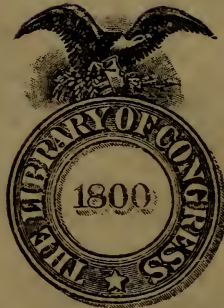


THE FRIENDLY CRAFT

E. D. HANSCOM

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THE FRIENDLY CRAFT



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THE
FRIENDLY CRAFT

A COLLECTION OF AMERICAN LETTERS

EDITED BY

ELIZABETH DEERING HANSCOM, PH.D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH IN SMITH COLLEGE

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1908

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To

L. D. H.

AND THE MEMORY OF

G. A. H.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

ON THE GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY

OF THEIR MARRIAGE

PREFACE

THIS collection represents the gleanings of several years in some of the pleasant by-paths of American literature. Personal considerations have so frequently determined the selection that no defence can be offered against criticism. The reflection of a bit of bygone life, an odd or whimsical view of a situation, a swift and unconscious revelation of character, often merely the happy or individual turn of a phrase, — these and causes as slight have governed choice; while for no graver reasons other far weightier and perhaps worthier material has been rejected. Yet personal choice alone did not control; many letters that I wished to include are not here because of the impossibility of securing the copyright privilege.

To many librarians in many places I am grateful for patient and cheerful attention, and I am glad of this opportunity to express my appreciation of services without which the student's task would indeed be overwhelming. In particular, I would record the indebtedness of many years to the librarians of the Smith College Library and of the Forbes Library of Northampton, Mass.

One more debt—and that the largest—must be acknowledged. From the first suggestion of this collection until the reading of the last page of proof, I have been aided constantly by my mother; and had my wish prevailed, her name would have stood on the title-page.

To the editors and publishers who have courteously granted the use of material from their publications, I offer my sincere thanks. It is a pleasure to express my grati-

Preface

tude to Mr. John Bigelow for the letters of Benjamin and Deborah Franklin; to Dr. Charles S. Minot for the letters of Catharine M. Sedgwick; to Mr. W. de Loss Love for the letters of David Fowler from the "Life of Samson Occam"; to Mr. Frank Sanborn for the letter of Henry James, Sr., from "A. Bronson Alcott: His Life and Philosophy"; and to the Princeton Historical Association and Princeton University Library for the letters of Philip Fithian.

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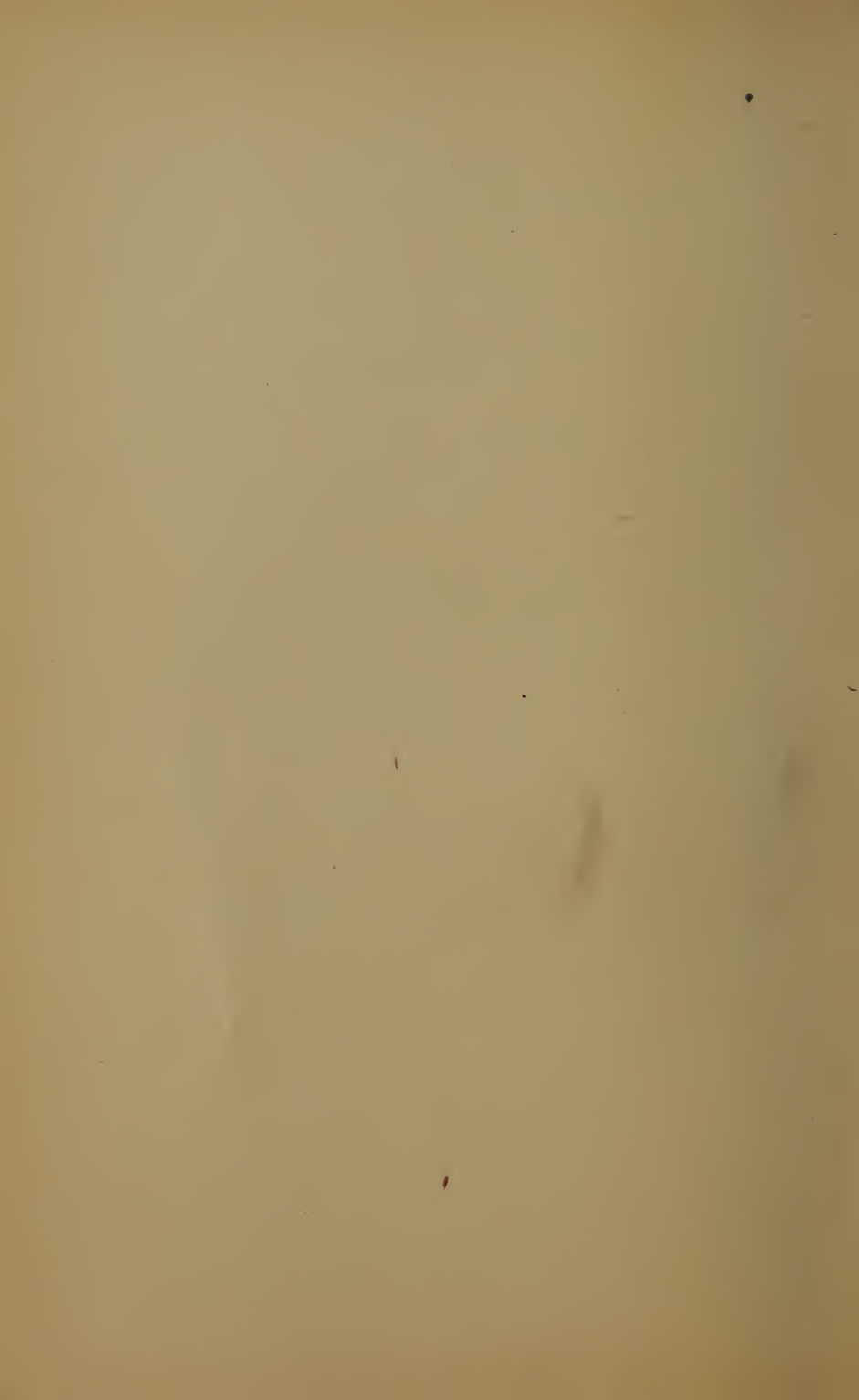
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THE FRIENDLY CRAFT



THE FRIENDLY CRAFT

I

THE RULES OF THE CRAFT

WRITE Lengthy and often.

