th, 1870.

ELIZA COOK.

THIS lady, the daughter of a respectable English tradesman, was born about the year 1818, and early in life became known to the public by her contributions in verse to various periodicals in London, including the "New Monthly Magazine," the "Metropolitan," and the "Literary Gazette."

In 1840, after her reputation was established, an illustrated edition of her writings was published in London entitled "Melania, and other Poems"—a volume which includes most of the compositions by which she is best known in America. As many of these are of a lyrical character—indeed, it is in that capacity that her genius is chiefly to be recognized—they have become in the hands of favorite singers and reciters "familiar as household words." Foremost among these undoubtedly in point of popularity ranks "The Old Arm Chair," which has touched thousands of hearts by its picture of household affection and piety.

I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it
with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.

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Would ye learn the spell? a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd seat with list'ning ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live.
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed and God for my
guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were
grey;
And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she
died;
And memory flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my
cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

The effect of this and many kindred poems by the author is produced rather by a swelling tide of natural emotion, based upon some simple heartfelt incident, than by the exercise of any con-



Elizabeth

summate literary art. The poems of Miss Cook, indeed, seem always the expression of a happy, healthy nature, prompt to display itself in lyric utterances. Her muse never goes far to seek for a subject; its inspiration is found in the common scenes and thoughts of every-day life, of the daughters and mothers of England. Life and death, patriotic aspirations, religious fervors, the charms of nature; but, above all, the home affections, supply the materials for her apparently spontaneous verse. Whatever she has written has the stamp of a genuine natural enthusiasm, coming warm from the heart. Occasionally, when some romantic incident is unfolded, as in her longer narrative poems "Melaia," and the tale of "Tracy de Vere and Hubert Grey," it will be found that the motive is supplied by some tender outburst of affection, as in the former, the devoted faithfulness of the dog to his owner; and, in the latter, the loving relation between the peasant and the feudal lord. The simple rapid movement in these poems shows a capacity in the author for prolonged narratives, somewhat in the vein of Scott or Byron. The description of the solitude of the desert in the flight of Melaia would do no discredit to the latter in its contrast of emotion.

"The whirling blast, the breaker's dash,
The snapping ropes, the parting crash,
The sweeping waves that boil and lash,
The stunning peal, the hissing flash,
The hasty prayer, the hopeless groan,
The stripling sea-boy's gurgling tone,
Shrieking amid the flood and foam,
The names of mother, love and home;
The jarring clash that wakes the land,
When, blade to blade, and hand to hand,

Unnumber'd voices burst and swell,
In one unceasing war-whoop yell;
The tramp of discord ringing out,
The clamor strife, the victor shout;—
Oh! these are noises any ear
Will dread to meet and quail to hear;
But let the earth or waters pour
The loudest din or wildest roar;
Let Anarchy's broad thunders roll,
And Tumult do its worst to thrill,
There is a *silence* to the soul
More awful, and more startling still.

"To hear our very breath intrude
Upon the boundless solitude,
Where mortal tidings never come,
With busy feet or human hum;
All hush'd above, beneath, around—
No stirring form, no whisper'd sound;—
This is a loneliness that falls
Upon the spirit, and appals
More than the mingled rude alarms
Arising from a world in arms."

Writing almost exclusively for the instant demands of the newspaper or periodical press, Miss Cook has seldom attempted compositions of length. On the other hand, she has not sacrificed her genius to the preparation of merely occasional verses to live and die with the passing topics of the hour. Her verses are generally of permanent interest, touching upon themes such as we have indicated, which never grow old. With what a natural delight she hails the coming of Spring in this animated strain:

"Welcome, all hail to thee!
Welcome, young spring!
Thy sun-ray is bright
On the butterfly's wing.
Beauty shines forth
In the blossom-robed trees;
Perfume floats by
On the soft southern breeze.

"Music, sweet music,
Sounds over the earth;
One glad choral song
Greet the primrose's birth;

The lark soars above,
 With its shrill matin strain;
 The shepherd boy tunes
 His reed pipe on the plain.

“Music, sweet music,
 Cheers meadow and lea;—
 In the song of the blackbird,
 The hum of the bee:
 The loud happy laughter
 Of children at play
 Proclaim how they worship
 Spring’s beautiful day.”

With what glee she celebrates the
 praises of the Horse:

“Behold him free on his native sod
 Looking fit for the sun-god’s ear;
 With a skin as sleek as a maiden’s cheek
 And an eye like the Polar star.”

And how on more than one occasion
 she is inspired by the suggestions of
 the Sea and the Sailor’s life, as in her
 “Song of the Mariners:”

“Choose ye who will earth’s dazzling bowers,
 But the great and glorious sea be ours;
 Give us, give us the dolphin’s home,
 With the speeding keel and splashing foam:
 Right merry are we as the sound bark springs
 On her lonely track like a creature of wings.
 Oh, the mariner’s life is blythe and gay,
 When the sky is fair and the ship on her way.”

Occasionally we meet in the volumes
 of our authoress poems of a more sombre
 character; but even here, as in the
 case of the poem on “The Sexton,” the
 subject is relieved by a certain anima-
 tion in the verse.

“‘Mine is the fame most blazon’d of all;
 Mine is the goodliest trade;
 Never was banner so wide as the pall,
 Nor sceptre so fear’d as the spade.’

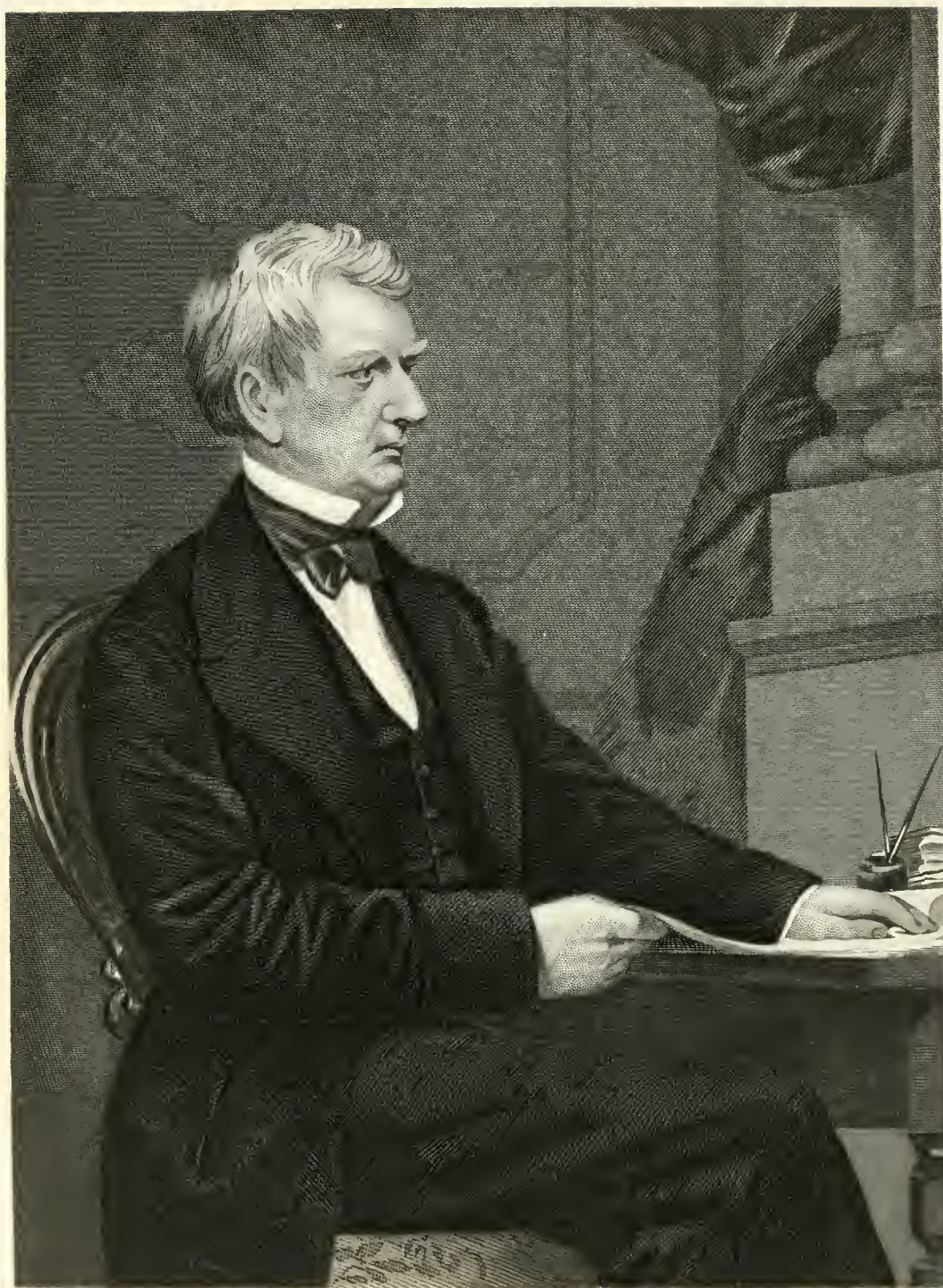
“This is the lay of the sexton grey—
 King of the churchyard he—
 While the mournful knell of the tolling bell
 Chimes in with his burden of glee.

* * * * *

“He digs the grave, and his chaunt will break
 As he gains a fathom deep—
 ‘Whoever lies in the bed I make
 I warrant will soundly sleep.’

“He piles the sod, he raises the stone,
 He clips the cypress tree;
 But whate’er his task, ’tis plied alone—
 No fellowship holds he.”

To the “Dispatch,” originally estab-
 lished as a sporting paper by Mr. Bell,
 in London, and which, by the vigor of
 its political articles, attained a large
 circulation, Miss Cook was a frequent
 contributor, furnishing, for a considera-
 ble part of the time, a poem weekly be-
 tween the years 1836 and 1850. In
 1849, she established a paper of her
 own, entitled “Eliza Cook’s Journal,”
 which was continued weekly till 1854,
 when it was given up in consequence
 of her failing health. A volume of
 selections from her papers in this per-
 iodical, entitled “Jottings from my
 Journal,” was published by Routledge
 in 1860. This gathering of articles on
 topics of every-day life and manners is
 of a light, amusing, yet useful and
 practical character, and shows the au-
 thoress to be as clever in prose as in
 poetry. Various other volumes have
 proceeded from her pen, chiefly collec-
 tions of her Poems; a Christmas vol-
 ume in 1860, and “New Echoes and
 Other Poems” in 1864. In this latter
 year her name was placed on the liter-
 ary pension list of the English govern-
 ment.



William Howard

WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD.

THE family of this eminent statesman is traced to a Welsh ancestor, who came to Connecticut in the reign of Queen Anne. A branch of this parent stock removed to New Jersey, where, during the War of the Revolution, Colonel John Seward, the grandfather of the subject of this notice, sustained the character of a zealous patriot, and supporter of the army of Washington. His son, Samuel S. Seward, received a liberal education, studied medicine; and, marrying Mary Jennings, the daughter of Isaac Jennings, of Goshen, New York, removed in 1795, to Florida, a village in the town of Warwick, Orange County, in that State; where, we are told, he "combined a large mercantile business with an extensive range of professional practice, both of which he carried on successfully for the space of twenty years, when he retired from active business and devoted himself to the cultivation of the estate, of which, by constant industry and economy, he became the owner." Dr. Seward, an active member of the Republican party of his day, held several offices of public trust, as a member of the legislature, and was, for many years, first judge of

his county. His public spirit was shown in his endowment of a high school or seminary at Florida which was named after him, the Seward Institute. He died at an advanced age in 1849, having survived his wife a few years.

Of this parentage William Henry Seward was born, at the family dwelling, in Florida, May 16th, 1801. A precocious student, and lover of learning in his childhood, he attended such schools as the neighborhood afforded until the age of nine, when he was sent to Farmer's Hall Academy at Goshen, where he pursued his studies, and at an academy afterwards established in Florida, until his fifteenth year, when his proficiency was such that, on presenting himself for admission to Union College, Schenectady, he was found qualified for admission to the Junior Class, though on account of his youth he entered the Sophomore. His college career was marked by great industry and ability. His favorite studies, we are told by his biographer, were rhetoric, moral philosophy, and the ancient classics. It was his custom to rise at four o'clock in the morning and prepare all the lessons of the day, while at night he occupied his leisure with gene-

ral reading and literary compositions for declamation or debate in society meetings for which he had early displayed a great aptitude. While in the Senior Class, in his eighteenth year, he was almost a year from the college, six months of which were passed as a teacher in the State of Georgia. The opinions on the subject of slavery which, in so marked a manner, governed his political career, are said to have had their origin or been greatly strengthened by his experience at this time. Returning to college, he graduated with distinguished eclat. The subject of his commencement oration, "The Integrity of the American Union," proved, though in an unexpected manner, significant of his career.

Mr. Seward now applied himself to the study of the law, in which he had the guidance of three eminent counselors of the State, John Anthon, John Duer, and Ogden Hoffman. He was admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court, at Utica, in 1822, and early in the following year took up his residence in Auburn, where he was associated in business with an eminent member of the profession, Elijah Miller, then first judge of Cayuga County, whose daughter he married in 1824. Devoting himself assiduously to his profession, the debating talent of Mr. Seward, and his ability as a public speaker, displayed in numerous popular addresses, naturally drew him into political life. Opposed to the Albany Regency, the Democratic organization which was then all-powerful in the State, he entered upon a career of opposition which in due time led to his leadership of the new Whig party. In 1830, he was

elected a member of the State Senate, being, it is said, the youngest member that up to that time had entered that body. He now became prominently known by his support of the policy of internal improvement, his advocacy of the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and other liberal measures. In 1833, he visited England and France, and other portions of the continent of Europe, sending home a series of descriptive letters which were afterward published in the "Albany Evening Journal." In 1834, he was a candidate for Governor of the State, but lost the election. Nominated a second time in 1838, the Whig party, for the first time being now in the ascendant, he was chosen by a majority exceeding ten thousand. Again elected in 1840, at the expiration of his second term, he declined a renomination, and retired from the office. The four years which he thus passed in this important position were marked by unwearied mental activity, and diligence in discharge of the duties of the office. Besides his furtherance of the system of internal improvements now so rapidly developing the fortunes of the State, he was prominently interested in a new and more popular organization of the public schools, which in its operation upon the existing system in the city of New York, being thought to favor certain claims of the Roman Catholics, gave rise to no little opposition on the part of the so-called Protestant interest. In the complicated questions of international law growing out of the McLeod case, he sustained the rights of the country and the State. On his retirement from the office of Governor, Mr.

Seward resumed the practice of the law at Auburn, from which he was called in 1849, by his election to the United States Senate. In this new sphere of duty he acted on a larger theatre the character for usefulness which he had established as State Governor, advocating all means of increasing the resources of the country, opening the public lands to settlers, promoting the Pacific Railroad, and other national internal improvements; while he kept steadily in view the great principles of freedom with which his public life was identified.

It was the period of renewed agitation of the relations of the Government to slavery, growing out of the acquisition of territory in the recent war with Mexico. To guard the vast territory of the West, now stretching to the Pacific, from the encroachments of the slave power, was the work of the political leaders of the country—prominent among whom was Mr. Seward—pledged to the support of a national policy of freedom. The debates on the admission of California gave the new Senator an opportunity to display his peculiar powers. In his able philosophical speech on that occasion, delivered March 11th, 1850, he employed a phrase, *The Higher Law*, which was taken hold of by his opponents, who endeavored to fasten it as a term of reproach upon his party, as if it had been uttered in opposition to the legal claims of the Constitution. It was, in fact, brought forward by him in support of his interpretation of that instrument. Speaking of the power of Congress over the territories, "The Constitution," said he, "regulates our

stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defence, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a Higher Law than the Constitution, which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the universe. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure in the highest attainable degree their happiness." The statesmen who create the popular watchwords are invariably thinkers, of philosophic perceptions and powers; and, like all philosophers of fertile minds, accustomed to affairs where energy is demanded, their genius has a tendency to express itself in epigrammatic form. Calhoun was a speaker of this stamp, John Randolph another; and Mr. Seward, whether in speaking or writing, was constantly making points which are remembered. Seldom have two words had a profounder signification or been more portentous as a warning of the future than the simple phrase "irrepressible conflict" which he introduced in a speech at Rochester, New York, during the Congressional elections of 1858. He had now, through the administrations of Presidents Fillmore, Pierce, and the first half of Mr. Buchanan's term of office, in opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in the passage of the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, to the attempt to force the Lecompton Constitution upon Kansas, in the Senate and out of it, opposed every measure favoring the extension of the slave power over the virgin free soil of the

nation, and he on this occasion reminded the country anew of the war of principles upon which it had, of necessity, entered. "Hitherto," said he, in words whose prophetic force he himself probably did not then fully anticipate, "the two systems (slave and free labor) have existed in different States, but side by side, within the American Union. This has happened because the Union is a confederation of States. But in another aspect the United States constitute only one nation. Increase of population, which is filling the States out to their very borders, together with a new and extended net-work of railroads and other avenues, and an internal commerce which daily becomes more intimate, are rapidly bringing the States into a higher and more perfect social unity, or consolidation. Thus these antagonistic systems are continually coming into closer contact; and collision results.

"Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slave-holding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation." That nothing revolutionary, of the character of the civil war afterwards brought about, was at this time favored or even imagined by the speaker, we may infer from the qualification which he added, expressly to guard against misapprehension. "If," said he, "these States are to again become universally

slave-holding, I do not pretend to say with what violations of the Constitution that end shall be accomplished. On the other hand, while I do confidently believe and hope that my country will yet become a land of universal freedom, I do not expect that it will be made so otherwise than through the action of the several States coöperating with the federal government, and all acting in strict conformity with their respective Constitutions."

Previous to the close of his second senatorial term, Mr. Seward, in 1859, paid a second visit to Europe, extending his tour to Egypt and the Holy Land. He was now looked upon as a prominent candidate of the new Republican party for the Presidency, as indeed, he had been regarded by many at the previous election. He had then given his support to Fremont, as he had to Scott in 1852. In 1860, he was supported at the nominating Convention by the delegates of New York, Massachusetts, and six other States, receiving on the first ballot more votes than Mr. Lincoln. Promptly accepting the choice of the latter, he entered heartily into the campaign, making numerous speeches, and when the election was gained, was called to the foremost place in the new cabinet as Secretary of State. His unwearied diplomatic activity in his correspondence with foreign nations, bringing into effective use all the resources of his cultivated mind, his ready, fluent style, his mental ingenuity, the spring and elasticity with which he maintained the integrity of his country, are matters of the history of to-day. Nor less were his services at this time conspicuous in his judicious

treatment of the difficult public question known as the "Trent Difficulty." Anticipating by his prompt action the unseemly exasperating demand of Great Britain for the surrender of the captured Mason and Slidell, the envoys of the Southern Confederacy, by his preliminary dispatch he, in the words of Mr. Adams, "saved the dignity of the country," and, in its not improbable consequences, "the unity of the nation." "It was," continues Mr. Adams, "like the fable of the Roman Curtius, who leaped into the abyss which could have been closed in no other way."

After holding the Secretaryship of State through the first term of President Lincoln, he was reappointed to the office in his second administration. In the early days of this period at Washington, he was seriously injured by being thrown from his carriage while riding out; and, while suffering from this accident, he was assailed and desperately wounded in his bed-chamber, on the night of the President's assassination, by one of the conspirators bent upon taking his life. His illness was greatly prolonged by this attack, the scars of which deeply marked his person. On his recovery, he resumed his seat as Secretary of State, under the new administration of President Johnson, and continued with it in that capacity to its close. The leading features of his foreign diplomacy, at this period, were the maintenance of the claims upon England for the injuries suffered by American commerce during the war; opposition to the French intervention in

Mexico; the negotiation of naturalization treaties with several of the European powers, and the purchase of Alaska from Russia. He then returned in broken health to his old home at Auburn, but did not long remain there. Warned of the insidious approaches of paralysis, and conscious that his life could be preserved only by a career of personal activity, he entered upon an extended course of foreign travel, embracing a tour of the world. Traversing Mexico and the western region of California, he crossed the Pacific to Japan, visited China and India, and pursued the overland route by Egypt, through Central Europe to England, receiving at every stage of his journey the most distinguished attentions. Returning to his old residence, he became engaged in the preparation of the account of his travels, since given to the public by his daughter; and it was while this work, nearly completed, was going through the press that, on the 11th of October, 1872, after a short previous accession of illness, he expired at his home at Auburn. Every mark of public respect by the Nation, his State, and his numerous distinguished friends, was paid to his memory in the services and tributes attending his funeral. The Legislature of New York, in April of the following year, prolonged these ceremonial offerings by a special memorial service at Albany, when, by invitation, an elaborate address was delivered by the Hon. Charles Francis Adams—a generous and eloquent tribute to the career of the departed Statesman.

ALEXANDER II., OF RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER II., Emperor of Russia, styled also Czar and Autocrat of All the Russias, is the son of the late Emperor Nicholas I. and Frederica Louisa, eldest daughter of Frederick William III., King of Prussia. He was born on the 29th of April, 1818, in the reign of his uncle, Alexander I. His father, Nicholas, came to the throne on the death of that sovereign, in 1829; the elder brother, Constantine, by a family arrangement, being set aside in the succession. This led to a military insurrection at the very outset of the new reign, which was suppressed with great vigor by the Emperor Nicholas, and doubtless influenced the stern policy which subsequently characterized his administration. His son, Alexander, the next heir to the empire, was educated from his childhood with a view to that high destiny. He is said to have been disposed rather to civil than military life; at least to have felt the irksomeness of the warlike training and discipline to which he was subjected. But, with a Russian sovereign, a military education is a necessity, and no one could set a higher value upon the army as an instrument of power than the Czar Nich-

olas. He personally superintended his son's military studies; and when the latter, at the age of sixteen, was declared of age, he was promoted to high office in the army, and made aide-de-camp to the Emperor. The state of his health causing some uneasiness, he was sent to visit the German courts; and, in 1841, was married to the Princess Wilhelmine Auguste Sophie Maria, daughter of Ludwig II., Grand Duke of Hesse; who, before her marriage, adopted the Greek faith and received the name of Maria Alexandrowna. The Prince was now sent as Governor to Finland, where he carried out, as far as practicable, his father's directions for the "Russification" of the province. In 1850, he made a tour of inspection through Mid-Russia, the Crimea, Circassia, and other Russian provinces, and on his return was decorated with the order of St. George.

In 1853 commenced the series of measures of interference on the part of the Czar Nicholas with the interior administration of Turkey, which led immediately to the declaration, by the Sultan, of war with Russia. France and England were soon involved in



Chwocanoff
Emperor Alexander 2nd of Russia

the struggle; the war was transferred to the Crimea; and, in the midst of its gigantic efforts, when the military resources of Russia were tried to the uttermost, the Czar Nicholas was suddenly taken ill and died on the 2d of March, 1855, in his palace at St. Petersburg. One of his last acts was to summon his children to his bedside, and enjoin upon them allegiance and fidelity to their brother Alexander on his accession to the sovereignty. There had been some ill feeling between the latter and his younger brother Constantine, which had been exhibited in mutual acts of hostility; but any differences, if they still existed, were now merged in considerations for the paramount welfare of the nation. Immediately on the death of his father, Alexander was, without opposition, proclaimed Emperor. The following proclamation was issued by him the same day: "In His impenetrable ways it has pleased God to strike us all with a blow as terrible as it was unexpected. Following a brief and serious illness, which at the close was developed with an unheard of rapidity, our much-loved father, the Emperor Nicholas Paviovitch, has departed life this day, the 18th of February (March 2). No language can express our grief—which will also be the grief of our faithful subjects. Submitting with resignation to the impenetrable designs of Divine Providence, we seek consolation but in Him, and wait from Him alone the necessary aid to enable us to sustain the burdens which it has pleased Him to impose upon us. Even as the much-loved father, whom we mourn, consecrated all his efforts, every mo-

ment of his life, to the labors and to the cares called for by the well-being of his subjects—we, at this hour, so painful, but also so grave and so solemn, in ascending our hereditary throne of the Empire of Russia, as well as of the Kingdom of Poland, and of the Grand Duchy of Finland, which are inseparable from it, take, in the face of the invisible and ever-present God, the sacred pledge never to have any other end but the prosperity of our country. May Providence, who has called us to this high mission, so aid us that, guided and protected by Him, we may be able to strengthen Russia in the highest degree of power and glory; that by us may be accomplished the views and the desires of our illustrious predecessors, Peter, Catharine, Alexander, the much-loved, and our august father of imperishable memory. By their well-proved zeal, by their prayers ardently united with ours before the altars of the Most High, our dear subjects will come to our aid. We invite them to do so, commanding them to take at the same time the oath of fidelity both to us and to our heir, his Imperial Highness Cesarévitch Grand Duke Nicholas Alexandrovitch."

In agreement with these declarations, the war in which the nation was involved was prosecuted by the new sovereign with vigor; but, under the combined efforts of the allied powers, it was already hastening to its close, and was virtually terminated by the fall of Sebastopol in September of the same year. The treaty of peace was signed at Paris in March, 1856.

The Emperor, thus freed from an

oppressive and exhaustive conflict, precipitated upon the nation by the iron will of his predecessor, now turned his attention to the development of the internal resources of the country by an assiduous cultivation of the arts of peace. Reforms of all kinds were set on foot, in the reduction and reorganization of the army, in the system of administration, the amelioration of the criminal laws and improvement of the administration, the promotion of education, the construction of roads and railways, and generally in measures affecting the social and material progress and elevation of the people. Representative institutions for local government of a limited character in departmental and general councils were granted. The censorship of the press was greatly relieved. Scientific studies and pursuits were generously encouraged. Above all, the emancipation of the Serfs was resolved upon—a measure which, more than any other, will signalize the Emperor's reign in history. The history of this great act of national reform is thus given in the "English Cyclopædia," to which we are indebted for this general summary of the events of Alexander's career.

"A Ukase of March the 3d, 1861, declared the serfs of both classes—those who as peasants held a certain portion of land, for which they gave in return a fixed amount of labor; and those who, having no land, were virtually the property of the nobles and landowners—to be personally and civilly free. Both classes of serfs, in number about twenty-three millions, were entirely subject to their lords, without whose permission they could

not quit their homes or enter upon any new occupation, and by whom they could be punished, and even flogged, if disobedient. By the new decree they were removed from the jurisdiction of the proprietor, and admitted to the same rights, and made amenable to the same laws as their fellow-subjects. Regulations were laid down for the grants of land to the emancipated serfs, and their payment by labor, or under certain conditions by means of a government loan, and a period of transition was allowed to proprietors and serfs till 1870, when there would be entire freedom. The adoption and resolute accomplishment of so complete a scheme, in the face of all opposition and difficulty, afford the strongest proof of the Emperor's force of will and persistency of purpose. From the first it was opposed by the whole body of the nobles, by the old Russian party, and family and government traditions. But the Emperor refused to postpone, and was hardly brought to modify, his original decree. The nobles believed that it was put forth with the view to subvert their power, and for a time it seemed as though there would be a grave conflict. At an assembly of nobles, held in January, 1862, it was formally moved to take into consideration a resolution calling upon the Emperor to abdicate in favor of his eldest son, and the motion was only lost by a majority of 18, the votes being 165 for and 183 against it. This was a symptom of disaffection not to be overlooked. Stringent measures were adopted for the security of the Emperor's person and the safety of the seat of gov-

ernment, and military precautions were taken against any outbreak. But it was understood that the vote was intended rather as an intimation of dissatisfaction with the particular measure than of any purpose of revolt; and it was resolved to make some concessions. These somewhat hampered the working of the emancipation scheme, but did not materially alter it. Time was, however, gained, and the Emperor was enabled to use the emancipated peasantry as a check upon any hostile movement of the proprietors. The nobles have, on the whole, been compelled to acquiescence; any subsequent attempt at hostile action has met with a stern rebuke, and their power of deliberation and control, by means of their territorial assemblies, seriously abridged. Thus the nobles of Moscow, having met in full assembly, June, 1865, to claim guarantees which were refused, passed a resolution asserting the necessity for public representation, the provincial assembly of the nobles having been rendered nugatory by the institution of the provincial parliaments, whilst the political rights formerly possessed by the assemblies of nobles were only partially transferred to the popular parliaments. To this the Emperor replied by a letter addressed to the Minister of the Interior, in which, after referring to the reforms already accomplished by him, he declares that 'the right of initiative in the various parts of the work of gradually perfecting those reforms belongs alone to me, and is indissolubly allied to the autocratic power confided to me by God. No class has legally a right to

speak in the name of any other class, nor is any individual entitled to intercede with me in favor of the general interests, or with regard to what they consider necessities of State.' Further, he wished them to understand for the future, that any such deviations from the regulated order would only serve to retard the development of his plans.

"Shortly after he ascended the throne, the Emperor visited Warsaw. The nobles and merchants presented an address, and implored his favor. The reply contained the usual phrases of good will and benevolent intentions, but with them was the significant warning 'the order established here by my father must be maintained; no dreams!' Year after year the Poles found the iron hand pressing harder upon them. They were to be awakened from their fond dream of a national existence in any sense. The people were disarmed; the few constitutional safeguards were declared inapplicable to them. Any person of position who gave public expression to his dissatisfaction, and many who were only supposed to be dissatisfied, were arrested, and mostly exiled to Siberia. At length a harsh edict of conscription, which would have forced into the Russian army pretty nearly the whole manhood of Warsaw, brought matters to a crisis. Insurrection spread rapidly, and though for the most part with only improvised arms, the Poles maintained, through 1863, a long and desperate struggle. They were of course beaten. The British, French, and Austrian governments had proposed mediation, and even ventured to remonstrate

against the Russian measures, but their interference was haughtily repulsed—'The insurgents must throw down their arms, and submit themselves to the clemency of the Emperor.' His decrees for the Russification of Poland, and its absolute absorption into the empire, were resolutely enforced. Tartar insurrections and Circassian revolts have been treated in the same way.

"On the 16th of April, 1866, as the Emperor was about to enter his carriage at the gate of the Summer Garden, St. Petersburg, he was fired at by a man named Karakosoff, but the assassin's arm was seized by a bystander, who, diverting the pistol upwards, caused it to discharge harmlessly in the air. Karakosoff was a Russian of noble family; Konimisaroff, who saved the Emperor's life, was a journeyman hatter, but was ennobled on the spot for his conduct. Great numbers of suspected persons, students, Poles, and the like, were arrested, but there was only questionable evidence of the crime being part of a conspiracy. A year later a similar attempt was made in Paris, where the Emperor was on a visit to the Emperor of the French. As the two Emperors were in a carriage in the Bois de Boulogne, a Pole named Berezowski took aim at the Czar and fired; but Napoleon's equerry, M. Rainbeaux, observing his movement, rode forward, and his horse received the shot—the life of Alexander II, being thus a second time saved from the assassin. Berezowski was condemned to imprisonment with hard labor for life: Alexander had requested that his life might be spared.

"Looking at the state of Russia during the seventeen years of the reign of Alexander II., from 1855 to 1872, we see that it has been eminently a period of transition; and that to the personal character of the sovereign, its special phase may be in an unusual degree assigned. His main purpose has been the unification, as it is called, of the empire, and in this he has been in a great measure successful. With ceaseless progression, Poland, Courland, Livonia, and Esthonia have been "Russified"—the national laws, administration of justice, education, language, having had to make way for those of Russia. He has also succeeded to a certain degree in improving the trade and developing the resources of the country. Like his predecessors, he has never lost sight of the extension of his territories. Convinced that the time was inopportune for actual aggression on Turkey, he has yet constantly sought to weaken her by encouraging disaffection in the Christian provinces, and making use of the ambitious tendencies of the Greeks. But, compelled to abstain from direct aggression in this quarter, he has found employment for his army by unceasing encroachment in Asia, until he has brought the Russian power, if not actual Russian territory, into immediate contact with Bokhara, Afghanistan, China, and Japan, and as some fancy, into inconvenient proximity with British India. Whether the ultimate purpose or tendency of this vast extension shall prove hostile or pacific, whether it shall lead to the subjugation of ancient Asiatic kingdoms, and a struggle for ascendancy with Euro-

pean powers, or more happily to the opening of new and profitable channels of trade and friendly intercourse, only time can determine; but the fact cannot be without immense influence on the future of Russia. Second, it may be; but only second to that resulting from what will undoubtedly remain the grand achievement of the reign of Alexander II., the emancipation of the serfs."

In its relations to the United States the policy of the Emperor Alexander has always been of a friendly character. This was particularly shown during the war in the preservation of the Union, in the diplomatic expressions of good will which passed between the two countries. Removed from all occasions of interference with each other, though with different phases of government and different tasks to be performed, there would appear to be grounds of sympathy between the two nations, arising doubtless from the vast extent of territory which each occupies,

and the consequent probabilities of aggrandisement in the future in the two hemispheres. Conscious of this harmonious separation of the destinies of the nations, Russia, in 1867, ceded to the United States by sale, her entire possessions in North America bordering on the Pacific.

In 1871, while the war between Germany and France was in progress, the Emperor Alexander demanded and obtained a modification of the Paris treaty of 1866, in respect to the limitations of his rights on the Black Sea.

By his wife, the Empress Maria Alexandrowna, the Emperor has had six sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Nicholas, born in 1843, died at Nice, in 1865. The heir to the throne, the Grand Duke Alexander, was born in 1845, and married in 1866 the Princess Dagmar, of Denmark. The other children, born between 1847 and 1860, are in the order of their birth, Vladimir, Alexis, Maria, Sergius, and Paul.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.

THIS exquisite songstress, whose career among the members of her profession is in many respects unique, was born at Stockholm, the capital of Sweden, in October, 1821. Her parents belonged to the poor, industrial class of the country. In their religion, they were Protestants, members of the Lutheran church. The father, it is said, was a teacher of languages; the mother kept a school for children. When we first hear of their daughter, who was destined to achieve such remarkable distinction in the world, it is in the description of Frederica Bremer, as "a poor and plain little girl, lonely and neglected, in a little room of the city, who would have been very unhappy, deprived of the kindness and care so necessary to a child, if it had not been for a peculiar gift. The little girl had a fine voice, and in her loneliness, in trouble or in sorrow, she consoled herself by singing. In fact, she sung to all she did; at her work, at her play, running or resting, she always sang." One day, while singing, the child attracted the attention of Madame Lundberg, a celebrated actress, of Stockholm, who was so much impressed by her vocal powers, she

brought her to the notice of Croelius, a well-known music master of the city. He, too, was astonished at her musical ear and voice, and declared her well worthy of being educated for the stage. The child, nothing loth,—she was now about nine years of age—was taken by him to Count Püeke, the director of the Royal Opera at Stockholm, to be put in the way of the necessary instruction provided by that institution for its disciples. The Count, who is said to have possessed a kind and generous heart under a rough exterior, on first seeing her, rudely questioned her capabilities. Looking disdainfully at her, he said to her protector: "You are asking a foolish thing. What shall we do with such an ugly creature? See what feet she has! And then, her face! She will never be presentable. We cannot take her." Then said the music master, "If you will not take her, poor as I am, I will take her myself and have her educated for the stage. Such another ear as she has for music is not to be found in the world!" The Count relented, and, convinced of her powers, had her admitted at once to the Musical Academy.



Jenny Lind

So poor was her family at this time, that it was, as Miss Bremer tells us, with some difficulty a simple gown of black bombazine was procured for her.

Under the tuition of Berg, the director of the singing school of the opera, she at once made rapid progress. When she had been about two years at the institution, she attracted attention by her spirited performance of the part of a beggar-girl, in a little comedy acted by the pupils, and for a year or two afterwards, was a favorite in the representation of children's characters. "Vandevilles were written expressly for her: the truth of her conception, the originality of her style, gained for her the reputation of being a prodigy, while the modesty and amiability of her demeanor secured for her love and regard." It was at this period that she was threatened with the loss of her voice. The upper notes, and the silvery tone, her peculiar attributes, vanished or were impaired, and with them were departing the expectations which had been formed for her success in the grand opera. While under this cloud, still pursuing her instrumental studies, she was one evening entrusted, at a concert, with a subordinate part in an act of Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil." Venturing timidly on the stage, she sang the single air allotted to her to the admiration of the company. Her voice had recovered its former powers; her success was appreciated by the manager, and she was immediately afterwards assigned a character which she had long studied and coveted, in Weber's "Der Frieschütz." "At the rehearsal preceding

the performance," writes Miss Bremer, "she sang in a manner which made the members of the orchestra at once lay down their instruments to clap their hands in rapturous applause. It was our poor, plain little girl here again, who now had grown up, and was to appear before the public in the rôle of Agatha. I saw her at the evening representation. She was then in the prime of youth, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May—perfect in form—her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful—and lovely in her whole appearance, through the expression of her countenance, and the noble simplicity and calmness of her manners. In fact, she was charming. We saw not an actress, but a young girl full of natural geniality and grace. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her song was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voce' was delightful. In the night scene, where Agatha, seeing her lover come, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer, on turning from the window, at the back of the theatre, to the spectators again, was pale for joy. And in that pale joyousness, she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life that called forth not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors."

This performance established the success of Jenny Lind. Her name became known throughout Sweden, and for several seasons she was heard with enthusiasm in leading parts suited to her capacity, at the Royal Opera, at Stockholm. Her voice, however, had

not yet been trained to the full perfection which it afterwards attained. To accomplish herself still further in its exercise, she resolved upon a visit to Paris, to become the pupil of Garcia, renowned for his training of eminent singers. The necessary funds to carry this resolution into effect, were provided by a series of concerts, which she gave in the principal towns of Sweden and Norway. On her arrival in Paris, she was advised by Garcia to give her voice absolute rest for three months, so much impaired was it by use. She passed the time, not without suffering and mortification, in retirement, and at the end of the period, the professional master to whose direction she had submitted, pronounced her powers greatly improved. She then perfected that warble, in which, as Miss Bremer remarks, "she is said to have been equalled by no singer, and which could be compared only to that of the soaring and singing lark, if the lark had a soul." At Paris, she made the acquaintance of the composer Meyerbeer, who greatly admired the purity of her tones, and arranged for her a rehearsal in the salon of the Grand Opera, in which she appeared in the best scenes of "Robert the Devil," "Norma," and "Der Freischütz."

In the spring of 1843, Jenny Lind, having returned to her native city, reappeared at the opera, in "Robert the Devil," and won the hearts of all by her exquisite singing and dramatic representation. A professional visit to Copenhagen, in which she made her first appearance in the same character of Alice, ensued, when she was received by the Danes with eager en-

thusiasm. "It was like a new revelation in the realms of art," wrote the author Andersen, "the youthful, fresh voice forced itself into every heart: here reigned truth and nature; and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert, she sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in rapture. On the stage, she was the great artist who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl, with all the humility and piety of a child." After her return from this visit to Copenhagen, she was invited by Meyerbeer to an engagement at the Theatre Royal, at Berlin, where she soon succeeded in winning her way to the admiration of her critical audiences. An engagement followed in Vienna; she reappeared several seasons in Berlin, and was welcomed wherever she appeared throughout Germany.

In 1847, she visited England, for the first time making her appearance in London, in May, in her established part of Alice in "Robert the Devil." The Queen and Prince Albert were present in a distinguished audience, which hailed her appearance and execution with unbounded enthusiasm. On every occasion she was received with tributes of admiration awarded, not merely to her professional merits, but to her rare personal qualities, the gentleness, refinement and generosity of her nature, the fame of which had preceded her, and the expression of

which was recognized in her acting. She subsequently appeared in Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment," in "Norma," in Amina, in "La Sonnambula," and in other parts; and when her London engagement was completed, followed up her successes in a tour through the provinces and in visits to Edinburgh and Dublin. The enthusiasm with which she was received in this and other succeeding seasons in England became a mania. Through all classes, at the grand opera and the concert room, her popularity was unbounded. In the midst of this musical excitement, at the close of 1849, Mademoiselle Lind received overtures from the enterprising P. T. Barnum, offering to guarantee her large receipts if she would visit the United States. The terms proposed and accepted by her were one thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty concert performances. In no case was she to appear in opera. The distinguished composer and pianist, Julius Benedict, and the Italian vocalist Belletti, were engaged to accompany her. In making the announcement of this engagement in a letter to the American Newspapers, Mr. Barnum put prominently forward the sacrifices the fair artist was making in accepting his proposition, which involved her declining various highly advantageous European overtures, while he judiciously dwelt upon her admiration for America, and the generosity of her disposition in her numerous charities. "Miss Lind," he declared, "has numerous better offers than the one she has accepted from me, but she has a great anxiety to visit America; she speaks of this

country and its institutions in the highest terms of rapture and praise, and as money is by no means the greatest inducement that can be laid before her, she has determined to visit us. In her engagement with me, (which engagement includes Havana as well as the United States,) she expressly reserves the right to give charitable concerts whenever she thinks proper. Since her *débüt* in England, she has given to the poor, from her own private purse, more than the whole amount which I have engaged to give her; and the proceeds of concerts for charitable purposes in Great Britain, where she sung gratuitously, have realized more than ten times that amount. During the last eight months she has been singing entirely gratuitously, for charitable purposes, and she is now founding a benevolent institution in Stockholm, her native city, at a cost of \$350,000. A visit from such a woman, who regards her high artistic powers as a gift from Heaven, for the amelioration of affliction and distress, and whose every thought and deed is philanthropy, I feel persuaded will prove a blessing to America, as it has to every country which she has visited; and I feel every confidence that my countrymen and women will join me heartily in saying, 'May God bless her!'

When Jenny Lind therefore landed from the steamer *Atlantic*, one Sunday morning of September, 1850, it was to be received as a kind of angel visitant rather than as any ordinary professional performer. Her avoidance of the theatre doubtless assisted in setting her apart from the race of actresses,

and opening to her in the concert-room a far wider range of sympathies than could possibly reach her on the stage. The press, too, both of England and America, seemed devoted to her reputation. She came heralded by the eulogies of the best newspaper critics of London, and had hardly put foot in the new world, when all those elements of popular enthusiasm, so easily excited at that period, were aroused in her favor. The journals of the day, led on by the adroit Barnum, artfully fed the flame; the Swedish nightingale was the subject of conversation everywhere; and when the tickets for her first performance were put up for sale, the demand was unprecedented. An enterprising hatter paid six hundred dollars for the first ticket. This opening concert was given at Castle Garden, at the Battery, where the great hall was filled by some seven thousand persons. A musical critic of the day, Mr. Dwight, thus describes the appearance upon the stage of Jenny Lind on that memorable evening, after Benedict had led the way with the overture to his opera "The Crusaders," himself conducting the orchestra, and Belletti had been heard in one of Rossini's bravura songs. "Now came a moment of breathless expectation. A moment more, and Jenny Lind, clad in a white dress, which well became the frank sincerity of her face, came forward through the orchestra. It is impossible to describe the spontaneous burst of welcome which greeted her. The vast assembly were as one man, and for some minutes nothing could be seen but the waving of hands and handker-

chiefs, nothing heard but a storm of tumultuous cheers. The enthusiasm of the moment, for a time beyond all bounds, was at last subdued, after prolonging itself, by its own fruitless efforts to subdue itself; and the divine songstress, with that perfect bearing, that air of all dignity and sweetness, blending a child-like simplicity and half-trembling womanly modesty with the beautiful confidence of Genius and serene wisdom of Art, addressed herself to song, as the orchestral symphony prepared the way for the voice in *Casta Diva*. A better test-piece could not have been selected for her *débüt*. If it were possible, we would describe the quality of that voice, so pure, so sweet, so fine, so whole and all-pervading in its lowest breathings and minutest *floriture*, as well as in its strongest volume. We never heard tones which in their sweetness went so far. They brought the most distant and ill-seated auditor close to her.—They *were* tones every one of them, and the whole air had to take the law of their vibrations. The voice and the delivery had in them all the good qualities of all the good singers. Song in her has that integral beauty which at once proclaims it as a type for all, and is most naturally worshipped as such by the multitude. * * * Hers is a genuine soprano, reaching the extra high notes with that ease and certainty which make each highest one a triumph of expression purely, and not a physical marvel. The gradual growth and *sostenuto* of her times; the light and shade, the rhythmic undulation and balance of her passages; the bird-like ecstasy of

her trill; the faultless precision and fluency of her chromatic scales; above all, the sure reservation of such volume of voice as to crown each protracted climax with glory, not needing a new effort to raise force for the final blow; and, indeed, all the points one looks for in a mistress of the vocal art were eminently hers in *Casta Diva*. But 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 all her singing. That is what has won the world to Jenny Lind; it is that her whole soul and being goes out in her song, and that her voice becomes the impersonation of that song's soul, if it have any; that is, if it be a song. There is plainly no vanity in her, no mere aim at effect; it is all frank and real, and harmoniously earnest."

Other musical triumphs followed; and, at the close, Mr. Barnum being called for, brought the enthusiasm of the evening to its utmost height by the announcement that Mademoiselle Lind had devoted her share of the proceeds of the concert, amounting to ten thousand dollars, to a number of the most worthy charities of the city, a list of which he proceeded to read, with the sums assigned to each. At the head stood the Fire Department Fund to which three thousand dollars were appropriated, an excellent stroke of policy; for, under the old voluntary system, this body then represented in a certain popular way the great masses of the community.

The moral as well as the professional element, it was evident, was to play its

part in the great Jenny Lind "ovations." "In this tumultuous reception which we are giving to the pale Swede," wrote the accomplished author, Mr. Willis, at the time, "there is, of course, some professional management and some electrified and uncomprehending popular ignorance, (as in what popular enthusiasm is there not?) but it is, in much the greater portion of its impulse, signally creditable to our country. *The lever which works it is an admiration for her goodness.* Without her purity, her angelic simplicity, her munificence, and her watchful and earnest-hearted pity for the poor and lowly—or without a wide and deep appreciation of these virtues by the public—she would have found excitement only at the footlights of the stage. Her voice and her skill as an artist might have made her the rage with 'the fashion.' But while the Astor Place Opera-house will hold all who constitute 'the fashion,' it would take the Park and all the Squares in the city to hold those who constitute the rage for Jenny Lind. No! let the city be as wicked as the reports of crime make it to be—let the vicious be as thick, and the taste for the meretricious and artificial be as apparently uppermost—the lovers of goodness are the many, the supporters and seekers of what is pure and disinterested are the substantial bulk of the people. Jenny Lind is, at this moment, in the hearts of the majority of the population of New York, and she is there for nothing but what pleases the angels of Heaven as well."

This was the spirit of the enthusias-

tic reception of Jenny Lind in America. The popular excitement, originating in New York, was continued in Boston, Philadelphia, and other cities of the Union, the management of the concerts remaining in the hands of Mr. Barnum till nearly one hundred of the number originally proposed were given, when Mdlle. Lind availed herself of a clause in the agreement by which she was at liberty to dissolve the engagement on forfeiture of a considerable sum. This was in the summer of 1851. Some other concerts were then given, after which, before

her departure from the country, Mdlle. Lind was married at New York, to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a young pianist, son of a wealthy merchant of Hamburg. After her marriage, Madame Goldschmidt returned to Europe, passing through England to Germany; and, declining all propositions to sing in public, settled for a time at Dresden, largely employing herself in works of charity. She afterwards made her residence in England. She has several times since reappeared in concert rooms, maintaining her old reputation, chiefly in her effective rendering of sacred music.



John Bright.

JOHN BRIGHT.

THIS liberal English politician and statesman, who, by the force of his intellect and character, has, through much opposition in his early public career, won his way to the highest rank among the parliamentary orators of his day, was born in 1811, of Quaker parentage, the son of Jacob Bright, of Greenbank, near Rochdale, in Lancashire. Educated in his native town, and at a boarding school in Yorkshire—in one of his speeches he tells us that his school education closed at fifteen—he entered at an early age into his father's business as a cotton spinner and manufacturer, and, being well established in this relation, first appeared prominently in public life as the associate of Richard Cobden, his elder by seven years, in the great popular agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. He joined the association called the "Anti-Corn-Law League," which was formed in 1838, and, during the eight years which this struggle for reform lasted, ending in the triumph of the cause, was unwearied in its advocacy. Bringing to the discussion a remarkably clear, direct intellect, with a robust enthusiasm, the reflection of a strong physical constitu-

tion, his antagonist found him a most formidable opponent in his appeals to the people, or rather for them—while, armed with details, and strongly sympathizing with the poverty brought upon large classes, he based his arguments on the essential principles of justice and moral necessity. Cobden, who had already considerable experience in public affairs, and had been a candidate for parliament, naturally took the lead in this important question; but he soon discerned in young Bright a most important ally, and, from 1841, they were equally conspicuous in their argumentative and oratorical efforts in furtherance of "the League." In the great manufacturing districts, at Manchester, in Lancashire; in popular demonstrations, in great meetings at Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, and elsewhere, the voice of Bright was heard, with that of his eminent associate, and always with effect. His bold, hearty self-reliance, exerted in a cause of their own, went directly to the hearts of the people. Both the friends entered parliament in the midst of this discussion of the Corn Laws; Cobden in 1841, and Bright in 1843 as member for Dur-

ham. The first speech of the latter in the House of Commons, without any effort at oratory, exhibited the plain, resolute common sense which has always distinguished his speeches, not without marks of that aggressiveness which made him recognized as a formidable opponent, and secured him at once opposition and respect.

The Corn Law Agitation ended in 1846, with the passage of the act for repealing the duties on foreign corn; but the vocation of Bright, who had hitherto labored almost exclusively in that cause, was not at an end. There were other questions of reform appealing to his sympathies, generally of a humanitarian character, in which were to be ranked free trade in its various forms, and the foreign policy of the country in the preservation of peace. Continuing to sit as a member of the House of Commons for Durham until 1847, he was then returned for Manchester, and was again elected by this constituency in 1852. It was about this latter date that his course again excited much attention by his persistent advocacy of what was called the Peace Question, in opposition to the threatened war with Russia. On this subject he may have been somewhat misapprehended; he was certainly for a long time pertinaciously assailed. The "Peace Society," which had been founded in England many years before, under the impulse of certain annual conferences held at different cities in Europe, in which various philanthropists, of more or less note, participated, was now springing up into greater importance, when, in 1851, Bright was present at its Conference

in London. Among his associates at this meeting were Sir David Brewster, who presided, the French Coquerel, St. Hilaire, Emile de Girardin, and, of his own countrymen, Cobden and Joseph Sturge. He was also at the Conference in Edinburgh, in 1853, which attracted considerable attention in consequence of the excited state of the public mind in reference to the Eastern or Russian question, the Emperor Nicholas having even then entered on his aggressive course toward Turkey.

This was an earnest protest; but it fell powerless before the declared policy of the Government, and all that Bright could accomplish by his stirring eloquence in parliament was to seek to mitigate the evil of the hostilities which ensued, and point the moral of a great lesson of history for a wiser and better time. Some of the best of his many speeches were delivered in this interest, which, spite of the unpopularity which it brought upon him, he pursued with unflinching zeal. In this and the like utterances Mr. Bright favored, not as his enemies represented, the weakness, but sought to establish the moral and material prosperity of the nation, deprecating of all things those foreign "entangling alliances" by which the nation had brought upon herself such sacrifices of life and treasure. It was the cause of the people which he advocated. In one of his addresses on this subject, he said, with great force and eloquence: "I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation, except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or mili-

tary renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and conditions of the people, rely upon it, you have yet to learn the duties of government. I have not, as you have observed, pleaded that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defence. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship, which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries, and endeavoring to extend the boundaries of the Empire,

which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and, I fear, is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained. The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very war-like people, and that they elevated an old cimeter upon a platform as a symbol of Mars; for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this cimeter they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old cimeter? * * * May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says:

‘The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.’

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have

wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not, as the ancient people had, Urim and Thummim—those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people."

These are principles which will stand the test of time. The immediate effect of their utterance by Mr. Bright, was, however, to call down upon him an unworthy unpopularity, which cost him his place in the House of Commons at the next general election in Manchester. He had previously been compelled by failing health to intermit his labors in Parliament, and recruit his strength by a journey in Italy. The same year, 1857, in which he was rejected by Manchester, saw him returned by Birmingham, where an opportune vacancy had occurred. The ideas of Free Trade which had been advocated all along by Cobden, were now in the ascendant, and the latter had the satisfaction in assisting in the liberal measures brought forward by Mr. Gladstone, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his friend Cobden's negotiation of the commercial treaty with France. But what most distinguished Mr. Bright in this new period of his Parliamentary career, was his sagacious insight into the American question which sprang up with the war of Secession in the United States, and the steady and brave consistency with which he endeavored to hold Parliament to a

proper sense of responsibility in the observance of the obligations and the maintenance of right relations with the national government at Washington. Like Cobden, he saw from the beginning the true nature of the contest, that slavery was its source, and that it involved a great question of moral right and wrong; and when he found such an issue, as in the case of the restrictive policy of the corn laws, his judgment never wavered, for it was guided alike by his intelligence and his instincts. When, at the close of the war, he reviewed its course, he thus traced its origin: "In spite of all that persecutions could do, opinion grew in the North in favor of freedom; but in the South, alas! in favor of that most devilish delusion that slavery was a divine institution. The moment that idea took possession of the South, war was inevitable. Neither fact, nor argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion, could by any possibility affect the discussion of the question, when once the Church leaders of the South had taught their people that slavery was a divine institution; for then they took their stand on other and different, and what they in their blindness thought higher grounds, and they said 'Evil! be thou my good;' and so they exchanged light for darkness, and freedom for bondage, and, if you like, heaven for hell. Of course, unless there was some stupendous miracle, greater than any that is on record, even in the inspired writings, it was impossible that war should not spring out of that state of things; and the political slaveholders, that 'dreadful brotherhood, in whom all turbulent

passions were let loose,' the moment that they found that the presidential election of 1860 was adverse to the cause of slavery, took up arms to sustain their cherished and endangered system. Then came the outbreak which had been so often foretold, so often menaced; and the ground reeled under the nation during four years of agony; until, at last, after the smoke of the battle-field had cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over a whole continent had vanished, and was gone for ever."

With this understanding of the essential grounds of the struggle, he saw its inevitable result; and when motives of policy seemed to blind his countrymen to the issue, and tempt them to recognition of the South, he manfully resisted what he considered the foul contagion. "Coming back to the question of this war," said he in one of its darker hours, "I admit--of course, everybody must admit--that we are not responsible for it, for its commencement, or for the manner in which it is conducted; nor can we be responsible for its result. But there is one thing which we are responsible for, and that is for our sympathies, for the manner in which we regard it, and for the tone in which we discuss it. What shall we say, then, in regard to it? On which side shall we stand? I do not believe it is possible to be strictly, coldly neutral. The question at issue is too great, the contest is too grand in the eye of the world. It is impossible for any man, who can have an opinion on any question, not to have some kind of an opinion on the question of this war. I am not ashamed

of my opinion, or of the sympathy which I feel, and have over and over again expressed, on the side of the free North. I cannot understand how any man witnessing what is enacting on the American continent, can indulge in small evils against the free people of the North, and close his eye entirely to the enormity of the purposes of the South. I cannot understand how any Englishman, who in past years has been accustomed to say that 'there was one foul blot upon the fair fame of the American Republic,' can now express any sympathy for those who would perpetuate and extend that blot. And, more, if we profess to be, though it be with imperfect and faltering steps, the followers of Him who declared it to be His Divine mission 'to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,' must we not reject with indignation and scorn, the proffered alliance and friendship with a power based on human bondage, and which contemplates the overthrow and the extinction of the dearest rights of the most helpless of mankind! If we are the friends of freedom, personal and political--and we all profess to be so, and most of us, more or less, are striving after it more completely for our own country--how can we withhold our sympathy from a government and a people amongst whom white men have always been free, and who are now offering an equal freedom to the black? I advise you not to believe in the 'destruction' of the American nation. If facts should happen by any chance to

force you to believe it, do not commit the crime of wishing it. I do not blame men who draw different conclusions from mine from the facts, and who believe that the restoration of the Union is impossible. As the facts lie before our senses, so must we form a judgment on them. But I blame those men that wish for such a catastrophe. For myself, I have never despaired, and I will not despair. In the language of one of our old poets, who wrote, I think, more than three hundred years ago, I will not despair,—

‘For I have seen a ship in haven fall
After the storm had broke both mast and
shroud.’

From the very outburst of this great convulsion, I have had but one hope and one faith, and it is this—that the result of this stupendous strife may make freedom the heritage for ever of a whole continent, and that the grandeur and the prosperity of the American Union may never be impaired.”

On another occasion, he remarked on the same, speaking on the same subject: “What I do blame, is this. I blame men who are eager to admit into the family of nations, a State which offers itself to us, based upon a principle, I will undertake to say, more odious and more blasphemous than was ever heretofore dreamed of in Christian or Pagan, in civilized or in savage times. The leaders of this revolt propose this monstrous thing—that over a territory forty times as large as England, the blight and curse of slavery shall be forever perpetuated. I cannot believe, for my part, that such a fate will befall that fair land, stricken

though it now is, with the ravages of war. I cannot believe that civilization, in its journey with the sun, will sink into endless night, in order to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to

‘Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.’

I have another and a far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I will cherish it. I see one vast confederation stretching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic westward, to the calmer waters of the Pacific main,—and I see one people, and one language, and one law, and one faith, and, over all that wide continent, the home of freedom, and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime.”

America is not likely to forget these words and many others which this orator uttered in her behalf during her momentous struggle. In the councils of Parliament, he was emphatically a peace-maker, deprecating the rude action of the government toward America in resentment of the seizure of the Southern ambassadors on board the “Trent.” He thought that his government might have shown a little more generous courtesy on that occasion. “It is not customary in ordinary life,” he said from his seat in Parliament, “for a person to send a polite messenger with a polite message to some neighbor, or friend, or acquaintance, and (in allusion to the English war-like preparations) at the same time to send some men of portentous strength,

handling a gigantic club, making every kind of ferocious gesticulation ; and at the same time, to profess that all this is done in the most friendly and courteous manner." In regard to the fitting out of the 'Alabama,' which he denounced as a violation of the statutes of his country, leading to an infraction of international law, and, in fine, on all proper occasions, the voice of this champion of liberty was heard in vindication of his own cherished longings for peace and the rights of America, which he valued as part of the civilization of the world.

When the American contest had terminated, as Bright had predicted it would terminate, perhaps beyond his hopes, in the utter extinction of slavery, another question became prominent in the councils of England. This was the further progress of Parliamentary Reform in an important extension of the right of suffrage. Palmerston died

in 1866, after which the question made rapid progress, and Bright was a foremost worker in the agitation, which speedily ended in the passage of the new Reform Bill, distinguishing himself by his skilful use of Parliamentary weapons, not less than by his faculty of influencing the people. His fully recognized ability now marked him out for a seat in the ministry ; and when the new administration was formed, in 1868, with Gladstone at its head, he received and accepted a seat in the cabinet, with the office of President of the Board of Trade. A serious illness, in 1870, led to his resignation of office ; but the electors of Birmingham would not consent to his relinquishing the seat they had given in the House of Commons. During his Parliamentary career, he remained a partner with his brothers in the manufacturing business, at Rochdale and Manchester.

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON.

THE most marked individual among the Southern Generals, perhaps among the many officers engaged on either side during the late civil conflict, was, doubtless, General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, familiarly known by his designation, distinguishing him from numerous others in history of his name, Stonewall Jackson. He was born of a respectable family of English and more remote Scotch Irish ancestry, at Clarksburg, Western Virginia, the youngest of a family of four children, January 21st, 1824. His great grandfather, who emigrated from London in 1748, and his grandfather, both bore their part on the American side in the War of the Revolution; and the family, on the adoption of the Constitution, was represented in Congress by two of its members. His father, Jonathan Jackson, who had practised law with success, was overtaken by misfortune in his latter years, and at his death, in 1827, left his family in want. His widow, a lady of cultivation and of unaffected piety, married again in 1830 and died the following year. Her orphan child, the subject of this notice, was thus left to the care of his father's relatives for maintenance and support.

The boy thus early in life displayed some strength of will, for he ran away from the first of these protectors whom he disliked, and was received and entertained by an uncle, Cummins Jackson, on a farm at Weston, where he remained during his boyhood, assisting in the rural work and picking up the rudiments of education at a country school.

He was at this youthful period a lad of spirit, and had the hardihood, at the age of nine, in company with an elder brother, to undertake an erratic fortune-seeking journey on the Ohio, from which, after encountering various hardships of toil as a wood-cutter on an island of the Mississippi, and enfeebled by the ague of the spot, he was enabled to return to Virginia by the charity of a steamboat captain. At home he was known to the country round as a successful rider of his uncle's horses in the race-course, for which that relative had a true Virginian's affection. It is characteristic at once of young Jackson's incipient manliness and of the primitive habits of the region in which he dwelt, that at about the age of sixteen he was elected Constable by the Justices of the County Court of



S. J. Jackson

Sessions in which he resided. The duties of this office in traversing a considerable extent of country, serving process, collecting debts and making arrests, were calculated to develop a native hardihood of disposition; and the young incumbent appears to have secured the esteem and confidence of the members of the court and others interested in his proceedings. The position, however, was not sufficiently satisfactory or important to stand in his way when, a vacancy having occurred in the representation of the Congressional district at West Point, it was suggested that young Jackson should apply for the position. His uncle favored the notion, and the youth further succeeded in impressing an influential friend on the spot, if not with his present qualifications, at least with his own conviction, of the possibility of success in the future; and with a letter from his benefactor, Colonel Bennett, to the member of Congress for the District, made his way to Washington, where he succeeded in obtaining the coveted appointment. His position at West Point was at first embarrassed in consequence of his imperfect preparation, but this was an impediment which, like many others of vigorous natural powers who have entered this institution uninformed, he rapidly overcame by diligence and application. His mind was rather a stubborn, reluctant soil to cultivate, but it held and retained strongly what was with much labor firmly planted in it.

This disposition, though slow at the outset and far from brilliant in its

early exhibitions, is probably the most favorable in the end for the serene and abstruse studies imposed at the national military academy. Jackson is described at this time as an awkward youth, and in his ways averse from amusements, unsociable, self-absorbed, and consequently of no little simplicity as to common every-day affairs. He was even, it is said, something of a hypochondriac, suffering indeed from derangement of the stomach, and fancying, not without probability, an hereditary taint of consumption, which he guarded against by sitting, according to some remedial theory, "bolt upright at his meals." One of his notions at this or some subsequent time, "was to believe that everything he eat *went down and lodjed in his left leg.*" Again, he would never eat except by the watch, at the precise moment; and he would take out his watch, lay it on the table, and eat at that moment. If the meal was behindhand he would not eat at all. Illustrative of the difficulty he had in learning anything, General Seymour, his classmate at West Point, related an anecdote:—"Seymour was at that time learning to play on the flute, and Jackson took it into his head that he also would learn. He went to the work with his accustomed vigor and perseverance, but he could not succeed in learning to play even the simplest air. He blew six months on the first bar of 'Love Not,' and then gave it up in despair."*

With these mingled incentives and disabilities of an eccentric nature, working resolutely in its distorted

* W. Swinton. Reminiscences of Stonewall Jackson. "New York Times," May 22, 1863.

fashion, Jackson ploughed his way heavily through his studies, and at the end of his first year stood in general merit fifty-one in a class of seventy; another year brought him up to thirty; a third to twenty, and the end of the fourth to seventeen. With this standing, in the same class with Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, A. P. Hill, and other officers of renown in the conflict in which he was destined to bear so prominent a part, Jackson graduated with the appointment of brevet second lieutenant of artillery, July 1, 1846. It was the period of the war with Mexico, when the newly-created young officers of the small overtaxed national army were in request, and heartily responded to the call for active service on a scale of adventure and importance unprecedented in the experience of the generation then on the stage. The war had many attractions; the whole country was kindled with the novelty and magnitude of the operations; one battle followed another, promotion was rapid, and honor was attained on every field.

Jackson was attached to the 1st Regiment of Artillery, and was first brought into active service in the spring of 1847, in the column of General Scott at the siege of Vera Cruz. When the army advanced after the battle of Cerro Gordo he was transferred, at his own request, to Captain Magruder's light field battery, a position which brought with it a certainty of adventurous duty. In the action which followed at Churubusco he proved his courage on the field, and gained the warm commendations of his superiors. "When my fire was opened," wrote Magruder in his

report, "in a few moments Lieutenant Jackson, commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened fire upon the enemy's works from a position on the right, hearing me fire still further in front, advanced in handsome style, and being assigned by me to the post so gallantly filled by Lieutenant Johnstone [who had been killed in the first encounter], kept up the fire with great briskness and effect. His conduct was equally conspicuous during the whole day."

At the subsequent arduous assault at Chapultepee his bravery was still more conspicuous. In the dispositions of the day he occupied an advance post, where his section of the battery encountered fearful odds of the enemy, and was at one moment ordered to retire, but he insisted on holding his ground till he was reinforced, and drove the enemy from his position. When his men were sheltering themselves from the heavy fire pouring upon them, it is said that Jackson, to incite their courage, advanced to the open ground in front, swept by shot and shell, "Come on," says he, "this is nothing. You see they can't hurt me."* More than one of the reports of the day records his gallantry. Says General Worth, who bore a conspicuous part in the action, "although he lost most of his horses and many of his men, Lieutenant Jackson continued chivalrously at his post, combating with noble courage." The young lieutenant was heartily recommended for promotion, and immediately received the brevet rank of Major. He

* Cooke's Life of Stonewall Jackson, p. 17.

now entered Mexico with the victorious army, passed several months there of quiet duty, employing his comparative leisure in the acquisition of the Spanish tongue, which he mastered with his usual dogged industry and resolution, studying the forms of the language in a grammar, the only one he could find, written in Latin, which he had never been taught. It was an important event in his life at this period, that he now began firmly to strengthen his religious opinions—oddly, for the zealous Presbyterian of after-life, making some of his first enquiries in theology of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Mexico.*

In the summer of 1848, Major Jackson returned to the United States, and was stationed for two years at a quiet post of routine duty at Fort Hamilton, in the harbor of New York. During this time his religious convictions were confirmed, and he was baptized by and received the communion from the hands of the Rev. Mr. Parks, the Episcopal chaplain of the garrison. From Fort Hamilton, Jackson was transferred for a short time to Florida, whence, in the spring of 1851, he was called to occupy the position of Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics in the Military Academy of Virginia. This was an important institution, well situated in a picturesque location at Lexington, in Rockbridge county, was already well established, and had attracted to it a large body of students. In the election for the Professorship the names of the subsequently distinguished

Generals McClellan, Reno, Rosecrans, and G. W. Smith, were before the Board of Visitors for selection. Jackson gained the preference by the impression which his character had made and by his birth as a Virginian. He resigned his rank in the army, accepted the new position, immediately entered upon its duties, and continued to discharge them with faithfulness and regularity for the ensuing ten years, at the end of which time the Professor, under the new order of things at the South, resumed his fighting career in active and portentous service.

Of Jackson's career at the Military Academy his biographers have many incidents to relate. During this period he was twice married; in 1853, to the daughter of the Rev. Dr. Judkin, President of the neighboring Washington College at Lexington, a union which was terminated by the death of his wife in little more than a year; and in 1857, to a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Morrison, a Presbyterian clergyman of North Carolina. His character was now formed in a firm basis of religious faith and experience, his associations or convictions having led him to become a devout member of the Presbyterian Church, and thenceforth he was known as a zealous professor, identifying himself with prayer-meetings, attendance on service, and the usual sympathies and observances of the denomination. In this, as in other relations, whatever he entertained as a duty he acted upon and carried out with uncompromising resolution and firmness. Thus, being strongly convinced of a sacred Old Testament observance of the Sabbath, he held it a sin that the United States

* Dr. Dabney's Life of Jackson. London Edition, Vol. 1, p. 63-4.

mails should be transmitted on that day; and when it was urged that it was quite impracticable for an individual to arrest the proceeding, his answer, says his biographer, Dr. Dabney, was, "that unless some Christians should begin singly to practice their exact duty, and thus set the proper example, the reform would never be begun; that his responsibility was to see to it that he, at least, was not *particeps criminis*; and that whether others would co-operate, was their concern, not his. Hence, not only did he persistently refuse to visit the post-office on the Sabbath Day, to leave or receive a letter, but he would not post a letter on Saturday or Friday, which, in regular course of transmission, must be travelling on Sunday, except in cases of high necessity." We shall find him, in the midst of his subsequent Southern army occupations, seeking, in a pointed manner, to enforce this opinion.

It was a maxim of Jackson, adopted early in life, and left recorded in a private note-book which he had written at West Point, that, "You may be whatever you resolve to be." It was an old apophthegm which the student might have learnt from his Virgil, where the poet points the moral of the struggle for mastery in the exciting contest of the rowers—*possunt quia posse videntur*—

"For they can conquer who believe they can."

But the young soldier learnt it not from books, but from the rugged experience of his own nature, in his hard attained success in overcoming the difficulty; inward and outward, by which he was invested. We value

proportionately what we accomplish with effort; and, once acquired, the lesson never failed the aspirant. What is easy to a man he is apt to overlook, and sometimes despise. Dry reluctant minds, on the other hand, to whom struggle is a necessity, take their faculties for the race, and, rigidly adhering to their object, outstrip the better endowed but negligent. Jackson belonged to the class vowed to determination. If he once thought he ought to do a thing, he would not spare himself in accomplishing it. Thus, having made up his mind that it was a desirable acquisition to be able to speak fluently in public, probably in consequence of his consciousness of his utter inability to do so, he joined a debating society at Lexington; and though he begun with failure after failure, and was compelled time and again to sit down, after a few awkward ineffectual utterances, he yet rose again and persevered till, with confidence and increasing skill, he finally attained success. Equally firm was his resolution—in which thousands of invalids with the strongest possible motives fail—for the cure of the malady, the painful disorder of the stomach, which long clung to him, and which he overcame by a rigid system of temperance worthy of Cornaro. He not only refused to partake of stimulating liquors and tobacco, but avoided the use of tea and coffee. Self-denial, the first element of the soldier, was habitual to him.

In careless times of peace the constraint of such a man does not always prove acceptable, and we are not surprised to learn that, even in a Military

Academy, where a certain degree of severity may be supposed to be the order of the day, Jackson was rather unpopular with the students. It would appear, from the narratives of friends who have described his course at Lexington, that he was somewhat of a pedantic turn in his instructions; that he lacked ease and adaptation to the wants of students in communicating knowledge; that his lectures in fact savored more of the inflexible camp drill than of a winning, accommodating philosophy. The pupils, doubtless, learnt to respect his nature when they became acquainted with it, but thoughtless youth saw more at first sight to deride than admire. "No idiosyncrasy of the Professor," we are told by his accomplished biographer, Mr. John Esten Cooke, who learnt to know him well in subsequent military experience in the Valley of Virginia, "was lost sight of. His stiff, angular figure; the awkward movement of his body; his absent and 'grim' demeanor; his exaggerated and apparently absurd devotion to military regularity; his wearisome exactions of a similar observance on their part—that general oddity, eccentricity, and singularity in moving, talking, thinking, and acting peculiar to himself—all these were described on a thousand occasions, and furnished unflinching food for laughter. They called him 'Old Tom Jackson,' and, pointing significantly to their foreheads, said he was 'not quite right *there*.' Some inclined to the belief that he was only a great eccentric; but others declared him 'crazy.' Those who had experienced the full weight of his Professional baton—who had

been reprimanded before the class, or 'reported' to the superintendent for punishment or dismissal—called him 'Fool Tom Jackson.' These details are not very heroic, and detract considerably from that dignified outline which eulogistic writers upon Jackson have drawn. But they are true. Nothing is better established than the fact, that the man to whom General Lee wrote, 'Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead;' and of whom the London 'Times' said, 'That mixture of daring and judgment, which is the mark of 'Heaven-born' Generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time.' Nothing is more certain, we say, than that this man was sneered at as a fool, and on many occasions stigmatized as insane."

One anecdote of this portion of Jackson's career deserves to be recorded. It is related by his biographers, and is probable enough in its incidents, in the murderous intent of the student—for a student has been known to shoot a Professor, if we remember rightly, in the University of Virginia—and the indifferent, courageous bearing with which the meditated assault was met. One of the cadets had been tried under charges preferred by Jackson, and dismissed from the Academy. He vowed revenge, declared that he would take the life of the Professor, and, arming himself, awaited the coming of his victim at a point on the road by which he must pass on his way to the Institution. The Professor was warned, but refused to turn from his course, simply remarking, "Let the

assassin murder me if he will," and keeping on, calmly and sternly, confronted the young man, who, rebuked by his steady gaze, quailed, and retired in silence from the spot. This was an exercise of true self-reliance and courage, and displayed a spirit always admired in its exercise in great commanders and others who have been suddenly called to suppress a dangerous mutiny.

These years of Professional life were varied by a brief visit to Europe, undertaken for the benefit of health, in the summer of 1856. The tour, which lasted four months, extended from England, through Belgium and France, to Switzerland. On his return he found the free soil agitation in progress, and even at that early day, "to the few friends to whom he spoke of his own opinions, declared that the South ought to take its stand upon the outer verge of its just rights, and there resist aggression, if necessary, by the sword."* In his political opinions, an ultra State-Rights Democrat, he resisted any political action which might in his view lead to interference with the institution of slavery in the South. Three years after this time he was summoned with his cadets and light battery to protect the Court at Charleston in its arraignment of the memorable John Brown, about to be tried and condemned for his insane attempt to create a servile insurrection, and revolutionize Virginia. While there he witnessed the execution of the courageous and desperate fanatic, who displayed a strength of will and patient fortitude which Jackson, if not thor-

* Dabney's Life of Jackson," Vol. I. p. 167.

oughly blinded by the feelings of the hour, must at heart have admired. For there were points in common between John Brown and the "Stonewall." There was at least something of the uncompromising hostility of the former in Major Jackson, when, on entering upon the Confederate service at Harper's Ferry, at the beginning of the war, he deliberately declared that "it was the true policy of the South to take no prisoners in this war. He affirmed that this would be in the end the truest humanity, because it would shorten the contest, and prove economical of the blood of both parties; and that it was a measure urgently dictated by the interests of the Southern cause, and clearly sustained by justice."* "Stonewall" Jackson looking on at the death of John Brown is a subject for a painter's pencil and a moralist's meditations.

We have now to contemplate Major Jackson—for he speedily resumed the title under new auspices—on the theatre of the war which he invoked. When the conflict was fairly commenced by the attack on Sumter, and the consequent call by President Lincoln for a Northern army, Jackson was one of the foremost of the Southern officers to take the field. On the 21st of April, 1861, four days after Virginia, by her passage of an act of secession, had joined the Confederates, he left Lexington in command of the corps of cadets of his military school for the camp at Richmond. There he was appointed by the State authorities Colonel of Volunteers, and immediately ordered to the command of the forces

* Dabney's Life of Jackson," Vol. I., p. 224.

gathering at Harper's Ferry, which had just been evacuated by the few United States troops stationed at the public works. There he entered upon the preliminary task of drilling and organizing the new levies, until his superior officer, General Joseph E. Johnston, appeared on the field, when he was assigned to the command of four regiments of Virginia infantry, known as the First Brigade of what was then called the "Army of the Shenandoah." A month was now passed in bringing troops into the field, and making those military dispositions on either side, which determined for a long period the nature and ground of the struggle already commenced. The Confederates concentrated their forces in the Valley of Virginia, and at Manassas, in front of Washington. Leaving Harper's Ferry as an untenable position, Johnston retired upon Winchester, whence by railway and the passes of the intervening mountain he could readily support Beauregard at Manassas, where the main body of Confederate troops was assembled. When the Northern force, under Patterson, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport at the beginning of July, Jackson, who had been on duty in this quarter at Martinsburg, destroying the stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, resisted the advance of the Pennsylvania General, meeting his troops in a spirited encounter at Falling Waters. Compelled to fall back before superior numbers he invoked aid from Johnson to attack the Northern army; but no action was fought, and the whole Virginia force in this region was concentrated at Winchester,

where Jackson now received his commission of brigadier-general.

The middle of the month brought the battle of Manassas, as it was called at the South—the memorable Bull Run of the Northern journalists and historians. In this engagement Jackson was destined to bear a prominent part. The battle, it will be remembered, began with an attack on the 18th of July, upon the Confederate lines at Bull Run, at Mitchell's and Blackburn's Fords, followed by the important Federal flanking movement of the 21st. Immediately on the first of these assaults, Johnston was summoned with his forces to the relief of Beauregard. Leaving Winchester, he at once set his troops in motion, Jackson with his brigade, now composed of five Virginia regiments, about twenty-six hundred strong, being among the foremost, on the 20th, to reach the Confederate lines, where he was posted in support of Longstreet's brigade at Blackburn's Ford. The battle of the 21st opened with an attack on the Confederate position at Stone Bridge, followed by the passage of the main portion of the Federal army of the stream in its rear, at Sudley's Ford, distant some eight miles from the spot where Jackson's brigade was stationed. It was not, therefore, till the great engagement of the day in the vicinity of the Henry House was well advanced that Jackson was brought into action. He came up at a critical moment, when General Bee, overpowered by the Federal troops, was driven back after a gallant fight, his forces broken and shattered. Jackson, with his fresh troops, and others which

opportunistly arrived, turned the fortunes of the day. Boldly confronting the still advancing Federal forces, they made a fresh assault, pierced the centre of the Union line, and finally drove their antagonists from the bloody field.

Jackson, who was a man by no means given to boasting, always asserted in behalf of his brigade the distinguished part we have described in the military efforts of the day. Of his signal energy on the field, his display of all the warlike enthusiasm of his nature, there was no question. When on first coming up to the scene of action he was met by General Bee with the word, "They are beating us back," he simply replied with his customary brevity and coolness, "Then we will give them the bayonet." His firmness gained the admiration of Bee, who exclaimed to his men, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall." They were soon both involved in the hurry and carnage of the battle, and Bee fell mortally wounded, leaving this word of eulogy, sublimated in the heat of the fiery conflict, a legacy to his friend and fellow-soldier. Thenceforth Jackson was known as the Stonewall. This was the origin of the appellation, which never deserted him. Jackson was struck on the hand in the action by a fragment of shell, but made light of the disaster, refusing the attentions of the surgeons till those more severely wounded were cared for.

Two personal records of this engagement remain from his pen. One is a letter to Colonel J. M. Bennett, narrating the military movements of his brigade during the action, concluding with the declaration, "You will find,

when my report shall be published, that the First Brigade was to our army what the Imperial Guard was to the First Napoleon; that, through the blessing of God, it met the thus far victorious enemy, and turned the fortunes of the day." To his wife he wrote the day after the engagement, "Yesterday we fought a great battle, and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due to *God alone*. Though under a heavy fire for several continuous hours, I only received one wound, the breaking of the largest finger on the left hand, but the doctor says the finger can be saved. My horse was wounded, but not killed. My coat got an ugly wound near the hip. My preservation was entirely due, as was the glorious victory, to our God, to whom be all the glory, honor, and praise. Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack. This is for your own information only—say nothing about it. Let another speak praise, not myself."* Nor was the eulogy withheld. "The conduct of General Jackson," says General Beauregard in his official report of the Battle of Manassas, "requires mention, as eminently that of an able and fearless soldier and sagacious commander, one fit to lead his brigade; his efficient, prompt, timely arrival before the plateau of the Henry House, and his judicious disposition of his troops, contributed much to the success of the day. Although painfully wounded in the hand, he remained on

* "Dabney's Life of Jackson," Vol. I., p. 265-6.

the field till the end of the battle, rendering invaluable assistance."†

It was Jackson's opinion, after the battle of Bull Run, that the Confederate army should be immediately pushed upon Washington, for he was always the advocate of energetic forward movements; but he was compelled for a time, with the rest of the troops, to inaction before Washington, while McClellan organized the various forces which were to afford him sufficient employment in the future. He thus passed the remainder of the summer in camp in the vicinity of Manassas. In October he was promoted Major-General in the Provisional Army, and shortly after was assigned to the command of the "Valley District," with his head-quarters at Winchester. This necessitated temporary separation from his brigade, which he took leave of in an animated address, closing with the encomium and appeal—"In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade; in the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade; in the Second Corps of the army you are the First Brigade; you are the First Brigade in the affections of your General; and I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second War of Independence. Farewell."

It was a favorite plan of Jackson, at this period of the war, to enter the north-western part of Virginia, rally the inhabitants favorable to the Southern cause, and, holding the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Cumberland to Harper's Ferry, thus

† Report, August 26th, 1861.

protect the rich upper and lower valleys from the invasions with which they were constantly threatened. The authorities at Richmond, however, failed to support him in this scheme; but he employed all the means at his command to interrupt the communications of the Union forces, and drive away such portions of them as had already gained a foothold from the Valley. On first occupying Winchester he had but a small body of troops with him, but this was not long after increased by the return to his command of his old brigade, and the arrival of the Virginian and Southern regiments, giving him, in December, about eleven thousand men. Late as was the season, he resolved with these to commence active operations. His first work was, under circumstances of considerable difficulty, to destroy an important lock of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal above Martinsburg. This was speedily followed by an undertaking of greater magnitude, and, as it proved, of almost unprecedented hardship. With about eight thousand five hundred men, five batteries of artillery, and a few companies of cavalry, he set out from Winchester to clear Morgan and Hampshire counties of the Federal troops established at Bath, Hancock, and Romney. The force, which in numbers was amply sufficient for the purpose, set out on the 1st of January, 1862, a remarkably fine day of an open season, so mild that the soldiers left their overcoats and blankets to be brought after them in wagons. That night the weather changed, a severe northern blast bringing with it all the terrors of winter in an inclement mountainous

region. A storm of sleet and snow set in, the rough unused roads, which the troops traversed on a secret forced march, were coated with ice; the wagons were slow in coming up, and for several nights the men, without coats or blankets, bivouacked in the wet, with no other resource but the camp fires. The suffering was excessive, numbers left the ranks and made their way to Winchester, officers murmured, but Jackson with his usual determination kept on, and the third day reached Bath, a distance of forty miles, where he expected to surprise and capture the Union garrison; but they had warning of his approach, and escaped across the Potomac at Hancock, whither he pursued them. He planted a battery opposite the town, and summoned it to surrender, and the commander refusing, bombarded it vigorously. After destroying a railroad bridge in the vicinity, and otherwise interrupting the communications of General Banks' army on the Potomac, Jackson marched with his forces on Romney, which, from the difficulties of the way, he did not reach till the 14th, when he found that General Kelley had escaped, with the garrison. He had accomplished his object, however, in clearing the region for the time of the Union forces, and directing the supplies of the country to his own purposes; and, having done this with an energy, and an endurance on the part of his troops worthy an important campaign, he returned to Winchester. He had proved his determination and inflexibility to the verge of rashness; and his men had fully learnt what he expected from them, and what he was

ready to perform himself, for he shrank from no hardship of the camp.

Jackson had left one of his officers, General Loring, with a garrison at Romney, which he was presently moved by the Confederate Secretary of War to recall. Regarding this as an unhandsome interference with his command, Jackson sent his resignation to Richmond; it was not acted upon, however, was tacitly admitted as a protest, and, besieged by remonstrances, the "Stonewall," who could not well be spared, continued in command in the Valley.

Washington's birthday in February brought a general movement of the Northern forces. General Banks, in command of a distinct army corps, crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry on the 26th, immediately occupied Charlestown and Smithfield, and advanced upon Winchester, where Jackson, though beset by vastly superior forces, was, as usual, disposed to show fight. He was ordered, however, to retreat, and evacuated Winchester as Banks came up and occupied the town on the 12th of March. General Shields with his brigade was placed in command there, and Jackson, pursued along his route, retired up the Valley to Mount Jackson, about forty-five miles distant, where he was in communication with the Confederate troops at Luray, and Washington to the East. It was General Shields' design to draw him from this position and supporting force. Consequently, as he tells us, in his report of the action which ensued, he fell back from the pursuit to Winchester, on the 20th, "giving the movement all the appear-

ance of a retreat." General Banks, meanwhile, was leaving with a considerable portion of his army for the Eastward, and Jackson, induced by these circumstances, resolved to return and attack the diminished force at Winchester. General Shields did not underrate his enemy, and made vigilant preparations for his reception on the southern approaches to the town. Jackson advanced with his accustomed impetuosity. His first day's forced march, on the 22nd, was a distance of twenty-six miles, to Strasburg; the next day he came up about noon on the main road to the vicinity of the village of Kernstown, about three and a half miles from Winchester. Shields had already his forces in position on a neighboring height, which became the scene of the conflict. Jackson commenced the attack with resolution and with partial success, when fresh Union troops were advanced and charged upon the Confederates, who, after an obstinate struggle, were compelled to retreat, leaving their killed and wounded on the field. Jackson had underrated the numbers, if not the valor, of his opponents, and suffered defeat. He would, however, have renewed the conflict if the reinforcements which he had summoned to his aid from Luray and elsewhere, had not been prevented by a rise in the Shenandoah from joining him.*

As it was, Shields continued the pursuit to Woodstock, whence Jackson retired to his former quarters at Mount Jackson. Early in April Jackson was followed up by General

* Report of General Shields to General Banks, March 29, 1862.

Banks, who had again taken the field, and having advanced to Harrisonburgh on the 22d, wrote to Washington that Jackson "had abandoned the valley of Virginia permanently." This, however, never was a calculation in Jackson's thoughts, as General Banks presently found. Meanwhile, on the first week of May, we find Jackson moving to the west, and driving back General Milroy, who, in co-operation with Banks, was moving from that direction towards Staunton. A large part of General Banks' command was now withdrawn for the reinforcement of the army in Eastern Virginia, and Jackson, with the intent of directing the loudly called for reinforcements from McClellan, now before Richmond, again assumed the aggressive in the Valley. Frémont was threatening him from the West, across the mountains; Banks was in his front, and McDowell was dispatching General Shields against him from Fredericksburg on the East. At Newmarket, on the 20th May, Jackson was joined by Ewell; Banks was on the direct valley road, about forty miles in his front, at Strasburg. Instead of advancing in this direction, Jackson, with good generalship, turned in a flank movement to the right into the Luray Valley, and struck, with a force of about 20,000 men, directly by a forced march for Front Royal, on the Manassas railway, the next prominent station, twelve miles to the East of Strasburg. There the brave garrison under Colonel Kenley was, on the 23d, overpowered and driven from the place by his superior numbers. Banks, on hearing of the disaster and the force

of the enemy, saw at once the danger in which Winchester was placed, and commenced his retreat to that point. There was a sharp race for the prize. Banks encountered the advance of the enemy on the way at Middletown, at Newtown, and up to Winchester, where there was a spirited contest, by which the pursuers were checked for five hours, when the harassed Union forces pushed on to Martinsburgh, and thence to the Potomac, a march of fifty-three miles, thirty-five of which were performed in one day, the army arriving at the river in forty-eight hours after the first news of the attack on Front Royal. Such was the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson in the valley of Virginia in May, 1862. A general order from his headquarters at Winchester, on the 28th, marks his exultation in the event. Within four weeks," he declared, "this army has made long and rapid marches, fought six combats and ten battles, signally defeating the enemy in each one, capturing several stands of colors and pieces of artillery, with numerous prisoners, and vast medical and army stores, and finally driven the boastful host which was ravishing our beautiful country into utter rout." Nor did he forget to add an expression of his habitual religious confidence in the support of his cause from above. "Our chief duty," he said, "to-day, is to recognize devoutly the hand of a protecting Providence;" and, in pursuance of his convictions, according to a custom which he frequently observed he ordered divine service in the camp in the afternoon.

Though successful in this undertak-

ing, the threatened concentration of forces in his rear permitted no long interval of repose to his jaded troops. Within a few days after this act of thanksgiving Jackson was again in the saddle, retiring with his command to Winchester, which he immediately left, hastening onward to Strasburgh, where he was in danger of being cut off by the junction of Shields and Frémont. The advance of the former had already retaken Front Royal, and Frémont was near at hand on the West, forcing a passage of the mountain from Wardensville to Hardy County. Encumbered with the spoils of Winchester and the Union supplies in the lower Valley, Jackson reached Strasburg on the night of the 31st, as Frémont's advance was coming up. Employing part of his force in resisting his pursuer, Jackson pushed on his retreating column by the valley road to Newmarket. There he was in danger of being overtaken by Shields operating on his flank, the reverse of his own forward movement by the Luray Valley. Frémont, too, who had come up, was now on the direct road, closely pressing his rear, which was ably defended by Ashby with his cavalry. Near Woodstock there was a gallant charge on Colonel Patton's brigade of Jackson's rear guard, in which three of Frémont's cavalymen dashed upon the command, broke through its ranks into the midst of the array, and two of them fell, the other escaping. The narration of this incident by Colonel Patton to Jackson called forth a characteristic reply. "If I had been able," said Patton, struck by this act of extraordinary bravery, "I would have prevented the troops

from firing upon these three men." Jackson chagrined at the confusion which had been caused in his ranks by the assault, asked, "Why would you not have shot those men, Colonel?" "I should have spared them, General," returned the officer, "because they were brave men who had gotten into a desperate situation where it was as easy to capture them as to kill them." Jackson coldly replied, "Shoot them all, I don't want them to be brave."*

Protected from Frémont by the valor of Ashby's cavalry, and outstripping Shields on his flight, Jackson passed Harrisonburg, still pursued by the double forces of his enemy. An encounter above the latter place cost him the valuable life of his brave cavalry officer, Ashby, and Jackson himself, closely pressed, narrowly escaped death or capture at Port Republic. Frémont and Shields were near at hand rapidly converging upon him at this place. Jackson's troops were on the north of the town across the Shenandoah when the bridge which crossed the latter was suddenly seized by Shields' advance. At this moment Jackson was in the town, separated from his command, and his enemy had possession of the bridge. The incident of his escape is thus related by Mr. Cooke:—"He rode toward the bridge, and, rising in his stirrups, called sternly to the Federal officer commanding the artillery placed to sweep it. 'Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir?' 'Bring it over here.' The tone of these words was so assured and commanding that the officer did not imagine they could be uttered by any

other than one of the Federal generals, and, bowing, he limbered up the piece and prepared to move. Jackson lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity. He put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his staff, crossed the bridge at full gallop, followed by three hasty shots from the artillery, which had been hastily unlimbered and turned on him. It was too late. The shots flew harmless over the heads of the general and his staff, and they reached the Northern bank in safety." The battle which ensued at Port Republic, on the 9th of June, when Jackson turned his forces upon his pursuers, was one of the best fought and most sanguinary of the many conflicts in the Valley. The losses on both sides were heavy. It ended the pursuit of Jackson, who was now free to carry his forces to the aid of the beleaguered army at Richmond.

Summoned by General Lee, Jackson reached Ashland with his command on the 25th of June, just in time to participate in the crowning events of the campaign, which was about to culminate in the seven days' battles, and retreat of McClellan to the James River. In the first of the series of engagements on the north of the Chickahominy, at Cold Harbor, on the 27th of June, Jackson bore a prominent part, coming upon the field at the close, and turning the fortunes of the day by his bayonet charge in favor of the Confederates. The next day saw the army of McClellan in full retreat, Jackson following in the pursuit, and being engaged in the final action at Malvern Hill, where his command suffered severely. Immediately after, he returned with his

* Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 165.

corps to the vicinity of Richmond at Mechanicsville, whence he was presently sent to the protection of Gordonsville, now threatened by General Pope. On the 9th of August he was again in conflict with General Banks, this time at Cedar Run, where Jackson again saved the Confederates from disaster by a final charge.

General Lee's advance into Maryland now followed, attendant upon the withdrawal of McClellan's army from James River. Jackson was actively engaged in the campaign, being entrusted by General Lee with the flanking movement by Thoroughfare Gap upon the rear of Pope's army at Manassas, where he was again in action at the end of August, in the second battle at that place. In the first week of September, Jackson realized his long-cherished desire of an invasion of Maryland. He crossed the Potomac in front of Leesburg, advanced to Frederick City, and in the decisive movements which ensued, was employed in the capture of Harper's Ferry, after which he rejoined the main army, and took part in the Battle of Antietam on the 17th, where his corps, as usual, rendered distinguished service. He was with the army in its retreat into Virginia, and was encamped for a while in Jefferson County, in the vicinity of the Potomac.

At the end of October, McClellan again entered Virginia, and was presently succeeded on his southward march by General Burnside, who took up a position on the left bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, to the defence of which Jackson was called from the Valley, and

established on the right wing of the Confederate army. In the action at Fredericksburg, and the repulse of Burnside's forces on the 13th of December, he was again prominently engaged; and the year's campaign being now closed, enjoyed a period of comparative repose at his headquarters on the river below the city. Here he employed himself in superintending the official reports of his battles, insisting upon simplicity, and even brevity of statement. He was also, as usual, much engaged in his religious observances, which he always managed to reconcile with camp life. A famous Sabbatarian letter, which he addressed to Colonel Boteler at Richmond, was written about this time, in which he urged the repeal of the law requiring mails to be carried on Sunday. "I do not see," he wrote, "how a nation that arrays itself against God's holy day can expect to escape his wrath;" adding curiously, "the punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there is no nationality beyond the grave."

One more brief, fatally interrupted, campaign remained for the devoted champion of the Southern cause. In the spring of 1863, the Union forces before Fredericksburg, now under General Hooker, were again in motion. On the 29th of April, that officer having crossed the Rappahannock, established his head-quarters at Chancellorsville, on the flank of Lee's army. Jackson was promptly ordered up from his position to the left, at what had now become the front of the line. Here a flank movement was projected against Hooker's right, and it was

while engaged in carrying out this strategy, that Jackson, returning from a personal scrutiny of his advanced line with his staff, at nine in the evening of the 2d of May, 1863, the party was mistaken for the cavalry of the enemy, and he was fired upon and mortally wounded by his own men. Nearly all his staff were killed or wounded by the volleys which were fired. Jackson was struck by three balls—in the left arm below the shoulder joint, severing the artery; below, in the same arm, near the wrist, the ball making its way through the palm of the hand, and in the palm of his right hand. This was in the immediate vicinity, about a hundred yards of the Union lines, from which, before the disabled General could be removed, a deadly fire was poured upon his escort. Under these terribly tragic circumstances, the guns of the renewed conflict sounding in his ears, he was borne with difficulty from the field to a hospital five miles distant. The next day, the great day of the battle, Sunday, his arm was amputated, and on the following he was removed eight miles further, to Guinea's Depot. His danger was evident to himself as to others. His wife was sent for, and came. He was interested in the re-

ports of the battle, talked resolutely of military affairs, and often religiously declared his wish to be buried in "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia;" and at the end, in moments of delirium, his thoughts reverted to the battle-field. "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action," "Pass the infantry to the front," were expressions which escaped his lips, closing with a few words of idyllic simplicity, in touching contrast to the tales of carnage sadly recorded in these pages. "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees!"* So closed, on Sunday, May 10th, 1863, the life of "Stonewall Jackson." He had just reached his fortieth year. His career was certainly a remarkable one, impressed by a striking personal character. The justice or policy of the cause for which he died must be tried by other arguments than his own impressions. But there was much in his nature to admire, and something also to fear; for the convictions of such a man are to him a law, which he will fearlessly execute; and, so complex are human nature and human life, his very virtues may invigorate and intensify the dangers of his errors.

* Cooke's Life of Jackson, p. 444.

ROSA BONHEUR.

MADemoiselle Rosalie, or as she is known familiarly to the public by the abbreviation of her Christian name, Rosa Bonheur, is a native of France, born at Bordeaux, in March, 1822: Her father, Raymond Bonheur, an artist of some distinction, brought her with him to Paris. After a preliminary education at a boarding-school, she was apprenticed to a seamstress, but showing, it is said an equal dislike for books and needle-work, in her preference for the pencil, she was instructed in drawing and painting by her father. Her choice in art was early made. She seems to have had an instinctive fondness for the portraiture of animal life; and though she had but limited opportunities for studies of this kind in a city, she eagerly availed herself of what might be seen in the streets of Paris. She frequented the *abattoirs* or slaughter-houses, where animals were collected, and the market-places, and in one way or another managed to draw her observations from nature. She also studied at the Louvre. The result was that when, at the age of nineteen, in 1841, she offered her first works on exhibition in the Salon of that year, they

were accepted, and made for her a distinguished reputation. The subjects of the two pictures which she first placed on the walls were a group of goats and sheep, and "The Two Rabbits." Pictures of larger animals followed. Her horses and cattle pieces were celebrated in the annual exhibitions. In 1848, she exhibited a bull and sheep in bronze, modeled by herself, and received from Horace Vernet the first-class medal, with a costly Sevres vase. Her compositions were highly finished and elaborate. One, upon which she had bestowed great pains, and which ranks at the head of her performances, the *Labourage Nivernais*, was completed in 1849; and, becoming the property of the government was placed in the national collection of the works of French Artists in the gallery of the Luxembourg. Her grand spirited painting "*Le Marché aux Chevaux*," or "The Horse Fair," widely known by its exhibition in England and America, and by various engravings, was a leading attraction in the Gallery of French Pictures formed in London, in 1855. It was bought by M. Gambart, the French printseller, in London, for eight



R. B. Gougeon

thousand dollars, who disposed of it to Mr. Wm. P. Wright of Weehawken, New Jersey, where for many years it was hung in his gallery. It has since become the property of Mr. A. T. Stewart, the well-known merchant of New York. An admirable engraving of large size of the "Horse Fair," was executed by the eminent artist Thomas Landseer, for M. Gambart. It has also been executed in a cheaper form in colors.

The London "Art Journal" of this period, thus spoke of the artist and her work, in a notice of an entertainment given to her in the city, at which various members of the Royal Academy were assembled. "Of the lady artist herself, who now deservedly takes her place among the very first painters of any age in her peculiar department, all that need be said in the way of her personal appearance is, that she is quite *petite* in size; her features are regular, very agreeable and sparkling with intelligence. Her large picture, the "Horse Fair," would be a wonderful work for any painter; but as the production of a female it is marvellous in conception and execution. One has only to imagine a group of ten or a dozen powerful Flemish horses 'trotted out,' in every possible variety of action, some of them led by men as powerful and wild-looking as themselves, and he will then have some idea of the composition of this picture. The drawing of the horses and their action is admirable; one especially, to the left of the spectator, is foreshortened with extraordinary success. The coloring of the animals

is rich and brilliant, and is managed so as to produce the most striking effect."

By these and other like brilliant successes, Mademoiselle Bonheur has gained a world-wide reputation in art, as the delineator in great perfection of treatment of the various forms of animal life, involving, of course, in her larger compositions, where characteristic scenery is introduced, proportionate merit as a landscape painter. Her style is at once minute and spirited, remarkable alike for its breadth and fidelity. From the beginning of her career, she has thought no pains too great to be taken to secure an absolute air of reality in her representations. In her secluded cottage in Paris, where she resided, an inventory of her animal establishment annexed to the premises enumerates two horses, five goats, an ox, a cow, three donkeys, sheep, dogs, birds and poultry, kept for models.

The success of Rosa Bonheur secured for her father, in 1847, the post of Director of the Free School of Design for Girls at Paris; and on his death in 1849, the position or title was conferred upon his daughter. In 1865 she was decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and, in 1868, appointed a member of the Institute of Antwerp. When in the war between France and Germany, in 1870-'71, her studio and residence at Fontainebleau, were in possession of the enemy, they were in recognition of her genius, spared and protected from the surrounding devastation, by express order of the Crown Prince of Prussia.

DAVID GLASCOE FARRAGUT.