JOHN HANCOCK

WRITE by every boat. . . . Tell the news — the news.

RUFUS CHOATE

TO acknowledge the receipt of letters is always proper, to remove doubts of their miscarriage.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

LETTERS should be affectionate, natural, and graceful — almost everybody can get as far as that — then make them as witty, or sensible, or in any way agreeable as you can.

CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK

NEVER write for the sake of covering paper. “If you have *nothing* to say, *say nothing*.” This was the advice of my dearly beloved mother, and I hand it down to you.

ABBY HOPPER GIBBONS

The Friendly Craft

II

A MOOT POINT OF CRAFTSMANSHIP

I WONDER if Eve could write letters in Paradise !
But, poor Eve, she had no one to write to — no one to whom to tell what Eden was, no beloved child to whom her love traveled through any or all space. Poor Eve!

CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK

I SOMETIMES think one of the great blessings we shall enjoy in heaven, will be to receive letters by every post and never be obliged to reply to them.

WASHINGTON IRVING

III

THE NEWS FROM HOME

Judge Sewall survives the earthquake ~ ~ ~

(“To the Rev.^d President, Mr. Benjamin Wadsworth
at Cambridge”)

Nov^r. 14, 1727

REV^d SIR, — I am glad to hear that you have been so far Recovered from your long and painfull Indisposition, as to have been able to go into the Hall again. And I congratulat with you our having survived the late terrible Earthquake. I cannot affirm that I was shaken by it, although our Kitchen parrallel to our Bed-chamber, and near it, was Rocquid like a Cradle, yet the crashing Noise was very amazing to me. For I was just warm in my Bed, but not asleep. The young people were

Busy Days

quickly frightened out of the Shaking clattering Kitchen, and fled with weeping Cryes into our Chamber, where they made a fire, and abode there till morning. As I lay, the good Bp and his Lady came to my mind, who were buried in their Bed in the desolating Tempest in England; but I did not venture to tell my thoughts. I remember the Earthquake of 166 $\frac{2}{3}$ and my being Shaken by it, as I sat in my Father's house at Newbury in a Jâm of the Chimney. Oh that I could learn to fear the Lord and his Goodness! . . .

The busy days of a colonial girl ~ ~ ~

(Two letters from Eliza Lucas)

I

DEAR MADAM,—I flatter myself it will be a satisfaction to you to hear I like this part of the world as my lott has fallen here, which I really do. I prefer England to it 'tis true, but think Carolina greatly preferable to the West Indies, and was my Papa here I should be very happy. We have a very good acquaintance from whom we have received much friendship and Civility. Charles Town the principal one in this province is a polite agreeable place, the people live very Gentile and very much in the English taste. The Country is in general fertile and abounds with Venson and with fowl. The Venson is much higher flavoured than in England but 'tis seldom fatt.

My Papa and Mama's great indulgence to mee leaves it to mee to chuse our place of residence either in town or country, but I think it more prudent as well as most agreeable to my Mama and selfe to be in the Country during my father's absence. Wee are 17 mile by land,

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and 6 by water from Charles Town where wee have about 6 agreeable families around us with whom wee live in great harmony. I have a little library well furnished (for my Papa has left mee most of his books) in w^{ch} I spend part of my time. My Musick and the Garden w^{ch} I am very fond of take up the rest that is not imployed in business, of w^{ch} my father has left mee a pretty good share, and indeed 'twas unavoidable, as my Mama's bad state of health prevents her going thro' any fatigue.

I have the business of 3 plantations to transact, w^{ch} requires much writing and more business and fatigue of other sorts than you can imagine, but least you should imagine it too burthensome to a girl at my early time of life, give mee leave to assure you I think myself happy that I can be useful to so good a father. By rising very early I find I can go through with much business, but least you should think I Shall be quite moaped with this way of life, I am to inform you there is two worthy ladies in C^{ts} Town, Mrs Pinckney and Mrs Cleland who are partial enough to mee to wish to have mee with them, and insist upon my making their houses my home when in Town, and press mee to relax a little much oftener than 'tis in my power to accept of their obliging intreaties, but I am sometimes with one or the other for three weeks or a monthe at a time, and then enjoy all the pleasures C^{ts} Town affords. But nothing gives mee more than subscribing myself

D^r. Madam

Y^r. most affectionet and
most obliged hum^{ble} Ser^{vt}

ELIZA. LUCAS

Pray remember me in
the best manner to my
worthy friend M^r. Boddicott.

To my good friend Mrs Boddicott

May ye 2^{on}d. [probably 1740]

Trifling Away Time

II

WHY my dear Miss Bartlett, will you so often repeat y^e desire to know how I trifle away my time in our retirement in my father's absence: could it afford you advantage or pleasure I would not have hesitated, but as you can expect neither from it I would have been excused; however, to show you my readiness in obeying y^e commands, here it is.

In gen^l then I rise at five o'Clock in the morning, read till seven — then take a walk in the garden or fields, see that the Servants are at their respective business, then to breakfast. The first hour after breakfast is spent in musick, the next is constantly employed in recolecting something I have learned, least for want of practice it should be quite lost, such as french and short hand. After that, I devote the rest of the time till I dress for dinner, to our little polly, and two black girls who I teach to read, and if I have my papa's approbation (my mama's I have got) I intend for school mistress's for the rest of the Negroe children. Another scheme you see, but to proceed, the first hour after dinner, as the first after breakfast, at musick, the rest of the afternoon in needle work till candle light, and from that time to bed time read or write; 'tis the fashion here to carry our work abroad with us so that having company, without they are great strangers, is no interruption to y^e affair, but I have particular matters for particular days w^{ch} is an interruption to mine. Mondays my musick Master is here. Tuesday my friend M^{rs} Chardon (about 3 miles distant) and I are constantly engaged to each other, she at our house one Tuesday I at hers the next, and this is one of y^e. happiest days I spend at Wappoo. Thursday the whole day except what the necessary affairs of the family take up, is spent in

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writing, either on the business of the plantations or on letters to my friends. Every other Friday, if no company, we go a vizeting, so that I go abroad once a week and no oftener.