THIS energetic and intrepid naval officer, whose career on the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico to Vicksburg, has identified him with some of the most substantial services rendered to his country in the War for the Union, was born in East Tennessee, near Knoxville, about the year 1801. His father, an intimate friend of General Jackson, at that time held the rank of major in a cavalry regiment in the service of the United States—military talents being in request in what was then a frontier region, infested by hostile Indians. On one occasion, in the childhood of David, his mother, in the absence of her husband, was required to defend her house against a party of those savage marauders, which she did with spirit, removing the children to a place of safety, and parleying with the assailants through a partially barricaded door, till Major Farragut, with his squadron of horse, opportunely came to the rescue. Scenes like this were well calculated to give strength and hardihood to a youth of spirit. We accordingly find young David, when his father was called to New Orleans to take command of a gun-boat, at

the opening of the war of 1812, anxious also to enter the service. Falling in with Commodore Porter, his wishes were gratified in a midshipman's appointment on board that commander's ship, the Essex. In this famous vessel he made the passage of Cape Horn, and in his boyhood participated in that novel and remarkable career of naval conquest and adventure, which was terminated by the heroic action with two English ships, the Phœbe and Cherub—one of the bloodiest on record—in the harbor of Valparaiso. Young Farragut, boy as he was, seems to have particularly distinguished himself in this engagement. His name is mentioned with honor in the official report of Commodore Porter, as one of several midshipmen who "exerted themselves in the performance of their respective duties, and gave an earnest of their value to the service," adding that he was prevented by his youth from recommending him for promotion. He was then but thirteen, and previously to the action had been engaged in conducting one of the English prizes, taken by the Essex, from Guayaquil to Valparaiso, against the strong remonstrance of the British



D. G. Farragut

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captain, who objected to being under the orders of a boy; but the boy insisted upon performing his duty, and was sustained in its performance.

Returning with the rest of the officers of the Essex on parole to the United States, young Farragut was placed, by Commodore Porter, at Chester, Pennsylvania, under the tuition of one of Bonaparte's Swiss Guards, who taught his pupils military tactics. Being exchanged, the youth resumed his naval career as midshipman till 1825, when, being on the West India station, he was commissioned a lieutenant. For the next sixteen years we find him engaged in various service on board the Brandywine, Vandalia, and other vessels, on the coast of Brazil, and on the receiving-ship at the Norfolk Navy Yard. He was commissioned Commander in 1841, and ordered to the sloop-of-war Decatur, in which he joined the Brazil squadron. Three years' leave of absence succeeded, when he was again on duty at Norfolk, and in 1846 was placed in command of the sloop-of-war Saratoga, of the Home Squadron. He was then for several years second in command at the Norfolk Navy Yard, and in 1851 was appointed Assistant-Inspector of Ordnance. He held this appointment for three years, when he was ordered, in 1854, to the command of the new Navy Yard, established at Mare Island, near San Francisco, California. In 1855, he was commissioned captain, remaining in charge of the Navy Yard on the Pacific till 1858, when he was ordered to the command of the sloop-of-war Brooklyn, of the Home Squadron, from which he was

relieved in 1860. The opening of the Rebellion thus found him at home, awaiting orders.

His residence was at Norfolk, where he was rather in a critical position when, on the fall of Sumter, the leaders of the revolt in Virginia hurried the State out of the Union. His loyalty was well known, and, of course, exposed him to suspicion and hatred. It was evident to him that he could no longer live in Virginia in safety, without compromising his opinions, and at the last moment, the day before the Navy Yard was burned, narrowly escaping imprisonment, he left with his family for the North, his journey being interrupted by the destruction of the railroad track from Baltimore. Arrived at New York, he placed his family in a cottage at Hastings, on the Hudson, in the vicinity of New York, in readiness at the first opportunity, to enter on active service. When the navy was reinforced by the building of ships, and established on its new footing, in the first year of President Lincoln's administration of the department, when the capture of Hatteras and Port Royal had given an impulse to naval operations for the suppression of the Rebellion, this occasion was found in the organization of the expedition against New Orleans. By an order of Secretary Welles, dated January 20th, 1862, Captain Farragut was ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, to the command of the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron, with such portion of which as could be spared, supported by a fleet of bomb vessels, under Commander D. D. Porter, he was further directed to "proceed up

the Mississippi River, and reduce the defences which guard the approaches to New Orleans, when you will appear off that city and take possession of it, under the guns of your squadron, and hoist the American flag therein, keeping possession until troops can be sent to you."

Never was a programme of such magnitude more faithfully and directly carried out. The necessary preparations, which involved many delays, having been completed, at the earliest possible moment in March, Captain Farragut entered the Mississippi in his flag-ship, the steamer Hartford, accompanied by the vessels of his squadron. He was presently followed by the mortar fleet of Porter, and everything was pushed forward to secure the object of the expedition. The bombardment of Fort Jackson was commenced on the 16th of April, by the mortar fleet, and kept up vigorously for several days, preparatory to the advance of the fleet. Before dawn, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the way having been thus cleared, and a channel through the river obstructions opened, Captain Farragut, having made every provision which ingenuity could suggest, set his little squadron in motion for an attack upon and passage of the forts.

The fleet advanced in two columns, the right to attack Fort St. Philip and the left Fort Jackson. The action which ensued was one of the most exciting, and, we may add, confused, in the annals of naval warfare. Passing chain barriers, encountering rafts, fire-ships, portentous rams and gun-boats, fires from the forts and batteries

on shore, the officers of the fleet pushed on with an energy and presence of mind which nothing could thwart. In the perils of the day, the flag-ship was not the least exposed and endangered. "I discovered," says Captain Farragut, in his report, "a fire-raft coming down upon us, and in attempting to avoid it, ran the ship on shore, and the ram Manassas, which I had not seen, lay on the opposite of it, and pushed it down upon us. Our ship was soon on fire half-way up to her tops; but we backed off, and through the good organization of our fire department, and the great exertions of Captain Wainwright and his first-lieutenant, officers and crew, the fire was extinguished. In the meantime our battery was never silent, but poured in its missiles of death into Fort St. Philip, opposite to which we had got by this time, and it was silenced, with the exception of a gun now and then. By this time the enemy's gun-boats, some thirteen in number, besides two iron-clad rams, the Manassas and Louisiana, had become more visible. We took them in hand, and, in the course of a short time, destroyed eleven of them. We were now fairly past the forts, and the victory was ours; but still here and there a gun-boatmaking resistance. . . . It was a kind of guerilla; they were fighting in all directions."

Leaving Commander Porter to receive the surrender of the forts, and directing General Butler, with his troops of the land forces, to follow, Captain Farragut, with a portion of his fleet, proceeded up to New Orleans, witnessing, as he approached the city, the enormous destruction of property

in cotton-loaded ships on fire, and other signs of devastation on the river. The forts in the immediate vicinity of the city were silenced, and on the morning of the twenty-fifth, as the fleet came up, the levee, in the words of Captain Farragut, "was one scene of desolation; ships, steamers, cotton, coal, etc., all in one common blaze, and our ingenuity being much taxed to avoid the floating conflagration." In the midst of this wild scene of destruction, the surrender of New Orleans was demanded, and after some parley, the American flag was, on the twenty-sixth, hoisted on the Custom-house, and the Louisiana State flag hauled down from the City Hall.

More than a year of arduous labor for the land and naval forces of the Upper and Lower Mississippi remained before the possession of that river was secured to the Union. In these active operations Flag-Officer Farragut—he was appointed Rear-Admiral on the creation by Congress of this highest rank in the navy in the summer of 1862—with his flag-ship, the *Hartford*, was conspicuous. In the campaigns of two seasons on the river, from New Orleans to Vicksburg, ending with the surrender in July, 1863, of the latter long-defended stronghold and Port Hudson, the *Hartford* was constantly in active service. In these various encounters she was struck, it was said, when the good ship returned to New York for repairs in the ensuing month, in the hull, mast, spars, and rigging, two hundred and forty times by round shot and shell, and innumerable times by Minie and rifle

balls. The reception of Admiral Farragut at New York, the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and at his new home at Hastings, was earnest and heartfelt, becoming the occasion and the man.

The attack on Mobile, on the 8th of July, 1864, crowned the long series of victories which compose the record of Admiral Farragut. The results of this engagement were the destruction of the Confederate fleet, the capture of the iron-clad ram *Tennessee*, and the surrender of all the forts in the harbor, with twenty-six hundred prisoners.

As a reward for this brilliant achievement, and for his other services, the rank of Vice-Admiral, corresponding to Lieut.-General in the army, was created by Congress and conferred upon Admiral Farragut.

Soon after this, at his request, he was relieved from active service, and was called to Washington, where he remained, directing the movements of the navy till the end of the war.

In 1867-8, Admiral Farragut visited the chief ports of Europe in the flag-ship *Franklin*, and was received with distinguished attention by the sovereigns and courts of all the leading powers. An illustrated narrative of his tour was published. He did not long survive his return. He died at Portsmouth, N. H., August 14th, 1870. His remains were brought to the city of New York for interment, at the close of the following month, and, attended by President Grant, and with every honor the Republic could bestow, were deposited in the cemetery at Woodlawn.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

IN a biographical notice prefixed to an edition of his father's writings, Disraeli traces the history of the family to the end of the fifteenth century, when, with others of the Jewish faith, they were driven by the persecution of the Inquisition from their home in Spain to seek refuge in the more tolerant territories of the Venetian Republic. His ancestors, he tells us, "had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in terra firma, and grateful to the God of Jacob, who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli, a name never borne before, or since, by any other family, in order that their race might be for ever recognized. Undisturbed and unmolested, they flourished as merchants for more than two centuries, under the protection of the lion of St. Mark, which was but just, as the patron saint of the Republic was himself a child of Israel. But towards the middle of the eighteenth century, the altered circumstances of England, favorable, as it was then supposed, to commerce and religious liberty, attracted the

attention of my great-grandfather to Great Britain, and he resolved that the youngest of his two sons, Benjamin, the 'son of his right hand,' should settle in a country, where the dynasty seemed at length established through the recent failure of Prince Charles Edward, and where public opinion appeared definitively adverse to persecution on matters of creed and conscience." Benjamin Disraeli was married to a lady of his own Hebrew faith. He prospered in England and survived to a great old age. He had but one child, named Isaac, who received a liberal education on the continent, and after sundry miscellaneous poetical and other efforts with his pen, settled down upon criticism, history and biography, incorporating the results of his protracted studies in "The Curiosities of Literature" and other kindred productions. Gifted with an independent fortune, and occupying a somewhat isolated position, he devoted himself to courses of liberal reading with the zeal of a bibliomaniac. "He disliked business, and he never required relaxation; he was absorbed in his pursuits. In London his only amusement was to ramble among



Orsraeli

booksellers; if he entered a club, it was only to go into the library. In the country, he scarcely ever left his room, but to saunter in abstraction upon a terrace, muse over a chapter or coin a sentence. He was a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber, where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls."

Devouring books and libraries to the last, unlike many of his class, he made the public the sharer of his acquisitions, in the numerous learned and delightful essays and sketches we have spoken of—books which have charmed readers of every age and opened the path to learning to many an ingenuous youthful mind.

His son, Benjamin Disraeli, the English parliamentary leader, was born at the family residence in Bloomsbury Square, London, in December, 1805. Inheriting his father's tastes, or profiting by the literary opportunities of his youth, he very early became an author. Having received a careful education at school, like his father he exhibited a disinclination to a business or professional career, and following further the example of his parent he found for himself an entrance upon a literary life. In 1826, before he was of age, he began by contributing articles to the "Representative," a daily London newspaper in the tory interest, which was published but a few months, and the same year published the first portion of his novel, "Vivian Grey," which was completed

by the issue of three additional volumes the following season. As described in a contemporary notice by the "London Magazine," it is "the history of an ambitious young man of rank, who by dint of talent, personal advantages and audacity, becomes the dictator of certain circles in high life, some of the recent occurrences and actors in which he has taken the liberty to describe with great freedom." A certain tumultuous vivacity in the style, the daring of the animal spirits of youth, added force to its satiric touches. It was the talk of the town and eminently successful.

"It is curious at this time of day," writes that excellent biographer, Mr. Samuel Stiles, in a sketch of Disraeli, "to read 'Vivian Grey' by the light thrown upon its pages by the more recent career of its author. Thus regarded, it is something of a prophetic book. It contained the germs of nearly all the subsequent fruit of Mr. Disraeli's mind,—to the extent of his political aspirations, his struggles and his successes. They are all foreshadowed there. Although in the third volume (published a year after the first two), he disclaimed the charge of having attempted to paint his own portrait in the book, it is nevertheless very clear, that, in imagination, he was the hero of his own tale, and that the characters or puppets which he exhibited and worked were such as he would have formed had he the making of the world; nay, more, they were such as he subsequently found ready-made to his hand. The motto standing on the title-page bespeaks the character of Vivian Grey:

'Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.'

Following the production of "Vivian Grey," the author made an extensive tour on the continent and in the East, visiting Italy, Greece, and Albania, and passing the winter of 1829-'30 at Constantinople. The ensuing season he traveled in Syria and Palestine, and after journeying through Egypt and Nubia, returned to England in 1831. While on this tour, the influence of which is seen in the oriental coloring of many of his writings, he wrote and published his novels, "Contarini Fleming," and "The Young Duke," books with the merits and faults of "Vivian Grey," brilliant in style, abounding in talent, piquantly seasoned with satire to attract attention, with a prevalent air of exaggerated effect. The Reform Bill being in agitation when Disraeli reached England, after his travels, he made vigorous efforts to secure an entrance into political life. He stood, with recommendations from Hume and O'Connell to back him, for the small borough of Wycombe, in Bucks, his position being that of a candidate of Radical opinions, whom, however, the Tories as well as the Radicals supported, from opposition to the Whigs. Defeated in this election, he became a candidate, in 1833, in the Radical interest, for the borough of Marylebone; describing himself in an address to the electors as a man who "had already fought the battle of the people," and who "was supported by neither of the aristocratic parties," and avowing himself a friend to Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot. He was again unsuccessful; and seeing no

chance of being elected by any other constituency, he resumed his literary occupations. The "Wondrous Tale of Alroy," and "The Rise of Iskander," published together in 1833, provoked some critical ridicule from the exuberance of their style, as well as from the extravagance of the author's claims in their behalf as novelties in the modern literary art. They were followed by "The Revolutionary Epic," a quarto poem, the high pretensions of which were not confirmed by any impression it made on the reading public. The first part only was published. In the same year, 1834, he wrote "The Crisis Examined," and in 1835, another political pamphlet, entitled "A Vindication of the English Constitution." In this year he became a candidate for the borough of Taunton; and as he now came forward in the Conservative interest, O'Connell, in reply to an attack by Disraeli, made on him at the hustings, issued a diatribe against him, in which he accused him of inconsistency in language coarser and more personal than was perhaps ever used before on any similar occasion. "If his genealogy were traced," said he, "he would be found to be the true heir of the impenitent thief who died upon the cross." This led to a hostile correspondence between Disraeli and O'Connell's son, Morgan, who declined to meet his challenger in a duel. Disraeli was bound over to keep the peace, and the correspondence was published. In the course of the newspaper altercations attendant upon this affair, Disraeli explained his political principles in a manner intended to show how his professions and conduct in 1831 and 1833,

might be reconciled with his professions and conduct in 1835. In a letter addressed to O'Connell himself, after his failure in the election, he said, alluding to this fact of his repeated failure: "I have a deep conviction that the hour is at hand when I shall be more successful. I expect to be a representative of the people before the repeal of the Union. We shall meet again at Philippi; and rest assured that, confident in a good cause, and in some energies which have not been altogether unimproved, I will seize the first opportunity of inflicting upon you a castigation which will make you remember and repent the insults that you have lavished upon Benjamin Disraeli." This was thought bravado at the time; but the prediction was realized. After an interval of two years, during which he published his novels "Henrietta Temple" and "Venetia," he was, at the age of thirty-two, in the general election of 1837, returned to Parliament as Conservative member for Maidstone. But the list of his failures was not yet closed. His maiden speech, prepared beforehand, and in a very high-flown style, was a total failure; he was accompanied through it by the laughter of the House, and at last was obliged to sit down. But before he did so he energetically uttered the following sentences, "I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." This proved to be true. Speaking little for some time, and carefully training himself to the Parliamentary style and manner, he began, about 1839, to

obtain the attention of the House, and by the year 1841, he was recognized as the leader of the "Young England Party," who were trying to give a new form and application to Tory principles. His marriage, in 1839, with Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, the wealthy widow of his Parliamentary colleague for Maidstone, gave his talents the social means necessary for their full success in public life. It was during the Peel ministry of 1841-'46, that he acquired his highest distinction as a master of Parliamentary invective: during the latter portion of this period, his attacks on Peel were incessant. He was then no longer member for Maidstone, but for Shrewbury. After the repeal of the Corn Laws, and the retirement of Sir Robert Peel from office, Disraeli labored, in conjunction with Lord George Bentinck, to form the new Protectionist party, as distinct from both the Peel Conservatives and the Whigs. The results were decisive. After Lord George Bentinck's death, in 1848, Disraeli, elected for Bucks, in 1847, became the leader of the Protectionist or old Tory party in the House of Commons; and he led it with such consummate ability, that, on the retirement of Lord John Russell's cabinet in 1852, and the formation of a Tory government under Lord Derby, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. This government lasted only from March to December, 1852, when it broke down on Disraeli's budget. The coalition ministry of Lord Aberdeen succeeded, to be followed by that of Lord Palmerston, which fell before the opposition to the Conspiracy to Murder Bill, which appeared to the

national jealousy of the time to be too favorable to the French government; and Lord Derby, in February, 1858, was again summoned to power, and for the second time conferred the Chancellorship of the Exchequer on Disraeli, who, with that office, resumed the leadership of the House of Commons. At the suggestion of his chief, who wished to carry a substantial measure of electoral reform, whilst still the country was free from clamor; Disraeli, in February, 1859, brought forward his elaborate bill, a principal feature of which was to ensure a later extension of the franchise, so that the whole body of the educated classes should be admitted to the suffrage without regard to property qualification. The attempt to carry the bill was unsuccessful; and it was finally defeated in the House of Commons on the 31st day of March. An appeal to the country followed, the results of which were so little cheering to the Derby administration, that they resigned in June, 1859, and for seven years thereafter, their party remained in the cold shade of opposition.

“Disraeli is known as an ardent advocate of ‘that sacred union between Church and State, which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilization, and is the only security of our religious liberties;’ and he signalized his long period of opposition by taking a prominent part, both in Parliament and elsewhere, in confronting the ecclesiastical legislature of the Liberal party. Five of his speeches on church matters, delivered between the 4th of December 1860, and the 25th of November, 1864, were edited with a pre-

face by a ‘Member of the University of Oxford,’ with the title of ‘Church and Queen.’ The speeches delivered by Disraeli in the House of Commons in opposition to Gladstone’s Budgets of February, 1860, and April, 1862, were published as strictures on ‘Mr. Gladstone’s Finance, from his accession to office in 1853, to his Budget of 1862.’ To the same period of official vacation, belongs the republication, with ‘purely literary connections’ of the ‘Revolutionary Epic,’ the first small issue of which, fifty copies, had taken place thirty years before.

“The month of July, 1866, found Lord Derby once more in power, with Disraeli for the third time as his Chancellor of the Exchequer. They resolved to attempt a settlement of the long agitated question of Reform, which so many administrations had either failed to solve, or else had agreed to shelve. The franchise was to be given to the working classes, in the words of Lord Derby, ‘with no niggard hand;’ but, though he found in Disraeli a willing coadjutor, their course was seriously retarded and embarrassed by the hesitations, fears and disapproval of many members of their own party. It was upon Disraeli that the conciliation and ‘education’ of the malecontents chiefly devolved; and in this process he was so successful that in 1867 the Tories were induced to accept a policy repugnant to their most cherished traditions, and to pass a measure of Radical Reform which made the parliamentary franchise depend on household suffrage. The professed hope of the promoters of this measure was that of penetrating

to a stratum of Conservative feeling which was said to underlie the liberalism of the lower middle classes. The attitude of Disraeli with regard to Reform throughout the larger proportion of his political career is exhibited in a volume, edited by Mr. Montague Corry, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn and entitled 'Parliamentary Reform. A Series of Speeches on that Subject delivered in the House of Commons, by the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, 1841-66.' The memorable Speeches at Edinburgh, in which Disraeli claimed to have 'educated' his party to the passing of the Reform Bill, and which gave considerable umbrage to some of his adherents, were published 'by authority' with the title of 'The Chancellor of the Exchequer in Scotland; being two Speeches delivered by him in the city of Edinburgh, on the 29th and 30th of October, 1867.'

"On the retirement of Lord Derby in February, 1868, Disraeli succeeded him as First Lord of the Treasury; and his short occupancy of power was signalled by the favor which he showed to the Protestantism and even the Orangeism of Ireland when the question of the disestablishment of the church of that country was agitated by Gladstone, into whose hands the Premiership fell upon the resignation of Disraeli in December, 1868. On this occasion the latter accepted for his wife a promotion to the peerage of the United Kingdom with the title of Viscountess Beaconsfield. As leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, Disraeli took action against his rivals' Bill for the Abolition of the Irish Church establishment in 1869, to

which, whilst virtually accepting the disestablishment and disendowment of that Church, he proposed a series of amendments which he soon ceased to defend, and the effect of which in Gladstone's calculation, would have been to add one or two millions to the existing endowment of the Church. With reference to the Irish Land Bill, the passing of which was the great work of the session of 1870, Disraeli and some of his adherents undertook to demonstrate the inconsistency of the Bill with the rights of property, whilst they explicitly or virtually acknowledged the necessity of buying off agrarian disaffection in Ireland. The final adoption of the Bill, in its complete form was furthered by the absence of systematic opposition, and more especially by the forbearance of Disraeli, who, throughout the session, avoided unnecessary occasions of conflict."*

During the progress of this extraordinary parliamentary career, Disraeli maintained his reputation in literature, while serving his interests in politics, by the production of a series of novels, in which he engaged the attention of the public in the discussion of his peculiar views. "Coningsby; or the New Generation," published in 1844; "Sybil, or the Two Nations," in 1845; "Tancred, or the New Crusade," in 1847; to which may be added "Lothair" in 1870—all more or less, stripped of their romantic accessories, belong to the class of political or social essays. The author made them the vehicle for the presentation of his peculiar views on government and

* English Encyclopedia.

society, the modified system of toryism in its incorporation with modern institutions which he had adopted; his idiosyncrasies in his advocacy of the faculties of the Jewish race, his caustic personalities and satire, under thin disguises, of political opponents. Though no writer of the time has afforded such abundant opportunities for the severities of criticism, few have managed upon the whole to be more successful. His books, spite of their extravagance, perhaps by virtue of it have always secured a multitude of readers; the latest, "Lothair," certainly not the least faulty in style, having, in its season, secured an immense popularity throughout Europe and America. There are other minor miscellaneous literary works of Disraeli, and one of some importance as a contribution to the political history of the times—a biography of his parliamentary associate and leader, Lord George Bentinck.

The marriage of Disraeli, already mentioned, proved a very happy one, bringing wealth and influence to the author and politician, who ever found in his wife his best and truest supporter. The dedication to her of his novel "Sybil," bears testimony to her vir-

tues. "I would," he writes, "inscribe these volumes to one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompt her to sympathise with suffering; to one whose sweet voice has often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment have ever guided their pages; the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife." Again, in a public speech at Edinburgh, in 1867, he spoke of his partner as "that gracious lady to whom he owed so much of the happiness and success of his life."

After a protracted illness, this lady expired on the 15th of December, 1872, and was buried the following week in the family vault in Hughenden Church. The ceremony, as described in the papers of the day, differed little from a humble village funeral, and was touching in its simplicity. The weather was very wet; nevertheless Mr. Disraeli walked bareheaded through the rain, and reverently followed the remains of his late partner to the vault. "Lady Beaconsfield," says the writer in the "Graphic," "was much beloved in Hughenden, where her simple deeds of kindness and charity towards the poor and sick, and her graceful affection for her husband, will not easily be forgotten."



Angela M. Corwith

THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

THIS English lady, born on the 25th of April, 1814, so eminently distinguished for her pecuniary liberality, and many works of enlightened practical beneficence, is the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, renowned for his liberal political opinions and his advocacy of popular rights in the British Parliament during the first quarter of the present century. Throughout that period, few names were oftener in men's mouths in England, than that of Sir Francis Burdett. The contested election struggles for the representation of Middlesex in the first decade, followed by his committal in the Tower for a letter addressed to his constituency, denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison delinquents, furnished a constant excitement to the electors of the metropolis in those days of struggle for constitutional liberty. Beside his efforts for political reform, he exerted himself in the philanthropic work of improving the management of Cold Bath Fields and other prisons. Sir Francis, in early life, married Sophia, the daughter of the wealthy banker, Thomas Coutts. This personage, familiarly known as "Tommy Coutts," was the

descendant of an Edinburgh merchant, whose son, James, had settled in London as a merchant, and subsequently becoming a banker, had founded the well-known house in the Strand. He was joined in the enterprise by his brother Thomas, who, by survivorship, became sole proprietor of the bank, and the accumulator of immense wealth. He had in early or middle life married an estimable young woman, but of humble circumstances, a superior domestic in his brother's family, by whom he had three daughters, who, aided by their handsome prospects, had formed distinguished alliances with the nobility, becoming the Marchioness of Bute, the Countess of Guilford, and Lady Burdett. With his daughters thus established in the world, at about the age of seventy-five, his wife at that time being completely broken down in health, and overcome with infirmities, with little consciousness of what was going on around her, he fell in, at Cheltenham, with an actress, with whom he at once formed a peculiar attachment. This was Harriet Mellon, the daughter of an Irish woman, of the peasant class by birth, who had begun life in Cork as a semps-

tress, and attracted by her beauty a military gentleman of somewhat uncertain position, calling himself Lieutenant Mellon of the Madras Native Infantry, to whom she was married in 1777, and with whom she went to reside in London. The only advantage to her of this union, was the birth of her daughter, Harriet, which occurred in Westminster; for, before this event, her husband had departed for India, dying, it is said, on the voyage, and she was left with her child to support herself as best she could. While in Ireland, she had been for a time attached to a strolling company of players, among whom she had been admitted in the capacity of dresser, wardrobe keeper, and money-taker at the door. The pantomimist who presided over the company, now turning up in London, Mrs. Mellon joined his strolling band in her former capacity of dress-maker, in their excursions through England, and, after a short time, was married to a Mr. Entwisle, a musician in the traveling orchestra. She was now, though in a subordinate capacity, permanently associated with the stage, and, naturally enough, brought up her child to the same profession. Being a woman of extraordinary acuteness and great managing talent, she looked out for her daughter's education from the start, and was careful to guard her from the immoral tendencies of her vagrant mode of life. The girl herself early displayed a remarkably lively, vivacious disposition, a creature of impulse and sensibility, of hearty generous emotions—qualities which, with a healthy and engaging personal appearance, constituted her capital in the

business of life. It was the time of youthful prodigies. Indeed, the children of strolling players, where they had any capacity, were, as a matter of course, brought upon the stage. So Miss Mellon, at the age of ten, made her first appearance at the theatre at Ulverstone, in the character of "Little Pickle," in the farce of "The Spoiled Child;" which was succeeded by her representation of the part of "Priscilla Tomboy," in the farce of "The Romp." The latter character was one in which Mrs. Jordan, then in the heyday of her powers, was very famous; and when Miss Mellon, a few years afterwards, Sheridan having become acquainted with her talents in the provinces, introduced her to an engagement at Drury Lane, it was in Mrs. Jordan's parts, or as her companion rather than rival, that she became known to London audiences. Her great success was in her performance of "Volante," in Tobin's comedy of "The Honeymoon," a part in which she was cast at the first performance of the play, and which she made her own. While enjoying this success in the metropolis, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Entwisle, were residing in Cheltenham, the mother constantly drawing upon her daughter for support, which the generous Harriet was quite willing to contribute. She had become responsible for the building of a fine house in that place, which the Entwisles let out on speculation; and, one day, there being a demand for more money, Miss Mellon agreed to go down and give a performance in aid of the failing funds. The enterprising Mrs. Entwisle was of course ready to do all the trumpeting, and

take every means for the sale of tickets. And this brings us round to the banker, Thomas Coutts, who happened to be then at Cheltenham, recruiting his health. Always careless in dress, of habits exclusively formed in the life of a man of business, he would have attracted little attention from Mrs. Entwisle, had she not been informed, without knowing his name, that he was spoken of by his valet as one of the richest people in London, and a very unhappy sort of a gentleman, his wife going out of her mind, which so preyed upon his spirits, that he was seeking the fashionable watering-place for a change. This hint the mother of the actress turned to account, soliciting a subscription for a box at the coming benefit night. No immediate answer was returned; but the banker, meeting the actress in his walks, introduced himself to her from his acquaintance with her face in the Drury Lane green-room, apologized for his delay in answering the request, and handed her an enclosure of five guineas for a box to be kept for Mr. Coutts. From that moment, it is said, the prescient mother had her eye on the great banker as a matrimonial alliance for her daughter. The five new guineas were carefully set aside by Miss Mellon, who had always a tinge of superstition, to be kept as "luck money." Certainly, her good luck was thenceforward in the ascendant. The acquaintance formed with the banker was kept up by him with the actress in London. He became a regular visitant at her lodgings, where, according to numerous anecdotes given by the daughter's biographer, Mrs. Cornwell Baron-Wilson, the

mother was assiduous in all those little cares so engaging to such an old gentleman, forlorn in the midst of his abundance. "As for Mr. Coutts himself," says the writer, "he was exactly the sort of person, and in exactly the position, to fall in with Mrs. Entwisle's schemes. He was eccentric, and very shrewd in worldly matters, but open to being won by 'a soft word,' as the royal brothers, and many needy dandies of the peerage knew. Then there was a strong vein of romance—high-flown romance—beneath all this shrewdness; also a great love of witty society, and more especially that of the green-room. His position, notwithstanding his wealth, was lonely in the extreme, as regards a domestic circle of affection; for his daughters had been long married, and his poor wife was not companionable, or even sensible of his presence. It will be readily seen what a chance there was for the wheedling Irishwoman and her respectful daughter (for this was the attitude which she assumed), when they received a visit from the solitary *millionaire*, and devoted themselves to preparing all the trifling comforts which servants would not do of themselves; and their master, engrossed in business, forgot to order. In time, he regularly took his luncheon in Little Russell Street at two, and if his family wanted to see him, they knew where to go."

Matters continued in this way during the lifetime of Mrs. Coutts; her growing infirmities, in the beginning of 1815, being brought to a sudden termination from the effects of a disaster in falling into the fire. The event found her husband confined to his bed

by illness, from which he rose to stagger into the presence of his friend, the actress, with the intelligence.

In this illness he was for some time prostrated, and the presence of Miss Mellon, whose attentions had long since become habitual to him, seemed now indispensable for his recovery. An arrangement was accordingly made for a private marriage, which was entered upon and announced in the *Times* newspaper, early in March, hardly two months after the decease of the banker's wife. At the time of this union, Mr. Coutts was at about the age of eighty-four, and Miss Mellon approaching forty. In the month preceding she had taken her farewell of the stage, after a prosperous career of twenty years on the London boards, in the part of Audrey, in "As You Like It." Mr. Coutts now improved in health, though slowly, and survived for seven years, dying in 1822. By his will he left the whole of his vast property to his wife. Considering herself as a trustee of this enormous wealth, for the benefit of his family, she immediately settled large annuities upon his daughters, who had been already greatly enriched by his gifts, receiving each a marriage portion of one hundred thousand pounds. Mrs. Coutts, from her wealth and fine personal qualities, now held a distinguished position in English society. We get an interesting glimpse of her in the autumn of 1825, in the *Diary of Sir Walter Scott*, on occasion of her visit to Abbotsford. She was then visiting various seats of the nobility in Scotland, traveling in state, with an imposing equipage, accompa-

nied by Lady Charlotte Beauclerk and her brother, who had recently become Duke of St. Albans. The latter, now a young man of twenty-four, already her suitor, was in due time to become her husband.

After a delay of a year or so, Mrs. Coutts, in June, 1826, became the Duchess of St. Albans. The scene was now reversed; a young wife with an old husband had become an old wife with a young husband. She maintained the new relation with her accustomed ease and pliability of disposition for ten years, when she expired, after a short illness. True to her sense of responsibility to her benefactor, the wealthy banker, she made large bequests by will to the members of his family, leaving the great bulk of her property to his granddaughter, Miss Angela Burdett. She is said, in the fourteen years previous to her death, out of the proceeds of the fortune given to her by her husband, estimated in his will at nine hundred thousand pounds, and from the returns from the banking-house, in which his interest was retained, to have bestowed nearly four hundred thousand pounds upon his family. A contemporary paragraph in the *London Morning Herald*, cited by Mrs. Baron Wilson, estimated the amount of Miss Burdett's fortune thus acquired at the respectable sum of one million, eight hundred thousand pounds. Miss Coutts also now became principal proprietor of the Banking-House of Coutts & Co., a fortune in itself.

Fortunately, with this extraordinary legacy, the recipient was gifted also

with the generous spirit of the testator. Numerous anecdotes are related of the benevolent disposition of the Duchess of St. Albans. On one occasion, when the distress of the Irish peasantry was extreme, in a threatened general famine, she fitted out a ship entirely at her own expense, laden with clothing, and all sorts of provisions, which she sent to the sufferers. Her good feeling towards her old associates on the stage was never relinquished, and she had many opportunities of serving them; while in her days of comparative poverty, her slender purse had always been at the command of her parents.

On coming into possession of her vast legacy, Miss Burdett, by royal sign manual, in gratitude to the memory of her grandfather, assumed his name, and was thenceforth known as Miss Angela Burdett-Coutts. Her subsequent career is to be traced in the social annals of England, and by her munificent deeds of charity, many of them of too important a character and public in their nature to escape observation. When the particulars of her life shall, as they probably will hereafter, be given to the world, much of interest relating to her will doubtless be disclosed; at present, readers at a distance must be content with a few scattered notices of her entertainments, her balls and parties, in the published diaries of Moore and Crabb Robinson, with the latter of whom in particular she seems to have lived on quite friendly terms. Robinson, on one occasion, acknowledging a donation from Miss Coutts of a hundred pounds for a hospital in which he

was interested, pronounces the donor "the most generous and delicately generous person he knew." Among the celebrities whom he meets at her table are Sir Charles Napier, Chevalier Bunsen, Babbage, Charles Young, the poet Wordsworth, and not least the Duke of Wellington, who was said at one time, in his later years, to have been a suitor for her hand or wealth. This was the gossip of the London season—for the Duke was fond of money; but he probably had little encouragement in seeking it in that direction, and he was not destined to add another to the list of anomalous marriages in the family history.

For information respecting the general direction of Miss Coutts' life, we cannot do better than cite the account given in one of the English biographical works of the day. She has exercised the extensive power conferred upon her by the gift of the Duchess of St. Albans, of benefiting her less fortunate fellow-creatures, not only by the ordinary method of subscribing largely to public institutions, but by working out her own wise and benevolent projects. A consistently liberal churchwoman, in purse and opinion, her munificence to the Establishment in all parts of the world has become historical. Besides contributing large sums towards building new churches and new schools in various poor districts throughout the country, she erected and endowed at her sole cost, the handsome church of St. Stephen's, Westminster, with its three schools and parsonage, and more recently, another church at Carlisle. She endowed, at an outlay of little short of fifty

thousand pounds, the three colonial bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia; besides founding an establishment in South Australia for the improvement of the aborigines. She also supplied the funds for Sir Henry James' Topographical Survey of Jerusalem. In no direction have Miss Coutts' sympathies been so fully and practically expressed as in favor of the poor and unfortunate of her own sex. The course taught at the national schools, and sanctioned by the Privy Council, included many literary accomplishments which a young woman of humble grade may not require on leaving school; but the more familiar arts essential to her after-career were overlooked. By Miss Coutts' exertions, the teaching of *common things*, such as sewing and other household occupations was introduced. In order that the public grants for educational purposes might reach small schools in remote rural as well as in neglected urban parishes, Miss Coutts worked out a plea for bringing them under the required government inspection by means of traveling or ambulatory inspecting schoolmasters, and it was adopted by the Committee of the Privy Council for Education.

Miss Coutts' exertions in the cause of reformation, as well as that of education, have been no less successful. For young women who had lapsed out of the well-doing part of the community, Miss Coutts provided a shelter and means of reform in a small establishment at Shepherd's Bush. Nearly one half of the cases which passed through that reformatory during the seven years that it existed, resulted in

new and comparatively prosperous lives in the colonies. Again, when Spitalfields became almost a mass of destitution, Miss Coutts began a sewing school there for adult women, not only to be taught, but to be fed and provided with work; for which object government contracts are undertaken and successfully executed. Experienced nurses are sent daily from this unpretending charity amongst the sick, who are provided with wine and other comforts; while outfits are distributed to poor servants, and winter clothing to deserving women.

Miss Coutts has also taken great interest in judicious emigration. When a sharp cry of distress arose in the island of Girvan, in Scotland, she advanced a large sum to enable the starving families to seek better fortune in Australia. Again the islanders of Cape Clear, Shirken, etc., close to Skibbereen, in Ireland, when dying of starvation, were relieved from the same source by emigration, and by the establishment of a store of food and clothing; by efficient tackle, and by a vessel, to help them to their chief means of livelihood—fishing. By an arrangement with Sir Samuel Cunard, Miss Coutts enabled a great many families to emigrate from all parts of the United Kingdom at a time of wide-spread distress.

One of the black spots of London in that neighborhood, once known to and dreaded by the police as Nova Scotia Gardens, was bought by Miss Coutts; and upon the large area of squalor and refuse, she erected the magnificent model dwellings called Columbia Square, consisting of separ-

ate tenements, let out at low weekly rentals to upwards of three hundred families. Close to these dwellings, she caused to be erected at a cost of two hundred thousand pounds, (more than a million dollars) the magnificent structure known as Columbia Market, intended for the convenience of the small dealers and traders of that populous and indigent locality in the sale and supply of cheap articles of food, with a special adaptation for the sale of fish, the philanthropic donor thinking it desirable to encourage the use of fresh fish as a common article of diet for the poor of London, in preference to inferior qualities or portions of butcher's meat, which had become greatly enhanced in price. In the autumn of 1871, this costly building, erected with an eye not only to utility, but to elegance and beauty, was formally presented by her to the Corporation of London.

For these and other services to her country, the title of Baroness was conferred in 1871 by Queen Victoria upon Miss Burdett-Coutts.

In further acknowledgment of the noble gift of Columbia Market bestowed to the Corporation of the City of London for the benefit of the poor of the East End, the Common Council,

in July, 1872, in a public ceremony, presented to Lady Burdett-Coutts the freedom of the city. It was accompanied by a complimentary address enclosed in a gold casket of beautiful construction, paneled in compartments, one bearing the arms and supporters of her ladyship, the other seven representing tableaux of acts of mercy, emblematic of her beneficence—"Feeding the Hungry," "Giving Drink to the Thirsty," "Clothing the Naked," "Visiting the Captive," "Lodging the Homeless," "Visiting the Sick," and "Burying the Dead." The four cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, and Fortitude, supported the box at the corners. The lid, which is domed and surmounted by the city arms, bore on its front an engraving of a fishing scene, in allusion to the establishment of the fish market. In her reply to the addresses of the Lord Mayor and Chamberlain of London, on occasion of the presentation, she alluded in graceful terms to the interest which the proceedings of the day would excite in the question of "a wholesome, varied, and abundant supply of food for the health and comfort of all classes," an interest which she had evidently philosophically studied in its details and generalities.

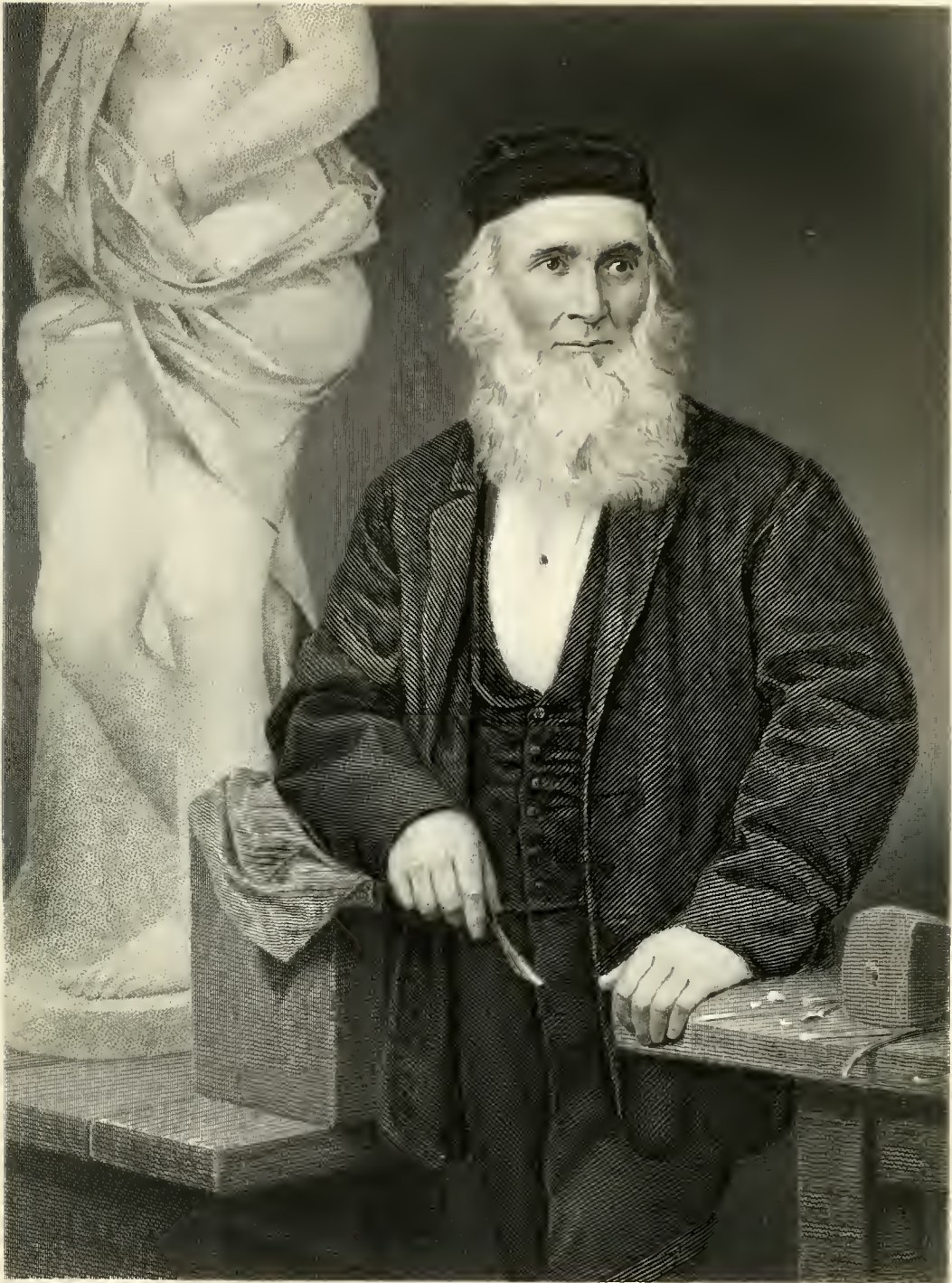
HIRAM POWERS.

THIS distinguished American sculptor was born at Woodstock, Vermont, July 29th, 1805. His father was a small farmer of the place, also, as he is described by the artist, 'half blacksmith and half ox-yoke-maker, who had served an apprenticeship to nothing, but possessed a certain skill in whatever he undertook. He valued himself on the curves of his ox-bows and yokes, and could *strike* with the blacksmith himself." * Becoming bondsman to a friend, this parent lost all the little property he possessed; and an untoward season for farming succeeding this calamity, the family, which included seven children, five of whom were at home, were driven to great straits for their support. One of the sons, a youth of talent, had obtained sufficient as a school teacher to pursue his education at Dartmouth College, and had gone to the West, and become engaged in editing a newspaper at Cincinnati. This appears to have turned the thoughts of his father in that direction, and led him to emigrate with his fam-

ily to the west. In 1819, when Hiram was at the age of about fourteen, they all set off upon the journey together in three wagons, with the household goods and money which remained, and travelling through the state of New York, made their way to the Ohio, which they descended in a flat boat.

Upon reaching Cincinnati, by the aid of the son settled there, the elder Powers, with his family, were soon established upon a small farm, a few miles from the city. Unhappily it was badly located in the neighborhood of a marsh, the miasma from which infected the whole family with fever, and caused the death of the father. The family was, in consequence of this double disaster, broken up and scattered. Hiram, the future artist, was disabled by his illness, and incapacitated for work for a year. He at length obtained a situation in a produce store in Cincinnati, his business being to watch the wagons that came into town, bringing wheat and whiskey, and direct them to his employer, and afterwards roll the barrels in and out of the building. This employment was continued till the "concern" was broken up, when his brother, the

* Seven Sitzings with Powers the Sculptor, by the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows.—"Appleton's Journal," 1869.



Hiram Powers

editor, created a new occupation for Hiram by making an agreement with an hotel-keeper to furnish him with his exchange newspapers, with which he was to open a reading-room, to be free to the guests of the house, but for the use of which outside subscriptions were to be paid. Hiram was to be placed in charge of this, and receive whatever could be made out of it. The reading-room was opened, but the pecuniary result, whether from the mismanagement of the landlord, or the reluctance of the good people of Cincinnati to pay for what they were in the habit of obtaining gratis, was next to nothing.

This resource failing, the disappointed youth, "looking anxiously around for the means of living, fell in with a worthy man, a clock-maker and organ-builder, who was willing to employ him in collecting bad debts in the country." Mounted on an old horse, in what was rather an adventurous pursuit in those days in the West, young Powers was so successful that, after collecting the debts, his employer proposed to set him at work in the clock-and-organ factory. "He thought he had some rough work there, he said, which even so wholly unskilled a hand as mine might perform. I could afford to refuse no proposition that promised me bread and clothes, for I was often walking the street hungry, with my arms pressed close to my sides to conceal the holes in my coat-sleeves. So I went into the shop, and the master gave me some brass-plates to thin down with the file. They were parts of the stops of an organ he was build-

ing, and required to be very nicely levelled and polished; but my business was only to prepare them for the finisher. The boss was to come in, after a day or two, and see how I got along. Now, I always had a mechanical turn, and had whittled out a great many toys, and made a great many pewter guns, in my boyhood. I took hold, therefore, of the brass plates and the files with a confidence that I could surprise my employer; and, although I blistered my hands badly at once, I stuck to them with a will. My employer did not look in for several days, and, when he did come, I had already finished several plates. He took one up, and cast his eye along it; then put it upon a level table, and cast his eye under it; and, finally, bringing it down face to face with another of my plates, lifted that up by mere cohesive attraction. He said nothing to me, but, calling in his head workman, he cried, "Here, Joe, is the way I want them plates finished!" The truth was, I had, at once, greatly surpassed the finisher at his own business, by mere nicety of eye and determination of spirit. From that moment my employer took me into his confidence. He really seemed to love me. He soon gave me the superintendence of all his machinery; I lived in his family, and I felt my future secure. There was a machine for cutting clock-wheels in the shop, which, though very valuable, seemed to me capable of being much simplified and improved. The chief hands, jealous of my favor with the boss, laughed at my suggestions of improvement in a machine which had come all the way from Connecti-

cut, where "the foreman guessed they knew something about clocks." There was an old silver bull's-eye watch hanging in the shop—too poor to steal—which had, however, excited my cupidity. I told the master that, if he would give me that watch, I would undertake to make a new machine—much simpler and more efficient than the old one. He agreed; and, after ten days' labor, I so simplified and improved the plan, that my new machine would cut twice as many wheels in a day, and cut them twice as well. This established my reputation with him and the workmen. The old watch has ticked all my children into existence, and three of them out of this world. It still hangs at the head of my bed."

It was about this time that the artist recollects visiting the Museum in Cincinnati, where he noticed particularly an elephant's tusk broken and held together by iron hoops; and a plaster cast of Houdon's "Washington," the first bust he had ever seen. "It excited my curiosity strangely," he says, "and I wondered how it was made." There happening then to be in the city a German sculptor engaged on a bust of General Jackson, Powers sought his acquaintance, and learned from him the elements of his art. Being an apt pupil, for nature was directing his hand, he at once turned the information he received to account, by modelling with steady persistence, in bees' wax, the head of the little daughter of a gentleman of the city, Mr. John P. Foote. When it was completed, by careful fidelity in copying the exact features, he found he

had obtained an excellent likeness in expression. Soon after, the famous Mrs. Trollope made her appearance at Cincinnati, on her American tour, accompanied by the clever French artist, Hervieu, who illustrated a number of her works. By agreement, Powers modelled a bust of this sketcher in exchange for a portrait of himself by the painter. These, however, were but first attempts. It was not till some time after that a peculiar opportunity presented itself to advance his employment as a bust maker. It would be injustice to the reader to relate it in other than the artist's own words, as taken down by Dr. Bellows.

"A Frenchman from New Orleans had opened a museum in Cincinnati, in which he found his fine specimens of natural history less attractive than some other more questionable objects. Among these were certain wax figures. He had, however, one lot which had been badly broken in transportation, and he had been advised to apply to me to restore them. I went to the room, and found Lorenzo Dow, John Quincy Adams, Miss Temple, and Charlotte Corday, with sundry other people's images, in a very promiscuous condition—some with arms, and some with noses, and some without either. We concluded that something entirely new, to be made from the old materials, was easier than any repairs; and I proposed to take Lorenzo Dow's head home, and convert him into the King of the Cannibal Islands. The Frenchman was meanwhile to make his body—"fit body to fit head." I took the head home, and, thrusting my hand into the hollow, bulged out the

lanky cheeks, put two alligator's tusks into the place of the eye-teeth, and soon finished my part of the work. A day or two after, I was horrified to see large placards upon the city-walls, announcing the arrival of a great curiosity, the actual embalmed body of a South-Sea man-eater, secured at immense expense, etc. I told my employer that his audience would certainly tear down his museum, when they came to find out how badly they were sold, and I resolved myself not to go near the place. But a few nights showed the public to be very easily pleased. The figure drew immensely, and I was soon, with my old employer's full consent, installed as inventor, wax-figure maker, and general mechanical contriver in the Museum. One of the first things I undertook, in company with Hervieu, was a representation of the infernal regions after Dante's description. Behind a grating I made certain dark grottoes, full of stalactites and stalagmites, with shadowy ghosts and pitchforked figures, all calculated to work on the easily-excited imaginations of a Western audience, as the West then was. I found it very popular and attractive; but occasionally some countryman would suggest to his fellow-spectator that a little motion in the figures would add much to the reality of the show. After much reflection, I concluded to go in among the figures dressed like the Evil One, in a dark robe, with a death's-head and cross-bones wrought upon it, and with a lobster's claw for a nose. I had bought and fixed up an old electrical machine, and connected it with a wire, so that,

from a wand in my hand, I could discharge quite a serious shock upon anybody venturing too near the grating. The plan worked admirably, and excited great interest; but I found acting the part of wax-figure two hours every evening in the cold no sinecure, and was put to my wits to devise a figure that could be moved by strings, and which would fill my place. I succeeded so well, that it ended in my inventing a whole series of automata, for which the old wax-figures furnished the materials, in part, and which became so popular and so rewarding, that I was kept seven years at the business, my employer promising me, from time to time, an interest in the business, which he quite forgot to fulfil. When, at last, I found out the vanity of my expectations, I left him. He knew I kept no accounts; but he did not know that I reported all the money he gave me to my wife, who did keep our accounts. He tried to cheat me; but I was able to baffle him through her prudence and method. For I had married in this interval, and had a wife and children to support."