Now you may form some judgment of what time I can have to work my lappets. I own I never go to them with a quite easy conscience as I know my father has an aversion to my employing my time in that poreing work, but they are begun, and must be finished. I hate to undertake anything and not go thro' with it, but by way of relaxation from the other, I have begun a piece of work of a quicker sort, w^{ch} requires neither eyes nor genius, at least not very good ones, would you ever guess it to be a shrimp nett? for so it is.

O! I had like to forgot the last thing I have done a great while. I have planted a large figg orchard, with design to dry them, and export them. I have reckoned my expence and the prophets to arise from those figgs, but was I to tell you how great an Estate I am to make this way, and how 'tis to be laid out, you would think me far gone in romance. Y^r good Uncle I know has long thought I have a fertile brain at scheming, I only confirm him in his oppinion; but I own I love the vegitable world extreamely. I think it an innocent and useful amusement, and pray tell him if he laughs much at my projects, I never intend to have any hand in a silver mine, and he will understand as well as you, what I mean! Our best respects wait on him, and M^{rs} Pinckney . . .

Benjamin Franklin feels better and is glad to be at home.


(To his sister, Mrs. Mecom, from Philadelphia,

November, 1764)

. . . I FIND myself at present quite clear from pain, and so have at length left off the cold bath.

A Rogue and a Runaway

There is, however, still some weakness in my shoulder, though much stronger than when I left Boston, and mending. I am otherwise very happy in being at home, where I am allowed to know when I have eat enough and drunk enough, am warm enough, and sit in a place that I like, &c., and nobody pretends to know what I feel better than I do myself. . . .

George Washington offers his negro Tom for sale 
(To Capt. Joh. Thompson)

MOUNT VERNON, 2 *July*, 1766

SIR :
With this letter comes a negro (Tom), which I beg the favor of you to sell in any of the Islands you may go to, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return from him

One hhd of best molasses

One ditto of best rum

One barrel of lymes, if good and cheap

One pot of tamarinds, containing about 10 lbs

Two small ditto of mixed sweet meats, about 5 lbs. each.

And the residue, much or little, in good old spirits.


That this fellow is both a rogue and a runaway (tho' he was by no means remarkable for the former, and never practised the latter till of late) I shall not pretend to deny. But that he is exceeding healthy, strong, and good at the hoe, the whole neighborhood can testify, and particularly Mr. Johnson and his son, who have both had him under them as foreman of the gang ; which gives me reason to hope he may with your good management sell well, if kept clean and trim'd up a little when offered for sale.

I shall very chearfully allow you the customary commissions on this affair, and must beg the favor of you (lest he should attempt his escape) to keep him handcuffed till you

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get to sea, or in the bay, after which I doubt not but you may make him very useful to you.

I wish you a pleasant and prosperous passage, and a safe and speedy return. . . .

John Hancock can live no longer without Dolly 

PHILADELPHIA 10th *March* 1777

10 o'clock evening

MY DEAR DEAR DOLLY: My Detention at the Ferry & the badness of the Roads prevented my arriving here untill Friday Evening.

I put my things into Mr. Williams' house, and went in pursuit of lodgings. Neither Mrs. Yard nor Lucy could accommodate me. I then went to Smith's & borrowed Two Blankets & returned to my own house; soon after which, Mrs. Smith sent me up a very handsome supper, with a Table cloth, Knives & forks, plates, salt, a print of Butter, Tea, double refined Sugar, a Bowl of Cream, a Loaf of Bread &c. &c. & here I have remain'd & shall do so waiting your arrival. Indeed Mrs. Smith oblig'd me much. I however lead a doleful lonesome life. Tho' on Saturday, I dined at Dr. Shippins'. He desires his Regards. he is as lonesome as I. On Saturday I sat down to Dinner at the little table with Folger on a piece of Roast Beef with Potatoes. We drank your health with all our Baltimore friends. Last night Miss Lucy came to see me, & this morning, while I was at Breakfast on Tea with a pewter tea-spoon, Mrs. Yard came in. She could not stay to Breakfast with me. I spend my evenings at home, snuff my candles with a pair of scissors, which Lucy seeing, sent me a pair of snuffers, & dipping the gravy out of the Dish with my pewter tea spoon, she sent me a large silver spoon, and two silver tea spoons — that I am now quite rich.

An Abundance of Lies

I shall make out as well as I can, but I assure you, my Dear Soul, I long to have you here, & I know you will be as expeditious as you can. When I part from you again it must be a very extraordinary occasion. I have sent everywhere to get a gold or silver rattle for the child with a coral to send, but cannot get one. I will have one if possible on yr. coming. I have sent a sash for her & two little papers of pins for you. If you do not want them you can give them away.

However unsettled things may be I could not help sending for you as I cannot live in this way. We have an abundance of lies. The current report is General Howe is bent on coming here, another report is that the Mercht's at New York are packing their goods & putting them on board ships & that the troops are going away, neither of which do I believe. We must, however take our chances, this you may depend on, that you will be ever the object of my utmost care & attention.

I have been exceedingly busy, since I have been here, tho' have not yet made a Congress, are waiting for the South Carolina gentlemen. . . . I hope you will be able to pack up all your things quickly & have them on the way, & that you will soon follow, be careful in packing & do not leave anything behind. Let Harry see that every thing is safely stored in the waggons. I send Mr. M^c Closky, he will be very useful. . . . I was exceeding glad to hear from you & hope soon to receive another Letter. I know you will set off as soon as You can. Endeavor to make good stages. You may easily lodge at Mr. Steles' at Bush the first night. It is a good house. However I must leave those matters to you as the Road must in a great measure determine your Stages. I do not imagine there is any danger of the small-pox on the Road. Wilmington is the most dangerous, but perhaps you can order

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your stage so as not to lodge at Wilmington, but go on to Chester. I want to get somebody cleaver to accompany you. I hope to send one to you, but if I should not be able, you must make out as well as you can.

11 *March*

I will write you by the Post tomorrow. I can't add as I am now call'd on. Take good care of Lydia. I hope no accident will happen. Inclosed you have a few memo. as to pack'g, &c. which I submit to your perusal.

My best reg'ds to Mr. & Mrs. Purviance Capt Nicholson & Lady, Mr. Luce & family & indeed all friends. My love to Miss Katy, tell her to Ransack the house & leave nothing behind. The Waggoners will attend you at all times. Remember me to all in the family. May every blessing of an Indulgent providence attend you. I most sincerely wish you a good journey & hope I shall soon, very soon, have the happiness of seeing you with the utmost affection and Love. My Dear Dolly,

I am yours forever

JOHN HANCOCK

Doctor Bond call'd on me, Desir'd his compliments. He will inoculate the child as soon as it comes.

Mrs. Washington got here on Saturday. I went to see her. She told me she Drank tea with you. . . .

George Washington recounts his diurnal pursuits to
James McHenry ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MOUNT VERNON, 29 *May*, 1797

DEAR SIR,

I am indebted to you for several unacknowledged letters; but never mind that; go on as if you had them. You are at the source of information, and can find many

Respect or Curiosity?

things to relate; while I have nothing to say, that could either inform or amuse a Secretary at War in Philadelphia.

I might tell him, that I begin my diurnal course with the sun; that, if my hirelings are not in their places at that time I send them messages expressive of my sorrow for their indisposition; that, having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; and the more they are probed, the deeper I find the wounds are which my buildings have sustained by an absence and neglect of eight years; by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast (a little after seven o'clock, about the time I presume you are taking leave of Mrs. McHenry), is ready; that, this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come as they say out of respect for me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea, brings me within the dawn of candle light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve, that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing-table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought, I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next comes, and with it the same causes for postponement, and effect, and so on. . . .

John Adams bids his wife COME ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW YORK, 14 *May*, 1789

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I have received yours of the 5th. If you think it best, leave Thomas at college, but I pray you to come on

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with Charles, as soon as possible. As to the place, let my brother plough and plant as he will, as much as he will. He may send me my half of the butter, cheese, &c., here. As to money to bear your expenses, you must, if you can, borrow of some friend, enough to bring you here. If you cannot borrow enough, you must sell horses, oxen, sheep, cows, anything at any rate rather than not come on. If no one will take the place, leave it to the birds of the air and beasts of the field, but at all events break up that establishment and that household. . . .

I am, &c., tenderly,

JOHN ADAMS

President Adams invokes a blessing on the White
House ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(To his wife)

PRESIDENT'S HOUSE, WASHINGTON CITY,

2 November, 1800

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

We arrived here last night, or rather yesterday, at one o'clock, and here we dined and slept. The building is in a state to be habitable, and now we wish for your company. . . .


I have seen only Mr. Marshall and Mr. Stoddert, General Wilkinson and the two commissioners, Mr. Scott and Mr. Thornton. I shall say nothing of public affairs. I am very glad you consented to come on, for you would have been more anxious at Quincy than here, and I, to all my other sollicitudines mordaces, as Horace calls them, *i.e.*, "biting cares," should have added a great deal on your account. Besides, it is fit and proper that you and I should retire together, and not one before the other. Before I end my letter, I pray heaven to bestow the best of blessings on this house, and on all that shall hereafter in-

No Great Comfort

habit it. May none but honest and wise men ever rule under this roof! . . .

I am, with unabated confidence and affection, your

JOHN ADAMS

But Mrs. Adams finds the house inconvenient 

(To her daughter)

WASHINGTON, 21 *November*, 1800

MY DEAR CHILD,

I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide, or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide, to extricate us out of our difficulty; but woods are all you see, from Baltimore until you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to parlours and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged



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to keep to secure us from daily agues is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits, — but such a place as Georgetown appears, — why, our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons; — if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. . . .

You must keep all this to yourself, and, when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Bresler came. We have not the least fence, yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience-room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. . . .

Thomas comes in and says a House is made; so to-morrow, though Saturday, the President will meet them. Adieu, my dear. Give my love to your brother, and tell him he is ever present upon my mind. Affectionately your mother,

A. ADAMS


Sarah Grimké describes a quaint wedding  
. . . I MUST now give thee some account of my dear sister's marriage, which probably thou hast already heard of. Her precious husband is emphatically a man of God, a member of the Presbyterian Church. Of course Angelina will be disowned for forming this connection, and I shall be for attending the marriage. We feel no

Free Utterance

regret at this circumstance, believing that the discipline which cuts us off from membership for an act so strictly in conformity with the will of God, and so sanctioned by His word as is the marriage of the righteous, must be anti-Christian, and I am thankful for an opportunity to testify against it. The marriage was solemnized at the house of our sister, Anna R. Frost, in Philadelphia, on the 14th instant [May, 1838]. By the law of Pennsylvania, a marriage is legal if witnessed by twelve persons. Neither clergyman nor magistrate is required to be present. Angelina could not conscientiously consent to be married by a clergyman, and Theodore D. Weld cheerfully consented to have the marriage solemnized in such manner as comported with her views. We all felt that the presence of a magistrate, a stranger, would be unpleasant to us at such a time, and we therefore concluded to invite such of our friends as we desired, and have the marriage solemnized as a religious act, in a religious and social meeting. Neither Theodore nor Angelina felt as if they could bind themselves to any preconceived form of words, and accordingly uttered such as the Lord gave them at the moment. Theodore addressed Angelina in a solemn and tender manner. He alluded to the unrighteous power vested in a husband by the laws of the United States over the person and property of his wife, and he abjured all authority, all government, save the influence which love would give to them over each other as moral and immortal beings. I would give much could I recall his words, but I cannot. Angelina's address to him was brief but comprehensive, containing a promise to honor him, to prefer him above herself, to love him with a pure heart fervently. Immediately after this we knelt, and dear Theodore poured out his soul in solemn supplication for the blessing of God on their union, that it might be