From these incongruous pursuits, the artist, for such he was really becoming, was relieved by the generous appreciation of the wealthy resident and benefactor of Cincinnati, Mr. Nicholas Longworth. This fine-hearted gentleman voluntarily came to the artist and made him three propositions, to buy out the museum and establish him in it; send him to Europe at his expense to study his art as a sculptor; or to forward his interests at the national capital, where he might

find employment in making busts of the great men of the country. Powers accepted the last, and, in 1835, leaving his family at Cincinnati, took up, for a time, his residence at Washington, where he was speedily engaged upon the bust of President Jackson; and, among other distinguished sitters, had John Quincy Adams, Calhoun, Chief-Justice Marshall, Levi Woodbury, and Martin Van Buren. An anecdote is related of his bust of Jackson, one of his earliest and most striking works, which exhibits thus early the leading characteristics of the author's power—that pursuit of the real which has given to his great portrait busts the force and authority of a living presence. “After I had finished it,” says he, “Mr. Edward Everett brought Baron Krudener, minister from Prussia, to see it. The baron had a great reputation as a critic of art. He looked at the bust deliberately, and said: “You have got the general completely: his head, his face, his courage, his firmness, his identical self; and yet it will not do! You have also got all his wrinkles, all his age and decay. You forget that he is President of the United States, and the idol of the people. You should have given him a dignity and elegance he does not possess. You should have employed your *art*, sir, and not merely your *nature*.” I did not dare, in my humility and reverence for these two great men, to say what I wanted to in reply; to tell the baron (for Mr. Everett was silent) that my “art” consisted in concealing art, and that my “nature” was the highest art I knew or could conceive of. I was content that the “truth” of

my work had been so fully acknowledged, and the baron only confirmed my resolution to make truth my model and guide in all my future undertakings. I wrote Mr. Everett, many years after, reminding him of this interview, and also remarking on his silence at the time. He wrote me frankly that his silence was caused by his consciousness of a very poor right to speak on such a subject, but that he had often pondered it since, and had come to the deliberate conclusion that the baron was wrong in his criticism and counsel. If I have since done anything in my art (said Powers), it is due to my steady resistance to all attempts to drive me from my love and pursuit of the truth.

The eminent ability displayed by Mr. Powers in these early works at Washington gained for him the admiration of the distinguished South Carolina statesman, Senator William C. Preston, who, by his representations, induced his brother at Columbia, though he had never seen the artist, to tender to him the means of going abroad, authorizing him to draw annually for a thousand dollars for several years. This munificent offer was accepted. In 1837, Mr. Powers reached Italy, and took up his residence in Florence, where, with remarkable local tenacity, he maintained his studio, to the end, accomplishing from year to year the series of his noble busts and statues which have gained him the admiration of appreciators of art throughout the world. During thirty years' residence in Florence, he visited Rome but twice, and then only for a short time on each occasion. After execut-

ing in marble the busts of Jackson and others, which he had modelled in Washington, he turned his attention to works of invention, and produced his first ideal statue, a representation of Eve, a matronly figure, marked by a fulness and certain robustness, without any sacrifice of beauty or grace, pensive in expression, as she is imagined in a first moment of consciousness after the fall, a sentiment indicated by the slightly inclined countenance and the attitude of the arm and hand holding the apple. Before the model of this work was completed, as we are told in one of the notices of the sculptor, he was visited in his studio by the eminent Thorwaldsen, who happened then to be passing through Florence. "He admired the busts of the artist. The statue of 'Eve' excited his admiration. Powers could not suppress his apprehensions, and began to offer an apology, by stating that it was his first statue. The noble old sculptor stopped him, and rendered an apology useless by the remark, 'Any man might be proud of it as his last.'"^{*}

"Eve" was speedily followed by the production of "The Greek Slave," the best known and most popularly successful of the sculptor's works. It was first brought to the notice of the world in the great London Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, where its success marks an era in American art. It has since been reproduced by the

^{*} The "Illustrated Magazine of Art," vol. 3, p. 209.

artist in no less than six copies, with slight variations of the accessories; and has been rendered familiar to the public by various exhibitions and in numerous engravings and small models in different materials. Like the "Eve," it is relieved from all unrefined, sensuous expression, by an air of sentiment, the design involving a consciousness of shame at the exposure in the slave-market. The other chief ideal works of the artist, are his "Penseroso," a realization of the lines of Milton:

"And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes;
There held in holy passion still
Forget thyself to marble."

The "Proserpine," a bust, the conception of female beauty in repose;—the "Fisher Boy," who listens, as he holds a shell to his ear, to the imaginative sounds within it;—the national "California" and "America;" while not less among his masterpieces, are his portrait busts of eminent American statesmen, and his statues of Washington, Calhoun, and Webster.

Powers continued to reside in Italy, for the sake of the advantage to his art; but he remained in heart a true American, never ceasing to interest himself in the welfare of his country. So his life wore on with great regularity in his studio till he was visited by a wasting bronchial complaint, which, after about a year's continuance, terminated his life at Florence on the 27th of June, 1873.

LOUIS AGASSIZ.

LOUIS JOHN RODOLPH AGASSIZ, one of the most distinguished naturalists and scientific explorers of the present day, was born in the parish of Mottier, between the lake of Neuchâtel and the lake of Morat, in Switzerland, on the 28th of May, 1807. Of Huguenot race his father was a village pastor, as for six generations in lineal descent his ancestors had been before him. The pastor's wife, a woman of rare worth and intelligence was the daughter of a Swiss physician.

At the age of eleven, Louis entered the gymnasium of Bienne, whence he was removed, in 1822, as a reward for his attainments in his scientific studies, to the Academy of Lausanne. Two years later he engaged in the study of medicine at the school at Zurich, and subsequently pursued the scientific and philosophical courses at the Universities of Heidelberg and Munich, receiving his degree as doctor of medicine at the latter. The bent of his mind was already shown at these latter institutions, in his devotion to the study of botany and comparative anatomy.

In 1828, at the age of twenty-one, Agassiz began his public career as a naturalist by the description of two

new fishes in the "Isis" and "Linnæa," two foreign periodicals occupied with natural history. The following year he was selected to assist the eminent German naturalist, Von Martius, in his report of the scientific results of his expedition to Brazil, undertaken under the auspices of the Austrian and Bavarian governments. The portion of the work entrusted to his charge, was the preparation of an account of the genera and species of the fish collected by the naturalist Von Spix in the expedition. The successful accomplishment of this work gave him reputation as an ichthyologist. His labors were noticed with approval, and brought before a Berlin meeting of German naturalists by the eminent transcendental anatomist, Oken. Encouraged by this success he pursued his ichthyological studies with great perseverance, recording the results from time to time in the natural history publications of the day. His labors also secured him the friendship of Humboldt and Cuvier in a visit to Paris, where he was enabled to pursue his researches by the friendly pecuniary assistance of a clergyman and friend of his father, Mr. Christinat.



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In 1832, he was appointed Professor of Zoology at Neuchâtel. In 1834, he published a paper on the "Fossil Fish of Scotland," in the "Transactions of the British Association for the Advancement of Science," and others subsequently on the classification of fossil fishes in various foreign journals. He devoted seven years to this subject, completing the publication of his great work on "Fossil Fishes," in five volumes in 1844. Associated with these studies and results, was the preparation of his important work on Star-Fishes, or Echinodermata, published in parts from 1837 to 1842, under the title "Monographes d'Echinodermes Vivans et Fossiles." He had also, during this period, completed another leading work, a "Natural History of the Fresh-water Fishes of Europe," which was published in 1839.

"The researches of Agassiz upon fossil animals," says a writer in the "English Cyclopædia," "would naturally draw his attention to the circumstances by which they have been placed in their present position. The geologist has been developed as the result of natural history studies. Surrounded by the ice-covered mountains of Switzerland, his mind was naturally led to the study of the phenomena which they presented. The moving glaciers and their resulting moraines, furnished him with facts which seemed to supply the theory of a large number of phenomena in the past history of the world. He saw in other parts of the world, whence glaciers have long since retired, proofs of their existence in the parallel roads and terraces, at the basis of hills and moun-

tains, and in the scratched, polished and striated surface of rocks. Although this theory has been applied much more extensively than is consistent with all the facts of particular cases by his disciples, there is no question in the minds of the most competent geologists of the present day, that Agassiz has, by his researches on this subject, pointed out the cause of a large series of geological phenomena. His papers on this subject are numerous, and will be found in the 'Transactions of the British Association' for 1840, in the 3rd volume of the 'Proceedings of the Geological Society,' in the 18th volume of the 'Philosophical Magazine,' third series; and in the 6th volume of the 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History.'"

In 1846, Agassiz came to the United States to continue his explorations and to fulfil an engagement to deliver a course of Lectures on the Animal Kingdom before the Lowell Institute at Boston. The lectures excited much interest and were followed in successive seasons by three other courses on Natural History before the same institution. While these were in progress he had, at the close of 1847, accepted the appointment of Professor of Zoology and Botany in the scientific school founded by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, in connexion with Harvard University at Cambridge. In the following year he was engaged, with some of his pupils, in a scientific exploration of the shores of Lake Superior, the results of which were published in a volume written by Mr. Elliott Cabot and others, entitled "Lake Superior." In conjunction with Dr. A. A. Gould, of

Boston, Professor Agassiz published in the same year a work on "The Principles of Zoology." Devoting himself to an assiduous practical study of the natural history of the country, he has visited its most important portions in the Atlantic and Gulf States, the valley of the Mississippi, and the regions of the Rocky Mountains. In 1850, he spent a winter upon the reefs of Florida, in the service of the United States Coast Survey; and subsequently, during the winter 1852-53, was Professor of Comparative Anatomy, in the Medical College of Charleston, S. C., which afforded him the opportunity of making other scientific researches in the southern region and seaboard. The results of his investigations in these various journeys have been given to the world in a series of volumes in quarto entitled "Contributions to the Natural History of the United States," a work for which an extraordinary popular subscription was obtained.

In the Summer of 1865, Professor Agassiz extended his American researches to the Southern Continent, in an expedition at the head of a chosen party of assistants, in an exploration of Brazil, where he devoted eighteen months to a thorough survey of the valley of the Amazon and other portions of the country. An account of this tour, in a volume entitled "A Journey to Brazil," from the pen of Mrs. Agassiz, a devoted companion to her husband in his scientific studies, was published in 1857. He subsequently has been engaged in a like exhaustive study of the regions of the United States bordering on the Pacific;

and, in 1872, a voyage of scientific observation on the western shores of South America. In these expeditions he is accompanied by a corps of pupils devoted to natural history, and vast materials are gathered by him, to be added to the collections of animals, plants, and fossils, of which he has undertaken the classification and preservation, as curator of the Museum of Comparative Zoology established in connection with his Professorship at Cambridge.

While pursuing his career of original study at Cambridge and giving to the public the result of his observations in his series of philosophical lectures before the Museum of Comparative Zoology, involving original and elaborate *constructions* of animal life, the sphere of his investigations was enlarged in the summer of 1873 by the gift by Mr. John Anderson, a gentleman of Massachusetts, of Penikese Island, off the coast of New England. This piece of land, valued at one hundred thousand dollars, was presented to him for the establishment of a school of Investigation in Natural History, with an additional gift in money of fifty thousand dollars to carry out the design. In the prosecution of this liberal plan, Prof. Agassiz became at once engaged in the effective organization of the school or college, endeavoring to "extend the range of its usefulness in the application of science to the practical art of modern civilization" his object being particularly "to combine physical and chemical experiment with the instruction and work of research to be carried on upon the island—physiological experiments

being at the very foundation of the exhaustive study of zoology." *

Professor Agassiz has received the most distinguished attentions from the French Academy of Sciences and other numerous scientific associations of Europe. On the death of the eminent Professor Edward Forbes, in 1854, he was invited to succeed to his chair of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh, but declined the offer in favor of his adopted home, and the field of some of his most distinguished researches in America.

The amiable and attractive personal character of Professor Agassiz has added greatly to his opportunities in advancing the interests of science. "He is," says the accomplished critic, Mr. Whipple, in the course of an able review of his "Essay on Classification" in the first volume of the Contributions to the Natural History of North America, "not merely a scientific thinker: he is a scientific force; and no small portion of the immense influence he exerts is due to the energy, intensity and geniality which distinguish the nature of the man. In personal intercourse he inspires as well as informs, communicates not only knowledge, but the love of knowledge, and makes for the time everything appear of small account in comparison with the subject which has possession of his soul. To hear him speak on his favorite themes is to become inflamed with his enthusiasm. He is at once one of the most dominating and one of the most sympathetic of men, having the qualities of leader

and companion combined in singular harmony. People follow him, work for him, contribute money for his objects, not only from the love inspired by his good-fellowship, but from the compulsion exercised by his force. Divorced from his congeniality, his energy would make him disliked as a dictator; divorced from his energy, his geniality would be barren of practical effects. The good-will he inspires in others quickens their active faculties as well as their benevolent feelings. They feel that, magnetized by the man, they must do something for the science impersonated in the man,—that there is no way of enjoying his companionship without catching the contagion of his spirit. He consequently wields, through his social qualities, a wider personal influence over a wider variety of persons than any other scientific man of his time. At his genial instigation, laborers delve and dive, students toil for specimens, merchants open their purses, legislatures pass appropriation bills."

In the midst of this active career of usefulness, after a summer of unusual exertion in the establishment of his School of Natural History, Professor Agassiz, who had already suffered some symptoms of failing health, was, in the beginning of December, 1873, suddenly stricken down by an attack of paralysis, and, after a few days of lingering illness, on the night of the 14th expired at his residence in Cambridge, Mass. His death was attended by the profoundest regret and the noblest tributes to his memory in America, and by the friends of science throughout the civilized world.

* Letter of Prof. Agassiz to the "New York Daily Tribune," June 14, 1873.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was born in 1820, in the city of Florence, Italy, whence it is said she derived her christian name. Her father, William Edward Nightingale, of Lea Hurst, Derbyshire, England, was descended from an ancient Yorkshire family named Shore, the name which he bore till about the year 1815, when, in compliance with the wishes of an uncle by the mother's side, he adopted the name of Nightingale. He was married in 1818 to a daughter of William Smith, the eminent philanthropic member of Parliament for Norwich. Florence, the younger of the two daughters from this union, according to the account in the "English Cyclopædia," "appears to have been instructed at home; where, besides the usual accomplishments, she acquired a knowledge of the German and other modern languages, which, during her travels on the Continent, to examine the hospitals and asylums for the poor and aged, were of essential service. Besides attaining proficiency in the classics and mathematics, with a general knowledge of the sciences, her musical attainments are highly spoken of. In early childhood, a marked sympathy with every kind of affliction declared itself in her; and it was fostered both by the encouragement of her friends, and the means for its exercise which her father's fortune placed at her disposal. From the first, her benevolence took the aspect of method, being quiet, thoughtful, and serious; she seemed from natural instinct to have adopted her own vocation. Her reading mainly consisted of the writings of pious Christians of different countries and ages, who have had their missions of charity. From Lea Hurst, where much of her early life was spent, she visited the schools and hospitals of the neighborhood; and when time had lent its impulse to this benevolence, she longed to extend its sphere by exploring the great hospitals of England. With this view, she was taken to the metropolis, where she examined with rigid care the several systems of treatment pursued in the hospitals, reformatory institutions, and workhouses. She took great pains in observing the nursing of patients in the Middlesex hospital, whence afterwards she selected some of the nurses who accompanied her to the East. After this, she gathered new experience by in-



Florence Nightingale

specting the principal hospitals in the country towns. During this protracted course of study, the observation which most frequently recurred to her, was the want of competent nurses and a school for the training of them. At length she learned that such a training school as she desired, though not to be met with in the United Kingdom, existed in Germany."

This was the institution at Kaiserswerth, near Dusseldorf, on the Rhine, founded by Pastor Fliedner, for the practical training of deaconesses, or visiting nurses, who go out to visit the sick and poor, one of a cluster of charitable establishments at this spot which had rapidly grown from a very humble beginning. The story of Fliedner's life is told in the popular work of John De Liefde, chiefly relating to the charitable institutions of Germany, entitled "The Romance of Charity." He was, in 1822, a poor young Protestant clergyman of the Prussian church, in charge of a scanty flock, depending for their subsistence upon employment in a neighboring manufactory. The failure of the factory dispersed part of the congregation, and left the rest in utter want. The church was in debt, and by a pastor of less resolution than Fliedner, would have been abandoned in despair. In this extremity, he resolved to make a tour of the province, with the hope of collecting money to carry on the enterprize, "On this journey, he made the acquaintance of the leading men in the Church, and especially in the sphere of Christian philanthropy. Their conversation enabled him to cast a glance into the depths of misery which prevailed

among the lower classes, in the prisons and in the hospitals. He returned home to his flock with the glad intelligence that he was able to pay their most urgent debts. But fresh difficulties arose. It was quite absurd to expect that these poor people would be able to meet the annual expenditure of their church and school; so Fliedner resolved to try to collect an endowment for both, and this time directed his steps to Holland and Great Britain. He set out on his travels in 1823, and he obtained money in abundance; but he carried back with him a greater treasure in a thorough knowledge of the chief philanthropic and charitable institutions of the two countries." With this experience, looking beyond the immediate limits of his parochial church, he turned his attention to the condition of the inmates of the neighboring prison at Dusseldorf; obtained permission to preach to them, and procured a society of prison reform to act for their welfare. A second visit to Holland followed in 1827, and another to England and Scotland in 1832, in which he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Fry, whose beneficent labors at Newgate, undertaken many years before, were now bearing fruit throughout the kingdom, and of Chalmers, who, was also to illustrate in his career the practical work of Christianity in the improvement of the condition of the poor. Fliedner was now ready to organize institutions of his own which should be an example to Germany and the rest of Europe. He began with an asylum for discharged female convicts. The little garden house of his family was given up for the purpose. This soon

proving too small, a large place was procured, and the garden house became a school for the poor children of the factory where they were at first taught knitting, and this soon grew into a fully equipped infant school. A hospital was his next undertaking, and this demanded nurses, which were poorly supplied. To meet this new want, an institution for training nurses was organized, and thus the famous deaconess-house at Kaiserswerth was established, which has its active correspondence and agents, and a brood of like institutions which it has inspired, throughout the world. Nor was this all that was effected by the efforts of Fliedner. An institution for insane women; a home of rest for aged deaconesses who have accomplished their mission; another, a rural retreat for those who require relaxation in the midst of their labors, are among the numerous buildings gathered together in this great Christian enterprise.

It was at the deaconess-house at Kaiserswerth, that Miss Nightingale received the education by which she became especially qualified for her future personal exertions in the care of the sick, and her equally important work of hospital organization. She entered Fliedner's institution in 1849, as a voluntary deaconess, and for six months was engaged under the direction of the founder, in a regular course of training in the care and treatment of medical and surgical cases. She then visited a number of other hospitals and asylums for the poor in Germany, France, and Italy, but more particularly those founded on the parent house at Kaiserswerth, for the

training of Protestant nurses and teachers. Among the many sisters of charity she met with in her progress, was a German lady, the Baroness Rantzan, director of a royal benevolent institution at Berlin. Like herself, the baroness had adopted the vocation of voluntary nurse, and had qualified at Kaiserswerth. After her return to England, Miss Nightingale remained some months at Lea Hurst, to recruit her health. Her next service was the direction of the Sanatorium for Invalid Ladies, in Upper Harley-street, London, where she remained from August, 1853, to October, 1854, when the progress of the war in the Crimea, and the distress of the British army had roused the sympathy of the nation. The question having been strongly urged, with a pointed reference to the assistance rendered by the Sisters of Charity in the French camp, "Are there no women in Protestant England to go forth?"—Mr. Sidney Herbert, secretary of war, determined to send out to the East a staff of voluntary nurses; and it was in consequence of his urgent request, that Miss Nightingale, who endeavored to shun notice and fame, was induced to take upon herself the onerous duty of its superintendence. Having reached Constantinople a day or two before the battle of Inkermann, November 5th, 1854, accompanied by her friends and coadjutors, Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and forty-two competent nurses, some of them ladies of rank and fortune, she took up her quarters in the great barrack hospital at Scutari. The battle of Inkermann sent down to that hospital, in a single

day, upwards of six hundred wounded soldiers; and so great was the rapidity with which sickness spread through the camp, that the number of patients at Scutari rose in two months, from September 30th, to November 30th, from five hundred to three thousand, and on the 10th of January, 1855, nearly ten thousand sick men were scattered over the various hospitals on the Bosphorus.

The services of Miss Nightingale, under extraordinary demands like these, were of the most exacting nature. How she met the occasion, has been recorded by Russell, the celebrated war correspondent of the London "Times," in his letters from the camp to that journal. "Wherever there is disease in its most contagious form," he wrote, early in 1855, "and the hand of the spoiler distressingly nigh, there is that incomparable woman sure to be seen. Her benignant presence is an influence for good comfort, even amid the struggles of expiring nature. She is a 'ministering angel,' without any exaggeration, in these hospitals, and as her slender form glides quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softens with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers have retired for the night, and silence and darkness have settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she may be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds."

Miss Nightingale remained nearly two years in the East, in assiduous devotion to the great work of her life, interrupted only by a severe attack of hospital fever, contracted while she

was engaged in superintending the hospital service at the camp at Balaklava, in May, 1855, on her recovery from which, having rejected the advice of her friends to return to England for her health, she immediately resumed her duties in the care of the wounded soldiers of the army. When the war was ended, she returned, in September, 1856, to her father's seat at Lea Hurst. In acknowledgement of her services to the nation at the seat of war in the East, she was presented by Queen Victoria with a valuable jewel, said to have been designed by Prince Albert.

A pamphlet written by Miss Nightingale, was published in 1850, for the benefit of the establishment for invalid ladies in Upper Harley-street, giving an account of the Institution for the Practical Training of Deaconesses, which she had attended at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine. Ten years afterward, in 1860, appeared a volume from her pen, of a highly suggestive and useful character, entitled "Notes on Nursing: What it is, and what it is not."

The treatment suggested may often be called simply natural, founded on the sense of man's physical relations in the world, with no invocation of the science of medicine. Thus, in the first chapter of the book, that on "Ventilation and Warming," the proposition is laid down: "The very first canon of nursing, the first and the last thing upon which a nurse's attention must be fixed, the first essential to a patient, without which all the rest you can do for him is as nothing, with which I had almost said, you may leave all the rest alone,

is this: To keep the air he breathes as pure as the external air, without chilling him." Among other striking illustrations of this subject, are the remarks on night air: "Another extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without, and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true, that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from, is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night." The manner of the book, it may be added, is as good as its matter; feminine in its thoughtful, sympathetic insight, manly in its straightforward, energetic utterance.

We cannot better close this notice of a lady whose practical beneficence is benefiting the world, than in the lines addressed to her by the poet Edwin Arnold:

"If on this verse of mine
 Those eyes shall ever shine,
 Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
 Think not that for a rhyme,
 Nor yet to fit the time,
 I name thy name,—true victress in this strife!
 But let it serve to say
 That, when we kneel to pray,
 Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
 And that thy gallant deed,
 For God, and for our need,
 Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.

'Tis good that thy name springs
 From two of Earth's fair things,—
 A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
 'Tis well that in all homes,
 When thy sweet story comes,
 And brave eyes fill—that pleasant sounds be
 heard.
 Oh voice! in night of fear,
 As night's bird, soft to hear,
 Oh great heart! raised like city on a hill;
 Oh watcher! worn and pale
 Good Florence Nightingale,
 Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and
 will!
 England is glad of thee,—
 Christ for thy charity,
 Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still."



A. Mayors

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THIS English author, the foremost of his generation in the long line of eminent national poets, was born at Somerby, a small parish in Leicestershire, of which his father, the Rev. Dr. George Clayton Tennyson, was rector, in the year 1809. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fythe. The paternal grandfather of the poet, George Tennyson, of Bayon's Manor and Usselby Hall, Lincolnshire, was possessed of large estates by inheritance and marriage, which, on his death in 1835, became the possession of his second son, the Right Hon Charles Tennyson D'Eyncourt, who assumed this addition to the family name in compliance with the will of his father, "to commemorate his descent from the ancient and noble family of D'Eyncourt, Barons D'Eyncourt of Blenkney, etc." The ancestry of the poet may thus be traced to the D'Eyncourts of the Norman times, and in various alliances with the most distinguished Norman, Saxon and modern English families, a pedigree, doubtless, not without its influence in the formation of his character and genius.

The Rev. Dr. Tennyson, the father

of the poet, is spoken of by William Howitt, in his "Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets," as "a man of very various talents—something of a poet, a painter, an architect, and a musician, as well as a considerable linguist and mathematician." He was thus abundantly able to conduct his son's education, which, after a year or so at the grammar school of Louth, in his native county, was continued at home at the parsonage till his entrance at Trinity College, Cambridge, at about the age of nineteen. His two elder brothers, Frederick and Charles, both possessed of poetical talent, were undergraduates with him in the University course. The rectory at Somerby had been quite a nest of poets. "We have heard," says the biographer of Tennyson, in the "English Cyclopædia," "the writing of tales and verses was the amusement of all the children from the time that they could use a pen." In 1827, when Alfred was at the age of eighteen, there appeared anonymously at Louth, in Lincolnshire, a small volume, entitled "Poems by two Brothers," the work of Alfred and Charles. This was the future laureate's first appearance in print. As

the respective authorship of the poems is not indicated in the book, the critics have not been able to pronounce positively upon any evidences of the peculiar genius of Alfred exhibited in the volume; but the writer of the critical notes in the curious "Tennysonian" has detected in passages certain resemblances to the later expressions of the poet, which, with the general character of this very early production, show that even in his boyhood his style was being formed, with no little of that sensibility and refinement in thought and expression by which his productions have since and always been so eminently distinguished.

In 1828, Frederick Tennyson, the oldest son of the family, obtained at Cambridge the medal for a Greek poem, recited at the Commencement of that year; and, in the following year, Alfred obtained the Chancellor's gold medal for an English poem, in blank verse, on "Timbuctoo," the geographical discoveries in Africa affording then, as they do now again in 1873, a popular topic of interest. The poem was published, and must have puzzled any of its readers who looked for real description of the place. The poet, escaping at once from the difficulties of the theme, had taken refuge in a purely visionary, imaginative picture, vague and undefined, of the glories of old romance. In the phrase of ancient Pistol, he sang of "Africa and golden joys," of the struggles of fancy, and "the bounding element" of thought to grasp the spirit of the past flitting through the gorgeous palaces of a superhuman architecture. A critic in the *Athenæum*, supposed to be either

John Sterling or Frederic Maurice, hailed the ode as evidence of a genuine poet, who had appeared in a form in which he might least have been looked for. "These productions (the College prize poems) have often been ingenious and elegant, but we have never before seen one of them which indicated, like the little work before us, really first-rate poetical genius, and which would have done honor to any man that ever wrote."

In 1830, Alfred Tennyson published the first volume to which his name was attached, "Poems, chiefly Lyric," a collection of some fifty compositions, instinct with fancy and feeling, "most musical, most melancholy:" melodies touching "Claribel," "Lilian," "Isabel," "Adeline," shadowy ideals of grace and beauty with sundry odes, poet's soul-questionings, as the "Supposed Confessions of a Second-rate Sensitive Mind not in Unity with Itself," omitted in later editions of the author's works; and not a few of his best known compositions, as "Marianna of the Moated Grange," the ballad of "Oriana," and the "Recollections of the Arabian Nights." At about the same time with the production of this volume, Charles Tennyson published a little collection of "Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces." The two books were reviewed by Leigh Hunt, in a series of four articles, in his periodical, "The Tatler." "We have great pleasure in stating," he says, "that we have seen no such poetical writing since the last volume of Mr. Keats; and that the authors, who are both young men, we believe, at college, may take their stand at once among the first poets of

the day. How seldom is it, that the readers of the great poets, of Chaucer, Spenser, etc., meet with a fresh book, into which they no sooner enter, than they feel as if they were in a new district of their old territory, and turn the first leaf as if they closed the portal behind them, and were left alone with nature and a new friend. Here are two, both genuine, both on the borders of the great country, both in full receipt of its airs, and odors and visions, and most human voices, and all the congenial helps of a common soil and climate; and both possessing trees of their own that promise to be mighty, and haunted with the sound of young angelic wings." In conclusion, the critic gives his verdict between the two poets in favor of Charles, on the ground mainly that "he seems less disposed to tie himself down to conventional notions." Charles was then about to take holy orders, and a few years after became vicar of Grasby in his native county; and, about that time, in consequence of his succeeding to a family property, took the name of Turner. Frederick published nothing with his name till 1854, when his volume of poems entitled "Days and Hours" appeared; so that after 1830 Alfred Tennyson was virtually left alone to represent the poetic genius of the family.

His second volume, simply entitled "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," appeared from the press of Moxon, in 1833, a small volume of about a hundred and fifty pages, containing, among other noticeable productions, "The Lady of Shalott," the first of the poems inspired by the legends of the

Arthurian romance; that favorite, the pathetic "May Queen;" "Enone," instinct with the classic spirit; and that beautiful English idyll, a tale of love and marriage affection so lightly yet feelingly touched, "The Miller's Daughter," disclosing a new vein of household poetry, to be worked by the author with great effect in future compositions. The next ten years produced a great development of these poetic germs in the new poems of the two volumes published in 1842, of which it is sufficient to mention simply the names of a few of the more prominent as the "Morte d'Arthur," and "Sir Galahad," with the fragment of "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," giving farther promise of the Epic series since accomplished by the poet; the "Gardener's Daughter" and "Dora" in the purest idyllic spirit; the "St. Simeon Stylites" and "Godiva," inspired by a wonderful force of imagination and poetic comprehension of individual life; and "Locksley Hall," remarkable alike by its brilliant versification and its sympathy with the world's progress in its entrance upon the problem of human life and society at the present day. This "dash of metaphysics," which Burke claimed to be an ingredient in every great mind, was further marked in the "Two Voices" a solution of the question of belief and unbelief in favor of cheerful hope and joy and the final good.

Five years after these volumes were published, "The Princess, a Medley," in which the "woman question" of the time was presented in an atmosphere of elegance and refinement as far removed as possible from the every-

day associations of the subject. The tale is interspersed with exquisite songs, and enlivened by airy descriptions and the most felicitous illustrations, in the very perfection of a social philosophical discussion. Seldom have vulgar fallacies been penetrated and put to flight by such finely tempered weapons. The fanciful humor of the piece is in the happiest possible mood and the result picturesquely arrived at, in the interdependent relations of the sexes, united yet distinct, most consonant to reason and philosophy.

The "Princess" was followed, in 1850, by the collection of poems entitled, "In Memoriam," which has been pronounced "the richest oblation ever offered by the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed." The occasion which gave rise to its production was the death in 1833, of the author's early college companion and intimate friend, Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, a young man of rare moral qualities, and of the brightest intellectual promise.

"Maud," a tale of disappointed affection, of a wild and passionate nature, appeared in 1855, and with it, in the same volume, that charming idyll, "The Brook." After this the author appears to have devoted his poetic studies, mainly, to the Arthurian romance of which he had given to the public in previous collections the "Morte d'Arthur," and other compositions based on the legends, as we have already mentioned. The success of this effort and his strong predilection for a subject which had strongly tempted the imagination of Milton, led him to further achievements in the

promise which he had thus already made his own, and in which he has thus far had no successful competitor. In the "Idylls of the King," published in 1859, Tennyson realised the hope and expectation of the public that he would pursue the national mythical theme of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Though an old, it was comparatively a novel subject, the legends being known to but few readers in their acquaintance with the early chroniclers and the compilation by Sir Thomas Malory, originally printed in 1634. In the "Idylls," it is but justice to Tennyson to say that he has re-created the whole, gathering about King Arthur, his ideal of perfect Knighthood, and investing the adventures of his followers with many rare graces of his own invention—his object, as interpreted by his friend and critic, Mr. Knollys, being, in the character of King Arthur, to set forth "the King within us, our highest nature, by whatsoever name it may be called—conscience, spirit, the moral soul, the religious sense, the noble resolve;—his story and adventures thus becoming the story of the battle and pre-eminence of the soul,—and of the perpetual warfare between the spirit and the flesh,—Arthur being the type of the soul on earth, from its mysterious coming to its mysterious and deathless going."

The volume of 1859, embraces four of the legends: "Enid" the tried wife of the knight Geraint, emerging in rare beauty in her innocence from an unworthy persecution; "Vivien," the wily subduer of the weird enchanter Merlin; "Elaine," the lily maid of

Astolat, entranced by her passion for Lancelot, awakening the wrath of the Queen and ending in her pathetic death and burial; and "Guinivere," the sad story of her fall and the pathetic lofty action of the King. The "Holy Grail," was added in 1869; which, with "The Coming of Arthur," "Pelleas and Ettarre," and "Gareth and Lynette," the last in 1872, complete the series of the Arthurian "Idyls." A dedication prefixed to the whole is a noble tribute to the memory of Prince Albert.

In addition to the volumes already enumerated of Tennyson's writings, there are to be mentioned the popular tale "Enoch Arden," in the author's felicitous blank verse, of which, in the "Idylls," he had shown himself so consummate a master; the collection of lyrics, set to music, entitled, "The Window; or the Songs of the Wrens;" and, among other miscellaneous poems, the few of a national or patriotic char-

acter, as the "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Ode Sung at the Opening of the International Exhibition" and the "Welcome to the Princess Alexandra." These latter poems may be assigned to his office or dignity as Poet Laureate, to which he succeeded on the death of Wordsworth. The poet also bears the honorary title of Doctor of Civil Law, conferred upon him by the University of Oxford.

The reception of his poems has been such as has been seldom accorded by their contemporaries to men of genius. The best artists of the time, including Doré, Mulready, Millais, and Maclise, have been employed as illustrators of his works, which have employed the powers of the best critics in his praise, and have further had the singular honor of being presented in two minute and elaborate verbal Concordances.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT.

THE ancestry of General Grant is traced to an early Pilgrim emigrant, Matthew Grant, who came to Massachusetts with his wife, Priscilla, from Dorsetshire, England, in 1630. After a few years' residence at Dorchester, having lost his wife, Matthew settled at Windsor, in Connecticut, where he became a man of consequence, and was a second time married.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was the seventh in descent from this alliance. Members of the family served in the old Indian and French wars, and in the war for Independence, Noah, the grandfather of Ulysses, having entered the service at Lexington, and attained the rank of captain. After the war was over, he was settled for a while in Pennsylvania, and subsequently established himself in a house in Ohio. His son, Jesse Root Grant, then in his childhood, accompanied him, and after various youthful adventures, entered upon manhood with the occupation of a tanner. At the age of twenty-seven, he married Hannah Simpson, and of this alliance was born at the family residence, Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, on the 27th of April, 1822, Ulysses Simpson Grant. This, how-

ever, was not the baptismal name of the child. He was christened Hiram Ulysses Grant, the first name apparently exhibiting a trace of the ancestral Puritan associations of the family; the second, Ulysses, having been inspired by a no less classical authority than the "Telemachus of Fenelon," a stray copy of which had brought the fame of the Homeric hero to the homestead on the Ohio. We shall see presently by what accident the name was changed. The boy grew up in the Buckeye State, under the paternal training, accustomed to the industry of the tan-yard; and outside of the labors of this sturdy pursuit, finding ready relief in the manly rural sports and adventures of Western life, with an especial zest for all that related to horsemanship. He became in fact so great an adept in riding, that he practiced some of the daring feats of the ring. In such hardy pursuits, Grant grew up a rather quiet, self-reliant youth, and on his approach to manhood, exhibited a spirit of independence in an uncompromising disrelish of the somewhat rough toil of the tannery. On his rejecting this mode of life, his father, looking round for a



U. S. Grant,

pursuit for his son, the thought happily occurred to him of a cadetship at West Point. Accidentally there was a vacancy in the district, and an application to the representative in Congress secured it. The member confounding the family names, sent in the application for Ulysses Simpson Grant. Under this name the appointment was made out, and the authorities at the Military Academy being indifferent or unwilling to correct the error, the candidate was compelled to accept the designation. He entered West Point in 1839, at the age of seventeen, and graduated in due course, in 1843, the twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. He had no great reputation in the academy as a student, though he displayed a taste for mathematics; while his general abilities and moral qualities were undoubted. The skill in horsemanship which he carried with him, distinguished him in the exercises of the riding-school. His biographer, Albert D. Richardson, to whom we are indebted for many interesting personal notices of Gen. Grant, has recorded an anecdote of his proficiency in this accomplishment. "There was nothing," says he, "he could not ride. He commanded, sat, and jumped a horse with singular ease and grace; was seen to the best advantage when mounted and at a full gallop; could perform more feats than any other member of his class, and was altogether one of the very best riders West Point has ever known.

"The noted horse of that whole region, was a powerful, long-legged sorrel, known as 'York.' Grant and his classmate, Coutts, were the only cadets who rode him at all, and Coutts could

not approach Grant. It was his delight to jump York over the fifth bar, about five feet from the ground; and the best leap ever made at West Point, something more than six feet, is still marked there as 'Grant's upon York.' York's way was to approach the bar at a gentle gallop, crouch like a cat, and fly over with rarest grace. One would see his fore feet high in the air, his heels rising as his fore feet fell, and then all four falling lightly together. It needed a firm seat, a steady hand, and a quick eye to keep upon the back of that flying steed. At the final examination, his chief achievement was with his famous horse York. In presence of the Board of Visitors, he made the famous leap of six feet and two or three inches."

Grant left West Point with the brevet appointment of second lieutenant in the 4th Infantry, and presently joined his regiment at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis, Missouri, where he became acquainted, and formed an attachment to the sister of one of his academy classmates, Miss Julia Dent, the lady who subsequently became his wife. This was the period of meditated Texas annexation, which under the influences of Southern political necessities, was being steadily forced upon the country. Portions of the small national army were gradually concentrated on the Southern frontier. The regiment to which Grant was attached, was pushed forward in the movement, tarrying a year at Fort Jessup, on Red River, when it was sent to Corpus Christi, Texas, forming a part of General Taylor's army of observation, Grant being now promoted full

second lieutenant, and in the spring of 1846, reached the Rio Grande. It was a challenge to the Mexican forces on the right bank of the river, which they were not long in accepting. The contest fairly began in May, with the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma in both of which actions Grant was actively engaged. He was also in the thick of the fight in the severe assault of Monterey, in September. Shortly after the arrival of General Scott at Vera Cruz, in the beginning of the following year, Grant joined that commander, his regiment with others having been withdrawn from the forces of General Taylor, to take part in the expedition against the capital. He was with the army of Scott in the successive battles from Cerro Gordo, onward, which marked the victorious progress to the city of Mexico, ever active in the field and as quartermaster, and was breveted first lieutenant and captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec.

The war being ended, Grant, on a visit to St. Louis, married his betrothed in August, 1848, and was subsequently stationed for two years with his regiment at Detroit, with a brief interval of service at Sackett's Harbor, discharging the duties of quartermaster. In 1852, his regiment was sent to the Pacific, and stationed in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, where in 1853, he was promoted to a full captaincy. He was then ordered with his company to Fort Humboldt, in Northern California. Here, having been subjected to certain animadversions from Washington, on the ground of intemperate drinking, on an intimation of the charge in the

summer of 1854, he resigned his commission. He now passed several years in farming operations with his wife's family in Missouri, and in 1859, became engaged with a friend in business at St. Louis as real estate agent, with the firm of Boggs & Grant. At this time he made an application to the authorities of the city for a local office. The characteristic letter addressed to the Hon. County Commissioners, in which he presented his claims, has been preserved by his biographers; it reads as follows: "Gentlemen: I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for the office of County Engineer, should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted. I enclose herewith also, a statement from Prof. J. J. Reynolds, who was a classmate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

"Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment, I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention, and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT."

This application, though backed by a goodly number of business friends, was rejected, his competitor for the office succeeding, it is said, through greater political influence, though it must be admitted, there was but a feeble recognition at this time of the talents and character by which Grant subsequent-

ly became so famous. "There was no other special objection to him," says his biographer, Richardson, "than his supposed democratic proclivities from his political antecedents. His ability as an engineer was accorded. He was not much known, though the commissioners had occasionally seen him about town, a trifle shabby in dress, with pantaloons tucked in his boots. They supposed him a good office man, but hardly equal to the high responsibility of keeping the roads in order. He might answer for a clerk, but in this county engineership, talent and efficiency were needed."

A partial amend for this disappointment was made by a minor position in the Custom House at St. Louis, out of which he was thrown after a few weeks possession by the death of his superior, the collector. On the prospect of a vacancy in the County Engineership in 1860, he sent in a second application to the commissioners, but the office was not vacated, and of course nothing came of it. In this extremity of his fortunes, having a family to support, he removed to Galena, Illinois, where his father had established a profitable leather business. In this store Grant was employed at the very humble salary of eight hundred dollars. In this position he was found when the attack on Sumter, in the spring of 1861, summoned the country to arms for the preservation of the integrity of the Union. The news that this first blow was struck, in Illinois, as elsewhere in the North and West, fired the heart of the people. Grant's town of Galena was not behind in this national emotion. A meeting on the instant was held, at

which Washburn, member of Congress of the district, and Rawlins, a young lawyer of the place, destined to become distinguished in the United States army, were speakers, and gave expression to the enthusiasm of the hour. Their voice was for the uncompromising maintenance of the National Union, and their expressions were unequivocal that this involved an armed struggle. Grant was present, quite willing to accept the conclusion, and expressed his intention again to enter the service. At a second meeting, he was called upon to preside, and being apparently the only one in the region who knew anything of military organization, unfolded some of the details required in raising troops, which was now the order of the day. He was active in the preliminary local movements, in getting together volunteers; and Washburn, who began to appreciate his merits, presented his claims to command unsuccessfully in these first days to Governor Yates, at Springfield. Grant, meanwhile, had offered his services to the War Department at Washington, and the application remained unanswered; nor had an application to the Governor of Ohio met a better fate. Governor Yates, now of necessity, gave him employment as clerk in his military office, and under like exigency, though still without a commission, became actively engaged in the work of military organization. Nearly two months had now passed, and Grant was on a visit to his father in Covington, opposite Cincinnati, when General McClellan was in command. It is related that Grant called upon him twice without "proposing to ask for an appointment, but

thinking that McClellan might invite him to come on his staff."* The accident of not meeting McClellan, offers a curious subject for speculation as to the probable results in diverting a man of mark from the future great destiny which awaited him. Before he reached Illinois, on his return, a dispatch from Governor Yates to Grant was on its way, appointing him colonel of the twenty-first Illinois volunteers. In this capacity Grant began his actual service in the war, marching his men to northern Missouri, where he discharged the duties of acting Brigadier-General. Congress was now in session in July, and the organization of the national army of volunteers was proceeding at Washington, and at the urgency of Washburn, Grant received the commission of Brigadier-General. He was now placed in command of the district of south-eastern Missouri, including the neighboring territory at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi, with his headquarters at Cairo. He began by rendering an important service to the country. In the nick of time, in advance of orders from General Fremont, commander of the Western Department, and in anticipation of the Confederate General Polk, who was bent on appropriating the district, and was about moving on from his headquarters below, at Columbus, Grant detailed a portion of his command to take possession of Paducah, Kentucky, an important station for military purposes, at the mouth of the Tennessee. Thus promptly securing this station, he addressed a proclamation to the citizens of Paducah, dated September 6th, well

* Richardsons' "Personal History of Grant."

qualified by its courtesy and firmness to vindicate his course in allaying the jealousies, and at the same time repressing any hostility which might be expected from the border State, a portion of whose territory he was occupying. "I am come among you," says he, "not as an enemy, but as your fellow-citizen; not to maltreat you, nor annoy you, but to respect, and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy, in rebellion against our common government, has taken possession of, and planted his guns on the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon you. Columbus and Hickman are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, to assist the authority and sovereignty of your government. I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors. You can pursue your usual avocations without fear. The strong arm of the government is here to protect its friends, and to punish its enemies. Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, and maintain the authority of the government, and protect the rights of loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command."

Grant's friend Rawlius joined him at Cairo, as assistant adjutant general. A participation in friendship and military duty continued during the struggle, and which, at the present writing (1869) has culminated in his appointment in the cabinet of the president as Secretary of War.

In November, Fremont having taken the field on the Arkansas border, where he was opposed to the rebel general

Price, ordered Grant to make a demonstration in the direction of Columbus to prevent the co-operation of Polk with the enemy in Arkansas. Grant, accordingly gathering his newly recruited forces, about three thousand men, embarked with them on transports on the 6th, and moved down the river. Resting for the night at a point on the shore, he learnt that Polk had thrown over a force from Columbus to Belmont, immediately opposite, on the Missouri side. To carry out the object of the expedition, and to test the valor of his troops, he resolved upon an attack. He landed his men about three miles above Belmont, out of range of the guns at Columbus, and leaving a battalion of infantry to protect his boats, advanced on the enemy's camp, where General Pillow had concentrated about twenty-five hundred men. Meeting the confederates on the way, the land was swampy and covered with timber, there was considerable miscellaneous firing, in which Grant's horse was shot under him. This was carried on through the morning hours, ending in a determined push upon the enemy, and the capture of their camp, with its artillery and personal spoils. The raw recruits, elated by success, began the work of plunder, and presently the tents were set on fire. As all this was visible at headquarters at Columbus, Polk directed his guns at the spot and brought over reinforcements to intercept the Union troops on their return, which Grant and his officers, fully aware of the situation, with energy, though not without difficulty, were conducting. The men were brought through a fire of skirmishers to the

boats, carrying off a number of prisoners, with all possible care for the wounded, Grant being the last man on the bank to re-embark. It is said that while he was riding slowly along in the dress of a private, he was pointed out by General Polk, as a target to his men, who were too intent on firing upon the crowded transports to take advantage of this opportunity within their reach. This was the battle, as it was termed, of Belmont, with a result which fully justified the movement, a heavy loss having been inflicted on the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners; the indicated diversion having been effected, and what was more, at the time, in the words of Grant in a private letter to his father immediately after the engagement: "confidence having been given in the officers and men of this command, that will enable us to lead them in any future engagement, without fear of the result."

The next military movement of consequence in which Grant was engaged, grew out of his timely proceeding in gaining command of the Tennessee river at Paducah. Halleek was now Grant's superior in the Western department, and was planning a comprehensive scheme of attack upon the enemy on the Kentucky and Tennessee frontier, proportionate to the importance and magnitude which the conflict had now assumed.

January, 1862, saw these plans perfected; the design was to dislodge the enemy on the upper waters of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, and thus gain possession of the river communication with the interior. Grant moved with a land force on the 2nd of Feb-

ruary, ascending the Tennessee in transports from Paducah, supported by a flotilla of gunboats under Com. Foote. Fort Henry was the immediate object of attack, and the position was gained in the preliminary assault by the gunboats in a close encounter, General Tilman, the commander of the garrison, making a timely escape with his men to Fort Donelson, distant but twelve miles on the Cumberland, which thus far pursued a parallel course with the Tennessee. Grant now saw his opportunity to strike a blow by advancing immediately upon Fort Donelson. With characteristic energy he would have moved at once, but was prevented by a rising of the Tennessee, which put the roads under water, and made them impracticable for artillery. On the 12th, he moved upon the position, and began the investment of the place. Weather of intense severity set in, and the men suffered fearfully from exposure; still the work went on, with sharp skirmishing, reinforcements meanwhile arriving, and Foote bringing up his gunboats on the Cumberland. An attack of the latter upon the works failed of success, on account of the high position of the enemy's guns above the river. On the 15th, the enemy, despairing of maintaining their position, though numbering a large force, ably defended by artillery, attacked the right of the investing army, held by McClelland. They had gained some advantage when Grant came upon the ground, arriving from an interview with Foote. Detecting by his military sagacity, from the fact that the prisoners' haversacks were filled with rations, the intention of the enemy to cut their

way out, he resolved upon an immediate assault upon the works, ordering the veteran General C. F. Smith, in command on the left, to begin the attack. This was made late in the afternoon with great gallantry, and ended in Smith's gaining a position which commanded the fort. That night the enemy evacuated the position, the rebel generals Floyd and Pillow escaping with a large portion of the force by boats up the river, leaving General Buckner to arrange the conditions of surrender. He accordingly, at daylight on the morning of the 16th, sent a dispatch to General Grant proposing an armistice, with a view of entering on negotiations. To this Grant, on the night after, sent the following reply: "Yours of this date, proposing armistice, an appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." Stript of his troops by the flight of the rebel-generals, Buckner had no choice left, but submission. The United States flag was raised at Fort Donelson, and fourteen thousand prisoners were transported to Cairo. For that good day's work Grant was made a major-general of volunteers.

Notwithstanding Grant's brilliant success at Donelson, his character appears to have been so little understood by General Halleck that, after several annoying complaints, Grant felt compelled to ask to be relieved from further duty in the department. This, however, Halleck would not accept, and ordered a disposition of the forces which soon brought Grant again into

action. Two months later occurred the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee River. Under the orders of his superior, Grant had brought together at this place all the troops in his command, numbering 38,000 men, and he was expecting Buell from Nashville to join him with about the same number. The enemy was assembling his forces at Corinth, an important railway junction twenty miles distant. Exaggerated reports of their strength were current in the Union Camp, and as the position was badly defended, and an immediate attack was feared, Grant began to look with anxiety for the arrival of his reinforcements. At last, on the 5th of April, the van of Buell's army reached the Tennessee a few miles below the camp, and were ordered to hold themselves in readiness for immediate action, as skirmishing had already commenced. On Sunday, the 6th of April, the rebel General A. S. Johnson made an attack in force. General Prentiss was in command of that side of the camp where the attack began, and he had only time to form his line before he was driven back by the advancing columns. The field was soon swept by the enemy, and the Union forces pushed to the river, where they were partially protected by the gunboats. The reinforcements which had arrived the day before, and the rest of Buell's army which had followed them, did not come upon the ground until too late to be of service on that day. At the beginning of the battle, General Grant was at his headquarters at Savannah, but hearing of the action, immediately reached the ground and was engaged on the field in the afternoon

in rallying his broken divisions. When he perceived that the ardor of the enemy's attack had somewhat abated, and that they did not pursue their advantage as they might, he determined to renew the fight on the next morning, believing, as he said, that in such circumstances, when both sides were nearly worn out, the one that first showed a bold front would win. Such was his determination, when the arrival of Buell's 20,000 fresh troops placed the hoped for success almost beyond a doubt. The next day the fight was accordingly resumed, and after a series of severe contests, Beauregard, who had succeeded to the command of General Johnson, who was killed in the first day's engagement, retired with his army to Corinth. The fatigue of the troops, and the roads rendered impassable by the showers of rain, made pursuit impossible.

Soon after this, General Halleck, the head of the department, took the field, and Grant became second in command. After the evacuation of Corinth by the enemy, when Halleck was called to Washington, as General-in-Chief, the force which had been gathered on the Tennessee was divided up into different commands. Buell was sent with his army to the east, and General Grant was assigned to the army of West Tennessee. The battles of Iuka, and the second battle of Corinth, in September and October, proved the successful management of his department. His command having been greatly increased, he established his head-quarters, in December, at Holly Springs in Mississippi, and henceforth was engaged in the arduous operations in that State, which

for many months employed the forces on the Mississippi, till final victory crowned their efforts in the capture of Vicksburg, with its garrison, a triumph doubly memorable by its association with the day of independence—the full surrender being made and the flag raised over the vaunted stronghold on the 4th of July, 1863. The campaign of General Grant immediately preceding the close investment of the city gained him the highest reputation as a commander, at home and abroad. After the Union forces had been disappointed in repeated efforts to take the city with its formidable works by direct assault or near approach, General Grant, at the end of April, landed a force on the Mississippi shore, about sixty miles below, defeated the enemy at Port Gibson, thus turning Grand Gulf, which consequently was abandoned to the naval force on the river; advanced into the interior, again defeated the enemy at Raymond, on the 12th of May; moved on and took possession of Jackson, the capital of the State; then marched westward towards Vicksburg, defeating the forces General Pemberton, the commander of that post, sent out to meet him, at Baker's Creek, and again at Black River Bridge. All this was the work of a few days, the eighteenth of the month bringing the army in the immediate vicinity of Vicksburg, in command of all its communications with the interior. The siege followed; it was conducted with eminent steadfastness and ability, and surrendered, as we have stated, in an unconditional triumph. For this eminent service, General Grant was promoted Major-General in regular army.

This great success finally determined Grant's position before the country, and the estimation in which he was now held was all the more enthusiastic and secure in consequence of the distrust which, in spite of his successes, had in a great degree attended his course. It had in fact been with difficulty that he had been retained in his command before Vicksburg; and it had been wholly owing to his self-reliance that had carried out his own plan of throwing himself in his final successful movement upon the passage of the river below the fortress. President Lincoln unreservedly acknowledged Grant's superior prescience and his own want of confidence. When all was over and the Mississippi was virtually opened to the sea, he wrote to the General, "When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you would go down the river and join General Banks; and when you hurried northward east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong."

This period also practically saw an end on the part of his opponents of the scandal which had at different times been revived against Grant on the charge of intemperance in drinking. During the protracted siege of Vicksburg, an impatient grumble, we are told by Richardson, demanded his removal from the President. "For what reason?" asked Lincoln. "Because he drinks so much whiskey." "Ah! yes," was the reply, "by the way, can you tell me where he gets his whiskey? He has given us about all the successes, and if his whiskey does it, I should

like to send a barrel of the same brand to every General in the field." In fact, Grant, as his biographer just cited states, "was never under the influence of drinking to the direct or indirect detriment of the service for a single moment, and after the restoration of peace, planted his feet on the safe and solid ground of total abstinence."

In October, Grant was again called to the field. Rosecrans had been badly defeated by Bragg and Longstreet at Chickamauga, in Tennessee, and Thomas, who had superseded him, was now closely hemmed in by the enemy at Chattanooga. Grant, while on a visit to New Orleans in the summer, had been thrown by a restive horse, sustaining severe bruises, which confined him to his bed for several weeks, and at the time he received his orders to join the army of the Tennessee, he was only able to move about on crutches, but his bodily suffering in no way subdued his characteristic energy. He immediately brought up Sherman with a large reinforcement, and at the same time Hooker with his army was sent by General Halleck from Virginia. In the succeeding battle of Chattanooga, Grant attacked the enemy in his own position, and after a series of conflicts, among the severest in the war, the Union troops, led by Hooker and Sherman, drove the rebels from their lines, forcing Bragg to retreat into Georgia, and thus exposing the centre of the Confederate States.

In consequence of these brilliant successes, the grade of Lieutenant-General was revived by Congress and conferred upon General Grant. He was now Commander-in-chief of all the armies

of the United States. That he fully appreciated how much in attaining this rank he owed to his subordinates, is shown by the following letter addressed to Sherman, on quitting the west. After announcing his promotion, he says: "Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I, how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it is my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

"There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable to a greater or less degree, proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want is, to express my thanks to you and to M'Pherson, as the men to whom, above all others, I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success.

"How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do, entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you cannot know as well as I.

"I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction.

"The word *you*, I use in the plural, intending it for M'Pherson also."

Grant had now the whole country before him to chose his own field of operations. His first thoughts were turned to Georgia, where the opportunities opened up by the success at Chattanooga, invited him to a campaign in the interior, but looking round he saw that the head and front of the rebellion was still at Richmond, and he

determined to face the enemy upon the ground where, hitherto undefeated, a victory gained over him would be most decisive in breaking the power of the Confederacy.

Grant's design was now to make a simultaneous attack along the whole Union line, from the James River to New Orleans. He took the command of the army of the Potomac in person, and moved from his headquarters at Culpepper Court-House on the 4th of May, with the object of putting himself between Richmond and Lee's army, which was then a few miles distant, at Orange Court-House. The enemy, however, apprised of his movement, fell upon his flank; and the two days fighting in the Wilderness, that ensued, were among the bloodiest conflicts of the war. Grant barely held his ground, but although the losses he sustained were as great as those which had driven Hooker and Meade back to Washington, he held on to the design of cutting the rebel line, and before the last gun was fired in the Wilderness, his front had again encountered Lee's troops at Spottsylvania. Here the contest was renewed, and lasted with various movements and great slaughter for twelve days. It was now evident that success, however determined the onset, and with whatever sacrifice of life, was not to be determined by a first or a second blow. Grant, however, was not to be deterred from his purpose, which he expressed in a memorable dispatch. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The line, however, as at another earlier crisis of the war, proved not so direct as was anticipated

by the public, which learnt only by degrees the full measure of the enemy's strength and resolution. By a flank movement, Grant now directed his forces to strategic points of importance on the road to Richmond, successfully accomplishing, though not without opposition, the passage of the North Anna, to encamp again on the old battle-grounds of McClellan. The struggle was renewed in a desperate but impracticable assault on the enemy's line at Chickahominy.

From this point the contest was rapidly transferred to the James River; Petersburg was invested; and the effort, henceforth, was to command the enemy's supplies, and draw closer the lines of the siege by cutting off his communications by railroad with the granaries of the South. When that region was devastated by the march of Sherman to the sea, and the force of the Rebellion in men and provisions was fairly exhausted, then, and not till then, he yielded to the steady and repeated blows of Grant and his generals. The surrender took place at Appomattox Court-House, on the 9th of April, 1865, in a personal interview between the two commanders, Grant accepting liberal terms of capitulation.

These successes of Grant in the field, in terminating the war, with the good sense and ability, mingled firmness and moderation which he had uniformly displayed as a leader of events, marked him out as the inevitable candidate for the presidency of the party to whom had fallen the conduct of the war. The interval which elapsed saw him steadily engaged at Washington, occupied with his duties as Lieutenant-

General, and for a short time during the suspension of Stanton, acting Secretary of War.

When the Republican National Convention met at Chicago, in May, 1868, Grant was unanimously nominated for the presidency on the first ballot. In his letter of acceptance, after endorsing the resolutions of the Convention, he added,—“If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection everywhere. In times like the present, it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to, right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues not foreseen, are constantly arising; the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative office should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall.

“Peace, and universal prosperity—its sequence, with economy of administration, will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the national debt. Let us have peace.”

At the election in November, Grant was chosen President by the vote of twenty-six States; Mississippi, Florida, Texas, and Virginia, not voting, and the Democrats carrying Delaware, Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, New Jersey, New York, and Oregon; his popular majority over Horatio Seymour, in the direct votes being something over three hundred thousand.

President Grant's inaugural address on assuming the Presidency was marked by a tone of moderation and deference to the will of the people, as expressed in the Acts of Congress. His administration has been in accord with their measures. Among the leading features of its domestic policy, has been the gradual restoration to the South of its privileges, forfeited by the necessities of the war, and the reduction of the national debt; while its foreign policy has secured the negotiation of the treaty of arbitration with England for the settlement of claims, arising from the negligence or wrong-doing of that country in relation to certain questions of international law, during the Southern rebellion. When, in 1872, at the approaching conclusion of his term of office, a new nomination was to be made for the Presidency, he was again chosen by the convention of the Republican party as their candidate.

The result of the election was equally decided with that following his first nomination. He received the vote of thirty-one states, with a popular majority, over Horace Greeley, of 762,991. The second inauguration, on the 4th of March, 1873, though the day was severely cold, was celebrated by an imposing civil and military procession, with a large attendance at the capitol. In his address, the President alluded to the restoration of the Southern States to their federal relations; the new policy adopted towards the Indians; the civil service rules, and other topics of foreign and domestic administration, with a general reference to the tendency of the world towards Republicanism.

CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS CUSHMAN.

THIS eminent actress has a distinguished ancestry, both on the father and mother's side, in the old New England stock of Puritan settlers. Robert Cushman, of whom she is a descendant, was one of the founders of Plymouth Colony, a member of the original band of Nonconformists, in Holland, who crossed the Atlantic in the "Mayflower." He came over in the succeeding vessel, in 1621, in time to preach the first sermon in America that was printed. He was much engaged in negotiations for the welfare of the colonists; and, on his death, in the early years of the settlement, left a name which has always been warmly cherished by his successors in the country. On the mother's side, the family of Saunders, of like Puritan descent, settled at Cape Ann, and was equally respected. It probably never occurred to these worthies that, in the course of two or three generations they would be brought into notice by the merits of a performer on the stage, a daughter of their house.

Charlotte Saunders Cushman was born at Boston, July 23, 1816. Her father was a merchant of that city, who had attained some prosperity,

when he was overtaken by reverses and died, leaving a widow and five children in destitute circumstances. The mother, displaying a characteristic energy, provided for their support by keeping a boarding-house in Boston. Charlotte, the eldest, was early distinguished by her taste for music and capacity as a singer, as well as for her fondness for dramatic poetry. As she grew up, her fine contralto voice was developed; and her mother, being accomplished in music, appreciated the gift and encouraged its cultivation. This led, in March, 1830, when Charlotte was fourteen, to her first appearance in public, at a social concert given in Boston. She was well received on this occasion, and, having been further instructed by a musician of ability, named Paddon, residing in the city, who had previously been an organist in London, she made such advances that when Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wood, formerly Miss Paton, gave their first concerts in the city, she sang with them at one of their performances; when Mrs. Wood was so impressed with her ability that she advised her to turn her attention to the stage. "This," says one of her biographers, "was a



Charlotte Augusta

novel proposal, certainly ; but, however welcome to herself, our readers will conceive its horror to the hearts of her good family. Presbyterians, and descendants of a leader of the Puritans, they were perhaps the very last to give it an instant's consideration. Of all forms of earthly vanity, they had been taught to abhor the stage the most ; and to assent to her adopting it, was nothing less than becoming parties to her surrender to perdition. It was now that that resolution for which she was remarkable, gave the first proof of its strength. More enlightened than her family, and consequently more tolerant, she had learned to value instruments by their grandest applications, and thus even to regard the stage as a means that might be elevated to the height of a moral agent."

Her resolution having been taken, Miss Cushman was placed under the direction of Mr. James G. Maeder, a professor and composer of music, who had accompanied Mrs. Wood to America, by whom she was instructed, and under whose auspices she made her first appearance on the boards, at the Tremont Theatre, in April, 1835, in the part of the Countess in the "Marriage of Figaro," Mrs. Maeder, better known in the history of the stage by her maiden name, Clara Fisher, playing Susanna. Miss Cushman made a decided impression in her performance, which was repeated ; and so highly was Mr. Maeder impressed with its merits, that he obtained for her a situation as *prima donna* at the New Orleans Theatre. She proceeded to that city ; and on her arrival, from the change of climate or the attempt to

extend the compass of her voice, it entirely failed her, so that she was unable to make her expected appearance as a singer. In this emergency her thoughts turned to the stage and the possibilities of success as an actress. Happily, she found a friend and intelligent instructor in Mr. Barton, an English actor in the company, under whose direction she studied the part of Lady Macbeth, and made her *debüt* in that character in a performance of the tragedy on his benefit night. It was a bold first step, but it was successfully taken with a consciousness of her powers. From that first performance, doubtless greatly improved as she prosecuted her art, she made the character her own, and it has always remained one of her most distinctive parts. The performance was several times repeated.

At the close of the season in New Orleans, Miss Cushman came to New York ; and, being unable to obtain an engagement at the Park Theatre, made her appearance at the Bowery Theatre, under the management of Mr. Hamblin, in Lady Macbeth. Her performances here, the proceeds of which were devoted to the support of her family, were interrupted by illness ; and before her health was restored, the theatre was destroyed by fire, and with it all her theatrical wardrobe was lost. She subsequently, in April, 1837, (to follow the record of Mr. Ireland, in his valuable work on the New York Stage), made her appearance at the old National Theatre, then under the management of Mr. Hackett, in Romeo, followed during her engagement by Patrick in the "Poor Soldier,"

Count Belino, Lady Macbeth, Elvira, Queen Gertrude in "Hamlet," Helen McGregor, Alicia, and Tullia in Payne's "Brutus." She also, in this engagement, first played Meg Merrilies, a part in which she afterwards became eminently distinguished. An engagement at the Park Theatre followed, where her reputation soon became established as a leading actress, and where for several seasons she secured the admiration of the public. Her performance of Nancy Sykes, in a stage adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist," like her Meg Merrilies, was recognized as an impersonation of extraordinary power and ability. In 1839, her younger sister, Miss Susan Cushman, was introduced by her to the stage, at the Park Theatre, and met with success in a gentler line of characters than that in which Charlotte had established her fame. In this first performance, in a play called "The Genoese," Miss Cushman acted the lover Montaldo to her sister's Laura.

Miss Cushman was subsequently engaged at Philadelphia, where her merits attracted the attention of Mr. Macready, in his visit to the country in 1844. She appeared with him in leading parts during his engagement at the Park Theatre in New York; and her success being now fully established on the American boards, she shortly after left with her sister for England, to pursue her advantages on the London stage. She was engaged at the Princess's Theatre in that metropolis, making her first appearance there in February, 1845, in the character of Bianca in "Fazio." This was succeeded by her performance of Lady

Macbeth, to which the highest praise was given by the best London critics. Its merits were universally conceded. The stage, said an able writer in the "Athenæum," had long been waiting for "a great actress; one capable of sustaining the gorgeous majesty of the tragic muse," and the desideratum he confessed was supplied in the performance of Miss Cushman. Again, when, a few weeks later she acted Beatrice, we are told by the same journal how she "showed her usual decision and purpose in the assumption of the character—qualities in which, at present, she has not only no rival, but no competitor."

In Julia, in the "Hunchback," she won new laurels, especially in the more forcible passages, being pronounced "the only actress who has at all approached the first representative of the character." She also successfully acted Juliana, in the "Honeymoon." Her Portia was admired, and her Meg Merrilies established as "a performance of fearful and picturesque energy, making a grand impression."

In the following season, Miss Cushman played an engagement at Haymarket Theatre in which she appeared as Romeo to her sister Susan's Juliet. The latter was admired for its beauty and delicacy, and the former, whilst regarded as a bold venture and in some degree as an exceptional performance, was described as "one of the most extraordinary pieces of acting, perhaps, ever exhibited by a woman—masculine in deportment, artistic in conception, complete in execution, positive in its merits, both in parts and as a whole, and successful in its imme-

diate impression." Miss Cushman also appeared in this engagement as Ion, in Talfourd's Greek tragedy; and in Viola, in "Twelfth Night," to her sister's Olivia, in which they were both much admired. Charlotte's Meg Merrilies again repeatedly acted, became her most popular performance, and it was noticed how, out of the meagre materials of the drama, she had, by her skill and effective additions of by-play, created "a historic whole—a triumph of art."

These successes were continued for several seasons during Miss Cushman's residence abroad. In 1848, her sister Miss Susan Cushman was married to an English gentleman, Dr. Muspratt, and retired from the stage. Charlotte returned to America; and in October, 1849, after an absence of four years, reappeared at the Park Theatre, New York, in the character of Mrs. Haller. During this engagement she personated among other parts, Rosalind, Lady Macbeth, Julia, Queen Katharine, Beatrice, and her now firmly established Meg Merrilies. After a continued series of performances at different theatres throughout the Union announced as preparatory to her retirement from the American stage, she closed with a farewell benefit at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, in May 1852. She then revisited England; to return, however, to the United

States for another professional tour in 1857, in the course of which she acted the part of Cardinal Wolsey, "being probably," says Mr. Ireland, "the first time the character was ever personated by a female." Again visiting England, she returned to America in 1860, and played forty-eight consecutive nights at the Winter Garden Theatre, in New York, during which her powerful representation of Nancy Sykes was revived, after an interval of twenty years. She shortly after again sailed for Europe, "where," says Mr. Ireland, "her devotion to the cause of her country's Union, was most honorably conspicuous during the dark days of the Great Rebellion." In 1863, we find her, in behalf of the Sanitary Committee of the Union, playing Lady Macbeth in Washington in the District of Columbia, and by other performances in Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore and New York, adding over eight thousand dollars to that charitable national fund.

In 1871, Miss Cushman acted at Booth's Theatre, in New York in—among other parts, her long-established characters of Lady Macbeth, and Meg Merrilies, and appeared at the same theatre the following year.

Of late years, Miss Cushman has made her home at a handsome villa, constructed for her residence at Newport, Rhode Island.

PIUS THE NINTH.

GIOVANNI MARIA MASTAI FERRETTI, who on his election to the Papal see assumed the name of Pius, a member of a noble Italian family, was born at Sinigaglia, near Ancona, on the eastern coast of Italy, May 13, 1792. As a youth, he was distinguished for his mild disposition and works of charity. While still a child he was saved from drowning by a poor "contadino," who lived to see him seated on the papal throne. At the age of eighteen he went to Rome for the purpose of entering the body-guard of the reigning pontiff, Pius VII. An epileptic attack, however, prevented the attainment of his wishes and seems to have determined the course of his after-life. He entered a religious seminary, where his gentleness and devotion proved the foundation of his future distinction. In due course of time he was elevated to the priesthood, and exercised the sacerdotal functions in the hospital of Tata Giovanni, at Rome, an institution founded for the education of poor orphans. These duties, however, he was compelled to resign on being sent out to South America on a special mission as auditor to M. Mugi, Vicar-

Apostolic of Chili. In this capacity he gained some insight into the secrets of policy and diplomaey, the study of which led him to draw out on paper a system of political amelioration for the Papal States. On his return to Europe, he was appointed prelate of the household to Pope Leo XII., and president of the hospital of St. Michael. While holding this post his time was chiefly devoted to the education of the youth of Rome, and certain stated preaching. In 1829, he was nominated Archbishop of Spoleto, from which he was translated in 1832 to the see of Imola, where his charities to the poor greatly endeared him to his flock. Not long afterwards he was sent to Naples as Apostolic Nuncio, and in 1840, he was raised to the dignity of a cardinal, and in June 1846, on the death of Pope Gregory XVI, he was elevated to the papacy.

The condition of affairs in the Papal States at this time was such as to call for a large measure of reform. The new Pope found the financial system on the verge of national bankruptcy; the system of taxation was expensive and capricious; and high posts of the administrative and executive depart-



Pius P. IX.

ments were openly bought and sold. Peculation prevailed largely in high quarters; the army was filled with mercenaries; civilians were excluded from official life; and the very idea of representation was unknown. The States themselves were under Austrian protection; and the Austrian government, according to its traditionary custom, was jealous of all improvements, both civil and social. Pius IX. is said to have found on his accession no less than two thousand of his subjects in exile or in prison by order of the Austrian authorities. Some attempts at political reform in the Papal States had been made by his predecessor, Gregory, but they were set aside by the civil disturbances of 1830 and 1831. The first step of Pope Pius was to grant an amnesty to all political offenders, to recall the exiles and to liberate the prisoners. The name of Pius IX. became instantly the watchword of liberality and reform. The first year of his pontificate resulted in a mitigation of the censorship of the press, a relaxation of the civil disabilities under which the Jews and other religious bodies labored, a better regulated system of taxation, and a customs' union with the other Italian states, laying, as it seemed, the foundation of a new era of commerce and national independence.

In February, 1848, however, occurred the French Revolution which dethroned Louis Philippe. The spirit of republicanism spread through Europe. The excitable populace of Rome were not satisfied with the reforms which Pius had introduced. In November of that year of revolution his unpop-

ular minister, Count Rossi, was assassinated; the people rose and established a republican administration, and detained the Pope a prisoner within his own palace. Escaping from Rome in disguise, he arrived safely in Gaeta, in the Neapolitan territory, whither he was followed by the members of the Papal court and the diplomatic corps. He sent to Rome an ordonnance declaring void the acts of the Provisional Government, which for a time maintained its authority. While the Pope was still in exile, in the spring of 1849 a French army under Marshal Oudinot was sent by the Emperor, Napoleon, to enforce his restoration. After a siege that lasted for a month from the beginning of June, Rome surrendered unconditionally to the French, and was garrisoned by them. It was not, however, till April 12, 1850, after an absence of nearly a year and a half, that the Pope re-entered the city. He was supported there by French bayonets, and by his newly organized Swiss Guard. The old ecclesiastical government was in a great measure restored; and order being maintained, the Pope directed his efforts to the spiritual aggrandizement of his see. His attention was specially directed to the promotion of his Church in England by the increase of dioceses in that country; and on the eighth of December, 1854, his pontificate was signalised in history, by the formal definition of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, which took place in St. Peter's at Rome, in the presence and with the concurrence of Roman Catholic Bishops from all parts of Christendom. He also succeeded in concluding a Concordat with

the Austrian government, by which the papal authority was greatly enlarged.

The next events of importance in the reign of Pius IX. grew out of the development of the reform and national spirit in Italy, consequent upon the progress in the conduct of affairs on the peninsula of the growing kingdom of Sardinia, under the rule of Victor Emmanuel. In June, 1859, an insurrection broke out in the Romagna, Bologna, and Ferrara, and initiated a series of movements, both political and military, the general tendency of which was unfavorable to the temporal power, and which culminated in November, 1860, in a vote of annexation, the practical effect of which was to merge nearly all "the ancient patrimony of St. Peter" into the Sardinian monarchy. Protests against the course of events were not wanting on the part of the Pope, who, in bestowing his benediction on the French army of occupation, on the 1st of January, 1860, characterized the pamphlet, "Le Pape et le Congrès," then first issued under the inspiration of Napoleon III., as a "signal monument of hypocrisy, and an ignoble tissue of contradictions;" and who, on the 28th of September following, pronounced an allocution in severe condemnation of the Sardinian government.

On the 8th of December, 1864, being the tenth anniversary of the declaration of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the Pope issued an Encyclical Letter, accompanied by an Appendix, consisting of eighty propositions directed against the principal religious and political vices and here-

sies of the age. These were scheduled as pantheism, naturalism, rationalism, religious indifference, errors, and offenses against the Church, errors in philosophy, errors with regard to the doctrine and practice of Christian marriage, the assertion of liberty and independence, and antagonism to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. The operations of Bible Societies were censured, and the adherents of Socialism and the members of secret societies, as the Freemasons, were condemned; as also were those persons who held the possibility of salvation without the pale of the Church, or who believed that Protestantism was only another form of the true faith, and was equally pleasing to God. The public reading of this Encyclical was prohibited to the French clergy by an imperial decree of the 5th of January, 1865, which, however, the Archbishop of Besançon and some other prelates ventured to disobey. Previously to this, on the 15th of September, a convention had been entered into between Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III., by which it had been stipulated that the troops of the latter should evacuate Rome in two years from that date. In pursuance of this convention, the last detachment of the French troops quitted Rome on the 11th of December, 1866, when General Montebello received a farewell benediction from the Pope, with the assurance of the Pontifical intercession for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the Emperor.

The patriotic impatience of Garibaldi and his followers, who had invaded what was left of the Papal territory, and had repulsed the Papal

troops at Monte Rotondo, brought about a renewal of the French occupation on the 30th of October, 1867, and the utter discomfiture of the Italian invaders at Mentano, on the 4th of November, on the 18th of which month the Pope celebrated a solemn service for the repose of the victims in the battle which had respited the temporal sovereignty. An allocution of the 20th of December expressed the pontifical gratitude that "while Satan and his satellites and sons ceased not to let loose, in the most horrible manner, their fury against our divine religion, the God of mercy and of goodness sent the valiant soldiers of the Emperor of the French, who rejoiced to come to our aid, and fought with the utmost zeal and ardor, especially at Mentano and Monte Rotondo, thus covering their names with glory." In another allocution, written with reference to the religious affairs of Austria, and dated June 23, 1868, the Pope deplored and condemned as abominable the marriage and other laws depriving the Church of control over schools, and establishing the freedom of the press and liberty of conscience, declaring those laws null and void, censuring those concerned in their initiation, approval or, execution, praising the conduct of the Austrian bishops as defenders of the Concordat, and expressing a hope that the Hungarian bishops would follow in their footsteps. On the 29th of June, 1868, the supreme Pontiff issued a bull fixing the opening of the Œcumenical Council, which had been announced on the 8th of December, 1867, for the 8th of December, 1869. On the 11th of

April, the "jubilee of the priesthood of Pope Pius IX.," or the fiftieth anniversary of the celebration of his first mass, was observed with great fervor at Rome, and generally throughout Roman Catholic Christendom; and it is stated that the gifts on this occasion, whether of the clergy or laity throughout Europe and America, reached the value of nearly four millions of dollars.

The interest of the later incumbency of the Roman See groups itself around the efforts made by the Pope for the perpetuation and security of the temporal power, which finally fell as a sequel to the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome in 1870, and the efforts which he has made for the extension of the spiritual prerogative and dominion of his Church. Among the latter, the Œcumenical Council at Rome will always hold the foremost place. A Pre-Synodal Congregation assembled in the Sistine Chapel on the 2d of December, 1869, when the Pope delivered an allocution, and received the oaths of the officers of the approaching Council, which was opened as appointed on the 8th of December, the anniversary of the declaration of the Immaculate Conception, with the ringing of bells and salvos of artillery. The inaugural ceremony took place in St. Peter's Church, whither the Pope marched in the rear of a procession composed of nearly eight hundred ecclesiastics—prince-archbishops, cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops and bishops, abbots and generals of religious orders from all parts of the Christian world; to whom, after mass and an inaugural discourse, the Pope gave

his blessing. The appointed prayers followed, and the Pope three times invoked the aid and presence of the Holy Spirit at the deliberations of the Council. The session extended over six months. Its most important act was the definition of the dogma of the Infallibility of the Roman Pontiff, declaring and inculcating as a dogma of faith that, in virtue of the divine assistance promised to St. Peter, he "cannot err when, fulfilling his mission as supreme teacher of all Christians, he defines by his Apostolic authority what the Universal Church must hold in matters of faith and morals, and that the prerogative of infallibility extends over the same matters to which the Infallibility of the Church is applicable."

In a letter addressed by King Victor Emmanuel to the Pope, dated Florence, September 8, 1870, the former adverted to the necessity, in the interests of his own crown and of the spiritual power of the supreme Pontiff, and in the face of the events then agitating Europe, that he should occupy Rome and assume the protectorate of the Holy Father. The Pope, who had previously refused to recognize the kingdom of Italy, protested energetically against such an occupation as a "great sacrilege and injustice of high enormity;" notwithstanding that it was undertaken to be effected without loss of the papal revenue or dignity, and without prejudice to the full jurisdiction and sovereignty of the Pope over the Papal city. On the 20th of September, sixteen days after

the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon III., the troops of Victor Emmanuel entered Rome, after a short resistance by the Pope's soldiers, who had received orders to yield to violence when violence should be offered. A slight breach in the walls of Rome was thus the sequel for the cessation of the defence of the city. A plebiscite of the Papal dominions was taken early in October, when an almost unanimous vote was recorded for the annexation of Rome and its dependencies to the kingdom of Italy. Perfect freedom of action was left to the Pope, either to remain at Rome or to leave it; and the Italian government undertook, for itself and on the part of the people, that, whatever might be the determination of the Holy Father, he should "never fail to be surrounded with all the honors and all the proofs of respect which were due to him."

Pius IX., a member of a long-lived family, is the first occupant of the chair of St. Peter, who, since the death of that apostle, has held office for the full term of twenty-five years. This was completed on the 16th of June, 1871; but it was only on the 23d of August that his reign reached the duration which tradition ascribes to that of the Apostle—twenty-five years, two months and seven days. This event of the "Pope's Jubilee" was celebrated by sermons, masses and religious ceremonies of imposing solemnity, and the presentation of splendid gifts and offerings.*

* This narrative is abridged from the account of Pope Pius in the "English Cyclopædia."



W. T. Sherman

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

MAJOR GENERAL SHERMAN, of the United States Army, is a descendant of one of the early emigrants from England to Massachusetts in the first generation of colonists of that region. The family established itself in Connecticut where, as time passed on, more than one of the name became conspicuous in the public annals. Of this race was the celebrated Roger Sherman, who, from a shoemaker, became an eminent lawyer; in the war of the Revolution, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; a framer of the Constitution, and a Senator of the United States. Taylor Sherman, the grandfather of the General, was a judge of one of the Connecticut courts. His widow removed with her family to what is now the town of Lancaster, in Fairfield County, in the State of Ohio. One of her children, Charles Robert Sherman, became distinguished in Ohio as a lawyer, and at the time of his death, in 1829, was a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. Of his eleven children, William Tecumseh was the sixth. He was born in Lancaster, Ohio, February 8, 1820. His father being suddenly cut off by cholera in middle life, the

family was inadequately provided for, and William, then about nine years old, was adopted by the Honorable Thomas Ewing, an intimate friend of Judge Sherman. The youth was educated at Lancaster, and at the age of sixteen, on the nomination of his guardian Mr. Ewing, then a Representative in Congress, was admitted as a Cadet at the Military Academy of West Point. He entered with zest into the usual occupations of the place, pursued his studies with credit, and, in 1840, graduated sixth of his class, with a fixed determination to devote his life to the service of his country. His desire, as expressed in a letter which he wrote while an under-graduate, was "to go into the infantry, be stationed in the far West, out of the reach of what is termed civilization, and there remain as long as possible." In another characteristic letter, written a few months before he graduated, he says of the Presidential canvassing then going on: "You, no doubt, are not only firmly impressed, but absolutely certain, that General Harrison will be our next president. For my part, though of course but a superficial observer, I do not think there is the

least hope of such a change, since his friends have thought proper to envelope his name with log cabins, gingerbread, hard cider, and such humbugging, the sole object of which plainly is to deceive and mislead his ignorant and prejudiced, though honest, fellow-citizens; whilst his qualifications, his honesty, his merits, and services are barely alluded to.* Sherman thus early had a true soldier's dislike to shams and pretences.

On graduating, he was appointed Brevet Second-lieutenant in the Third Regiment of Artillery, and was sent to serve in Florida. There he remained for two years employed in the duties of camp life, with occasional inroads upon the belligerent Indians; and in 1842, after a brief period of command at Fort Morgan, at the Bay of Mobile, was stationed at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor. Here, and with occasional employment in other parts of the South, he continued till 1846, the period of the war with Mexico, when he was assigned to duty as recruiting-officer at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. At his request for active service in the field, he was presently, in the summer of that year, ordered to California to act in concert with Colonel Kearney's overland expedition. There he was employed as Acting-Assistant Adjutant-General of the forces in the Tenth Military Department, discharging the duties of the office with ex-

emplary fidelity and efficiency. In 1850, he returned to the United States, and was married to the daughter of his friend Mr. Ewing. In the following year he was brevetted captain for his services in Mexico. In 1853, the Army offering but an inadequate means of support, he resigned his commission and became a manager of the branch banking-house of Messrs. Lucas, Turner & Co., at San Francisco. He was engaged in this business for some years, till the branch-house was closed up; after which, early in 1860, he accepted the office of Superintendent of the State Military Academy of Louisiana, at Alexandria.

Here he displayed his usual vigor and administrative abilities, and when the schemes of the Southern leaders were ripe for open hostility, they hoped to secure the powerful aid of Sherman and retain him in their service. But he was too clear-sighted and sincere a patriot to accept such conditions. When the disguise which had been maintained was removed, and the State of Louisiana had placed itself in an open attitude of rebellion, Sherman did not for a moment hesitate, but placed his resignation in the hands of the governor in the following characteristic letter: "Sir, As I occupy a quasi-military position under this State, I deem it proper to acquaint you that I accepted such a position when Louisiana was a State in the Union, and when the motto of the Seminary, inserted in marble over the main door, was: '*By the liberality of the General Government of the United States: The Union—Esto Perpetua.*' Recent events foreshadow a great change, and it becomes

* Sherman and his Campaigns: a military Biography, by Col. S. M. Bowman and Lt.-Col. R. B. Irwin, to which valuable work and a Memoir of Sherman, also by Col. Bowman, in the "United States Service Magazine" for August and September, 1861, we are greatly indebted for the materials of this notice.

all men to choose. If Louisiana withdraws from the Federal Union, I prefer to maintain my allegiance to the old constitution as long as a fragment of it survives, and my longer stay here would be wrong in every sense of the word. In that event, I beg you will send or appoint some authorized agent to take charge of the arms and munitions of war here belonging to the State, or direct me what disposition should be made of them. And, furthermore, as President of the Board of Supervisors, I beg you to take immediate steps to relieve me as superintendent the moment the State determines to secede; for on no earthly account will I do any act, or think any thought, hostile to or in defiance of the old government of the United States."

Sherman now left the South, joined his family at the North, and soon offered his services at Washington for the suppression of the rebellion, of the danger and magnitude of which he in vain warned the authorities. Lincoln, it is said, smiled at his enthusiastic energy. "We shall not need many men like you," said he; "the affair will soon blow over." Sherman had lived too long in the South, and had too recently escaped from the intrigues of the rebel chiefs, not to know better. It was the season of palliatives; nor could the ingenuous mind of an American patriot readily be brought to believe in the probability of so atrocious a war as that which was soon after waged against the honor and liberties of the country. Sherman's friends, knowing his ability, sought employment for him, first as Chief Clerk of the War Department, and afterwards as Quarter-

master-General in place of Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, resigned; but both applications were neglected. Presently Fort Sumter fell; the North was aroused to arms, and Sherman was directed to raise a regiment of three months' men in Ohio. He did not believe in three months' soldiers in a war the magnitude of which he clearly foresaw; and waited, knowing that he would not have long to wait, for more regular and important service. When the United States army was enlarged in May, he was appointed colonel of the new Thirteenth regiment of Infantry. Before the command was organized, Gen. McDowell, with the levies of Volunteers, took the field before Washington, and, in view of the impending attack on the enemy at Manassas, Col. Sherman was ordered to report to him, and in the organization of his forces, was appointed to the command of the Third Brigade in the division of Brigadier-General Tyler. The brigade was composed of the Thirteenth, Sixty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth New York and Second Wisconsin regiments of Infantry, with Capt. Ayres' battery of the Regular Artillery.

In the movement preliminary to the battle at Bull Run, Sherman's Brigade was in the advance with Tyler's division, in the occupation of Centreville, and in the dispositions of the memorable Sunday, the 21st of July, was sent to threaten the Stone Bridge, to cover the grand flanking movement on the enemy's left. When the action was brought on by the passage of the river at Sudley's Springs, Hunter's division was attacked, Sherman crossed the stream to support the advance,

and was presently actively engaged.

The action at Bull Run was a practical comment on Sherman's advice as to the conduct of the war. A larger scale of operations was adopted, and in the new appointments which became requisite, he was, in August, commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers. On the organization of the Department of Kentucky, in the following month, he was ordered to report to Gen. Anderson, then at its head, and on the retirement of that officer in October became his successor. His duties were to call out the quota of the troops of the State summoned by the President, and presently to oppose the enemy, who was in force in the southern and western counties. Whilst he was marshalling his troops for this purpose, the general spirit of disaffection was gaining ground in the State. The Confederates, with vast resources in their rear, were in strength on its frontiers, and everything, to his experienced eye, portended a desperate struggle. At this time, in October, Cameron, the Secretary of War, and Adjutant-General Thomas visited the Department in a western tour of observation and inquiry. "What force do you require?" they asked of Sherman. "Sixty thousand," was his reply, "to drive the enemy out of Kentucky; two hundred thousand to finish the war in this section." The report of the interview was published; the candor, sincerity, and, as it proved, absolute correctness of the estimate, were misrepresented, and interpreted as evidence of sympathy with the rebellion, or, more charitably, to derangement of the brain of the calculator.

Sherman, the most sagacious man at the time in the army, was popularly represented, in consequence of this sound arithmetical calculation, as out of his wits. The story of this delusion is worth remembering as a possible corrective or preventive of such dangerous opinions in the future. "A writer for one of the newspapers," says his biographer, Col. Bowman, "declared that Sherman was crazy. Insanity is hard to prove; harder still to disprove, especially when the suspicion rests upon a difference of opinion; and then the infirmities of great minds are always fascinating to common minds. The public seized with avidity upon the anonymous insinuation, and accepted it as an established conclusion."

It was probably in consequence of this absurdity that General Sherman, in November, was superseded in the Department of Kentucky by General Buell. He was ordered to report to Major-General Halleck, then in command of the important military Department of the West, with his headquarters at St. Louis. When Gen. Grant followed up his capture of Fort Henry in February, 1862, Gen. Sherman was stationed at Paducah, charged with sending forward reinforcements and supplies—a most important duty, which required all his energy, but giving little distinction in the theatre of war. From this employment, on the subsequent organization of the Army of the Tennessee, Sherman was called to the field in command of its Fifth Division. In the middle of March he landed with his brigades at Pittsburgh Landing, on the Tennessee river, preparatory to the

intended movement of General Halleck with his army upon the enemy under Beauregard at Corinth. The several divisions of the Army of the Tennessee arrived soon after, and were encamped at the landing, where Gen. Grant, in command of the whole, waited the arrival of Gen. Buell with his forces from Nashville. The latter was slow in coming up, and Johnston, the Confederate commander, taking advantage of the delay, resolved upon attacking the Union army in its camp on the river before the junction was effected. Accordingly, having his troops well in hand, he made his assault in force on the morning of the 6th of April upon Sherman's front and centre at Shiloh Church, and immediately after upon other portions of the line. The battle became general; the enemy pushed on in numbers and with great vigor, determined, if possible, to drive the army into the river. His success in the early part of the day seemed to promise this result, as positions were taken, regiments broken, and defeat appeared imminent; but Sherman, compelled to retreat, fell back only to maintain a new line, and by his energy in the field in arousing the courage of his men, by his skilful dispositions, the effective management of his batteries, and the support he gave the other divisions, saved the fortunes of the day. Though severely wounded by a bullet in the left hand, he persistently kept the field and was in the thickest of the fight. General Grant, who arrived on the field after the action was advanced, testified generously to the merits of his division commander. "At the battle of Shiloh," he subsequently wrote to the War De-

partment, "on the first day, Sherman held with raw troops the key-point of the landing. It is no disparagement to any other officer to say that I do not believe there was another division commander on the field who had the skill and experience to have done it. To his individual efforts I am indebted for the success of that battle." In the night the division of Lewis Wallace came up, Buell's army arrived, the gunboats in the river did good service in repelling and annoying the enemy, and every preparation was made to attack the enemy in turn on the morrow. General Beauregard, who had succeeded in the command to Sidney Johnston, who was slain upon the field, awaited the assault at Shiloh, after a sharp contest, was driven back, and on the afternoon of the 7th was on his retreat to Corinth. On this second day Sherman's gallantry was equally conspicuous. He had three horses shot under him, and, mounting a fourth, kept the field.

To Shiloh succeeded the gradual approach to and final capture of Corinth, in the operations attending which Sherman's division was constantly conspicuous. It was foremost in the advance, and first to enter the abandoned town. "No amount of sophistry," wrote Sherman, in his congratulatory order on the event, "no words from the leaders of the rebellion can succeed in giving the evacuation of Corinth, under the circumstances, any other title than that of a signal defeat, more humiliating to them and their cause than if we had entered the place over the dead and mangled bodies of their soldiers. We are not here to kill and slay, but to

vindicate the honor and just authority of that government which has been bequeathed to us by our honored fathers, and to whom we would be recreant if we permitted their work to pass to our children marred and spoiled by ambitious and wicked rebels." For his success in this campaign, Sherman was appointed Major-General of Volunteers.

During the month of June, Sherman was employed in active operations in northern Mississippi, and in July, when General Grant, on the appointment of General Halleck to the chief command at Washington, succeeded that officer in the enlarged Department of the Tennessee, was sent to take charge of the city and district of Memphis, a mixed military and civil authority, which he exercised with his accustomed energy and activity, coercing the disaffected inhabitants where necessary, protecting the interests of the nation, punishing guerillas, and as far as possible causing safety and order in place of peril and confusion. It was a position of no little difficulty to adjust the proper limits of restraint; and Sherman was naturally exposed, a probable proof of his fairness, to censure from both sides. Vindicating his course to a complaining Southern lady, he subsequently wrote: "During my administration of affairs in Memphis, I know it was raised from a condition of death, gloom, and sadness to one of life and comparative prosperity. Its streets, stores, hotels, and dwellings were sad and deserted as I entered it, and when I left it life and business prevailed, and over fourteen hundred enrolled Union men paraded its streets, boldly and openly carrying the banners of our country. No citi-

zen, Union or secesh, will deny that I acted lawfully, firmly, and fairly, and that substantial justice prevailed with even balance."

In the further operations of General Grant on the Mississippi river, he constantly relied on the high military qualities of Sherman. Vicksburg was the next important point to secure on the river. It was the key, in fact, of the Southwest. The enemy knew this, and took measures to protect it accordingly. To its capture Grant now devoted all his energies. His first attempt was planned in concert with Gen. Sherman. The latter was to embark on the river, descend to the Yazoo, and attack the Vicksburg defences directly, while Grant was to advance by land on the line of the railway to Jackson, and there secure the outlet of the city in the rear. Both of these designs failed in execution. Grant was detained by the surprise and surrender of his depot of supplies at Holly Spring, and Sherman, making good his landing on the Yazoo, after much gallant fighting in the last week of December, was compelled to turn back from the embarrassed ground and powerful defences of the enemy at the Chickasaw Bluff. As he was returning from the river in his transports, Gen. Sherman was met by Gen. McClelland, by whom he was superseded in his command. A new organization of the army, however, was presently effected, by which Sherman was placed in command of the Fifteenth Army Corps, one of the four great divisions of Gen. Grant's Army of the Tennessee.

The first attack on Vicksburg had been well planned, and was unsuccessful.

ful. It was presently redeemed by another, planned by Gen. Sherman, which was successful. This was the attack on Fort Hindman, or Arkansas Post, a well-constructed work on a bluff at an advantageous point of the Arkansas river, fifty miles from its mouth, the guardian of the central portion of the State and of the approach to Little Rock. A week after the re-embarkation on the Yazoo, on the 9th of January, 1863, the troops of Sherman and McClelland, in concert with the fleet of Admiral Porter, were in action at Arkansas Post. Sherman's dispositions were, as usual, well made, investing the fort in the rear, while its guns were silenced by the gunboats.

We now arrive at the series of important operations attending the siege and final capture of Vicksburg. The first of these with which Sherman was connected was the attempt of Admiral Porter to penetrate to the Yazoo in the rear of the formidable works at Haines' Bluff, by Steele's bayou and an inner chain of creeks and water-courses, which it was considered might be traversed by the gunboats. Sherman was to cross the swampy land with a division of his corps in support of the movement. The boats met with unexpected difficulty in the impeded course of the streams, which were obstructed by fallen trees, and occasionally so narrow as to render navigation difficult. But by perseverance these impediments were overcome, and the fleet was about to enter the Yazoo, as anticipated, when its course was arrested by a body of the enemy on land. The vessels, sorely beset by batteries, sharp-shooters, and renewed

efforts to obstruct the streams, were in great peril, when they were relieved by the arrival of Sherman's advance which had made its way by forced marches, under unusual difficulties, to their rescue. The success of this enterprise would have secured an important portion of the country, rich in supplies, on the enemy's flank, and a base for further operations.

After the failure of this undertaking, Grant began in earnest his meditated approach to Vicksburg by effecting a landing below the city. To accomplish this, it was necessary to descend the Mississippi on the right bank to a point sixty or seventy miles distant from Milliken's Bend, and then cross the river to the new line of operations on the flank and rear of Vicksburg. The corps of Sherman was left to bring up the rear in the land movement of the troops, but they were not left without an object. While Grand Gulf, the first point of assault below Vicksburg, was being assailed, it was necessary, to prevent reinforcements being sent to the garrison, that the attention of the enemy should be attracted in another direction. Sherman was accordingly sent up the Yazoo to manœuvre and apparently threaten the old works at Haines' Bluff. This was skilfully performed, as directed, on the last days of April, and when this work was accomplished Sherman put his command in rapid motion on the west bank of the Mississippi, for the proposed point opposite Grand Gulf, where he crossed on the 6th of May. That place, in consequence of the engagement at Fort Gibson, and other operations, after resisting the

first assault of the gun-boats, had been evacuated; and Sherman, in compliance with the orders of General Grant, was free to push on in support of the rapid movement of the other corps. While McPherson, the gallant commander of the Sixteenth Army Corps, was successfully engaged at Raymond on the 12th, Sherman was skirmishing at Fourteen Mile Creek. Their forces were then joined in pursuit of the enemy at Jackson, where they acted in concert in defeating and driving the enemy from the city. Sherman was ordered to destroy the railways in the vicinity, and a few days after was in motion again, in what Grant called "his almost unequalled march" from Jackson to Bridgeport, compelling the evacuation of Haines' Bluff and connecting the right of Grant's army with the Mississippi. Vicksburg was thus invested, and after two unsuccessful assaults, conducted with extraordinary valor, in which Sherman's corps bore a distinguished part, the regular siege operations here commenced which led to the surrender of the garrison and the occupation of the city on the memorable Fourth of July. Sherman was now sent in pursuit of the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston, who had been hovering in the rear, seeking to relieve the garrison at Vicksburg. He overtook him at Jackson, drove him from the city, and again and more thoroughly destroyed the railway communications leading inland. "The siege of Vicksburg and last capture of Jackson and dispersion of Johnston's army," wrote General Grant, in his dispatch, "entitle General Sherman to more credit than

usually falls to the lot of one man to earn."

Sherman acted up to his resolve. No one was more intent than himself that the military advantage of the fall of Vicksburg should not be lost, and "fulfilled all its conditions" with more indomitable perseverance. Henceforth he is the conspicuous personage in the conduct of the war in the South-west and South, and his genius is in those extensive regions from the Mississippi to the Atlantic, everywhere active and triumphant. Vicksburg having fallen, the central position of Chattanooga became the immediate point of conflict between the opposing forces. Thither, on the defeat of Rosecrans by Gen. Bragg, before that place, Sherman was summoned, in September, by Gen. Grant from his position in the rear of Vicksburg. Taking his corps by water to Memphis he set out from that place in the early days of October, on a march of unusual difficulty, passing through Corinth and Iuka, driving the enemy from Tuscombia, and crossing the Tennessee river with his forces at Eastport, and thence by forced marches pursuing his way far north of the river by Fayetteville to Bridgeport, in the immediate vicinity of the scene of action, which he reached on the 15th of November. On his march, he received at Iuka orders from General Grant assigning him to the command of the Army of the Tennessee, under the new organization by which Grant himself was placed at the head of the Military Division of the Mississippi.