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productive of enlarged usefulness, and increased sympathy for the slave. Angelina followed in a melting appeal to our Heavenly Father, for a blessing on them, and that their union might glorify Him, and then asked His guidance and over-shadowing love through the rest of their pilgrimage. A colored Presbyterian minister then prayed, and was followed by a white one, and then I felt as if I could not restrain the language of praise and thanksgiving to Him who had condescended to be in the midst of this marriage feast, and to pour forth abundantly the oil and wine of consolation and rejoicing. The Lord Jesus was the first guest invited to be present, and He condescended to bless us with His presence, and to sanction and sanctify the union which was thus consummated. The certificate was then read by William Lloyd Garrison, and was signed by the company. The evening was spent in pleasant social intercourse. Several colored persons were present, among them two liberated slaves, who formerly belonged to our father, had come by inheritance to sister Anna, and had been freed by her. They were our invited guests, and we thus had an opportunity to bear our testimony against the horrible prejudice which prevails against colored persons, and the equally awful prejudice against the poor. . . .

Showing that the couple lived happily ever after 

(Mrs. Weld to Miss Grimké, *Sept.*, 1838)

. . . **W**E have just come up from our evening meal, my beloved sister, and are sitting in our little study, for a while before taking our moonlight ramble on the river bank. After thou left us, I cleared up the dishes, and then swept the house; got down to the kitchen just in time for dinner, which, though eaten alone,

Burnt Apples

was, I must confess, very much relished, for exercise gives a good appetite, thou knowest. I then set my beans to boil whilst I dusted, and was upstairs waiting, ready dressed, for the sound of the "Echo's" piston. Soon I heard it, and blew my whistle, which was *not* responded to, and I began to fear my Theodore was not on board. But I blew again, and the glad response came merrily over the water, and I thought I saw him. In a little while he came, and gave me all your parting messages. On Second Day the weather was almost cold, and we were glad to take a run at noon up the Palisades and sun ourselves on the rock at the first opening. Returning, we gathered some field beans, and some apples for stewing, as our fruit was nearly out. In the evening it was so cool that we thought a fire would be more comfortable, so we sat in the kitchen, paring apples, shelling beans, and talking over the Bible argument [against slavery]; and, as we had a fire, I thought we had better stew the apples at once. This was done to save time the next day, but I burnt them sadly. However, thou knowest they were just as nice to our Theodore, who *never* complains of anything. Third Day evening we took a walk up the Palisades. The moon shone most beautifully, throwing her mantle of light all abroad over the blue arch of heaven, the gently flowing river, and the woods and vales around us. I could not help thinking, if earth was so lovely and bright, what must be the glories of that upper Temple which needeth not the light of the sun or of the moon. O sister, shall we ever wash our robes so white in the blood of the Lamb as to be clean enough to enter that pure and holy Temple of the Most High? We returned to our dear little home, and went to bed by the lamp of heaven; for we needed no other, so brightly did she shine through our windows. We remembered thee, dear

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sister, in our little seasons of prayer at the opening and closing of each day. We pray the Lord to bring thee back to us in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, and to make our house a *home* to thy weary, tossed, afflicted spirit. We feel it a great blessing to have thee under our roof. Thy room looks very desolate; for, though the sun shines brightly in it, I find, after all, *thou* art the light of it. . . .

The "delectable way of life" at Brook Farm ~ ~
(To Louisa Hawthorne)

BROOK FARM, WEST ROXBURY, *May 3, 1841*

AS the weather precludes all possibility of ploughing, hoeing, sowing, and other such operations, I bethink me that you may have no objections to hear something of my whereabouts and whatabout. You are to know, then, that I took up my abode here on the 12th ultimo, in the midst of a snow-storm, which kept us all idle for a day or two. At the first glimpse of fair weather, Mr. Ripley summoned us into the cow-yard, and introduced me to an instrument with four prongs, commonly entitled a dung-fork. With this tool I have already assisted to load twenty or thirty carts of manure, and shall take part in loading nearly three hundred more. Besides, I have planted potatoes and pease, cut straw and hay for the cattle, and done various other mighty works. This very morning I milked three cows, and I milk two or three every night and morning. The weather has been so unfavorable that we have worked comparatively little in the fields; but, nevertheless, I have gained strength wonderfully,—grown quite a giant, in fact,—and can do a day's work without the slightest inconvenience. In short, I am transformed into a complete farmer.

Transcendental Farming

This is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw in my life, and as secluded as if it were a hundred miles from any city or village. There are woods, in which we can ramble all day without meeting anybody or scarcely seeing a house. Our house stands apart from the main road, so that we are not troubled even with passengers looking at us. Once in a while we have a transcendental visitor, such as Mr. Alcott; but generally we pass whole days without seeing a single face, save those of the brethren. The whole fraternity eat together; and such a delectable way of life has never been seen on earth since the days of the early Christians. We get up at half-past four, breakfast at half-past six, dine at half-past twelve, and go to bed at nine.

The thin frock which you made for me is considered a most splendid article, and I should not wonder if it were to become the summer uniform of the Community. I have a thick frock, likewise; but it is rather deficient in grace, though extremely warm and comfortable. I wear a tremendous pair of cowhide boots, with soles two inches thick, — of course, when I come to see you I shall wear my farmer's dress.

. . . I would write more, but William Allen is going to the village, and must have this letter, so good-by.

NATH. HAWTHORNE, *Ploughman*.

Mr. Hawthorne gets breakfast ~ ~ ~ ~

(Mrs. Hawthorne to her mother, from the Manse,
Concord)

December 27, 1843

. . . WE had a most enchanting time during Mary the cook's holiday sojourn in Boston. We remained in our bower undisturbed by mortal creature. Mr. Haw-

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thorne took the new phasis of housekeeper, and, with that marvellous power of adaptation to circumstances that he possesses, made everything go easily and well. He rose betimes in the mornings, and kindled fires in the kitchen and breakfast-room, and by the time I came down, the tea-kettle boiled, and potatoes were baked and rice cooked, and my lord sat with a book, superintending. Just imagine that superb head peeping at the rice or examining the potatoes with the air and port of a monarch! And that *angelico riso* on his face, lifting him clean out of culinary scenes into the arc of the gods. It was a magnificent comedy to watch him, so ready and willing to do these things to save me an effort, and at the same time so superior to it all, and heroical in aspect, — so unconsonant to what was about him. I have a new sense of his universal power from this novel phasis of his life. It seems as if there were no side of action to which he is not equal, — at home among the stars, and, for my sake, patient and effective over a cooking-stove.

Our breakfast was late, because we concluded to have only breakfast and dinner. After breakfast, I put the beloved study into very nice order, and, after establishing him in it, proceeded to make smooth all things below. When I had come to the end of my labors, my dear lord insisted on my sitting with him; so I sat by him and sewed, while he wrote, with now and then a little discourse; and this was very enchanting. At about one, we walked to the village; after three, we dined. On Christmas day we had a truly Paradisiacal dinner of preserved quince and apple, dates, and bread and cheese, and milk. The washing of dishes took place in the mornings; so we had our beautiful long evenings from four o'clock to ten. . . .

Little Una Sleeps

Mrs. Hawthorne tells her mother that the baby sleeps
and smiles ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

April 4, 1844

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — *I have no time,* — as you may imagine. I am baby's tire-woman, handmaiden, and tender, as well as nursing mother. My husband relieves me with her constantly, and gets her to sleep beautifully. I look upon him with wonder and admiration. He is with me all the time when he is not writing or exercising. I do not think I shall have any guests this spring and summer, for I cannot leave Baby a minute to enact hostess; it is a sweet duty that must take precedence of all others.

Wednesday — Dearest mother, little Una sleeps. —

Thursday — Dearest mother, yesterday little Una *waked* also, and I had to go to her. But she sleeps again this morning. She smiles and smiles and smiles, and makes grave remarks in a dovelike voice. Her eyelashes are longer every morning, and bid fair to be, as Cornelia said Mr Hawthorne's were, "a mile long and curled up at the end." Her mouth is sweetly curved, and, as Mary the cook prettily says, "it has so many lovely *stirs* in it." Her hands and fingers — ye stars and gods!

In spite of the heat, George William Curtis succeeds
in writing poetry ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To John S. Dwight)

CONCORD, *June* 26th, 1844

THESE are Tophetic times. I doubt if the sturdy faith of those heroes, Shadrach and co., would carry them through this fervor unliquefied. Their much vaunted

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furnace was but a cool retreat where thoughts of great-coats were possible, compared with this. And if that nether region of whose fires so much is sung by poets and other men possessed, can offer hotter heats, let them be produced. Those Purgatorial ardensities for the gentle suggestion of torment to their shades can have little in common with these perspiration-compelling torridities. Why does not some ingenious Yankee improve such times for the purchase, at a ruinous discount, of all thick clothes? I tremble lest some one should offer me an ice-cream for my best woollens! Is it human to resist such an offer? Does it not savor something of Devildom, and a too great familiarity with that lower Torrid Zone, to entertain such a proposition coolly? when such a word grows suddenly obsolete in such seasons? If I venture to move, such an atmosphere of heat is created immediately around my body that all cool breezes (if the imagination is competent to such a conception) are like arid airs when they reach my mouth. Perhaps we are tending to those final, fiery days of which Miller is a prophet. We are slowly sinking, perhaps, from heat to heat, until entire rarefaction and evanishment in imperceptible vapor ensues; and so the great experiment of a world may end in smoke, as many minor ones have ended. If it were not so hot, I should love to think about these things.

June 28th. So far I had proceeded on the afternoon I returned to Concord. When I desisted I supposed I had inscribed my final manuscript, and that only a cinder would be found sitting over it when some one should enter. Yet by the Providence of God I am preserved for the experience of greater heats. I did not know before what was the capacity of endurance of the human frame. I begin to suspect we are of nearer kin to the Salamander than our pride will allow; and since Devils only are

Melting Poetry

admitted to nether fire, I begin to lapse into the credence of total depravity!! Reflect upon my deplorable condition! As Shelley's body, when lifeless, was caused to disappear in flames and smoke, so may mine before its tenant is departed. Was it not prophetic that on Sunday afternoon the following lines came to me while thinking of that poet?

SHELLEY

A smoke that delicately curled to heaven,
Mingling its blueness with the infinite blue,
So to the air the faded form was given,
So unto fame the gentle spirit grew.

And as Shelley and Keats are associated always together in my mind, immediately the Muse gave me this:

KEATS

A youth did plight his troth to Poesy.
"Thee only," were the fervent words he said,
Then sadly sailed across the foaming sea,
And lay beneath the southern sunset dead.

I was glad that once I could express what I think about those men. These will show you, but you must write your own poem upon them before you will be satisfied. Is it not so always? We cannot speak much about poets until our thought of them sings itself. . . .

My dear friend, I shall melt and be mailed in this letter as a spot if I do not surcease. May you be blessed with frigidity, a blessing far removed from my hope. Of course I must be warmly, nay, *hotly* remembered to Charles.

Yrs ever,

G. W. C.

From the "Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight,"
published by Harper & Brothers.

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George William Curtis turns farmer ~ ~ ~

(To John S. Dwight)

CONCORD, *August* 7th, 1844

MY regret at not seeing you was only lessened by the beautiful day I passed with Mr. Hawthorne. His life is so harmonious with the antique repose of his house, and so redeemed into the present by his infant, that it is much better to sit an hour with him than hear the Rev. Barzillai Frost! His baby is the most serenely happy I ever saw. It is very beautiful, and lies amid such placid influences that it too may have a milk-white lamb as emblem; and Mrs. Hawthorne is so tenderly respectful towards her husband that all the romance we picture in a cottage of lovers dwells subdued and dignified with them. I see them very seldom. The people here who are worth knowing, I find, live very quietly and retired. In the country, friendship seems not to be of that consuming, absorbing character that city circumstances give it, but to be quite content to feel rather than hear or do; and that very independence which withdraws them into the privacy of their homes is the charm which draws thither.