Sherman's arrival at Bridgeport was the signal for Grant's decisive movements upon the enemy's positions at

Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. The leading strategic operations were entrusted to Sherman and carried out by him with his usual diligence and inventive resources. Seizing the outposts of the enemy, he promptly succeeded in getting his command across the river, and on the afternoon of November 24 surprised and occupied the extremity of the Ridge. The next day he followed up this advantage by a determined attack on the enemy's second and stronger position on the Ridge, and so maintained the struggle with the enemy, that upon the advance of Gen. Thomas upon the centre in the afternoon, the victory was complete. Sherman was now further employed in pursuing the flying foe and cutting off his railway communications with Longstreet, who had been sent to besiege Burnside at Knoxville. The latter, severely pressed, in danger of starvation, called loudly for help, and Sherman, "ever good at need," was sent by Gen. Grant to his relief. The Army of the Tennessee, after its fatiguing series of marches, and sanguinary engagements, was certainly in no condition for the extraordinary efforts required in this new expedition. But there was no time to rest or even provide for its necessities. "Seven days before," says Sherman in his report, "we had left our camps on the other side of the Tennessee, with two days' rations, without a change of clothing, stripped for the fight, with but a single blanket or coat per man, from myself to the private included. Of course, we that had no provision, save what we gathered along the road, were ill-supplied

for such a march. But we learned that twelve thousand of our fellow-soldiers were beleaguered in the mountain-town of Knoxville, eighty-four miles distant, that they needed relief, and must have it in three days. This was enough; and it had to be done." And it was done: the march, notwithstanding the presence of the enemy on the route, and the serenity of mid-winter in the mountains, was accomplished between the 28th of November and the 5th of December, when, on the immediate approach of the army to the city, Longstreet having tried his strength against the works without success, retreated, and Knoxville was again in safety. General Burnside felt that he was greatly indebted to Sherman for his deliverance, and courteously acknowledged the obligation. Reviewing the entire campaign from Vicksburg to Knoxville, Gen. Sherman in his report says, "I must do justice to my command for the patience, cheerfulness and courage which officers and men have displayed throughout, in battle, on the march and in camp. For long periods, without regular rations or supplies of any kind, they have marched through mud and over rocks, sometimes barefooted, without a moment's rest. After a march of over four hundred miles, without stop for three successive nights, we crossed the Tennessee, fought our part of the battle of Chattanooga, pursued the enemy out of Tennessee, and then turned more than a hundred miles north and compelled Longstreet to raise the siege of Knoxville, which gave so much anxiety to the whole country."

There being now necessarily an intermission of active army operations, Sherman returned for a time to the scene of his recent command at Memphis. Here he had again an opportunity, and was required to deal with the disaffected population of his military district. But he was as ready for this emergency as for any other, being quite as adroit with the pen as with the sword, as his frequent correspondence with various parties on many of the questions arising out of the war has witnessed.

The next move of Sherman was of his own planning, "the Meridian raid," or military expedition, which, crossing the centre of the State of Mississippi, in February, 1864, penetrated to the Alabama line, and did immense damage to the important railway communications on the route. Much more might have been accomplished had the whole scheme of operations been carried out. It was designed by Gen. Sherman that General W. S. Smith, of his command, starting from Memphis, should advance with about eight thousand cavalry on the Mobile and Ohio railway to Meridian, where he himself, having marched due east from Vicksburg, would effect a junction with him, and act further against the Confederate forces in that region. Sherman moved with regularity, and was promptly at Meridian; but, finding that the expected cavalry had not arrived, and there was no prospect of their approach, after destroying the railways and vast stores of the enemy, fell back leisurely to his former position at Vicksburg. The expedition was intended as a diversion in favor of certain projected naval operations against Mo-

bile, which were deferred for a more favorable opportunity.

The succeeding month of March was marked by an event of great importance in the history of the war. Gen. Grant was called to Washington with the rank of Lieutenant-General, and placed in command of the armies of the United States, and on his departure for the East, Gen. Sherman was assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi. On receiving this order at Memphis, on the 14th of March, he hastened to join Grant at Nashville, and accompanied him as far as Cincinnati, on his way to Washington. "In a parlor of the Burnet House at Cincinnati," says Col. Bowman, "bending over their maps, the two generals, who had so long been inseparable, planned together that colossal structure whereof the great campaigns of Richmond and Atlanta were but two of the parts, and grasping one another firmly by the hand, separated, one to the east, the other to the west, each to strike at the same instant his half of the ponderous death-blow."

The Atlanta campaign of Gen. Sherman began with the concentration of his forces, numbering nearly ninety-nine thousand men and two hundred and forty-four guns in the three army divisions of the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Ohio, at or within supporting distance of Chattanooga. Thomas, McPherson, and Schofield were the major-generals commanding the several divisions. In front, the Confederate General Johnston, with about forty thousand infantry and four thousand cavalry held the line of the Chattanooga and Atlanta railway, with

his head-quarters at Dalton. This was the general position at the beginning of May, when Sherman, having collected vast stores of supplies at Chattanooga, directed his army against the enemy. Atlanta, the object of the campaign, was one hundred and thirty miles from his starting-point, by a road easily to be defended at various passes and defiles. It is not necessary here to pursue the details of Sherman's masterly report of the march and the series of battles by which he made good his progress, and within three months of continuous hard fighting, at length gained his end.

Now ensued another characteristic correspondence of Sherman, with the Confederate Gen. Hood and the Mayor of Atlanta. It was necessary to hold the city which was to become the starting point of a new and decisive movement, and it was Sherman's design to make it strictly a military post. This involved the removal of the citizens who remained in it, for there was no means of support left them there, and, judging by past experience, it was difficult or impossible to prevent them from communicating with the enemy without. It was the heart of a hostile country, and strict military precaution was the only rule. Sherman accordingly proposed a ten days' truce to the Confederate Gen. Hood for the removal. Hood accepted, but denounced loudly the "studied and ungenerous cruelty of the act," protesting against it, "in the name of the God of humanity." Sherman replied by instancing the similar conduct of Johnson and of Hood himself in this very campaign, retorting upon his adversary his view of the iniquities of the war.

To the Mayor of the city, who had made a more courteous remonstrance, he replied at length, candidly stating in plain language the real grounds of the difficulty:—"You cannot," said he, "have peace and a division of our country. If the United States submits to a division now, it will not stop, but will go on till we reap the fate of Mexico, which is eternal war. The United States does and must assert its authority wherever it has power; if it relaxes one bit to pressure it is gone, and I know that such is not the national feeling. This feeling assumes various shapes, but always comes back to that of *Union*. Once admit the Union, once more acknowledge the authority of the National Government, and instead of devoting your houses and streets and roads to the dread uses of war, I, and this army become at once your protectors and supporters, shielding you from danger, let it come from what quarter it may."

When Hood, presently, in October, threatened Sherman's communications with Chattanooga, the latter again took the field in pursuit, the Confederate General retiring before him. It was now Hood's object, under instructions from Richmond, to unite with other Confederate troops in an invasion of Tennessee, with the presumption that Sherman would thus be withdrawn from Atlanta. But Sherman had no idea of being turned backward; he knew his own strength, and the weakness of the enemy; and, leaving him in his rear, to be dealt with by General Thomas, hastened to inflict a meditated blow on Georgia and South Carolina, which would demonstrate his old con-

victions expressed in the letter to Grant, which we have recited. This was his grand march from Atlanta to Savannah, and subsequently from Savannah to Raleigh. By the middle of November the army was grouped about Atlanta. The first object of Sherman, as stated in his report, was "to place his army in the very heart of Georgia, interposing between Macon and Augusta, and obliging the enemy to divide his forces to defend not only these points, but Millen, Savannah, and Charleston." The movement was successful. By pursuing this central route, with various side movements, distracting the attention of the enemy, Savannah was captured, and the success of the campaign was established. It was about a month from the time of leaving Atlanta that Savannah surrendered. On taking possession on the 21st of December, Sherman sent this note to President Lincoln: "I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty heavy guns, and also about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton." Before another month had elapsed, Sherman had commenced his march through South and North Carolina. Columbia was taken, and Charleston gained by his strategy. The former surrendered on the 17th of February, 1865; on the 12th of March, the army was at Fayetteville, North Carolina, a battle with Gen. Johnston's forces was fought at Bentonville on the 19th, and Goldsboro immediately occupied. Leaving his

army at that place, Sherman hastened to City Point, on the James river, where he had an interview with President Lincoln and General Grant on the 27th. The two great armies were now in supporting distance of each other. Two days after the meeting of the generals, Grant's army was in motion, the commencement of the final movement which ended on the 9th of April in the surrender of Lee's army. Sherman at the same time was pressing Johnston, who, on the 14th, proposed a capitulation. Four days after, a memorandum or basis of agreement was agreed upon between the two generals involving certain conditions of restoration to the Union of the rebel States and people, which were presently set aside for the simple terms of military surrender accorded by Grant to Lee. This act substantially closed the war for the Union. On the 4th of March, 1869, when General Grant resigned his high military rank to enter upon his duties as President, General Sherman, by act of Congress, succeeded to his position as General of the Army of the United States. In tracing Sherman's career, we have sufficiently developed his character; and here we close our record, leaving him at the height of honor and fame, to pursue his career of usefulness in the army, happily in the ordinary discharge of its duties, the object of love and admiration to his countrymen for his great services to the Nation.



Victoria

ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA.

ALEXANDRINA VICTORIA, the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III. and of Victoire Maria Louisa, daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe Coburg Saalfeld, was born at Kensington Palace, near London, on the 24th of May 1819. Her ancestry on the father's side may thus be traced through the succession of the House of Hanover to the Electress Sophia, the youngest of the large family of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of James I., and so upward along the line of English sovereigns. On the maternal side her lineage ascends through a direct line of Saxon ancestors, numbering twenty-five generations, to the tenth century. Passing down this long pedigree in the fifteenth century, we light upon a certain Frederick the Peaceable, Elector of Saxony, in whose family occurred an incident of interest in any history of the race of Queen Victoria. As the story has been related by Carlyle in his usual graphic manner, after his usual diligent research, it may readily, following his narrative, be here reproduced for the reader. "In those troublous times, with the constant divisions of territory going on in the

family successions of the Saxon house, it was difficult even for a ruler who had earned the title of 'The Peaceable' not to have his fingers sometimes in war and marauding. This happened in the end to Frederick in a war with his brother, growing out of the settlement of a disputed territory, in which he employed a certain German mercenary leader named Kunz von Kaufungen to fight for him. Before this little military transaction got itself settled, Kunz was a loser by some very hard knocks, his 'old tower of Kaufungen and all his properties wasted by ravages of war,' and he himself taken prisoner by the Bohemians, from which he could extricate himself only by the payment of 4,000 gold gulden, about ten thousand dollars, a sufficient sum for an exhausted freebooter. He claimed this to be returned from the Elector Frederick, who would not pay, but proposed arbitration, which was partially submitted to; but Kunz, not liking the appearance of the Court, went away before the verdict was delivered, which turned out to be as unsatisfactory as he expected."

Having correspondence with a trai-

torous cook or scullion in the Electoral Castle at Altenburg, he was informed one day of an opportunity for his threatened revenge, such as he had been long looking for. The Elector was to be absent on a journey to Leipzig, leaving the Electress with the two princes, Ernest and Albert, at home, while the servants, on a certain night, being invited to a supper in the town, would be away drinking. Kunz, accordingly, with his two Squires Mosen and Schönberg, military adventurers quartered with him, set out from Isenburg to capture the princes. Arriving with his party towards midnight of the 7th of July, 1455, before the castle, he is admitted within its walls by the faithless scullion by rope ladders; the doors of the apartments are locked by the band from the outside, and the outer portals secured, Kunz being from old residence familiar with the place. The two princes are seized, boys of the age of fourteen and twelve, and brought down to the court-yard, where Ernest is identified, and his companion proves to be, not Albert, but another youth, his bed-fellow. The mistake is soon corrected, the genuine Albert being found under his bed; and the prey being thus secured, Kunz and his freebooters take to horse, while the Electress, from a window, shrieks and pleads in vain. Take anything else, "only leave my children!" The band now divides for safety--Kunz with the younger prince, Albert, taking one direction; Mosen, with Ernest in his possession, the other, mainly through a wild forest region, to cross the border to Bohemia. They have hardly departed when the

servants of the castle, having burst the doors, ring the alarm bell of the castle, which is echoed by the bell of the town, and that by others through the region. The hue and cry is fully up in Saxony, and it requires hard riding and skilful windings to escape the pursuers. But it is injustice to the reader to continue the story at this point in other language than that of Carlyle. "A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm bell, and shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now within an hour of the Bohemian border—cheerily, my men, through these wild woods and hills. The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on, all but himself and two Squires shall ride on, get every thing ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince, dismounts, he and his Squires, to gather him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers in upon the scene, a grimy *Köhler*, namely Collier, (charcoal-burner), with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schürbaum*) in his hand. Grimy Collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap, somewhat astonished to find company in these solitudes. 'How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased to be doing here?' inquired the Collier. 'Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations; who has fallen thirsty: do you know where bilberries are?—No?—Then why not

walk on your way, my grim one?' The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go. Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by his spurs, falls flat on his face; the young Prince whispers eagerly, 'I am Prince Albert, and am stolen.' Whew-wew!—One of the Squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said, perhaps it was at the Collier only: the Collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the Squire, belabors Kunz himself. During which the Collier's dog lustily barks; and, behold, the Collier's wife comes running on the scene, and with her shrieks brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done! He surrenders, with his Squires and Prince; is led by this black body-guard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighboring monastery of Grünhain (Green Grove), and is there safe warded under lock and key. * * * From Grünhain Monastery, the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other: praised be heaven forever for it. 'And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish; what is your want? How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz; you with your simple poking-pole; you, Collier, sent of heaven!' 'Madam, I *drilled* him soundly with my poking-pole (*hab ihn weidlich getrillt;*') at which they all laughed, and called the Collier *der Triller, the Driller.*"*

Presently, after a three days' hunt,

* "The Prinzenraub: a Glimpse of Saxon History."—*Westminster Review*, January, 1855.

in which his party is dismembered, Mosen, in charge of Prince Ernest, is at bay, taking refuge in a hidden cave, whence, having heard that Kunz is taken and probably beheaded, he negotiates terms of surrender, escaping scot free on delivery of the boy. So that the parents have now their two sons restored to them, and all within the week of his desperate adventure, the head of Kunz is severed from his neck at Freyberg. The Collier, or Driller, as he was thenceforth called, in compliance with his modest request, was rewarded with the privilege secured to him and his posterity, of gathering waste wood from the forest for his charring purposes, to which was added an annual grant of corn and a sufficient little farm, which appears to have been until quite recently occupied by the family, but which is now (or was in 1856) the site of a large brewery, where the best of beer could be drunk by the most loyal of Saxons in honor of the preserver of their ancient ducal line. It was in memory of the children thus rescued from captivity that, nearly three centuries afterwards, a reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg named his two sons Ernest and Albert, the latter being known to history as the Prince Consort of Queen Victoria, who is also descended, as we have stated, from this old Saxon stock.

On the death of Frederick the Peaceable, the family became divided into two great branches, named from his sons the Ernestine and the Albertine. The former, in the next generation, in the persons of Frederick the Wise and John the Stedfast, in their

support of Luther, became identified with the Protestant cause, which, in the contest which ensued with Charles V., cost the family the electorate of Saxony, and brought the sovereignty into the younger or Albertine line. The Ernestine branch, in its disintegrated state, then appears in possession of minor duchies and dependencies, bringing us down to Duke Francis of Saxe Coburg; whose youngest daughter, Victoire Marie Louise, was first married to the Prince of Leiningen, and afterwards to the Duke of Kent. This marriage took place in 1818; and, in the spring of the following year, there was born of the union, as we have stated, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria. Her maternal grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg, on hearing of the event, wrote to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, already anticipating the accession of the child to the throne. "Again a Charlotte—destined, perhaps, to play a great part one day, if a brother is not born to take it out of her hands. The English like queens, and the niece of the ever-lamented, beloved Charlotte will be most dear to them." The allusion was of course to the Princess Charlotte, daughter of the Prince Regent and Caroline of Brunswick, married to Prince Leopold, whose death in child-bed, in November, 1817, had been so greatly mourned by the nation. The newly born Victoria was thus, on the death of her father and uncles, presumptive heiress to the throne. Three months afterwards, the Duchess of Coburg again writes to her daughter, announcing to her the birth of her grandchild Prince Albert, who, it

seems, was assisted into the world by the same accoucheuse, Madame Siebold, who had presided at the birth of Victoria in May. "How pretty," says the Duchess in this letter, "the May Flower will be when I see it in a year's time. Siebold cannot sufficiently describe what a dear love it is." The Duke of Kent did not long survive the birth of his daughter. He died in January of the following year, and within the same week the old King George III. was released from his infirmities and gathered to his fathers.

The Princess Victoria was now left to the care of her amiable mother in the old Royal Palace of Kensington, where her early years were chiefly passed in a sort of domestic court retirement, yet with favorable influences from the great world without. As she advanced in childhood, the probability of her being called to the throne was manifestly increased. The Duke of Clarence, the immediate heir to the throne, had married the Princess Adelaide, in 1818, and had issue two daughters, both of whom died during the infancy of Victoria. The Duke of York died in 1827; and, consequently, when the now childless William IV. succeeded to George IV. in 1830, the Princess Victoria was the next heir. In anticipation of this, Parliament, in 1825, made an additional grant of six thousand pounds to the Duchess of Kent, to continue through the minority of her daughter, as a provision for her education, which now began to be a matter of some public anxiety. Able instructors were provided; and, before her twelfth year, we are told, she had, among other studies, been instructed

in Latin, so as to read Horace with fluency. Mr. Westall, the artist, had taught her drawing; and she had exhibited an enthusiastic taste for music. She also early acquired, under the training of an eminent riding-master, an excellent skill in horsemanship. During the seven years of the reign of William IV. she became an object of personal interest to the people in many parts of the country by her visits with her mother to various seats of the nobility, and residence at the Isle of Wight, and other summer resorts.

In May, 1837, having attained her eighteenth year, she was declared legally of age, according to the provisions of a recent act of Parliament; and, on the 20th of the following month, on the demise of William IV, succeeded to the throne. The announcement of the event was made to her at Kensington Palace, by the Premier, Lord Melbourne, accompanied by other official personages. At noon she was visited by the Lord Mayor of London and other members of the corporation. The Privy Council took the oaths of allegiance and were addressed by the Queen, in words expressing her sense of the responsibility of her position, and her desire to discharge the duty for the happiness and welfare of all classes of her subjects. It was noticed that in this, as in all the circumstances of the day, she conducted herself with remarkable ease, grace, and self-possession.

The next day the Queen attended at the Royal Palace of St. James, where she was publicly proclaimed Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, under the title of Alexandrina Victoria I.

Lord Melbourne, who had always been on friendly relations with the Queen, representing as he did the liberal political views of her father, the Duke of Kent, was willingly retained by her in office as the premier. In the month of July, the Queen, with her mother, left Kensington to reside in Buckingham Palace. The same month she visited, in state, the House of Lords to dissolve parliament, in accordance with the custom at the beginning of a new reign; and again delighted those who heard her by the felicitous manner in which she read the royal speech prepared for the occasion. On the assembling of the new parliament, a suitable provision was made for the Duchess of Kent, and the Queen's civil list for salaries of household, tradesmen's bills, etc., was fixed at £385,000 per annum, and her privy purse, exclusively for her personal control, at £60,000. The coronation, at Westminster Abbey, took place on the 28th of June 1838, with the usual imposing ceremonies.

The wishes of the Queen's grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg were now to be fulfilled in the union of her grand-children. She always anticipated this, but lived only to witness the near prospect of the accession to the throne of the Princess Victoria, after the death of George IV.

The Princess Victoria saw Prince Albert for the first time, when he accompanied his father, Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg, and his brother Ernest, on a visit to England, in 1836, and they passed four weeks together at Kensington Palace. The Princess had

then just completed her seventeenth year. The Prince was three months younger. This was a year before the Queen came to the throne, and the visit undoubtedly had reference to the future possible union by marriage of the cousins. As such, it was opposed by the reigning sovereign William IV. who, it seems, though he never mentioned the subject to the Princess herself, was anxious to bring about an alliance between her and a member of the royal family of Holland.

The impressions, received by both parties were those of mutual admiration and regard; though nothing, for some time after, was settled concerning the important question of marriage. A limited and reserved correspondence was carried on between them. The Prince addresses her on her succeeding birthday, and in another congratulatory letter shortly after, when she became Queen—reminding her of her cousins, the Prince and his brother, who were then pursuing their university studies at Bonn. In the meantime, King Leopold of Belgium, the uncle of the parties and virtually their guardian, never lost sight of the affair of the marriage. He directed the studies and travels of Prince Albert with an eye to the result, judiciously recommending travels on the continent, in which he might be at the same time perfecting his education, and be brought in various positions before the public. The Queen, meantime, was well advised of his progress, and he sent her some memorials of his tour. At length in the early part of 1838, a year after her accession to the throne, King Leopold proposed the marriage

to the Queen and the proposition seems to have been favorably entertained; and it was also discussed between King Leopold and Prince Albert, who had now become accustomed to regard it as an event to which he might look forward, and who naturally required that something definite should be determined respecting it. There was, undoubtedly, some delay in the adjustment of the affair, which was not brought to an end till, in October, 1839, Prince Albert with his brother again visited England, bearing with him a special letter from King Leopold to the Queen. It was then immediately settled.

The Princes were received on their visit to England by the Queen at Windsor Castle, where, about a week after their arrival, Prince Albert was invited to a private audience, at which the offer of her hand, according to royal requirement, was made.

The intention of making the first announcement to parliament was abandoned and an official communication to the Privy Council substituted in its stead. This took place on the 23d of November, shortly after the departure of the Princes for Coburg. At the meeting of Parliament, in January, the approaching marriage was thus announced in the royal speech, delivered by the Queen herself. "Since you were last assembled, I have declared my intention of allying myself in marriage with the Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha. I humbly implore that the divine blessing may prosper this union, and render it conducive to the interests of my people, as well as to my own domestic happiness; and it

will be to me a source of the most lively satisfaction to find the resolution I have taken approved by my Parliament." The tenth of the ensuing February was appointed for the celebration of the marriage. On that day the ceremony took place with imposing state in the Chapel Royal of St. James's Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury, assisted by the Bishop of London, officiating; her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, giving away the royal bride. A wedding breakfast followed at Buckingham Palace, attended by the members of the royal family and various state officers; and, at its close, the royal party left for Windsor Palace.

The first question of importance in the Queen's private affairs which arose was the determination of the Prince Consort's position at Court. This had been agitated in Parliament before the marriage, when it was proposed to define the precedence of the Prince by an act; but the question being a difficult one, it was left unacted upon, and thus became a subject for the Queen's prerogative. Accordingly, early in March, letters patent were issued, conferring upon the Prince precedence next to the Queen, as had been originally proposed in Parliament. In this as in all other matters growing out of their new relation, the Queen appeared desirous of placing her husband, as far as possible, in a perfectly independent position. There appears to have been some slight friction at the outset in the domestic arrangements of the household; but here, as in greater things, the self-respect and good sense of the Prince Consort were met by

corresponding qualities on the part of the Queen.

The early months of the Queen's married life were happily passed in the usual routine of Court employment and the discharge of her public duties, in which she was effectively but unostentatiously assisted by the Prince Consort. He was fond of theatrical entertainments, and they attended together a series of representations at Covent Garden, in which Charles Kemble reappeared in some of Shakespeare's principal characters. They also gave much attention to musical performances, the Queen still, as she had done for several years previously, taking lessons in singing from Signor Lablache, for whom she entertained a kind regard; considering him, in her own words, "not only one of the finest bass singers, and one of the best actors, both in comedy and tragedy, that she had seen, but a remarkably clever, gentleman-like man, full of anecdotes and knowledge, and most kind and warm-hearted." In the midst of this cheerful life, an incident occurred which for a moment cast a shade upon the scene. This was an apparent attempt upon the Queen's life, as she was going out with the Prince from Buckingham Palace, the afternoon of the 10th of June, for the public drive in Hyde Park.

The perpetrator of this attempt proved to be a young man named Edward Oxford, seventeen years old, a waiter at a low inn, apparently a fool or a madman. It was a matter of doubt whether his pistols were loaded. Having nothing to say for himself, except to plead guilty, and

there being no conceivable motive for the act, though he was convicted on his trial and sentenced to death, the sentence was set aside for imprisonment in a lunatic asylum, from which, in 1867, he was released on consideration of leaving the kingdom. There would appear to be a strange kind of fascination working upon weak minds in attempts like this, which proved only the first of several similar assaults to which the Queen has been subjected. In May, 1842, a man named John Francis fired upon her with a loaded pistol while she was driving in Hyde Park in an open carriage, for which he was tried and sentenced to be hanged; but the Queen again magnanimously interposed and commuted the sentence to transportation for life. Another fanatic named Bean, a month or so after the last-named attempt, was detected in the act of presenting a pistol at the Queen while passing along in one of her public drives, and was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labor. In June, 1850, she was assaulted with a cane or whip while walking in Kensington Garden by a supposed crazy man named Pate. These would all appear to have had no other incentive than an entire or partially disordered state of mind, and the frequency of such conditions led Parliament, in 1843, to pass an act, by which severe flogging was imposed as part punishment in such cases. This was thought to have put an end to such absurd attempts. But many years afterward, another case arose rivalling either of the others in absurd temerity: on the 29th of February, 1872, as the Queen was re-enter-

ing the court-yard at Buckingham Palace, after a drive through the Park, Arthur O'Connor, a Fenian, eighteen years of age, sprang over the wall, rushed up to the carriage, and struck the Queen on the breast with an unloaded pistol, at the same time presenting a petition of amnesty for the Fenians—exclaiming “sign or die.” Prince Arthur, who was seated in the carriage with the Queen, knocked the man down. Connor was seized and conveyed to prison. The Queen was perfectly calm. When Connor was questioned, he said his design was to frighten the Queen into doing justice to Ireland. On examination before the Police Magistrates at Bow street, it was elicited that he was grand nephew to the well-known Feargus O'Connor, one of the leaders of the chartist movement. A commission of medical men, appointed to examine as to his sanity, found that he was of sound mind, but an enthusiastic Fenian. In explaining to the Commission why his weapon was not loaded when he made the assault, he said he would have used a loaded pistol, but he desired only to frighten the Queen into compliance with his demand. Any fatal result would have brought the Prince of Wales to the throne, an event which he did not desire to occur; wishing Queen Victoria to be the last English monarch. On his trial at the Old Bailey, in April, he pleaded guilty, with the mitigating ground of insanity. The latter was not admitted. He was committed and sentenced to twelve months hard prison labor and twenty lashes.

The public life of Queen Victoria, in

a Constitutional country such as England, belongs rather to the history of the nation than the biography of the individual. What is more strictly personal to her is included in the story of her domestic cares, the birth, education and settlement in life of her children, and the one great event of her existence, the consecrated sorrow of many years, the death of her husband, Prince Albert.

To enumerate in order her numerous family: On November 21, 1840, the first of the Queen's children, the Princess Royal, now (1873) Crown Princess of Prussia, was born; on November 9, 1841, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales; on April 25, 1843, Alice Maud Mary; on August 6, 1844, Alfred Ernest Albert; on May 25, 1846, Helena Augusta Victoria; on March 18, 1848, Louisa Caroline Alberta; on May 1, 1850, Arthur William Patrick Albert; on April 7, 1853, Leopold George Duncan Albert; and on April 15, 1857, Beatrice Mary Victoria Feodore.

Among the more purely personal incidents of Queen Victoria's career are to be mentioned her different journeys through Great Britain—what in Queen Elizabeth's day were called "Royal Progresses;" and her occasional visits to the Continent. Of some of these we have an account from the Queen's own pen, in the volume edited by Arthur Helps, entitled "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands," and published chiefly in commemoration of the writer's daily life with the Prince Consort. Regarded in this light, no such touching memorial of affection has probably under similar circumstances ever been given to the

world. It covers nearly the whole period of her married life, beginning with her first visit to Scotland, in company with the Prince, in the summer of 1842, and closing with a visit to the Lakes of Killarney, in the summer of 1861, a few months only before his death. The book is certainly unique in authorship—a simple record, unaffectedly truthful and artless—chronicling little details, which have all their value from the homely domestic affections of the narrator.

Happily does one of her reviewers describe the plan and spirit of the work. "These leaves," says a writer in the "Edinburgh Review," "from the private journal of the Queen, are addressed to the domestic sympathy of the people of England. They owe, no doubt, much of the interest which they will excite to the character of their august author, and to the contrast which the mind involuntarily draws between the outward splendor and formality of royalty and the incidents of daily life which are common to all sorts and conditions of men. But this real claim to the universal notice they cannot fail to receive, lies in the genuine simplicity with which the private life of the Royal Family, and the sentiments of the first Lady in the land are related in their pages. * * * Undisturbed by the glare which might blind and dazzle eyes less accustomed to live in it, the Queen of England pursues the simple avocations and amusements of woman's life; she teaches her children—she controls her servants, whose lives in every detail are familiar to her—she scratches an expressive outline on her sketch-book;

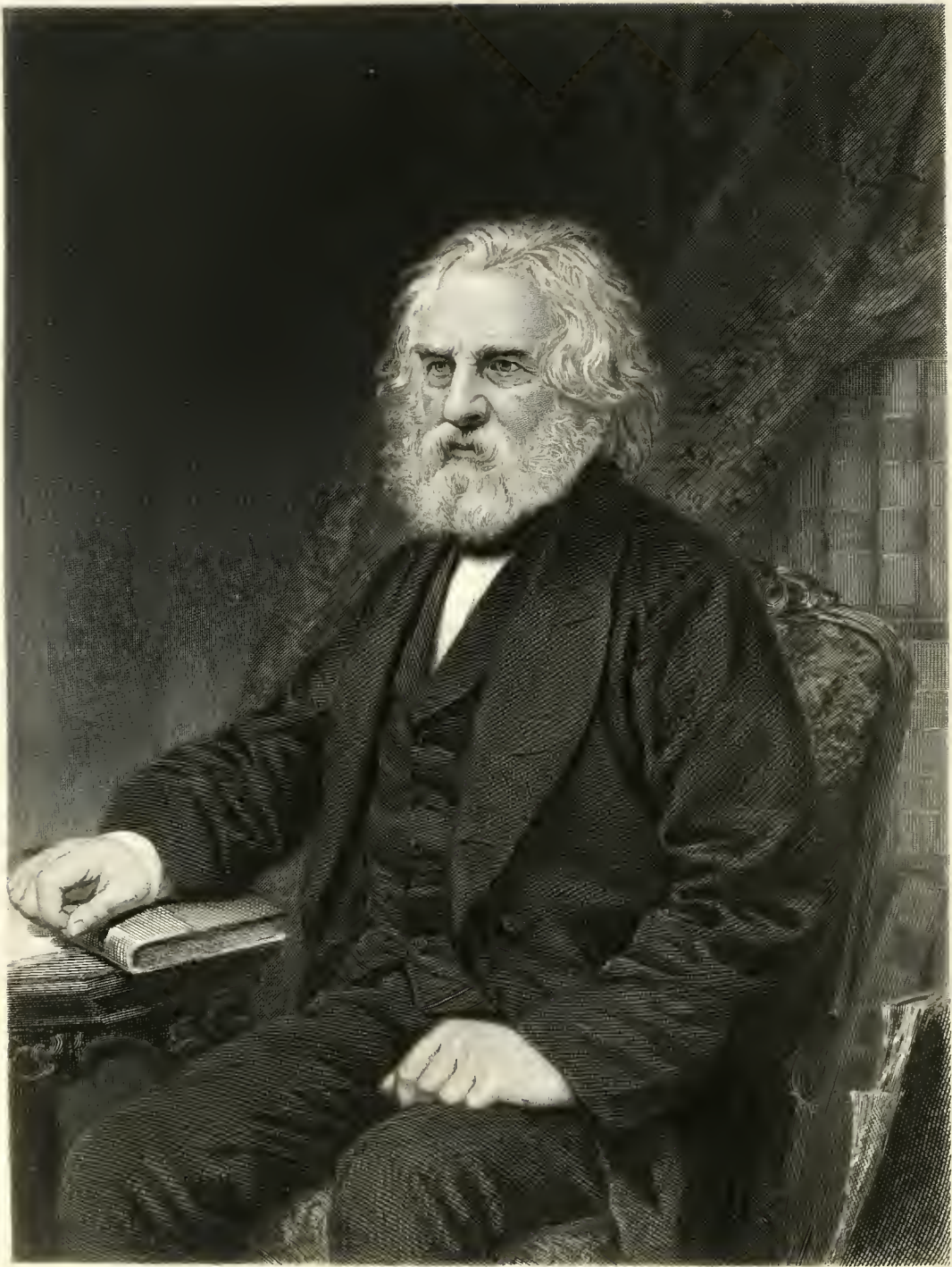
she shares with an intense sympathy the tastes, the pursuits, the sports of her husband—and she records day by day, in pages destined at the time for no eyes but her own, the current of a life which needed not the burden or the glory of a crown to make it complete and happy. No doubt, it is the touch of grief which has unlocked those secrets of love. Men are not wont to breathe aloud the sense of their deepest enjoyments until they have lost them. Then, indeed, when the Past has received the ashes of the Present into its eternal keeping, every trifle acquires a deeper potency—a faded rose-leaf, a familiar scent, the tone of an unforgotten voice, the outline of a scene once gazed on by other eyes than our own, all acquire a perpetual meaning; and the things which were most fugitive in their brief existence become imperishable in their remains.”

The notices of the Queen's residence in her Scottish retreat at Balmoral are of particular grace and feeling, covering the period from the first occupation of the place, in 1848, through successive years, while the heart of its royal occupant, in her own words, “became more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere.” In view of the event which was ap-

proaching, there is something very touching in the quotation from Scott's “Lay of the Last Minstrel,” which precedes these Balmoral entries:

“Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friend thy woods and streams are left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.”

That “extremity” came in the autumn of 1861, when the Prince Consort, having returned in October from Balmoral, had visited the Prince of Wales, then a student at the University of Cambridge, and was passing his time in his usual employments at Windsor; though not in his usual robust health, yet freely exposing himself to the inclemencies of the season. One day, about the beginning of December, he reviewed a volunteer corps of Eton boys in a heavy rain, and left the ground suffering from a feverish cold. The symptoms gradually grew worse, and, on the thirteenth, assumed a dangerous character. The Prince was prostrated by a typhoid fever, and rapidly sank under it, dying the next day. That event has colored the whole of the Queen's later life. It has thrown her much into retirement; and when she appears in public, she seems ever to be accompanied by this great sorrow.



Edmund W Longfellow

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE biography of a poet is, in general, little more than an inventory of his writings. He is a man whose world is within, who must have quiet to write, and whose genius tempts him to perpetuate the quiet which he finds. Seldom a man of action, his migrations are of little more importance to the world at large, save through his writings, than those of the Vicar of Wakefield, from the blue bed to the brown. Mr Longfellow, the popular poet of England and America at this time, is no exception to the rule. The incidents of his life are mainly to be found in the record of his mental emotions in his books. There is matter abundant and voluble enough, but the narrative belongs rather to the critic than to the biographer.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807. His father, the Hon. Stephen Longfellow, was a lawyer of distinction, a man of influence, highly esteemed by his contemporaries. The son was sent to Bowdoin College at Brunswick, where, in due time, he graduated in the class with Nathaniel Hawthorne, in 1825. Seldom has any college in one year sent forth to the world two

such ornaments of literature. At that early period, Mr. Longfellow was addicted to verse-making, and some of these juvenile poems written before the age of eighteen, are preserved in the standard collection of his writings. They are mostly descriptive of nature. There is one among them, a "Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem, at the Consecration of Pulaski's banner," which was something of a favorite when it appeared, and still has a flavor akin to that of the many spirited picturesque little poems of its class which the author has since written.

Most college students who are led on to pursue literature as a profession, make their entrance to it after a preliminary turn at the law. The transition is easier from that profession than from the others. The pulpit and the scalpel are apt to hold on to their apprentices, but the profitless tedium of the early years at the bar supplies a vacuum into which anything may rush. Besides, to some, especially those of a poetical inclination, the study is positively distasteful. The dereliction is embalmed as an adage in one of Pope's couplets—

The clerk foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross.

We are not aware that our poet had any difficulty in choosing his vocation. Probably not, for he fell so readily and happily into the habits of the scholar that all must have acquiesced in his selection of the calling. He was only nineteen, in fact, when he was appointed Professor of Modern Languages at his college at Brunswick; and, according to a judicious custom in these New England seats of learning, was granted the privilege of a preliminary tour in Europe to qualify himself handsomely for the post. In 1826, and the two following years, accordingly, he made the tour of Europe, plunging at once into the study of the various languages where they are best learned, among the natives of the country. He visited France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland, and England. On his return he lectured at Bowdoin on the modern languages he had acquired, wrote articles for the "North American Review," translated with great felicity the exquisite stanzas of the Spanish soldier poet Manrique on the death of his father, and penned the sketches of his travels—which, with a little romance intermingled, make up his pleasant volume, the first of his collected prose works, entitled "Outre Mer." In all that he did there was a nice hand visible, the touch of a dainty lover of good books, and appreciator of literary delicacies. The quaint, the marvellous, the remote, the picturesque, were his idols. He had been to the old curiosity shop of Europe, and brought home a stock of antiquated fancies of curious workmanship, which, with a little modern

burnishing, would well bear revival. They were henceforth the decorations of his verse, the ornaments of his prose. Everywhere you will find in his writings, in his own phrase, "something to tickle the imagination" either of his own contrivance, or credited to the wit and wisdom, the marrowy conceits, of an antique worthy. From Hans Sachs to Jean Paul; from Dante to Filicaja; from Rabelais to Beranger; from old Fuller to Charles Lamb, the rare moralists and humorists were at his disposal. He was never at a loss for a happy quotation, and he who quotes well is half an original. His genius and benevolent nature, its kindly fellow worker, supplied the other half. Such was the promise of "Outre Mer," a bright, fresh, inviting book, which a man, taking up at a happy moment—and every book requires its own happy moment—would bear in mind, and look out for the next appearance of its author in print.

Then came, in 1835, one of the migrations from the blue bed to the brown—the Professor of Modern Languages at Bowdoin became Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard, in the honorable place of Mr. George Ticknor, resigned. The new appointment generated another tour in Europe, and this time the professor elect chose new ground for his travels. He visited a region then rarely traversed by Americans. He went to the north of Europe, presenting himself in Denmark and Sweden, beside a protracted stay in Holland, and a second visit to Germany, France and England—a profitable tour for studies, but a sad one to the poet's

heart, for at Rotterdam, on this tour, he lost his young wife, the companion of his journey.

Returning to America with his intimacy with his beloved German authors refreshed by participation in their home scenes, and a newly acquired fondness for the northern sagas, destined to bear vigorous and healthy fruit in his writings, he commenced his duties at Harvard. He removed his household gods, his "midnight folios," to Cambridge, and one summer afternoon, in 1837, as it has been prettily set forth by his friend Curtis—"the Howadji," in his sketches of the Homes of American Authors—established himself as a lodger in the old Cragie house, whilom the celebrated head-quarters of General Washington in the Revolution. The house had a history; it was the very place for the brain-haunted scholar to live and dream in, a stately mansion with royalist memories before the rebel days of Washington, with flavors of good cheer lingering about its cellars, and shadowy trains of stately damsels flitting along its halls and up its wide stairway. The place was rich with traditions of wealthy merchants and costly hospitalities, nor had it degenerated, according to the habit of most honored old mansions, as it approached the present day. Venerable and learned men of Harvard, still alive, had consecrated it by their studies. No wonder that the poet professor found there his "coigne of vantage," and made there "the pendent bed and procreant cradle" of his quick-coming fancies. Many a poem of his goodly volumes has been generated by the

whispers of those old walls, and thence came forth "from his still, south-eastern upper chamber, in which Washington had also slept, the most delectable of his prose writings, the romance of "Hyperion."

We well remember the impression this work made on its appearance, about 1839, with its wide-spread type and ample margin, and the pleasant kindling thoughts of love, and the beauty of nature, and old romantic glories, and quaint Jean Paul, "the only one"—its criticism of taste and the heart. It was the first specimen given to America, we believe, of the art novel, and a fit audience of youths and maidens welcomed its sweet utterances. Everything in it was choice and fragrant; the old thoughts from the cloistered books were scented anew with living fragrance from the mountains and the fields. It was a scholar's book with no odor of the musty parchment or smell of the midnight lamp. All was cheerful with the gaiety of travel; the sorrow and the pathos were tempered by the romance—and over all was the purple light of youth.

Then came, in a little volume of verse, the first collection, we believe, of the author's original poems, "The Voices of the Night," published at Cambridge in 1839. It was the greatest hit, we think, take it all together, ever made by an American poet, for it created a distinguished poetical reputation at a single blow. Its "Hymn to the Night," drawing repose

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air;
its "Psalm of Life"—what the heart

of the young man said to the Psalmist. "The Reaper and the Flowers," "The Light of Stars," "The Footsteps of Angels; and with others, the "Midnight Mass of the Dying Year:"—these all at once became popular favorites, and the echoes of their praises have not yet died away from the lips of their first fair admirers. The success, doubtless, gave the poet confidence—for, to sing from the heart, the hearts of others must respond. It is a game at which there are two parties, the poet and the public, and one can do nothing without the other. The public plighted its faith to the new poet, and no meddling critics have since been able to break the alliance.

Since that first volume appeared, many others have followed in cream-colored paper and the brown cloth of Fields—sacred to poets—all of kindred excellence, Ballads with Excelsior, and the Lay of Nuremberg, and the "Belfry of Bruges," Tegner's pastoral, "Children of the Lord's Supper," Poems of the "Seaside and Fireside," "Waifs and Estrays," "The Spanish Student," a drama, in rapid sequence. Encouraged by the reception of these generally brief and occasional efforts, the poet, in 1846, essayed a longer flight in his elaborate poem "Evangeline, A Tale of Acadie." It was written in hexameters, a bold attempt upon the public in the adaptation of a classic measure, but greatly differing from the severe crabbed verses of this kind which Sir Philip Sidney sought to engraft upon English literature, and failed in attempting. The lines of Mr. Longfellow are not rugged, nor the pauses difficult to

manage. On the contrary, the verse is harmonious, and, if there be any defect, cloys from its recurring cadence and uniformity. Goethe had adopted the measure in his narrative, semi-pastoral poem, "Herman and Dorothea," the treatment of which doubtless suggested "Evangeline." Beyond this sanction of a great example, the American poem was little indebted to its German predecessor. The theme was new and striking, singularly adapted to the poet's powers. All readers know the story, and all probably have admired the beauty of the descriptions, the picturesque manners and customs, the exquisite tenderness of the poem—a tale of wonderful beauty and pathos, of a rare setting in the American landscape. It is by many accounted Mr. Longfellow's happiest work, and is certainly one of the most inviting and best sustained of his compositions, felicitous alike in subject and execution.

To "Evangeline," in 1849, succeeded "Kavanagh," a tale in prose, a New England idyll. The hero is a poetical clergyman, who attracts all the beauty and refinement of the village, unless the interest which he creates is divided with the schoolmaster Churchill. There is much that is pleasant in the manner of the piece, which has a gentle humor everywhere lighted up by a poetical fancy.

The "Golden Legend," a bundle of poems tied by a silken string, carrying us into the very heart of the middle ages, was the next production of Mr. Longfellow's muse. It appeared in 1851, was well received, perhaps not as closely taken to the popular heart as "Evangeline"—but that could not

be expected with a more remote scholastic subject. It displays a great deal of reading with much learned ingenuity. The invention, curious and felicitous, admits of and receives very wide illustration throughout the mediæval world of Europe, its religion, its arts, its schools, its government.

The "Golden Legend"—we thus chronicled it on its first appearance—is a volume of three hundred pages of poetical thoughts and fancies strung upon the thread of a simple ballad incident of a knight who grew very unhappy in the world on account of wickedness and melancholy, with no better prospect for recovery, after a pretty vigorous course of church discipline, than the luck of some maiden's offering up her life for him—a prescription of the learned Italian doctors of Salerno. Such a maiden does present herself, one of his forest peasantry, and, as the prince belongs to the Rhine, and the event is to come off in Italy, a journey throughout Europe is the consequence. With constant variety, as one topic is delicately touched upon after another, we are most agreeably entertained with forest scenes, town scenes, priestly ceremonies, learned arts, the sanctities of the cloister, its profanities, quaintly narrated in a species of rhyme which is neither heroic nor common-place, but singularly in consonance with the half-earnest, half-ludicrous associations of the subject. Lucifer, à la *Mephistophiles*, is employed as a mocking spirit, inspiring evil suggestions, a delighted showman of evil scenes. Walter de Vogelweide, the Minnesinger, enters with a melodious rustling of his garments. A Mystery of the Nativity, a

fine bit of scholarship of that olden time, is celebrated at Strasburg. The grim legend of Macaber is painted on the walls as the monks revel in the refectories. The School of Salerno thickens with strange forms of living and dying. These are the outward circumstances and decorations of a tale of passion, the object of which is the evolution of immortal affection. The catastrophe is of course the marriage of the prince and the peasant girl, and a happy return to the hereditary castle on the Rhine.

Four years later, in 1855, the poet made another venture in a novel walk of composition. The "Song of Hiawatha," a collection of legends of the North American Indians, in trochaic octosyllabic measure, fell strangely upon American ears. The book was hardly launched, when, from every quarter of the heavens, the winds of criticism blew over the agitated literary sea upon the apparently devoted bark. Eurus and Notus, and squally Africus, rushed together and rolled their vast billows of hostile denunciation upon the publisher's counter. But propitious Venus held her guardian course aloft, and Neptune reared his placid head above the tempestuous waters. In a fortnight the loud blast of the critics was reduced to a piping treble; indignation subsided to laughter, and laughter gave place to an old knack of affection, which the public has always shown for its favorite. The only crime of Hiawatha was its novelty, its originality. The olive was liked after it was tasted. The legends once read, were read again, and the trochaics were echoed in a thousand parodies. The

story of the reception of the book is one of the curiosities of American literature.

The materials of the volume were rescued from the Dryasdusts and antiquarians, like Tennyson's legends of King Arthur's Court, to be preserved in a gallery of enduring beauty. The task of the American writer was the more difficult of the two, in the apparent intractability of the subject. The fancies of the American savage, painted on the mists of their meadows, and in the shadows of their forests, have a vagueness and unreality, too slight and vanishing even for verse. These wild, airy nothings were hardly food substantial enough for a poet's dream. To catch and cage them in verse was a master's triumph.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish," published in 1858, followed. It is a return to the measure, the tilting hexameters, of "Evangeline," celebrating an anecdote of love and beauty with the moral of a grim old suitor employing youth in his service as an agent to entrap for him the gentle heart of womanhood. The warrior achieved many triumphs in his day over rebels and Indians, but, stern Achilles as he was, he had to yield his lovely Briseis.

Fair Priscilla, the Puritan girl, in the solitude
of the forest,
Making the humble house and the modest ap-
parel of home-spun
Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the
wealth of her being,
Was not for him, but for John Alden, the fair-
haired tæiturn stripling.

That is the whole moral, and quaintly and picturesquely is it set forth in the historic costume of the period of the Pilgrim Fathers.

These, with the addition of a collection of translations by others of "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," a few "Poems on Slavery," dated 1842; "The Wayside Inn," a group of New England stories in verse; "The Divine Tragedy," a version of the Gospel narrative somewhat in the style of the "Golden Legend," favored or suggested by the representation of the Oberammergau Passion Play; and an admirably faithful poetical translation of the Divine Comedy of Dante, a work which is an honor to American literature, embrace, we believe, the chief of Mr. Longfellow's acknowledged writings to the present time. The same general characteristics run through them: a learned, exuberant fancy, prodigal of imagery; a taste for all that is delicate and refined, pure and elevated in nature and art; a skilful adaptation of old world sentiment to new world incidents and impressions; a heightened religious fervor as his muse transcends things temporal, and reaches forward to the things which are eternal. The gentle ministry of poetry, fertile in consolation, has seldom soothed human sorrow in more winning, pathetic tones than have fallen from the lips of this amiable bard, ever delighting and instructing his race.

It is now some years since Mr. Longfellow resigned his professorship at Harvard, to be succeeded by another disciple of the muses, the accomplished poet Lowell; but he still continues to breathe the old atmosphere in the house of Washington, cheered amid the trials of life by the affections of his countrymen, and of those who read the English language throughout the world.



Frederick Douglass

EDWIN BOOTH.

THIS eminent tragedian, the son of the celebrated English actor, Junius Brutus Booth, by his third wife, an American lady, was born at his father's country residence at Baltimore, Maryland, in November, 1833. The reputation of the elder Booth has been somewhat marred by the blending of a certain eccentricity with his genius, and the intemperance which, as in the case of George Frederick Cooke, often came to disappoint the public in his theatrical engagements. But, apart from this failing, which was the peculiar temptation of his day and profession, his merits as an actor in the higher walks of his profession were unquestioned. Born of a good English family, his father being a solicitor, and his mother related to the champion of the popular cause, the memorable political agitator John Wilkes, after whom he named one of his sons, of unhappy fame. Junius Brutus Booth, after some discursive attempts in early life in the navy, and as a printer and artist, entered on the stage as a profession at the age of seventeen. After several years passed in a wandering life, passing from theatre to theatre on the continent and in the pro-

vinces, the repute of his acting in tragic parts at Brighton led, in 1817, to his engagement in London, at Covent Garden. Kean was then in the ascendant, at the height of his fame, playing his round of characters at Drury Lane; and it made some stir among the critics when Booth was brought forward at the rival theatre in the popular favorite's great character of Richard III. Though under many disadvantages under such circumstances, Booth fairly held his own in the comparison, and further proved his mettle under a new managerial arrangement, which was speedily brought about in his appearance, side by side with Kean, in *Othello*, at Drury Lane. In this performance, Booth took the part of Iago, and Hazlitt, who, in his passionate admiration for Kean, had disparaged his rival's previous acting, admitted that the two "hunted very well in couple." These eminent performers, akin in the fiery, impulsive quality of their genius were, however, ill-adapted to work long together; and the joint appearance in *Othello* was almost instantly followed by Booth's return to Covent Garden, where he established his reputation in *Sir Giles*

Overreach, Sir Edward Mortimer, and other important tragic representations, to which he subsequently added King Lear, in which he achieved a splendid success. In 1821, he came to America, acting for the first time at Richmond, Virginia, in Richard III., and immediately after commencing an engagement at the Park Theatre, in New York, in the same character, followed by personations of Octavian, Brutus, Lear, Othello, Hamlet, and Jerry Sneak; for, like Kean, he had a taste for farce, though his genius for the stage was essentially tragic. Henceforth, though he again visited London, his home was in America. He acted from time to time at all the chief theatres of the Union, from Boston to New Orleans; and, though towards the end, with faculties much impaired by his irregularities, seldom without giving evidence of his fine original powers. He possessed many accomplishments, speaking various modern languages fluently. At New Orleans, where he had many admirers, he appeared at its French Theatre, and acted the part of Orestes in the original, in Racine's "Andromaque," with eminent success. There is a record, such as is seldom preserved of any actor, in a remarkable analysis of his performances; in a volume entitled "The Tragedian; an Essay on the Histrionic Genius of Junius Brutus Booth," by Thomas R. Gould, who, in 1868, dedicates the book "To Edwin Booth, whose rare good gifts have already won for him the undivided admiration and respect of his countrymen." Mr. Gould, in his work, dwells particularly upon the delicacy of the elder Booth's acting,

which he traces through many of his striking performances. In another notice of him in Mr. Brown's "American Stage," some of his peculiarities are noted, which, though perhaps of the class of oddities, indicate a certain refinement and sensibility—qualities, indeed, without the possession of which it would be impossible to be a worthy Shakespearian actor. "In his family," we are told, "he prohibited the use of animal food; animal life was sacred on his farm, and the trees never felled by the axe. All forms of religion, and all temples of devotion were sacred to him; and, in passing churches, he never failed to bow his head reverently."