Mr. Emerson read an address before the antislavery "friends" last Thursday. It was very fine. Not of that cold, clear, intellectual character which so many dislike, but ardent and strong. His recent reading of the history of the cause has given him new light and warmed a fine enthusiasm. . . . It was nearly two hours long, but was very commanding. He looked genial and benevolent, as who should smilingly defy the world, the flesh, and the devil to ensnare him. The address will be published by the society; and he will probably write it more fully, and chisel it into fitter grace for the public criticism. . . .

For the last six weeks I have been learning what hard work is. Afternoon leisure is now remembered with the

Mowing and Sweating

holiday which Saturday brought to the school-boy. During the haying we have devoted all our time and faculty to the making of hay, leaving the body at night fit only to be devoted to sheets and pillows, and not to grave or even friendly epistolary intercourse. Oh friends! live upon faith, say I, as I pitch into bed with the ghosts of Sunday morning resolutions of letters tickling my sides or thumping my back, and then sink into dreams where every day seems a day in the valley of Ajalon, and innumerable Joshuas command the sun and moon to stay, and universal leisure spreads over the universe like a great wind. Then comes morning and wakefulness and boots and breakfast and scythes and heat and fatigue, and all my venerable Joshuas endeavor in vain to make oxen stand still, and I heartily wish them and I back in our valley ruling the heavens and not bending scythes over unseen hassocks which do sometimes bend the words of our mouths into shapes resembling oaths! those most crooked of all speech, but therefore best and fittest for the occasional crooks of life, particularly mowing. Yet I mow and sweat and get tired very heartily, for I want to drink this cup of farming to the bottom and taste not only the morning froth but the afternoon and evening strength of dregs and bitterness, if there be any. When haying is over, which event will take place on Saturday night of this week, fair weather being vouchsafed, I shall return to my moderation. Towards the latter part of the month I shall stray away towards Providence and Newport and sit down by the sea, and in it, too, probably. So I shall pass until harvest. Where the snows will fall upon me I cannot yet say.

. . . I know you will write when the time comes, so I say nothing but that I am your friend ever. G. W. C.

From the "Early Letters of George William Curtis to John S. Dwight," published by Harper & Brothers.

The Friendly Craft

Mr. Thoreau sends Concord news to Mr. Emerson in
England ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

CONCORD, *November 14, 1847*

DEAR FRIEND, — I am but a poor neighbor to you here, — a very poor companion am I. I understand that very well, but that need not prevent my *writing* to you now. I have almost never written letters in my life, yet I think I can write as good ones as I frequently see, so I shall not hesitate to write this, such as it may be, knowing that you will welcome anything that reminds you of Concord.

I have banked up the young trees against the winter and the mice, and I will look out, in my careless way, to see when a pale is loose or a nail drops out of its place. The broad gaps, at least, I will occupy. I heartily wish I could be of good service to this household. But I, who have only used these ten digits so long to solve the problem of a living, how can I? The world is a cow that is hard to milk, — life does not come so easy, — and oh, how thinly it is watered ere we get it! But the young bunting calf, he will get at it. There is no way so direct. This is to earn one's living by the sweat of his brow. It is a little like joining a community, this life, to such a hermit as I am; and as I don't keep the accounts, I don't know whether the experiment will succeed or fail finally. At any rate, it is good for society, so I do not regret my transient nor my permanent share in it.

Lidian [Mrs. Emerson] and I make very good house-keepers. She is a very dear sister to me. Ellen and Edith and Eddy and Aunty Brown keep up the tragedy and comedy and tragic-comedy of life as usual. The two former have not forgotten their old acquaintance; even Edith carries a young memory in her head, I find. Eddy

Alcott's Arbor

can teach us all how to pronounce. If you should discover any rare hoard of wooden or pewter horses, I have no doubt he will know how to appreciate it. He occasionally surveys mankind from my shoulders as wisely as ever Johnson did. I respect him not a little, though it is I that lift him up so unceremoniously. . . .

Alcott has heard that I laughed, and so set the people laughing, at his arbor, though I never laughed louder than when I was on the ridge-pole. But now I have not laughed for a long time, it is so serious. He is very grave to look at. But, not knowing all this, I strove innocently enough, the other day, to engage his attention to my mathematics. "Did you ever study geometry, the relation of straight lines to curves, the transition from the finite to the infinite? Fine things about it in Newton and Leibnitz." But he would hear none of it, — men of taste preferred the natural curve. Ah, he is a crooked stick himself. . . . As for the building, I feel a little oppressed when I come near it. It has no great disposition to be beautiful; it is certainly a wonderful structure, on the whole, and the fame of the architect will endure as long as it shall stand. . . .

. . . It is true enough, Cambridge College is really beginning to wake up and redeem its character and overtake the age. I see by the catalogue that they are about establishing a scientific school in connection with the university, at which any one above eighteen, on paying one hundred dollars annually (Mr. Lawrence's fifty thousand dollars will probably diminish this sum), may be instructed in the highest branches of science, — in astronomy, "theoretical and practical, with the use of the instruments" (so the great Yankee astronomer may be born without delay), in mechanics and engineering to the last degree. Agassiz will ere long commence his lectures in the zoölogical department. A chemistry class has already been formed under the

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direction of Professor Horsford. A new and adequate building for the purpose is already being erected. They have been foolish enough to put at the end of all this earnest the old joke of a diploma. Let every sheep keep but his own skin, I say.

I have had a tragic correspondence, for the most part all on one side, with Miss —. She did really wish to — I hesitate to write — marry me. That is the way they spell it. Of course I did not write a deliberate answer. How could I deliberate upon it? I sent back as distinct a *no* as I have learned to pronounce after considerable practice, and I trust that this *no* has succeeded. Indeed, I wished that it might burst, like hollow shot, after it had struck and buried itself and made itself felt there. *There was no other way.* I really had anticipated no such foe as this in my career.