His son Edwin was early trained for the theatrical profession. He was, we are told in an appreciative article by Mr. Stedman, "the chosen companion of his father in the latter's tours throughout the United States, and was regarded by the old actor with a strange mixture of repulsion and sympathy—the one evinced in lack of outward affection and encouragement, the other in a silent but undoubted appreciation of the son's promise. The boy, in turn, so fully understood the father's temperament, that a bond existed between the two. Whether to keep Edwin from the stage, or in caprice, the elder Booth at first rarely permitted the younger to see him act; but the son, attending the father to the theatre, would sit in the wings for hours, listening to the play, and having all its parts so indelibly impressed on his memory as to astonish his brother actors in later years."^{*}

* "Atlantic Monthly," May, 1866.

At the age of fifteen, in September, 1849, as stated by Mr. Brown, Edwin made his *débüt* as Tressel in "Richard III.," at the Museum, Boston, Massachusetts. In May, 1850, he appeared for his father's benefit, in Philadelphia, at the Arch Street Theatre, as Wilford in "The Iron Chest." Mr. Ireland, in his "Records of the New York Stage," chronicles his appearance in the same character, on a similar occasion, at the Chatham Street National Theatre, with his father's Sir Edward Mortimer, in September of that year at the Park Theatre; subsequently, during the same engagement of the elder Booth, appearing as Hemeya to his Pescara. Junius Brutus Booth died about two years after, in November, 1852, while journeying on a steamboat from New Orleans to Cincinnati.

We have no further notice of Edwin Booth's performance in New York for some years, when, in May, 1857, after a tour through California, which was extended to Australia, he made his appearance at Burton's Theatre, in the character of Richard III. He was well received and his reputation at once established. During this engagement, he acted in a large number of parts, as enumerated by Mr. Ireland, including Richelieu, Sir Giles Overreach, Shylock, Lear, Romeo, Hamlet, Claude Melnotte, Iago, Sir Edward Mortimer, and Petruccio. Since that time he has been universally recognized as a performer of eminent ability in the higher walks of the drama. In 1860, he was married to Miss Mary Devlin, an amiable young actress, whose early death, in 1863, was much lamented. Mr. Booth visited England in 1861,

and acted the part of Shylock in London. After a period of retirement, consequent upon the death of his wife, he returned to the stage, and commenced at the Winter Garden Theatre, in New York, a series of Shakespearian revivals, among which his Hamlet was greatly distinguished. Producing this play on the 28th of November, 1864, he acted the part of Hamlet for one hundred consecutive nights, an utterly unprecedented feat in the annals of the stage. The destruction of the theatre by fire in the spring of 1867, led to the construction of the present noble edifice, "Booth's Theatre," in the city, which was opened for the first time in 1870, with the revival of Romeo and Juliet, Mr. Booth taking the part of Romeo, and Juliet being acted by Miss Mary McVicker. Other Shakespearian revivals of extraordinary splendor have followed at this theatre—Hamlet, The Winter's Tale, Richard III., and Julius Cæsar, among them, in which Mr. Booth has sustained the leading parts. At the close of the season in 1873, Mr. Booth retired from the management of the theatre. Mr. Stedman, in the article already cited, after a sketch of the person of the elder Booth, thus notices the physical appearance of his son. "Here," says he, "is something of the classic outline and much of the Greek sensuousness of the father's countenance, but each softened and strengthened by the repose of logical thought, and interfused with the serene spirit which lifts the man of feeling so far above the child of passion unrestrained. The forehead is higher, rising towards the region of the moral sentiments; the

face is long and oval, such as Ary Scheffer loved to draw; the chin short in height, but from the ear downward lengthening its distinct and graceful curve. The head is of the most refined and thorough-bred Etruscan type, with dark hair thrown backwards, and flowing student-wise; the complexion pale and striking. The eyes are black and luminous, the pupils contrasting sharply with the balls in which they are set. If the profile and forehead evince taste and a balanced mind, it is the hair and complexion, and, above all, those remarkable eyes—deep-searching, seen and seeing from afar, that reveal the passions of the father in their

heights and depths of power. The form is taller than that of either the elder Booth or Kean, lithe, and disposed in symmetry; with broad shoulders, slender hips, and comely tapering limbs, all supple, and knit together with harmonious grace. We have mentioned personal fitness as a chief badge of the actor's peerage, and it is of one of the born nobility that we have to speak. Amongst those who have few bodily disadvantages to overcome, and who, it would seem, should glide into an assured position more easily than others climb, we may include our foremost American tragedian—Edwin Thomas Booth."



Eugenie

EMPRESS EUGENIE.

EUGENIE-MARIE DE GUZ-MAN, Countess of Teba, was born in Granada, Spain, on the 5th of May, 1826. In her ancestry, the Scottish and Spanish races were blended. Following an account of the family, which was published at the time of her marriage to the Emperor Napoleon, we learn that her great grandfather on the maternal side, Mr. Kirkpatrick, of Conheath, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, was a gentleman of large landed property in right of his father, and that he was married to a Miss Wilson, of Kelton Castle, in Galloway. His son, William Kirkpatrick, went early in life to Malaga, in Spain, where he was British Consul for many years, and where he married the only daughter of Baron Grevennee. Of three daughters by this marriage, the eldest, Donna Maria Manuela, was married to the Count de Montijo, a member of one of the most ancient of the noble houses of Spain. He fought bravely under the standard of France, as Colonel of Artillery in the Peninsular war. At the battle of Salamanca, he lost an eye and had his leg fractured. When the French army were driven out from the Peninsula, the Count

accompanied them in their retreat, and continued to serve in the French army. He was decorated by the Emperor Napoleon for the courage he displayed in the campaign of 1814. When the allies marched upon Paris in that year, Napoleon confided to the Count the task of tracing out the fortifications of the capital, and placed him at the head of the pupils of the Polytechnic School, with the mission to defend the Buttes de St. Chaumont. In the execution of this duty, he fired, it is said, the last guns which were discharged before Paris in 1814. He died in 1839, when his daughter Eugenie was twelve years old.*

In a reminiscence of the family in Spain, extending over many years, Washington Irving, in his published correspondence, thus writes to a member of his family, when Eugenie had come into celebrity by her alliance with the Emperor. "I believe I have told you that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two

* "Illustrated London News," Jan. 29, 1853.

after, I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and been maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterward, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba, subsequently Marquis Montijo, who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room, and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid. After this I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married while I was in Madrid to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown.”

In another letter, dated Madrid, March, 1844, when Irving was minister to Spain, he gives a particular notice of this marriage of the sister of Eugenie to the descendant of James II. “I was,” he writes, “a few morn-

ings since, on a visit to the Duchess of Berwick. She is the widow of a grandee of Spain, who claimed some kind of descent from the royal line of the Stuarts. She is of immense wealth, and resides in the most beautiful palace in Madrid, excepting the royal one. I passed up a splendid staircase, and through halls and saloons without number, all magnificently furnished, and hung with pictures and family portraits. This Duchess was an Italian by birth, and brought up in the royal family at Naples. She is the very head of fashion here. * * * A grand wedding took place, shortly since, between the eldest son of the Duchess, the present Duke of Alva, about twenty-two years of age, and the daughter of the Countess of Montijo, another very rich grandee. The *corbeille*, or wedding presents of the bride, amounted to one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, all in finery. There were lace handkerchiefs worth a hundred or two dollars, only to look at; and dresses, the very sight of which made several young ladies quite ill. The young Duchess is thought to be one of the happiest and best-dressed young ladies in the whole world. She is already quite hated in the *beau monde*.”

The display and admiration of this distinguished marriage may have stimulated the younger sister Eugenie in her efforts to secure attention. She was possessed of a natural vivacity, with manners extremely winning; a fair complexion and animated look, and generally attractive beauty of appearance. The family usually quitting Madrid during the hot season, for

a residence at one of the watering places in the south of France, and her winters being sometimes passed in Paris, she became, as she grew up, familiar with the social life of that country. In 1851, the Countess Téba, as she was called, made a lengthened visit at the capital with her mother, the Countess Dowager de Montijos, and was distinguished at the court entertainments given at the Tuileries. She was admired by Napoleon, and, immediately after the restoration of the Empire, he declared, on the 22d of January, 1853, his intention of marriage to the Senate in the following address: "In announcing to you my marriage, I yield to the wish so often manifested by the country. * * * She who has been the object of my preference is of princely descent. French in heart, by education, and the recollection of the blood shed by her father in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having in France a family to whom it might be necessary to give honors and fortune. Endowed with all the qualities of the mind, she will be the ornament of the throne. In the day of danger, she would be one of its courageous supporters. A Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers with me for the happiness of France. In fine, by her grace and her goodness, she will, I firmly hope, endeavor to revive, in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine. I come then, gentlemen, to announce that I have preferred the woman whom I love and whom I respect, to one who is unknown, and whose alliance would have had advantages mingled with

sacrifices. Without despising any one, I yet yield to my inclinations, after having taken counsel with my reason and my convictions. In fine, by practicing independence, the qualities of the heart, domestic happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be less strong because I shall be more free. Proceeding immediately to Nôtre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army. The confidence which they have in me assures me of their sympathy; and you, gentlemen, in better knowing her whom I have chosen, will agree that, on this occasion, as on some others, I have been inspired by Providence."

Extraordinary preparations were made for the celebration of the nuptials. The civil marriage, on the eve of the religious ceremony, was performed with great state in the Salle des Marechaux, in the palace of the Tuileries, in the midst of a grand company of those official personages with whom the new Empire was already invested, gentlemen ushers, masters of ceremonies, equerries, the grand chamberlain, with marshals and admirals, ministers, secretaries of state, the cardinals, the princes and princesses of the Imperial family, their officers and attendants. After the ceremony, refreshments were handed round, when the whole of the company adjourned to the theatre to listen to a cantata celebrating the alliance, composed by the court poet, M. Mery, the music composed by M. Robert, the chants sung by M. Roger and Madame Tedesco. After this, the Empress and her suite were conducted by a detach-

ment of cavalry to her temporary residence at the palace of the Elysée. The Emperor had his residence at the Tuileries. The next day, appointed for the religious ceremony at Nôtre Dame, was Sunday. There was a grand procession, and all Paris was early astir to witness it. Unprecedented prices had been given for windows in good situations along the route, from the palace of the Elysée, whence the Empress was to be conducted to the Tuileries, and thence, in company with the Emperor, proceed to the Cathedral. The streets throughout were lined by the national guard on one side, the troops of the line on the other—in infantry; cavalry forming the whole of the military procession. Vast numbers of deputations of the trades and work-people, with flags and banners, conspicuous among which were the butchers, fishmongers, and others, the representatives of the Halles et Marchés, with a band of two hundred veterans from the Hotel des Invalides, assembled at the garden of the Tuileries. The crowd of spectators was immense.

At eleven o'clock, the Empress, with her mother and suite, left the Elysée for the Tuileries; and at noon, heralded by the firing of cannon, the grand procession began to move, the Emperor and Empress having first shown themselves from a window of the palace. After a few squadrons of regular cavalry, the whole of the mounted national guard, a vast number of staff officers, military intendants and functionaries, and two bands of music had passed, there came an imperial cortege of six carriages—old state carriages used on former occasions of high ceremony, and

which had been preserved at Versailles—in the foremost of which were gathered the ministers of State, the grand officers of the imperial household, and other dignitaries preceding the mother of the bride and Prince Jerome and his son, Napoleon. The imperial carriage then followed—the same, it was said, that had conveyed the first Napoleon to his coronation, occupied by the Emperor and Empress only.

The ladies who occupied the places of distinction in the ceremony, representing the families of the Emperor and Empress, were the Princess Mathilde and the bride's mother, Madame de Montijo, with the ladies of honor and other court companions—all dressed in the brightest colors of the most costly material. Among the clergy in attendance by the altar, not the least conspicuous part of the show were five cardinals in the Roman purple. The chief part was borne by the Archbishop of Paris, who presented to the Imperial pair, on their arrival, a morsel of the True Cross to kiss, with holy water and incense, while four ecclesiastics held a rich dais over the couple as the procession advanced up the church. The religious ceremony then proceeded with the usual elaborate rites, performed with every artifice of State, followed by the mass, the final benediction and the signatures in the register. The procession was then re-formed, and returned in the order in which it had arrived, following the line by the Seine to the Tuileries. In the afternoon, the Emperor and Empress set out for St. Cloud.

Receiving from a relative in Paris notice of these imposing ceremonies,

Washington Irving, who was then at his home of Sunnyside, on the Hudson, thus replied: "A letter received from you while I was at Washington, gave an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the Church of Nôtre Dame, which you saw from a window near the Hotel de Ville. One of your recent letters, I am told, speaks of your having been presented to the Empress. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France!—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada. It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my lifetime. I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup-de-théâtre* would be the last that would occur in my time; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking; and what will be the next, who can conjecture? The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charming young friend, the beautiful and accomplished ———, with their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and ——— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders. Poor ———! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. 'The storm,' with her, is 'o'er, and she's at rest;' but the other is launched upon a returnless shore, on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks. Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this

suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of 'such stuff as dreams are made of?' I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance, gives me an uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of the passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale." The letter, read by the light of subsequent events, has proved a remarkable one. Irving did not indeed live to see the termination of the wondrous spectacle, or the unutterable woes which attended it, but with what prescience did he foreshadow the end!

From the first, Eugenie was popular in France. A well-directed act of generosity at the time of her marriage, gained for her the regard of the people. The municipality of the city of Paris had voted her a diamond necklace of the value of six hundred thousand francs, as a marriage present. In reply to the municipal delegation which had waited upon her to announce the resolution, she answered that, while she felt gratified at this mark of favor, the jewels belonging to the Crown were more than sufficient for her requirements, and with the consent of the Emperor, she would suggest that the whole sum proposed to be invested in the diamonds, should be applied to the relief of the distressed poor of the city of Paris. Frequently on other occasions, during her reign,

she showed a tender regard to the suffering, in visiting hospitals, and other acts of personal sympathy. Her life was now passed in the routine of the court, in the imperial residences at the Tuileries and St. Cloud, and other palaces belonging to the nation, with frequent summer visits to her favorite sea-side resort at Biarritz, on the border of Spain. In 1855, she accompanied the Emperor in a visit to Queen Victoria, which was shortly after returned at Paris. On the 16th of March, 1856, she gave birth to a son, the Prince Imperial, Napoleon Eugene Louis Jean Joseph. In 1861, she visited England and Scotland, and in 1864, some of the German baths. Accompanied by the Emperor, she visited the patients of the Cholera Hospitals in Paris, when the city was visited by the pestilence in 1865. In 1869, she was present as the representative of France at the ceremonies attending the opening of the Suez Canal, the success of which had been greatly promoted by the Emperor. She was, of course, received with the honors due her exalted station by the ruler of Egypt, and the Sultan of Turkey gave her a magnificent reception at Constantinople. A few months after this imposing celebration, came the stirring events of the war between France and Prussia. On taking the field in July, 1871, the Emperor left the Empress as regent of the Empire, and when the imperial armies met with rapid reverses, and Napoleon

surrendered a prisoner of war at Sedan, there was full opportunity for her powers being called in requisition. But the disaster was too great to be sustained by the government. The overthrow of the Empire was decreed by the legislature, and the Empress was overwhelmed by the storm. An effort, if possible, would have been made by her to sustain the imperial dynasty; but she was compelled to yield to the new order of things. So great appeared her danger, that she left the palace of the Tuileries in disguise, and escaped from the country by the railway train to Belgium. Residing with her son, the Prince Imperial, in England, who as the contest grew hotter, had been placed out of the reach of danger, she awaited the arrival of her husband, who landed on those shores again an exile, at the conclusion of the fatal war which he had provoked, and in which the glories of his artificial Empire had perished in an instant. The unsubstantial pageant had dissolved amid the flames of a revolution, and the anticipation of Washington Irving, the student of history and life, had been fulfilled. It was a short interval between the dethronement of the Emperor and his death, in January, 1873. This period was passed by the ex-Empress with her husband, at Chislehurst, in Kent, and after his death she continued her residence in England, receiving distinguished attentions from the Queen and others in high station.



Henry Ward Beecher

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

IN the biography of Harriet Beecher Stowe, we have traced the early American descent of the Beecher family, and have given an account of the career of the Rev, Lyman Beecher, the father of the subject of the present notice by his marriage with Roxana Foote.

Henry Ward Beecher was born at Litchfield, Connecticut, where his father was engaged in pastoral duties, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1813. His mother died when he was three years old, and his father having married again, removed to Boston, where Henry was placed in the Latin school of that city. Having little taste for the classics, and a strong desire to follow the sea as a profession, his father suggested that he should prepare himself for the Navy. For this purpose he was sent to school at Amherst, his father remarking on his departure, "I shall have that boy in the ministry yet." Here he labored perseveringly to prepare himself for the Navy, and also studied elocution under Professor John E. Lowell. But at the end of the year he took part in a religious revival, which induced him to abandon all thoughts of the Navy and turn his attention to the ministry.

On entering Amherst College, he started as a reformer, opposing all the customary irregularities and dissipations of the students, never using himself, either tobacco or ardent spirits in any shape. He was graduated in 1834, and entered upon the study of theology at the Lane Theological Seminary, of which his father was president. Previous to completing his studies, he edited, in the absence of Dr. Brainard, the organ of the New School Presbyterian Church. His articles against the anti-slavery riots, and the destruction of Dr. Burney's press at that time commanded attention from their fearless tone and spirit.

On the completion of his studies, Mr. Beecher married, and took charge of a Presbyterian Congregation at Lawrenceburg, Indiana. In 1839, he was called to Indianapolis, in the same State, where he remained some eight years, performing a great amount of professional labor, and causing, it is said, some remarkable revivals. In August, 1847, he was called to take charge of the Congregational Plymouth Church, at Brooklyn, New York. On the 19th of September he took leave

of his Indiana charge, and on entering on his duties at Brooklyn, informed his congregation and "all whom it might concern, that he considered temperance and anti-slavery a part of the gospel which he was determined to preach."

"His oratory," writes the author of the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," "ranging from the usual themes of moral and theological discussion, over the vast field of social and political reforms, with frequent reference to negro slavery, and the national agitations which have grown out of this question, has given his pulpit a wide celebrity. This influence, exerted upon an always crowded congregation, drawn from the populations of Brooklyn and New York, and the throng of visitors from all parts of the country, constantly assembling in these large cities, have been still further greatly extended by the preacher's popularity as a public lecturer. He is also in the enjoyment of an extensive reputation through his contributions to the religious press, chiefly the "Independent" newspaper of New York, a journal of which he was one of the founders.

"Mr. Beecher was an extremely active and energetic advocate of the free State cause in Kansas, and on the subsequent breaking out of the rebellion, Plymouth Church, at his instance, raised a regiment in which his eldest son was an officer. In 1862, he visited England, and rendered an important service to the country by his eloquent vindication of the policy of the American government in the war which it was maintaining for the preservation of the Union; and as the war was

approaching its conclusion in April, 1865, Mr. Beecher, at the request of the government, delivered an oration at Fort Sumter, on the anniversary of its fall, and the formal restoration of the National Flag by Major Anderson.

"The first published volume of his writings, bearing the title "Lectures on various important subjects," such as idleness, dishonesty, gambling, dissipation, popular amusements, was printed at Indianapolis, Indiana. Several scores of thousands of this work have been published in America, and there have been two reprints of it in England. In 1855, appeared a volume entitled "Star Papers; or, Experiences of Art and Nature," being collections of articles from the "Independent, originally signed with a star. A second series of these contributions has been issued, called, "New Star Papers; or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects," which has been republished in England with the title "Summer in the Soul." These productions are marked by an easy, familiar tone, eloquent and often poetic, with a practical knowledge of life, its duties and its privileges, which is the secret of much of their interest. Following the Star Papers, came two volumes of fragments taken down from extemporaneous discourses at the Plymouth Church. They were prepared by the ladies of the congregation; the first, by Miss Edna Dean Procter, having the title "Life Thoughts"; the second, by Miss Augusta Moore, called "Notes from Plymouth Pulpit." Both of these works have had a large circulation in America, and have been

republished in England. A few disconnected sentences from the latter will indicate something of the spirit and style of those happy sayings in the pulpit which have doubtless greatly assisted the preacher's popularity: "She was a woman, and by so much nearer to God as that makes one." "A man's religion is not a thing made in Heaven, and then let down and shoved into him. It is his own conduct and life. A man has no more religion than he acts out in his life." "When men complain to me of low spirits, I tell them to take care of their health, to trust in the Lord, and to do good as a cure." "Men are not put into this world to be everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy."

"Besides these "beauties" of Mr. Beecher's discourses, an extensive series of the sermons has appeared in a regular weekly report of them taken from his lips morning and evening, at the Plymouth Church, and published, the one in New York, the other in Boston, respectively in the columns of the "Independent" and the "Traveller."

"There is another volume of Mr. Beecher's writings, made up from a series of early articles, contributed to a newspaper in Indiana, the "Western Farmer and Guardian." It relates to horticultural topics, and bears the title "Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming." The papers, the author tells us, were first suggested by the multifarious discussions on these subjects to be found in the works of the English Gardener, Loudon; but the naked facts in Mr. Beecher's mind spring up a living growth of

ideas, ornamented with cheerful and profitable associations. He always writes on the country with a lover's minuteness and a healthy enthusiasm.

"Another series of papers, originally contributed by Mr. Beecher to the 'New York Ledger,' with the title, Thoughts as they Occur, by one who keeps his eyes and ears open, was published with the title 'Eyes and Ears,' in Boston, in 1862. Like his other writings, they are of an ingenious turn, teaching the art of profit and enjoyment in familiar objects. On his return from England in 1863, a collection of his discourses, suggested by the times, entitled 'Freedom and War,' was published in Boston. Of his many lectures or addresses, few if any have compared in interest with his oration at New York, in January, 1859, at the celebration of the Centennial Anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns. It was rather biographical than critical, balancing with a kind but impartial treatment of the virtues and failings of the poet's character. Mr. Beecher has edited the 'Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes,' a work largely in use in the churches that practice congregational singing."

The wide range of Mr. Beecher's illustrations of doctrine and religious instruction in his sermons, disdaining no resource of adaptation to the feelings and perceptions of a large audience, is well known to the public through the popular reproductions of his discourses by the agency of the newspaper press. No preacher of the times, in this country at least, has been listened to by a greater number of persons; none certainly has had his

spoken words of the Sunday so regularly and systematically repeated in print. Of course, in any attempt to exhibit Mr. Beecher's intellectual powers, reference must be first made to his pulpit discourses. But from some of his lighter productions in literature a very just idea may be formed of the genial and mental activities, and the keen moral perceptions which characterize the man and account for his popularity. The series of light, playful little essays or literary sketches in the volume entitled "Eyes and Ears," exhibit the author in a kind of undress, as it were. He is not, to be sure, ever stilted or over dignified in the pulpit; but here he is simply an entertaining gossip about his taste and affections in the simple affairs of every-day life, as he discourses of the domesticities, of town and country life, of a hundred innocent recreations and amusements, adapting himself to young and old, teaching new arts of enjoyment in life, unfolding at every turn in his daily walks fresh capacities of happiness. How fresh is always his perceptions of the music of nature. Listen to him as he discourses of the city and country. Can any words better reproduce what most persons have felt than the following bit of description from one of those Star Papers entitled "Country Stillness and Woodchucks." "Nothing marks the change from the city to the country so much as the absence of grinding noises. The

country is never silent, but its sounds are separate, distinct, and as it were articulated. The grinding of wheels in paved streets, the clash and din of a half million of men, mingling, form a grand body of sound, which, however harsh and discordant to those near by, becomes at a little distance softened, round, and almost musical. Thus, from Brooklyn Heights, New York sounds its diapason, vast and almost endless. The direction of the wind greatly influences the sound. When the air is moist and the wind west, the city sends a roar across like the incessant break of surf upon the ocean shore; but with an Eastern wind the murmur is scarcely greater, and almost as soft, as winds moving gently in forests. But it is not simply sound that acts upon us. There is a jar, an incessant tremor, that affects one more or less according to the state of his nerves. And in leaving the city by rail-cars, the roar and jar of the train answer a good purpose in keeping up the sense of the city, until you reach your destination. Once removed from all the sound-making agencies, and one is conscious of an almost new atmosphere. Single sounds come through the air as arrows fly, but do not fill it. The crowing of a cock, the cawing of a crow, the roll of a chance wagon, and the patter of horses' feet, these, one by one, rise into the air to stir it, and sink back again, leaving it without a ripple."



David Livingstone

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

IN an introductory chapter of his first published book of travel, this eminent missionary and scientific explorer has given the public some interesting notices of his family history, and of the early incidents of his own life, up to the time he entered upon that career which brought him prominently to the notice of the world. It appears from this statement that he belongs to a family of great antiquity in the Highlands of Scotland. His great-grandfather fell at the battle of Culloden, fighting for the old Stuart line of kings; his grandfather was a small farmer in Ulva, one of the Western Islands of Scotland. Like many of his intelligent countrymen, he was well supplied with the legendary lore in which the history of the region was handed down with much of a more fanciful character. "As a boy," says Livingstone, "I remember listening to him with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother, too, used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by

captive islanders languishing hopelessly among the Turks. Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations of the family before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel proud of is this: One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that, when he was on his death-bed, he called all his children around him and said: 'Now, in my lifetime, I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of our family, and I never could discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood: it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest.' This event took place at a time when the Highlanders, according to Macaulay, were much like the Cape Caffres; and any one, it was said, could escape punishment for cattle-stealing by presenting a share of the plunder to his chieftain."

The ancestors of Livingstone, he does not tell us in what generation,

were Roman Catholics, and "were made Protestants by the laird coming round with a man having a yellow staff—which would seem to have attracted more attention than his teaching, for the new religion went long afterward, perhaps it does so still, by the name of 'the religion of the yellow stick.'" This, we may presume, was in the days of his Jacobite great-grandfather. The Protestantism of his father was of the strong Scottish type. The grandfather continued his farming operations in Ulva for some time, with a large family about him, till he was led to provide for their wants to remove to the neighborhood of Glasgow, where he was employed in the business of the Blantyre Works, a large cotton manufactory on the Clyde. His sons had received the best education the Hebrides afforded, and obtained situations as clerks in this establishment. It was at his father's residence at Blantyre, that David Livingstone was born, about the year 1817.

"*Our uncles,*" says Livingstone—it is characteristic of the modesty and kindly nature of the man that he thus includes, in speaking of himself, the other members of the family—"all entered his majesty's service during the last French war, either as soldiers or sailors; but my father remained at home; and, though too conscientious ever to become rich as a small tea dealer, by his kindness of manner and winning ways he made the heart-strings of his children twine round him as firmly as if he had possessed, and could have bestowed upon them, every worldly advantage. He reared

his children in connection with the Kirk of Scotland, but he afterwards left it, and, during the last twenty years of his life—he died in 1856—held the office of deacon of an independent church in Hamilton, and deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me, from my infancy, with a continuously persistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'" The earliest recollection of my mother, touchingly adds Livingstone, "recalls a picture so often seen among the Scottish poor—that of the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet."

To eke out the limited supplies of the family by his earnings, Livingstone, at the age of ten, was put into the factory as "a piecer." He did not, however, let this premature employment interfere with the studies due to this period of life. On the contrary, he made its small emoluments the means of the acquisition of the elements of learning. "With a part of my first week's wages," he tells us, "I purchased Ruddiman's 'Rudiments of Latin,' and pursued the study of that language for many years afterward with unabated ardor, at an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labors was followed up till twelve o'clock, or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight o'clock at night. I read

in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges, that all who wished for education might have obtained it."

In pursuing his studies in this characteristic way, by the limited but effective methods for the attainment of knowledge which seem ever open to the ingenious youth of Scotland, however humble may be their position in life, Livingstone was at the same time directing his miscellaneous readings in a path of his own, that was leading to the scientific operations of his after-life. His statement of the matter is again very characteristic of his Scottish training and opportunities. "In reading," says he, "everything that I could lay my hands on, was devoured, except novels. Scientific works and books of travels were my especial delight; though my father, believing with many of his time who ought to have known better, that the former were inimical to religion, would have preferred to see me poring over the 'Cloud of Witnesses,' or Boston's 'Fourfold State.' Our difference of opinion reached the point of open rebellion on my part, and his last application of the rod was on my refusal to peruse Wilberforce's 'Practical Christianity.' This dislike to dry doctrinal reading, and to religious reading of every sort, continued for years afterward; but having lighted on those admirable works of Dr. Thomas Dick, 'The Philosophy of Religion,' and 'The Philosophy of a Future State,' it

was gratifying to find my own ideas, that religion and science are not hostile, but friendly to each other, fully proved and enforced."

The sound intellect of Livingstone was not perplexed by the errors or prejudice of those around him; nor did he suffer, as many have done under similar circumstances, his fondness for science to lead him to any disparagement of Christianity. On the contrary, as in the case of Faraday, the two grew up together in his mind, mutually supporting one another. The seed of religious culture implanted by his parents in his childhood, shot up a vigorous plant in his youth, and bore early fruit. He became deeply affected by religious motives; and, as he tells us in his simple, honest words, for which no others can be well substituted, "In the glow of love which Christianity inspires, I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery. Turning this idea over in my mind, I felt that to be a pioneer of Christianity in China, might lead to the material benefit of some portions of that immense empire; and therefore set myself to obtain a medical education, in order to be qualified for that enterprise." His new studies were still carried on while at labor in the factory. Every moment seems to have been turned to account. "My reading while at work," he tells us, "was carried on by placing the book on a portion of the spinning jenny, so that I could catch sentence after sentence as I passed at my work; I thus kept up a pretty constant study, undisturbed by the roar of the machinery." By this practice he acquired

the power of completely abstracting his mind from surrounding noises; so that he could afterwards "read and write with perfect comfort amid the play of children or near the dancing and songs of savages." Out of doors, when not reading at home, he was still employed in adding to his knowledge in practical botanical and geological walks and excursions with his brothers through the surrounding country. To extend the range of his studies by diligent toil in the summer in cotton spinning, to which he was promoted in his nineteenth year, he was enabled from his savings to support himself while attending in Glasgow, in the winter, medical and Greek classes, and the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw. All of this he accomplished by himself, without pecuniary aid from others, exhibiting a love of independence, and a spirit of self-reliance—peculiar traits of the man illustrated in many passages of his subsequent career. "I never," said he, "received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary, in the course of time, by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society, on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. It 'sends neither Episcopacy, nor Presbyterianism, nor Independency, but the Gospel of Christ to the heathen. This exactly agreed with my ideas of what a missionary society might do; but it was not without a pang that I offered myself, for it was not quite agreeable to one accustomed to work his own way, to become in a measure dependent on others; and I would not

have been much put about though my offer had been neglected."

Having finished his course of medical studies at the Glasgow University, he was admitted a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; and after pursuing a more extended course of theological training in England, he was admitted to the pastoral office in England in 1840; and the prospects in China being clouded by the difficulties arising from the opium war, he the same year entered the service, as above stated, of the London Missionary Society, which was then engaged in a new and interesting field of labor opened by their distinguished missionary, Robert Moffat, in Southern Africa, whither Dr. Livingstone at once proceeded. After a voyage of three months, he landed at Capetown, and, immediately going round to Algoa Bay, on the eastern coast, proceeded thence into the interior, where he passed the next sixteen years of his life in medical and missionary labors among the inhabitants, accomplishing at the same time in numerous travels the most important geographical explorations. His first station was at the farthest missionary outpost of Kuruman, mid-way between the two oceans, some four hundred miles to the north of his place of landing. He soon, however, pushed farther into the interior, and cutting himself off from all European society for six months, among this section of the Bechuanas, called Bakerains, became familiarly acquainted with their habits, ways of thinking, laws and language, thus laying a foundation for his future progress among the native tribes. After various move-

ments in the region, he selected the valley of Mabotsa, in about latitude 25° south, and 26° east longitude, as the site of a missionary station, in which he established himself in 1843. Here, having married the daughter of the missionary Moffat, he was assisted by her in his labors, while a family of children grew up about them.

It was at this settlement that his escape from the grasp of the lion occurred, which he has so vividly related in his travels.

After some years residence in this wide region, he left the missionary station which he had established in the summer of 1849, on a tour of exploration across the intervening desert to Lake Ngami, the general position of which was known to him from the report of the natives, but which had never yet been visited by Europeans. The journey was made in company with Messrs Oswell and Murray, two English gentlemen from the East Indies, who, smitten with the love of hunting and adventure, had found their way to the mission. Starting on the first of June, they reached on the first of August the lake, which they found to be a shallow body of water, about seventy miles in circumference. In a second expedition, the following year, from Kolsberg, into the unexplored region to the north, he was accompanied by his wife and three children. In another tour, in the summer of 1851, in company with Mr. Oswell, the travelers came upon the upper waters of the Zambesi, in the centre of the continent, that river having before been supposed to have its origin far to the east. In June, 1852, having

sent his family home to England, Dr. Livingstone started on a journey from Capetown, which extended to St. Paul de Loando, the capital of Angola, on the west coast, and thence across South Central Africa, in an oblique direction to Quilimane, in Eastern Africa. This vast journey, which gained for Dr. Livingstone the distinction of being the first white man who had crossed the continent of Africa across its entire breadth, from ocean to ocean, occupied four years, being accomplished by his arrival at the mouth of the Zambesi in the spring of 1856. Having passed the summer in the Mauritius, in the following autumn, he returned to England by the way of the Red Sea and the overland route, reaching London in December.

A distinguished reception awaited him for his eminent missionary and scientific services. A meeting of the Royal Geographical Society was held immediately after his arrival, to welcome him. That body had previously conferred upon him its Victoria Gold Medal, for traversing Africa to the west coast; and its president, Sir Roderrick Murchison, had now the pleasing duty of congratulating him in person, on the completion of his journey in the passage of the entire African continent. "It had been calculated," said he, "that, putting together all his various journeys, Dr. Livingstone had not traveled over less than eleven thousand miles of African territory; and he had come back as the pioneer of sound knowledge, who by his astronomical observations, had determined the site of numerous places, hills, rivers, and lakes, nearly all hitherto unknown;

while he had seized upon every opportunity of describing the physical features, climatology, and even the geological structure of the countries he had explored, and pointed out many new sources of commerce, as yet unknown to the scope and enterprize of the British merchant." Shortly after this, a meeting, brilliantly attended, was held at the Mansion House, in London, at which the Lord Mayor presided, when resolutions were adopted to congratulate Dr. Livingstone on his achievements, and measures were taken for the formation of a "Livingstone Testimonial Fund," for which a handsome amount was raised.

This was the tribute mainly of the cultivated men of science of the day. Other and much larger classes were also to be brought into an intimate acquaintance with the man and his labors, by the publication, the following year, of his first book, which he entitled "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa: including a sketch of sixteen years' residence in the interior of Africa, and a journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda, on the west coast: thence across the continent, down the river Zambesi to the Eastern Ocean." The book at once made for the author a popular reputation in England and America, and throughout the world, wherever interest was taken in the spirit of adventure, or in new geographical discoveries. Though, with somewhat of the lack of finish of the academically-trained, accomplished book maker, the style of Dr. Livingstone had a bright native vigor, well calculated to arrest the attention of his readers, and impress

them with the candor and truthfulness of the man. There might be detected readily enough, by persons accustomed to look below the surface, a sense of humor, suppressed rather than encouraged, for which indeed there was occasion enough, as well as for a native Scottish element of wit, in the descriptions of the mongrel elements of savage life, frequently enough affording satirical illustrations of the exhibitions in civilized countries. The religious and other conversations with native heroes were admirably given. The observations of natural phenomena were well studied and acute; the habits of the numerous wild animals, who, in such beauty and profusion peopled the continent, were always described with zest and animation. With regard to his views on missionary operations in the country, they are indicated in his remark, that they can best be pursued, with the spread of commerce and civilization, from large healthy central stations; "for neither civilization nor Christianity can be promoted alone; they are, in fact, inseparable."

Dr. Livingstone had not been long in England when preparations were made by the Government to send an expedition, in accordance with the views which he advocated, to explore the region watered by the Zambesi, the main river of Southern Africa, which he had descended on his late return to the Eastern Coast. To carry out the plan, Dr. Livingstone was appointed Consul for South Eastern Africa, and there were associated with him as naturalists, and in various capacities, his brother Charles, Dr.

Kirk, Messrs. Thornton, Baines, and others. A small steam launch was sent out from England in sections, to be put together on the spot, for the ascent of the river. Arriving at the mouth of the river in May, 1858, the party reached the Portuguese settlement of Tette, on its banks, in September, after which an exploration was made of its northern tributary, the Shiré, with an expedition on foot for Lake Nyassa, which was discovered in September, 1859. Dr. Livingstone afterwards pursued his way up the Zambesi to the Victoria Falls, which he had visited on his former journey, and described in his "Missionary Travels," but of which its accessories and outlets, he now made a more detailed and fuller examination. The chief peculiarity of this wonder of nature is the sudden plunge of the river when it is pursuing its course, fully a mile wide, into a great chasm or deep fissure in the hard, black, basaltic rock which forms its bed, eighty yards in width and some three hundred and fifty feet in depth, or twice the height of Niagara. In 1861, Lake Nyassa was again visited and thoroughly sailed over in a small boat by Dr. Livingstone and a select few of the company. In the month of April, in the following year, Mrs. Livingstone, who had accompanied her husband, fell a victim to a malignant fever of the region, and was buried on the shore. In 1863, the expedition was recalled by the Government. It had made numerous geographical discoveries; and, though unproductive in immediate commercial advances, had proved the possibilities of wealth in

the soil on the banks of the river, particularly in the delta, for the growth of indigo, cotton, sugar, and other tropical products. Returning to England, Dr. Livingstone and his brother Charles gave to the public, in 1865, a history of the whole, in their joint "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858-'64."

Having in these successive explorations demonstrated the generally fertile and interesting character of the interior of Africa, in a vast region which had been formerly thought utterly barren and monotonous, Dr. Livingstone again left England to perfect his discoveries by a further investigation of the great river and lake systems which characterized the district of Central Africa, and to which, in addition to the interest excited by his own labors, there was now drawn a new excitement in relation to the possible sources of the Nile, consequent upon the successes of Burton, Speke, and others, in their revelation to the world of the great lakes Tanganyika, the Victoria, and Albert Nyanza. In this resolve to pursue his examination of the water-shed of South Central Africa, Dr. Livingstone was greatly influenced by the advice and encouragement of his friend, Sir Roderick Murchison, who, in his cheering, jovial way, said to him: "You will be the real discoverer of the sources of the Nile." The anticipation was that the lakes to the South which had been already visited might prove to be connected in their communication with one another, and their out-

lets in some way with the great river of Egypt. To settle this problem by determining the course of the abundant streams of the region in a journey inland across the head of the lake Nyassa to the water-shed, wherever that might be; and, after examination, try to begin a benevolent mission with some tribe on the slope back to the coast "would, Dr. Livingstone calculated, be the work of two years." "Had I known," he adds, in the letter addressed to Mr. Bennett from the interior of Africa, after six years of laborious effort and the object of his journey not yet fully accomplished, "all the time, toil, hunger, hardship, and weary hours involved in that precious water parting, I might have preferred having my head shaved and a blister put on it, to grappling with my good old friend's task; but having taken up the burden, I could not bear to be beaten by it."

In prosecution of this, his third great African journey, Dr. Livingstone left England, in August, 1865, and, after visiting Bombay, proceeded to the island of Zanzibar, whence in March of the following year he crossed to the African mainland to enter upon his new field of exploration. The expedition which he led consisted of twelve sepoy men from Bombay, nine men from Johanna, one of the Comoro Isles, seven liberated slaves and two Zambesi men. To carry the necessary equipments and supplies there were six camels, three buffaloes, two mules, and three donkeys. Ten bales of cloth and two bags of beads furnished the money for the purchase of provisions by the way, traffic in this part of Af-

rica being carried on altogether by barter. The route pursued was by the harbor of Pemba, up the Rovuma river, which proved a track of incredible hardship. A path through the jungle was to be cleared for the animals at every step. The Sepoys and Johanna men became discontented with the toil, disaffected, and sought in various ways to discourage the expedition. Owing to their worthlessness, the Sepoys were discharged and sent back to the coast. They had previously so ill-treated the animals that soon not one was left alive. In August, the party, with these embarrassments, reached Lake Nyassa; and when Dr. Livingstone, in accordance with his plan, was for proceeding westward, lying reports were brought him by Musa, the leader of the Johanna men, of the cruelties of the Ma Zitu tribe beyond. In vain the Doctor protested and sought to set aside these pretences. Musa, whose purpose was formed, deserted with his men; and, to cover up his villainy on his arrival at Zanzibar in December, circulated an ingeniously contrived story, in which he related, with great circumstantiality, the particulars of a conflict between the party of explorers at a point five days' journey beyond Lake Nyassa, with a band of the Ma Zituz, in which Dr. Livingstone, with several of his supporters were killed, and the rest dispersed. Musa alone escaped to tell the tale. The story was immediately forwarded in a rather sensational despatch by the English political "Resident" at Zanzibar, to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and the whole civilized world was agitated at

this melancholy termination of the great traveller's career. There were, however, persons accustomed to the duplicities of Mahometans of the type of Musa, who doubted the story. Sir Roderick Murchison never would believe it. A Mr. Young, who was familiar with life in Africa, sagely divined that the tale was a fabrication to cover the desertion of Musa and his men. An expedition was sent out from England, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, in charge of Mr. Young, to test the truth of Musa's assertion by a visit to the place at which it was alleged Dr. Livingstone had been massacred. The Zambesi was ascended by the party of search in August, 1867; and, as they proceeded and reached the region about Lake Nyassa, they came upon various indications and intelligence of Dr. Livingstone's movements, discrediting the idea of his death as announced by Musa. The report of the Expedition was received in London. A letter, moreover, dated in February, 1867, about six months after the reported disaster, was received by the Royal Geographical Society, in April, from Dr. Livingstone, which effectually put at rest all fears for his safety. He was then pursuing his route in the Cazemba district and was about entering on his long and fatiguing explorations of the windings of the Chambezi river, which he ascertained to be entirely distinct from the Zambesi, with which it had been confused by the Portuguese occupants of the coast. For about two years previous to his first arrival at Ujiji, he was employed in his investigations of the Chambezi, and its various tributary

streams. In the course of his journeyings, he had traced its outlet in the Lake Bangweolo, which he found connected by a river, the Luapula, with the more northerly lake, Moero. Again resuming his explorations from Ujiji, in June, 1869, crossing Lake Tanganyika, on which it is situated, he proceeded westward into the Manyema country, where he was detained for six months by ulcers in his feet, consequent upon the hardships of his travelling. On his recovery, he proceeded in his explorations coming upon a tortuous river, the Lualaba, which, after much patient investigation, he found took a northerly direction flowing from Lake Moero into the large lake, Kamolondo. To the south-west of this lake he discovered another, discharging its waters into the Lualaba, which he named Lake Lincoln, in honor of the American President's services in the cause of Emancipation, a cause ever uppermost in the mind of Dr. Livingstone. While pursuing these discoveries, and within about two hundred miles of the known waters of the Nile, he was compelled, by an utter lack of the means to proceed, in the failure of men and supplies, to retrace his course to Ujiji, where, in the autumn of 1871, sadly dispirited, he was waiting, seemingly in vain, for the stores which had been forwarded to him from Zanzibar, and which had been stolen, or were lying intercepted on the way, when he unexpectedly received intelligence, in November, of the presence in the country below of a white man, an Englishman, as it was supposed, who had come to Unanyembe, a half-way station on the route to

Zanzibar, "with boats, horses, men and goods in abundance. It was in vain," adds Dr. Livingstone, in his despatch to Earl Granville from Ujiji (Dec. 18, 1871,) "to conjecture who this could be; and my eager inquiries were met by answers so contradictory that I began to doubt if any stranger had come at all. But, one day, I cannot say which, for I was three weeks too fast in my reckoning, my man Susi came dashing up in great excitement, and gasped out, 'An Englishman coming; see him!' and off he ran to meet him. The American flag at the head of the caravan, told me the nationality of the stranger. It was Henry M. Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by the son of the editor, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., at an expense of £4,000, to obtain correct information about me if living, and if dead to bring home my bones. The kindness was extreme, and made my whole frame thrill with excitement and gratitude."

The meeting between the two travellers, in the beginning of November, 1871, will long be remembered in the exciting annals of African exploration, with the first quiet salutation as Mr. Stanley approached the man, to come into whose presence he had hazarded life and health, and undergone the sev-

erest labors. Affecting a calmness of exterior before the impassive Arabs who were in the group, he simply said on coming up, "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," to which the traveller answered, with as little apparent emotion, "Yes, that is my name." The wants of Livingstone were at once relieved, and his health restored, as he listened to the recital of the wondrous public events of the last five years, of which he had heard nothing in his seclusion from the world. In company with Mr. Stanley, Dr. Livingstone made a boat exploration of the waters of Lake Tanganyika. They subsequently parted company at Unanyembe, in March, 1872—Stanley on his way to the coast to carry the good tidings of Dr. Livingstone and his discoveries to his friends and the scientific world, Livingstone remaining with the intention when he had organized a new expedition from his reinforcements at that place, to set out on a final quest of the long-sought ultimate sources of the Nile. A new expedition which had been organized in England for the relief of Dr. Livingstone, was met by Mr. Stanley on his arrival at Zanzibar, and in consequence of the tidings which he brought—the ends proposed having been secured by him—was disbanded on the spot.



H. Rosner

HARRIET G. HOSMER.

HARRIET G. HOSMER was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, upon the banks of the beautiful river Charles. Her mother died while she was yet in her cradle, and inheriting a delicate constitution, and being the only child left to her father, she grew up in the enjoyment of boundless liberty and indulgence. Her father, a distinguished physician, loved and respected by all who knew him, imposed but one restriction upon her—all books were to be banished, and the one object in life was to be the attainment of health. It was his theory that there was a whole life-time for the education of the mind, but the body develops in a few years. Accordingly, little Hatty, or, as she was often called, "happy Hatty," grew up under the blue sky and in the fresh air, accustomed to sun and rain, and frost and snow, long rides upon her pony, rowing upon the river, swimming, skating, walking, driving. These were the pursuits which laid the foundation of her wonderful physical strength and health in after life.

"I can see her now," said a lady to the writer who had known her in these years of her free, wild, indepen-

dent life, "with her curly head, and her round, smiling face, and her little black dog under her arm, for she was fond of pets, and had a whole menagerie. Probably no child was ever left to follow her own natural impulses so systematically. It was enough for her ever-indulgent father that she was 'out of doors.' Whatever could minister to her amusement, or gratify a whim, was provided for her, and I remember a grave lawyer, a friend of her father's, shaking his head doubtfully and muttering, 'too much spoiling—too much spoiling.' This was upon the occasion of a launch upon the river of a beautiful little Venetian gondola, with its silvered prow and velvet cushions."

It is probable that the only serious occupation to which she applied herself at this early period of her life, consisted of a daily visit to a small clay pit not far from her father's house. Here she spent long hours modeling whatever forms were suggested by her childish imagination. Here was a fund of endless delight, and so regular had these visits become, and of such long duration, that whenever her absence caused anxiety at home, and

search was made for her, she was invariably found working in her open-air studio, unconscious of the passage of time. After Miss Hosmer's name had become known to fame, this clay pit was often pointed out as the scene of her early artistic efforts. That the result of this unfettered, undisciplined life should be wholly satisfactory, was scarcely to be expected. Gifted with great animal spirits, a boundless activity of mind and body, it is recorded that our young artist's superfluous energy found vent in numberless mischievous pranks which amused or startled the neighborhood. "Nevertheless," says Mrs. Child, the well-known writer, who was a near neighbor for many years, "those who knew her well loved her dearly—there was never any immodesty in her fearlessness, nor any malice in her fun. Her childish tricks were those of a brave, roguish boy."

Having, by this time, acquired a fair stock of health and strength, it seemed to her father proper to adopt more stringent measures for her education; it was clear that at home no regular habits of study could be formed, and Hatty was accordingly enrolled as a student in a small private Academy conducted by the brother-in-law of Nathaniel Hawthorne. It is to be feared that books did not suit her active temperament, and that the discipline of school life became irksome to her untamed spirit, for it is on record that she was a most incorrigible pupil; and the first attempt at education was speedily brought to a close by the excellent preceptor himself, who informed her father that he

could "do nothing with her." Another attempt was made, and still another; each failure being followed by a respite from intellectual labor, during which the little girl was allowed to run wild again.

It must not be supposed, however, that learning was distasteful to her, but she must learn in her own way. She read with avidity; all books which came within her reach were eagerly devoured. Natural history especially interested her, and her own room became a museum, filled with curiosities of all kinds. Stuffed birds, which she had shot and prepared with her own hand; butterflies and insects collected and arranged by herself; lizards, fish, and birds' nests, interspersed with prints, wax moulds, and clay models, presented a curious medley, and indicated her tastes and favorite pursuits. Aided by her father, she commenced and completed a whole course of anatomy, making anatomical drawings of the human frame in so masterly a manner, that several years afterward a New York publisher offered to publish them at his own expense. This was preparatory to her more serious art studies, for the hand of art was ever beckoning to her, even when her education seemed most desultory.

Thus the years passed, and at the age of fifteen our young artist was consigned to the care of Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Here she remained for three years, acquiring a fund of useful knowledge and forming many pleasant friendships, which after years only served to strengthen. Of her pupil, Mrs. Sedgwick was often heard to say: "She

was the most difficult pupil to manage that I ever had; but I think I never had one in whom I took so deep an interest, and whom I learned to love so well." On her part, Miss Hosmer always speaks of Mrs. Sedgwick's patience and kindness with sincere gratitude, and with almost filial affection.

At the age of eighteen she returned to her home in Watertown, and soon after, her father and herself embarked for Europe. For years there had been a tacit understanding between father and daughter, that art was to be followed as a profession. It was her choice, not a necessity; for her father possessed an ample fortune, and she was his only child. But art to her was to be not an amusement, but a serious work. "I will not be an amateur," she said; "I shall open a studio, and work as if I had to earn my daily bread."

In this resolve she arrived in Rome, in the commencement of 1853, and presented herself to Mr. John Gibson, then in the zenith of his fame. Her words were few. "I wish to become your pupil," said she. The master was equally laconic. "I will teach you all I know myself." The next day she was installed in his studio in the Via Fontanella, a small room having been allotted to her as her own. And this was the commencement of a relation which ripened into an almost paternal regard upon his side, and an increasing interest in her progress and success. And thus for a period of nearly six years she continued to profit by the daily instruction of her master. To how few young artists are accorded

opportunities so rare! But the growing requirements of space induced her to open a studio upon a larger scale, from which she subsequently removed to the one she now occupies in the Via Margatta. Numberless anecdotes are related of master and pupil, for Mr. Gibson, in spite of a stern demeanor, had a fund of humor which enabled him to appreciate and thoroughly enjoy his pupil's originality and wit. It is not too much to say, that his pupil more than repaid her kind master, in the element of brightness and cheerfulness which she brought into his life, and no day was considered well rounded and complete without a little sprightly conversation with "the signorina."

The first task which her master assigned her, was to copy an antique torso, the original of which is in the British Museum; this was to be executed larger than the original. The next work was an antique from the Vatican; this was to be copied smaller than the original, that the correctness of her eye might be tested: both works were completed to his great satisfaction. The third was to copy the bust of the Venus of Milo, and after that she might make an ideal head, herself selecting the subject. That would be a great step, and caused proportionate delight. Vigorously she commenced the copy, and it was far advanced towards completion when the iron which supported the clay suddenly snapped, and her work lay a shapeless mass upon the floor. Nothing daunted, however, she replaced the clay, and repeated the work with the same energy as before. Perhaps nothing ever excited her master's admira-

tion more than the equanimity with which his pupil bore her misfortune. Soon after this, having obtained permission to design something of her own, she modeled a head of "Medusa," not as the horrible Gorgon, but as a beautiful maiden. The rich hair is just beginning to wreath itself into serpents, and the expression of despair and agony in the face is very striking. This bust has always been a great favorite, and the artist has executed it many times in marble.

Her good friend, Mr. Wayman Crow, of St. Louis, desired to possess the first statue which she should execute in marble. The choice of subject was left with the artist, and she selected "Beatrice Cenci in Prison." This is a charming statue, full of grace and feeling. The historical head-dress of Guido's picture is preserved, and the features of that charming portrait are rendered in marble as faithfully as the difference of material will permit. This statue was exhibited in Boston, and was then transferred to the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, where Mr. Crow generously allowed it to remain to adorn the Hall. Other works followed in rapid succession, among which was that gem of sculpture, the little Puck. Perhaps, of all modern statues, the little Puck is first favorite. What a moment of fun and drollery was that in which he was conceived! What delicious pertness in that upturned toe! It is a laugh in marble. One of the many copies which have been executed of this charming little statue is in the collection of the Prince of Wales, and it has found its way to Australia and the West Indies. The Crown Princess

of Germany, on viewing it in Miss Hosmer's studio, exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Hosmer, you have such a talent for toes!" It is said that Miss Hosmer has realized \$30,000 from this statue alone.

How opposite is the spirit in which "Zenobia Captive," is conceived! Grand, stately, solemn, she treads in the triumphal procession of Aurelian. The head is bowed, though the queen is unconquered. She hears not, she sees not, she still lives in her absent empire. The rich train sweeps the ground, and the golden chains fetter the hands, but her thoughts are still free, and she is still with her people in Palmyra. When this statue was first exhibited in London, it was whispered that Miss Hosmer was not its real author, that its execution was due to an Italian sculptor, and one journal went so far as to publish this report as correct. No time was lost, and an action for libel was immediately commenced against the journal by the indignant artist. Finding that Miss Hosmer was in earnest, the editor proposed an apology, which was accepted, upon the condition that Miss Hosmer's lawyer should dictate the apology, and that it should be submitted to her for approval. The condition was acceded to, and the apology was published. By the kind permission of Almon Griswold, Esq., of New York, for whom the statue was executed, it was exhibited in several of our principal cities, and attracted universal attention and admiration.

Visitors to the Dublin Exhibition of 1865, will remember a group of which the marble was slightly tinted,

and around which a circle was always formed. It was the only statue in that vast hall which was "honored by the attendance of a special policeman." It was Miss Hosmer's "Sleeping Faun," of which so much has been said and written, that the statue may truly be pronounced classical. The London *Times* thus speaks of it: "In the groups of statues are many works of exquisite beauty, but there is one which at once arrests attention and extorts admiration. It is the 'Sleeping Faun' and 'Satyr,' by Miss Hosmer. It is a curious fact that amid all the statues in this court, contributed by the natives of lands in which the fine arts were naturalized thousands of years ago, one of the finest should be the production of an American artist. But she has received her inspiration under Italian skies, in presence of the great models of ancient Greece and Rome. Hawthorne's description in the 'Transformation' of the Faun of Praxiteles has been quoted, in a great measure applicable to this masterpiece of Miss Hosmer." A writer in the French *Galignani* gives a further description of it: "The gem of the classical school, in its nobler style of composition, is due to an American lady, Miss Hosmer. She is the last, and we believe the only pupil of Gibson, and his teaching may be traced in every line of the 'Sleeping Faun' which she exhibits. The attitude is graceful and natural. He is seated, reclining against the trunk of a tree, partly draped in the spoils of a tiger. The child-faun, so happily introduced into the group, squatting behind the tree, and with mischievous archness

binding the Faun to the tree with the tiger's skin, gives not only symmetry to the composition, but that life which is so seldom found in such reminiscences of antiquity. Miss Hosmer in her 'Sleeping Faun' reaches the highest excellence." We must add our own testimony to the archness, grace, and poetry of the whole group: it is impossible to see it without recalling the author of Puck, and as we gaze at the sweet, gentle sleep of the graceful youth, we almost fancy ourselves in the sweet-scented wood, and under the sunny skies of his ideal world. This beautiful statue was purchased for a thousand pounds by Sir Benjamin Guinness, at the private view on the day previous to the opening of the exhibition. A slight difficulty arose, as the statue was not for sale. Sir Benjamin offered to double the price, and actually placed another thousand pounds (\$5,000) in the hands of the Director of the Sculpture Department, saying, "that if money could buy that statue he would have it." Miss Hosmer, upon being informed of this, wrote to Sir Benjamin, assuring him that she deeply appreciated his generosity, and that it was indeed a pleasure to know that her work would be in the possession of one who valued it so highly; that he might look upon the statue as his own, but that she could not take advantage of his too great liberality, and requested that the second \$5,000 should be returned to him. We fear it is but seldom that such an act, so honorable to both, can be recorded in the history of the Fine Arts. The group has since been twice repeated—once for the Prince of Wales,

always a great admirer of Miss Hosmer's genius, and once for Lady Ashburton, who also possesses its pendant, "The Waking Faun."

If the "Sleeping Faun" is the expression of complete repose, so the "Waking Faun" is that of life and movement. He wakes and suddenly catches the little satyr, who struggles in his grasp. He is imprisoned beyond the possibility of escape, but so gently and tenderly that we do not fear for his safety—indeed, he seems quite as much amused in his new position as when knotting the tiger's skin. This work finely exhibits the artist's skillful power of grouping, for the position selected is one of the most difficult it is possible to conceive, but its grace and litheness are perfect. When these two statues are viewed together, we think it will be difficult to pronounce a preference.

Upon entering the studio, the first work which presents itself to us is a cast of the "Siren Fountain," executed for Lady Marian Alford. The sculpture consists of a siren, who, sitting among the shells which form the upper basin, sings to the music of her lute. Three little cupids upon their dolphins are checked in their career, to listen to the music. These little creatures are full of spirit and motion. The dolphin of one is refractory, and nearly unseats his rider; but, fascinated by the sweet sounds, he pays no attention to his impetuous charger, but looks up to discover from whence they come. When the fountain plays, the little cupids are seen through the falling water, as if beneath its surface, which greatly enhances the poetical

effect. The fountain is executed of three different shades of marble, and is most rich and elegant.

Perhaps the most important, certainly the most complicated, of all Miss Hosmer's works, are "The Golden Gates," for Earl Brownlow, upon which she has been employed for several years. They are to be cast in gold, and when completed will be about 17 feet high. The upper portion contains three figures of the Air, Earth, and Sea; while two of the long bassi-relievi, immediately beneath, represent the poetical and the practical view of the Earth, and the remaining two the poetical and the practical view of the Sea. The central portion, which is the most beautiful, is occupied by twelve circular bassi-relievi, representing the twelve hours of the night, commencing with "Eolus Subduing the Winds," next, "The Descent of the Zephyrs," "Iris Descends with the Dew," "Night Rises with the Stars," "The Hours' Sleep," "The Moon Rises," "The Dreams Descend," "The Falling Star," "Phosphor and Hesper," "The Hours' Wake," "Aurora Veils the Stars," and "Morning." Each of these bas-reliefs is a poem, full of exquisite thought and feeling, and studied to the highest degree of finish. The architecture is enriched with ornaments, symbolical of Earth, Air, and Sea, forming an effective setting for the bas-reliefs, while the whole is surrounded by a boldly modeled festoon of fruit and flowers, as a frame inclosing the whole picture. The number of bas-reliefs is nineteen and they contain more than eighty figures. Some idea may, therefore, be formed of the

labor and patience necessary to complete the work. When Sir Charles Eastlake, the late President of the Royal Academy, first saw the design, he said, "it will immortalize her."

His words were afterwards repeated to Miss Hosmer, who replied, "Ah! he meant *immetallize*."

Miss Hosmer is now (1874) engaged upon two works which are destined for our own country—one a monument to the memory of Mr. Edward Everett, to be cast in bronze and placed over his remains at Mount Auburn; the other a monument to Mrs. Letchworth, of Buffalo, consisting of a recumbent figure and richly ornamented pedestal, in the style of the fine monument to Queen Louise at Charlottenburg. Mr. Letchworth has erected a magnificent mausoleum, in which the monument is to be placed, one of the few specimens of that style of architecture in America.

Perhaps the statue upon which Miss Hosmer has labored with the greatest affection, is that of the Queen of Naples as the "Heroine of Gaeta." An ardent admirer of the royal lady and an intimate personal friend, Miss Hosmer has devoted herself to this beautiful work of art, with an assiduity which such respect and affection alone could inspire. We will quote again from the London *Times*, a description of the work: "I think the public will decide, when the work shall be completed and exhibited, that Miss Hosmer has succeeded in giving grace and elegance to a modern dress, in a life-size statue of the beautiful Queen of Naples; which, when finished in marble, will be on view in London. The cos-

tume is that commonly worn by the unfortunate Queen during the siege of Gaeta—a riding habit, nearly concealed by a large cloak, the ample folds of which adapt themselves to the sculptor's purpose, nearly, or quite as well, as any ancient drapery. The *pose* of the queen is erect, and slightly defiant—defiance less of the foe than the danger and death that surround her. While the right hand rests upon the fold of the cloak where it is thrown across the shoulder, the other points downwards to a cannon ball that lies close at her foot. The head, surmounted by a splendid coronet of hair, is slightly thrown back. It is well known in Rome that during the Queen's residence here she was a frequent visitor to Miss Hosmer's studio, and sat many times for the statue now in progress, which will thus have the value of perfect resemblance, as well as that of a very noble work of art. It is an extremely handsome head, somewhat disdainful, and breathing the utmost firmness and resolution. The Queen's hair is celebrated for its length, and thickness, and sable beauty; let down, she might drape herself with it like Godiva; massed in a bold, broad braid above her polished brow, it forms a natural crown, more beautiful than goldsmith's skill could supply. In the statue it really has much the effect of a diadem, while the rich folds and tassels of the cloak might be taken, without any stretch of the imagination, for a royal robe. Royal, indeed, she was in Gaeta; immovable under the deadly shower of Cialdini's shells, more than at any other moment of her

short and hapless reign, and the sculptor has had a happy idea, in placing for sole inscription upon the pedestal, "Gaeta Maria Regina." Of the riding habit, only the part nearest the throat is seen, and a small portion of the skirt below the folds of the cloak. A slender, nervous foot, broadened by the firmness of the tread, is advanced to the edge of the pedestal, and the brain and lacing of the modern *bottine* are so arranged as to give it almost the appearance of a sandal, and harmonize it with the remainder of the costume. The work vindicates, at a glance, the artist's high reputation, and I venture to predict, that when worked out in marble, it will be considered her master-piece."

We have thus endeavored to enumerate some of Miss Hosmer's principal works. They do not embrace all upon the list, but are some of the most important. The ladies of the "Women's Centennial Executive Committee" have addressed her a letter, requesting her to design and execute a statue expressly for the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, "as being at once an American, and the foremost woman in the world in her art." And Miss Hosmer, who is always ready to lend a helping hand whenever the question of Woman arises, has promised to accede to their wish.

In person, Miss Hosmer is rather under the medium height, and, writes Mrs. Child, "her face is more genial and pleasant than her likenesses indicate; especially when engaged in conversation, its resolute earnestness lights up with gleams of humor. She looks as she is—lively, frank, and reliable;

she carries her spirited head with a manly air, and her broad forehead is partially shaded with short, thick, brown curls, which she tosses aside with her fingers, as lads do." Her manner is decided, perhaps somewhat abrupt; and I remember a little notice of her in her studio, which appeared, some years ago, in one of our American journals: her manner of speaking was compared to "an express train crossing a short railway bridge." Her eyes are most expressive, and are of that uncertain hue which varies from violet to black; her conversation is original and most inspiring, and no one can long be oppressed with low spirits when her voice is heard. Few women are so witty, though she herself declares that she never said but one witty thing. It was while driving one day with Miss Cushman, and crossing the Tiber, her friend remarked, "How angry the river looks." "Ah!" said Miss Hosmer, "some one has crossed it." This, she maintains, is her one witty speech, but no one would venture to assert this but herself.

To close this sketch of Miss Hosmer without some allusion to her favorite horses would be a serious omission; riding is her passion, and there are few horsewomen of the present day who can approach her in skill and daring, mounted upon her magnificent Irish hunter, "Numero uno," as he is called by many of his Italian admirers, "who can jump his own height;" and attired in her short hunting skirt, she is a well-known figure at the "meets" upon the Roman Campagna, and it is said that the day Miss Hosmer is out they are sure to find a

fox. In spite of her admirable horsemanship, she has had many hair-breadth escapes, and is known to have said that her appropriate monument would be the "Baker's Tomb," she has had so many rolls. Some time since, in the winter at Rome, she sustained a severe accident by her horse falling at a ditch and rail. The violence of the shock was so great that the pommel and the stirrup-strap were both broken; but, before many in the field were aware of the disaster, Miss Hosmer was again in her saddle, and broken as it was, joined in the chase, arriving in time to secure the honors of war, as Prince Humbert, in admiration of her heroism, presented her with the brush. Previous to her last visit to Rome, the Empress of Austria, her-

self a renowned horsewoman, declared that there was nothing she looked forward to with more interest in Rome, than to see Miss Hosmer ride.

Possessing an independent fortune, Miss Hosmer is free from the professional anxieties which assail too many artists. Her work, as we have already said, is not her necessity, but her choice; but there are few artists, whatever their circumstances, who labor so indefatigably. Riding is her only pastime, and that is as much for health as pleasure. Gifted with rare talents, with the happiest temperament, and in the constant exercise of an art which to her is an ever new delight, there are few human beings upon whom Fortune has so truly smiled as upon Harriet Hosmer.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

GUISEPPE, OR JOSEPH GARIBALDI, as his Christian name is written in English, the renowned partisan leader and enthusiastic deliverer of the present Italy, was born at Nice, in that country, in the summer of 1807. His father a sailor, and the son of a sailor, of the race of hardy navigators in that maritime region, Joseph was brought up in the sea-faring occupation of the family. Before, however, he made his first voyage as a sailor, he had, as a school-boy, with a spirit and resolution characteristic of his whole career, attempted a little adventure of his own, which he has narrated in a little passage of his autobiography: "Becoming weary of school in Genoa," he says, "and disgusted with the confinement which I suffered at the desk, I one day proposed to several of my companions to make our escape and seek our fortune. No sooner said than done. We got possession of a boat, put some provisions on board, with fishing-tackle, and sailed for the Levant. But we had not gone as far as Monaco, when we were pursued and overtaken by a 'corsair,' commanded by good father. We were captured without bloodshed, and taken

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back to our homes, exceedingly mortified by the failure of our enterprise, and disgusted with an abbé who had betrayed our flight."* This little affair indicates two things: the child's early and courageous love of adventure and disregard of all ordinary hazards, and the fact that his education was conducted with some regularity, or he would not have chafed under it, or endeavored to escape from it. He, indeed, speaks in his recollections of two faithful teachers, Padre Gianone and Signor Arena, and of the influence of an elder brother Angelo, who encouraged him in the study of his native language, and the reading of Roman and Italian history, which he pursued with interest.

But the sea was his first love, and its independent mode of life, in traversing the Mediterranean in a school of navigation, in vessels for the safe management of which so much depended upon the skill and resources of the mariner, was well calculated to generate that passion for freedom

* The Life of General Garibaldi, written by himself; translated by his friend and admirer, Theodore Dwight, New York, 1859.



G. Garibaldi

1847 - 1848

and indomitable self-reliance which strengthened with his growth.

His second voyage, in a vessel of his father's, was made to Rome, and was followed by several others with his parent and various voyages to the Levant, in which he rose to the rank of captain. In one of these voyages he was left ill in Constantinople, and his stay in that city being protracted by the war with Russia, he engaged, as a means of support for a time, as a teacher of children in the family of a widow, to whom he was introduced by a friend. It was on a voyage, about the time of his coming of age, or a little later, which he made to the Black Sea, with a young Ligurian, he tells us he was "first made acquainted with a few things connected with the intentions and plans of the Italian patriots; and surely Columbus (he adds) did not enjoy so much satisfaction on the discovery of America, as I experienced on hearing that the redemption of our country was meditated. From that time I became entirely devoted to that object, which has since been so long appropriately my own element. The speedy consequence of my entire devotion to the cause of Italy was, that on the fifth of February, 1834, I was passing out of the gate of Linterna, of Genoa, at seven o'clock in the evening, in the disguise of a peasant—a proscrip-
At that time my public life commenced, and a few days after I saw my name for the first time in a newspaper; but it was *in a sentence of death.*" He had been implicated in some of the plots set on foot by Mazzini, in violation of the authority of

the King of Sardinia. Escaping to Marseilles, he distinguished himself there by his characteristic self-sacrifice, in attending upon the sick in a cholera hospital, which had been abandoned in terror by the nurses. Before embarking as mate of a vessel on a new course of voyaging, he had the opportunity of saving a youth from drowning in the harbor, by plunging after him into the water. On such occasions, where a fellow being was in peril—and they have often occurred in his adventurous life—he never thought of peril to himself. A ready sympathy with others, and a tenderness of feeling, were his characteristics from childhood, when "a very simple accident," he tells us, "made a deep impression on my memory. One day, when a very little boy, I caught a grasshopper, took it into the house, and, in handling it, broke its leg. Reflecting on the injury I had done to the harmless insect, I was so much affected with grief, that I retired to my chamber, mourned over the poor little creature, weeping bitterly for several hours."

From Marseilles, Garibaldi made a voyage to the Black Sea, and afterward passed over to Tunis in a frigate built for the Bey. Finding no employment there to detain him, he next set sail in a vessel from Marseilles for Rio Janeiro, in South America, where he met a fellow Italian patriot, Rosetti, with whom he engaged in some commercial business which was soon abandoned, "a short experience," he says, "convincing us that neither was born for a merchant." The Republic of Rio Grande being then, in 1836, en-

gaged in a struggle for independence with Rosas, the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, who was endeavoring to consolidate his authority over the States bordering on the La Plata, Garibaldi entered into an arrangement to proceed to the assistance of the former province. Engaging a small vessel for a cruiser, which he named "The Mazzini," he sailed along the coast with a small band of companions as their leader, and entered the waters of the La Plata. An opportunity was soon afforded to test the courage of his companions—his own was fully assured. In an engagement with two Brazilian vessels he was wounded, receiving a bullet in the neck which rendered him senseless during the remainder of the action. When he recovered his senses, he found that the enemy had retired and a victory had been won. Apparently in immediate prospect of death, he was landed at Gualaguay, where he received surgical attention, and recovered to enter upon a series of extraordinary military adventures. The task entrusted to him, says one of his biographers, "would have been enough to overwhelm one less able or less resolute—to him it proved but the training for greater deeds. Obligated to fight by sea and land alternately, he had to create a fleet by capturing the vessels of the enemy, and to organize a military force from whatever elements happened to present themselves. The war in South America had been concluded about two years, and Garibaldi had retired with his wife (a Brazilian lady, who had shared all the perils of his campaigns) to a farm he possessed and

cultivated with his own hands, when intelligence of the revolutions of 1848 reached Montevideo. Italy was in arms! Accompanied by Annita, his two young sons, and his faithful band, he lost no time in setting sail for Europe, but with all his haste he did not arrive until the fortune of battle had already turned against Italy. His first impulse was to offer his sword to Charles Albert, but his reputation as a Mazzinian had preceded him, and the king recoiled from accepting the services of a republican leader. It was indeed too late; and though the local government of Lombardy readily entered into an arrangement with Garibaldi, and he accordingly took the field, advancing in the first instance as far as Brescia, and afterwards carried on a guerilla warfare for several weeks in the mountainous district around the Lake of Como, and in the Valtellina, his exertions had no other effect than to lay the foundation of that fame which afterwards drew so many volunteers to his standard.

"A wider field of exertion soon presented itself. Rome proclaimed the republic after the flight of the Pope; his old friend and associate, Mazzini, was elected triumvir, and Garibaldi hastened to lead his band, swelled by the adventurous spirits of every part of Italy, from the Lombard hills to the smooth Campagna. Thwarted in his schemes and circumscribed in his actions, Garibaldi added daily to his fame and to that of his band by continual sallies and skirmishes, testifying at once to his bravery and his skill. When the capitulation was agreed to, disdaining to share its benefits, he left Rome by one

gate while the French entered by another, and took the road towards Terracina, followed by his troops. His object was to reach Venice, where Manin yet held aloft the flag of Italian nationality, and his soldiers pledged themselves anew never to desert their chief. But the way was long, the road intercepted by many enemies. By a series of skilful manœuvres, Garibaldi eluded pursuit; but the long marches and counter-marches among the Apennines, the apparent hopelessness of the enterprise, combined to thin his little band, and having reached the neutral territory of San Marino, he released his soldiers from their oath, himself perceiving that his only chance of arriving at Venice was to embark in a fishing-boat with a few followers. He then made his way to Cisnatico, on the Adriatic shore, accompanied by Annita and his children, and also by Ugo Bassi, Cicerovacchio, and two hundred faithful adherents who had still clung to his fortunes, and had answered his offer of their liberty by the cry 'To Venice! to Venice!'

"A more painful trial than any he had yet experienced now awaited Garibaldi. His beloved and loving Annita, the wife who had shared all his toils and adventures, the heroic woman who had smiled on him through all his sufferings, and brightened every dark hour of his life, the only rival of Italy in his affections, was about to be taken from him. Although on the eve of child-birth, she had ridden by his side throughout the march, and after braving the heats of the July sun and the cold of the mountain camp, she had cheerfully embarked with her hus-

band and his friends. The little fleet of thirteen fishing-boats were already within sight of the Lagnone, when it was attacked by an Austrian brig, which succeeded in sinking or capturing eight among them. Five escaped, almost by a miracle; but previous fatigue and mental exhaustion had made this last trial too much for Annita. She was already dying, when Garibaldi, in the vain hope of relieving her, again sought the coast. To avoid pursuit, which they felt to be near at hand, the patriots separated, never to meet again in this world. Ugo Bassi, Cicerovacchio, and his young sons, speedily fell into the hands of the Austrians, and were shot down like hunted beasts. Garibaldi went on his way, followed by his children and by Origoni, who now and then relieved him from the task of carrying his dying wife. At length he was fain to lay her down in a peasant's empty hut. Heedless of peril, Origoni hurried in search of medical aid, and the husband alone watched by the exhausted sufferer. Nature could bear no more, no assistance was at hand, and in a few hours there Annita died. Jealous of the right of bestowing the last cares on one so dear, with his own hands Garibaldi dug her grave, in the depths of a wild Romagnole forest, and laid her in a spot known to himself alone. He wandered on, and one day the widowed husband and his orphan sons arrived at Genoa, a port of safety, how, he would perhaps be himself scarcely able to tell.

"Again Garibaldi set forth on his wanderings. For a short time he betook himself to the United States, and

gained his bread by daily labor. He was in the city of New York in 1850, and was for some time occupied in the candle manufactory at Staten Island of his countryman and friend, Signor Meucci. Hence he again went to South America, but he found no opening for active exertion, and the home he had once loved had lost its charm. He next undertook some commercial voyages to Genoa, and thus obtained a little money, with which he purchased the small island of Caprera, off the coast of Sardinia. He there settled down with a few devoted friends, resigned to live by the humble avocations of husbandry until a day should come when he might again draw his sword for the freedom of Italy. The only political act he performed during these long years of deferred hope was the signature he hastened to append to the subscription for the hundred cannons of Alexandria, opened by Manin, an act slight in appearance, yet of deep significance, since by it he proclaimed his separation from Mazzini, and his adherence to the national party, under the leadership of Victor Emmanuel.

“It was, perhaps, this act that induced the king and Count Cavour to turn to Garibaldi as soon as the preparations of Austria, in 1859, made war probable. The summons to Turin found him at Caprera, and he hastened to obey. An attachment far more sincere than is usual between a king and his subject speedily united Victor Emmanuel and the partisan chief, and Garibaldi was named lieutenant-general, and entrusted with the command of a body of volunteers about to be

formed under the name of *Cacciatori delle Alpi*.

“A new and more brilliant phase of the life of Garibaldi than any that had preceded it, was now about to begin. The necessity of awaiting the arrival of the French artillery for a while confined him to the walls of Casale, along with the other Italian divisions; but when the forward movement was decided upon, the king wisely thought that such a leader, and such soldiers as he had formed, might be better employed than in sharing the slow advance of the regular army, and he acceded to the wish of the chief to be first on Lombard soil.

“The allies were still behind the Sesia, when Garibaldi, after drawing off the attention of the Austrians by a feint to the north of Arona, suddenly crossed the Ticino at Sesto Calende during the night of the 22d of May, and marched upon Varese, a small town among the hills. From this time to his arrival at Salo, on the Lake of Garda, a month later, his campaign seems more like the pages of a romance than the sober narrative of history. During many days he was entirely cut off from all communication with Piedmont, for the Austrians held the shore of the Lago Maggiore; and his reports to the king, and the despatches of Count Cavour, were conveyed by the smugglers; even this means being uncertain and insecure. Opposed to him were 17,000 foot, with six cannon and two divisions of cavalry, commanded by General Urban, supposed by the Austrians to be the only man capable of coping with Garibaldi in irregular warfare. The steady progress of the

allies soon allowed Garibaldi to push on eastward. The 5th of June, he put his little force on board two steamers he had captured at Como, and steamed up the lake to Lecco, on his way to Bergamo, leaving the whole country behind him free from Austrian troops, and peaceably obeying the Sardinian commissioner, to whom every municipality had hastened to carry its homage as to the representative of their lawful king. Marching by the hills, to avoid a body of the enemy whom he knew to be posted on the high road, Garibaldi was already within a few miles of the strong and ancient city of Bergamo, when a deputation of its inhabitants came to inform him that the Austrians, terrified at his approach, had spiked their cannon, abandoned their magazines, and fled during the night. His entry was a triumph of which any sovereign might have been proud. The people hailed their deliverer as if he had been a god descended from heaven; but no homage, no ovation, could turn Garibaldi from his task. Before dismounting, he went to meet a column of Austrians reported to be advancing from Brescia, and put them to flight, the volunteers charging with the bayonet as gaily as if they had spent the previous twenty-four hours in repose.

"At Bergamo, the Cacciatori enjoyed a few days' rest, while their general went to Milan, to receive the commands and well-merited encomiums of the king, who, in his enthusiasm, declared that he would joyfully lay aside his crown and the cares of state, to be the leader of a free corps, the vanguard of the Italian army. Gari-

baldi returned decorated with the gold medal for military valor, the choicest reward his sovereign could bestow, and loaded with crosses and decorations for his brave men, whom he was about to lead to an enterprise more daring than any that had gone before. Throughout the campaign, Garibaldi and his sons were the favorite heroes of Italy. He was everywhere the precursor of the regular armies, and every other issue for popular enthusiasm being dammed up by the strict discipline inculcated in all the revolutionized provinces, it rushed with double force into the only channel left open. The troops of Garibaldi were the last to exchange shots with the enemy, as they had been the first to leave the sheltering ramparts of Casale. The chief was at the foot of the Stelvio, and had already engaged the Austrians in several sharp fights, winning successes he was forbidden to follow up, lest pursuit should lead to a violation of Germanic territory, when he received intelligence, first of the armistice, then of the convention of Villafranca, in July, which secured Lombardy to Victor Emmanuel, and left Venice for a time under its old Austrian rule. This termination of the war was a great disappointment to Garibaldi, whose first impulse was to write to the king and throw up his command; but, at the entreaty of his sovereign, he was speedily induced to withdraw his resignation."*

Following the occupation of Lombardy by Victor Emmanuel came the demand from France, as a compensa-

* Westminster Review, Oct., 1859. Article, "Garibaldi and the Italian Volunteers."

tion for services, and an adjustment of territory consequent upon the additions to Piedmont, for the cession of Savoy and Nice. When this measure was presented to the Sardinian Parliament, in April, 1860, Garibaldi sat as deputy for Nice, his native town, and was one of its most violent opponents, declaring that the treaty made him a foreigner in his own country. Quickly upon this came the grand revolt which was to bring him upon the stage as the chief actor in the new military drama, to end in the realization of the long-cherished dream of her poets and patriots—the union of Italy in one kingdom. While Piedmont and Turin were engrossed with the intrigues of the French emperor, a revolution was breaking out at the other extremity of the peninsula, which was to throw the kingdom of the two Sicilies into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. Francis II. succeeding his father, Ferdinand II., on the throne of Naples, was prosecuting with all his power the hereditary system of repression and tyranny, which had seemed to be the constant fate of the Neapolitans; and the cruelty and oppression of his government had become so great, that Lord John Russell, the English premier, wrote to the minister of his country at Naples, declaring that, in the probable event of an insurrection, and the overthrow of the dynasty, no support could be expected from England. In the beginning of April, a revolt had broken out at Palermo, in Sicily; the garrison was attacked, and the city placed in a state of siege, while the movement spread over the whole island. Garibaldi saw the opportunity,

and set to work to organize an expedition to assist the insurgents. The government, at the time, disclaimed all connivance in the matter; but, after the successful result of the enterprise, the king, in an address to the people of Southern Italy, declared, "they were Italians fighting for their liberty; I could not, I ought not to restrain them." Garibaldi accordingly had little difficulty in sailing out of Genoa on the night of the 5th of May, with a body of about two thousand volunteers. On their voyage they lay for a day or two off the fortress of Talamona, on the Roman frontier, where their chieftain issued a proclamation to the Italians, invoking their aid for the Sicilians against a common enemy.

Garibaldi landed at Marsala on the 10th of May, and on the 14th joined the insurrectionary troops at Salemi. Here he proclaimed himself Dictator of Sicily, in the name of Victor Emmanuel. The first encounter with the Neapolitan army was at Calata Fimi, and the royalists were defeated and driven from all their positions. Garibaldi then advanced towards Palermo, where he organized a provisional government. Then followed his successes on the mainland, and the somewhat confused dictatorship of the leader at Naples, succeeded by the entry of Victor Emmanuel into the city as king. Upon this event Garibaldi left abruptly for his home at Caprera, not, however, without some intimation of future movements in a proclamation to the people. "Providence," said he, "has given Victor Emmanuel to Italy. Every Italian should bind himself to him. All should gather close around

him. By the side of the *Re galantuomo* every strife should disappear, every rancor be dissipated. Once again I repeat my cry to you—to arms, all! all! If the month of March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians under arms, alas for liberty! alas for Italian existence!”

Garibaldi now passed a year in comparative quiet at his island home at Caprera, without other reward than the satisfaction of having accomplished so much for the liberation of Italy. He would have had the movement completed by the extension of the national sovereignty over the Papal States and Venice, the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome, and the final removal of Austrian authority from the entire peninsula. Encouraged by the patriotic declarations in the Italian Parliament, he was led, in the summer of 1862, to believe that if any attack was made upon Rome, the whole Italian people would rise and join in it, and that Napoleon, in the face of such a demonstration, would withdraw the French garrison. He began to organize a movement in Sicily. After seizing the arms of the National Guards at Corleone, his followers encamped at Ficuzza, near Palermo, and they afterwards took up their head-quarters at Catania, on the coast. On the 3d of August the king issued a proclamation, in which he declared that the government had no part in the movement, and that the dignity of the crown and parliament should be maintained. General Cialdini, accordingly, was sent to Sicily, but, before he arrived, Garibaldi and his volunteers had crossed the straits. Garibaldi,

upon landing, marched against Reggio, but was met and repulsed by a detachment of the army. General Cialdini then arrived at Reggio, and sent forward General Pallavicino to overtake Garibaldi. He found the Garibaldians encamped on the plateau of Aspromonte. A simultaneous attack was made in the front and on the flank of the camp. In the heavy fire at the opening of the engagement, Garibaldi and his son Menotti were wounded, and his followers, seeing themselves completely hemmed in, surrendered. Garibaldi was conveyed as a prisoner to Spezzia. The wound in his ankle caused him great suffering, for the ball was not extracted until several weeks afterward. His position as a prisoner was very embarrassing to the Sardinian government. He had been taken in arms against the king; but it was impossible to punish as a traitor the man who had given Sicily and Naples to the kingdom. The only course, therefore, was a free pardon, and a general amnesty was extended to him and all his followers. Garibaldi now had leisure for a longer residence in his island home at Caprera, a wild, rocky abode seamed with valleys, the agriculture of which had been quite neglected, till, with his accustomed energy, he turned the spot to account.

Pursuing our outline of Garibaldi's public career, we find him, in January, 1864, resigning his seat in the Chamber of Deputies, and paying a visit a few months after to England, where he was received with the utmost popular enthusiasm. A banquet was given to him by the Lord Mayor of London, and the people in large num-

bers hailed him as the representative of liberty and reform. While this national reception was still in progress, from some motive of policy, he suddenly withdrew from his crowd of entertainers, who were preparing welcomes for him throughout the kingdom, and returned in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht to Italy, accompanied by the duke and duchess. In 1866, he was again engaged in efforts for the union of the Papal States to the Italian kingdom; but the government still considering his measures impolitic, checked his movements by his arrest and conveyance to Caprera, where he was guarded by a ship of war. Escaping from the island, he renewed his agitation of the Roman question, and was again arrested after a conflict with the French and pontifical forces at Mentana, and confined in the neighborhood of Spezzia for a short time, till an attack of sickness afforded a convenient excuse for his return to his old home.

The "isolation" at Caprera, however, was again broken, when, in the autumn of 1870, Garibaldi, at the call of the provisional government of the French republic, crossed the frontier to take up arms with the defenders of the country, in their self-sacrificing but hopeless contest with Germany, after the fall of Napoleon at Sedan. He was invested with the command of the irregular forces in the Vosges, having also under him a brigade of the Garde Mobile. But partisan warfare, however daring, could not long withstand the systematic crushing movements of the overpowering German forces, and before the war was ended, Garibaldi abandoned the now hopeless cause, and returned again to his island home. Previously to entering upon this foreign service, he published a work, the English translation of which is entitled "The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century."



Fanny Kemble

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE, daughter of Charles Kemble and Maria Theresa Decamp, was born in England in the year 1811. In the biographical account of John Philip Kemble and of Mrs. Siddons, we have traced the career of this distinguished family for several generations. After the retirement of these its two most illustrious members, Charles Kemble remained upon the stage to represent the genius of the race.

His wife, like the wife of Garrick, came to England a dancer from Vienna, and both before and after her marriage was universally admired as a charming actress in light comedy.

She retired from the stage in 1819, to re-appear after a lapse of ten years for a single night, on an occasion of particular interest. This was the 5th of October, 1829, when her daughter Frances, or as she was then called, Fanny Kemble, who had been educated at a French convent, and already had exhibited extraordinary literary talent, entered upon her brief but brilliant theatrical career in the character of Shakespeare's Juliet. Abbott was the Romeo, her father Charles Kemble, the Mercutio,

and Mrs. Charles Kemble, the Lady Capulet. Mrs. Siddons then, at the age of seventy-four years, witnessed the performance, and was moved to tears by the associations of the hour. The young actress was received with the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Kemble's performance of Juliet, after an extraordinary run of some thirty nights, was followed at intervals during the season by Belvidera, in "Venice Preserved," Euphrasia, in "The Grecian Daughter," Mrs. Beverley, in "The Gamester," and Isabella, in the "Fatal Marriage"—every one a leading part in which Mrs. Siddons had been eminent; and all of them the young actress had sustained to the admiration of crowded and intelligent audiences.

She entered, it is said, suddenly on the stage, after a resolve of only six weeks' standing; but the preparation was of a far longer date in her life-long, thorough education, and the fine instincts for her art she inherited from her parents.

In the summer recess, Miss Kemble played through an engagement at Edinburgh. Supported by the distinguished compliments of such men as

Scott and Prof. Wilson, Miss Kemble entered on her second London season in October. She performed Juliet at the outset; at the end of November played Mrs. Haller in "The Stranger," and in December made a decided hit in Calista, in the "Fair Penitent," another of Mrs. Siddons' great parts. Leaving for a time the somewhat faded, worn-out sentiment of the school of Rowe and his associates, the maintenance of an interest in which makes her success all the more remarkable, we find her in January reviving the character of Bianca in the tragedy of "Fazio." A month later we have Beatrice, in "Much Ado about Nothing," acted to her father's Benedict, which became one of her favorite personations; and this in turn is relieved by another great Siddonian character, Lady Constance in "King John," which she performed with spirit, though the older play-goers in the audience may have missed the lofty figure and robust physical energy of the Siddons. In April, Massinger's "Maid of Honor" was revived for her, that she might act the part of Camiola. The performance of Lady Teazle in May closes the round of her characters, in Miss Kemble's second London season.

Her third and last season in the great metropolis commenced in the following October with Belvidera, succeeded by Queen Katharine, in a revival of "Henry VIII." Here, again, as in Lady Constance, her stature and youthful appearance were disadvantages hardly to be overcome by her intellectual appreciation of the character. In January of the next year,

1832, she appeared as the heroine in a translation from Dumas by Lord Leveson Gower, entitled "Catharine of Cleves;" and in March in "Francis I.," an historical drama with passages of much vigor, which she had composed two years previously.

The play was produced at Covent Garden simultaneously with its publication in March. It was received with favor during the month, and was succeeded by another original play, in which Miss Kemble achieved one of her most brilliant successes. This was Sheridan Knowles' "Hunchback," which was brought upon the stage early in April, the author acting the part of Master Walter; Fanny Kemble, Julia; and Charles Kemble, her lover, Sir Thomas Clifford. The character of Julia was well fitted to display the best powers of Miss Kemble. Since Beaumont and Fletcher there had been nothing of the kind on the stage more agreeable. Miss Kemble made the character of Julia her own at the start, and while she remained on the stage it was one of her most admired performances. We have heard it pronounced her best.

With this triumph Miss Kemble closed her last season in London. The next was to open in America, where she was destined to pass the most important years of her life. She set sail with her father for New York on the 1st of August, and arrived in the city on the 4th of September, a leisurely voyage of the packet-ships of those days, with much more of personal interest and observation than usually gathers about the rapid steam-transit of the present time. We do not know

where to look for a more vivid account of the incidents of this old packet traveling than we find in the famous American "Journal" of Miss Kemble, which she published a few years after. There is the study of character forced upon the fellow-passengers, in their inevitable intimacies; the keen sense of the harmonies of nature and all the "skiey influences;" and, to a thoughtful mind, a finer consciousness of the needs of the soul than is often experienced in the hackneyed bustle and resort of the world. All these are reflected in Miss Kemble's pages. If in her personal talk she sometimes makes a confidant of the reader in the expression of what may appear egotistical trifles, these are but the fringe of substantial sense and feeling, which often need such diversions. When there is anything serious to be discussed, the true womanly—it may be said, also, manly—sentiment is never at fault.

On their arrival in New York, Mr. and Miss Kemble took apartments at the American Hotel, at the corner of Broadway and Murray street, in what was then considered a fashionable quarter of the city. After a few days spent in observation of the town and making the acquaintance of "his Honor the Recorder," the gallant Philip Hone, and other celebrities of the day, the Kembles entered upon their engagement at the Park Theatre, within view of their residence. Kemble led the way by a performance of Hamlet, on the 17th of September, and was succeeded by his daughter Fanny the next evening in Bianca. The following night Miss Kemble played Juliet to her father's

Romeo; on the 21st, Lady Teazle to his Charles Surface; three days after, Belvidera to his Pierre; the next evening, Beatrice to his Benedict; on the 27th, took her benefit as Mrs. Haller in the "Stranger;" on the 28th, played her original character of Julia in "The Hunchback" to her father's Sir Thomas Clifford; on the 1st of October, Lady Constance to his Falconbridge; and on the 2d, Bizarre in "The Inconstant" to his Young Mirabel. The repetition of "Much Ado About Nothing" and the "Hunchback" closed this first engagement, in which no less than ten plays had been produced in twelve nights, with an average receipt of over twelve hundred dollars a night; the highest on the night of the joint performances being fifteen hundred and twenty dollars, on the representation of Romeo and Juliet, and fourteen hundred and twenty-six dollars on the benefit night.

Miss Kemble was highly appreciated by her New York audiences, which embraced many persons of fine critical taste, familiar with the best theatrical representations of their day. After performing with her father a round of her characters in Philadelphia, and being received, as at New York, in the best society, Miss Kemble returned to fulfill a new engagement in the latter city, in which she added to her previous parts those of Mrs. Beverley and Isabella. A second visit to Philadelphia followed, during which she acted for the first time in America, Lady Macbeth, Violante in "The Wonder," and Katharine in "Katharine and Petruccio."

Before returning to New York, the

Kembles visited Baltimore and Washington, where they were presented to the President, General Jackson, whose manners the lady pronounces "perfectly simple and quiet, therefore very good." Here she experienced some annoyance, from gossiping reports, to her prejudice, based on some random talk with a gentleman of the place while riding; an explosion at the theatre was threatened, but nothing occurred, though the paltry misrepresentation followed her to Philadelphia, where it appeared in the shape of a handbill thrown into the pit, calling upon the company to resent an alleged insult. To the credit of the audience, it only made them the more vociferous in their applause; but her father thought it necessary to assure the house that the whole thing was a falsehood, while Fanny stood at the side scene, scarce hearing what he said, "crying dreadfully with fright and indignation." "How I wished," she adds, in her *bizarre* journalistic style, "I was a caterpillar under a green gooseberry bush!" Escaping from these perils of playfulness in conversation, Miss Fanny is again at New York, acting an engagement with her father in March, after which she visits Boston, plays at the Tremont Theatre, and in the summer makes a journey through the State of New York, by way of Albany and Trenton Falls, to Niagara, where her journal closes in July, with a rhapsody over the great cataract.

Miss Kemble continued to appear on the stage in America till the spring of 1834, when she acted, for the last time in the country, at the Park Theatre in New York, in April, personating,

in addition to her former characters in America, Queen Katharine in "Henry VIII.," to her father's Cardinal Wolsey, and Estifania in Ben Jonson's "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," to Charles Kemble's Leon. Having not long before, in the month of January, been married to Mr. Pierce Butler, a gentleman of fortune and proprietor of a large plantation in Georgia, she now retired from the stage; but hardly to private life, for the publication of her "American Journal," the following year, kept her name for a long time prominently before the public.

Part of the married life of Mrs. Butler was passed at her husband's estate at the South. When the subject of slavery, in the progress of the Rebellion, engrossed the attention of the world, in 1863, she published a "Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation in 1838-'39," which, under the changes which have since occurred, has now become a most valuable contribution to the history of a past era.

In 1841, Mr. and Mrs. Butler visited England. Her mother had died in 1838, but she found her father living in retirement from the stage, his last performances, at the Queen's request, having taken place in 1840.

The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Butler proved unhappy, adding another to the many infelicities of genius in this relation. There appears to have been an incompatibility of temper and temperament, which, after several years of alienation, ended in a permanent separation. Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides, among them Rufus Choate, of Boston, on behalf of the lady, and George M. Dal-

las, of Philadelphia, for her husband. The interference of the Pennsylvania courts was invoked for a divorce, which was finally granted in 1849.

While these proceedings were going on, Mrs. Butler again visited Europe, and joined her sister Adelaide, now become Mrs. Sartoris, at her residence in Rome. The Diary in which she recorded the impressions of this tour, published immediately after its completion in 1847, entitled, "A Year of Consolation," has much of the vivacity of her American "Journal," with greater fullness and richness of style. It is exceedingly happy in its descriptions of adventure, of scenery, of objects of art, of manners and society, as she traverses old fields, to which her earnestness and freshness of observation impart a new interest.

Having witnessed the ceremonies attending the death of Gregory XVI., and the enthusiasm attending the accession of Pio Nono in 1846, Mrs. Butler left Rome in December; and when we meet her again it is in England, returning for a season to her old triumphs on the stage. She made her first appearance at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, in Julia, in "The Hunchback," on the 16th of February, 1847, and before the close of her engagement played Juliana, in "The Honeymoon," Lady Macbeth, Juliet, and Queen Katharine. Having been absent from the stage for thirteen years, it was anticipated that her acting might exhibit defects from the want of skill and practice; but nothing of this was observable to affect her performances. On the contrary, they were remarkably well sustained, and ex-

hibited more than the old elaboration and finish. There was the same imposing attitude and gesture, the same fine expression of the passions, the same intellectual appreciation of the subtle workings of nature. A critic, who had witnessed her first performance of Juliet, at Covent Garden, again noticed and commented the emphatic "Amen," in the scene with the nurse, "closing her correspondence with the inferior nature, and announcing her transition into self-responsibility, that Juliet, so late a nurseling, was now left alone in the world—that the child was gone, and the heroic woman had begun her part." At the end of April, she appeared in London at the Princess' Theatre, and again triumphed in Julia and Juliet. She remained for some time in England, for in February and March of the next year we find her again at the Princess' Theatre, in an engagement with Macready, acting Lady Macbeth, Queen Katharine, Desdemona, Ophelia, and Cordelia. These performances were followed in April by a series of Dramatic Readings, given in the afternoon at Willis's Rooms, King street, London, from the "Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado About Nothing," "The Tempest," and "As You Like It." In this, Mrs. Butler was following a distinguished precedent in the public "Readings" of Mrs. Siddons, and as in her case, the experiment was eminently successful.

Returning to America, Mrs. Butler re-appeared before the public, not on the stage, but pursuing the new path she had opened for herself in London, on a simple platform, as a reader of

Shakespeare. The first of these "Readings," by which she became known in this country to a more numerous class of persons than had witnessed her performances at the theatre, was delivered at the Masonic Temple, in Boston, on the evening of January 26, 1849. The play chosen was the "Tempest," which was followed by "The Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Merchant of Venice." She was received with the utmost enthusiasm by crowded audiences, the net profits on each occasion being estimated at about three hundred dollars. The "Readings" were continued in Boston through February, and in March were delivered at New York, at the Stuyvesant Institute, on Broadway, opening with "Macbeth," which had been recently read in the same place by the eminent tragedian, Macready, and where the poet Dana the evening before had, in his course of lectures on Shakespeare, delivered his admirable discourse on the same play.

In addition to the literary works we have enumerated, Mrs. Kemble published in 1837 a second tragedy, entitled "The Star of Seville," and an adaptation of Dumas' "Duke's Wager,"

from her pen, was presented at the New York Astor Place Opera House, by Miss Julia Dean, in 1850. The "Star of Seville," like her former historical drama, turns upon royal licentiousness and bloody revenges, leaving Estrella, the heroine, the only refuge of madness and death. Like the former two, the style is somewhat of the cast of the old English dramatists.

The collected "Poems" of Mrs. Kemble, of which several editions have been published in England and America, are of a miscellaneous character, in the class of occasional verses, but generally with a predominant expression of personal feeling. They exhibit the disappointments of life, the burden of its gloom and mystery an intimate sense of the sympathies of nature, with the disquiet or longings of the heart—the effort of a strong nature breaking through the darkness in bursts of lyrical inspiration.

Mr. Pierce Butler died in Georgia, in 1867. Of late Mrs. Butler, resuming her maiden name, has been known as Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble, while her life has been passed in retirement.

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