I suppose you will like to hear of my book, though I have nothing worth writing about it. Indeed, for the last month or two I have forgotten it, but shall certainly remember it again. Wiley & Putnam, Munroe, the Harpers, and Crosby & Nichols have all declined printing it with the least risk to themselves; but Wiley & Putnam will print it in their series, and any of them anywhere, at *my* risk. If I liked the book well enough, I should not delay; but for the present I am indifferent. I believe this is, after all, the course you advised, — to let it lie.

I do not know what to say of myself. I sit before my green desk, in the chamber at the head of the stairs, and attend to my thinking, sometimes more, sometimes less distinctly. I am not unwilling to think great thoughts if there are any in the wind, but what they are I am not sure. They suffice to keep me awake while the day lasts, at any rate. Perhaps they will redeem some portion of the night ere long.

Concord Politics

I can imagine you astonishing, bewildering, confounding, and sometimes delighting John Bull with your Yankee notions, and that he begins to take a pride in the relationship at last; introduced to all the stars of England in succession, after the lecture, until you pine to thrust your head once more into a genuine and unquestionable nebular, if there be any left. . . .

Hugh [the gardener] still has his eye on the Walden *agellum*, and orchards are waving there in the windy future for him. That's the where-I'll-go-next, thinks he; but no important steps are yet taken. . . . Unfortunately, the day after cattle-show—the day after small beer—he was among the missing, but not long this time. The Ethiopian cannot change his skin nor the leopard his spots, nor indeed Hugh—his Hugh. . . .

They have been choosing between John Keyes and Sam Staples, if the world wants to know it, as representative of this town, and Staples is chosen. The candidates for governor—think of my writing this to you!—were Governor Briggs and General Cushing, and Briggs is elected, though the Democrats have gained. Ain't I a brave boy to know so much of politics for the nonce? But I shouldn't have known it if Coombs hadn't told me. They have had a peace meeting here,—I shouldn't think of telling you if I didn't know anything would do for the English market,—and some men, Deacon Brown at the head, have signed a long pledge, swearing that they will “treat all mankind as brothers henceforth.” I think I shall wait and see how they treat me first. I think that Nature meant kindly when she made our brothers few. However, my voice is still for peace. So good-by, and a truce to all joking, my dear friend, from

H. D. T.

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James Russell Lowell considers Cambridge doings
quite as interesting as those of Italy ∞ ∞

(To William Wetmore Story)

ELMWOOD, *March* 10th, 1848

MY DEAR WILLIAM, — I begin with a cheerful confidence as near the top of the page as I can, trusting that Providence will somehow lead me through my three pages to a triumphant “yours truly” at the end. Emelyn writes in good spirits, but I cannot help suspecting a flaw somewhere. There must be not a little of the desolate island where S. M. F. is considered agreeable. It is hardly possible that pure happiness should exist so far from Cambridge. One needs not to go as far as Rome to find an attic, nor should I prefer an Italian clime to an American one. As for ruins, you have there, to be sure, plenty of them, the work of . . . Goths and other people with whom you have nothing whatever to do. But here we have an excellent ruin on Mount Benedict which we made ourselves. And, if you mention political changes, Italy has been getting herself born again ever since I can remember, and will have to be delivered by a Cæsarian operation after all. Besides, have not we ours? It is not a week since Sidney Willard was elected to our Cantabrigian Mayor’s nest in place of James D. Green. Mr. B. has been dismissed from the office as field-driver. We have two watchmen, who, I have no doubt, could put to flight the Pope’s whole civic guard. Deacon Brown has retired from business. Will not all these things be as important to the interests of mankind a hundred years hence as that Noodle VI. sits on the throne of the two Sicilies or Loafer XXI. in the grand-ducal chair of Florence? If you have your Pio Nonos, we can also

Thermometrical Satisfactions

boast our Tommy Nonose also, whom I meet every time I go to the Athenæum.

Emelyn talks of roses in blossom. For my part I think them no better out of season than green peas. I could never enter fully into these thermometrical and meteorological satisfactions. Have you had three weeks' sleighing? Have you had the thermometer at 14 below zero? Have you stored twenty thousand tons of ice? I presume you have not even so much as an ice-sickle to reap such a crop with. But I will not triumph, seeing that these are things in which I had no hand, and it is not your fault that you have no winter. We are not without our roses either, and the growth of the open air too. You should see them in Maria's cheeks — roses without a thorn, as St. Basil supposes them to have been in Eden. . . . I confess I never had any great opinion of the ancient Romans. They stole everything. They stole the land they built the Eternal City on, to begin with. Then they stole their wives, then their religion, then their art. They never invented more than one god of any consequence, as far as I know, and he was a two-faced one, an emblem of the treacherous disposition of the people. Niebuhr has proved that they made up the only parts of their history that are creditable to them. . . .

To-day, J. Q. Adams's body is received in Boston with great pomp. I am sorry that I cannot send you a programme of the procession, that you might show the Romans we can do a thing or two. The "Eastern magnificence" of the theatres is nothing to it. The corpse will be followed by one consistent politician (if he can be found) as chief mourner. The procession will consist wholly of what the newspapers call "unmingled" patriots, and will of course be very large. I have sent in a bale of moral pocket handkerchiefs for the mourners and for wads

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to the cannon. The anti-slavery feeling of New England will bring up the rear of the cortège in a single carriage. There will be present on the occasion forty last survivors of the Boston Tea-party, and fifty thousand who were in the battle of Bunker's Hill. But it occurs to me that there may possibly be some kind of humbug in Rome also; so I will leave this part of my discourse and ask you what you do for cigars? I know that the Virginian nepenthe is so much esteemed there that one of the popular oaths is "per Bacco!" but it does not follow that the plant is any better for being deified. I know that Vesuvius smokes, but do the people generally? . . .

Three letters from Louisa Alcott about the real Little Women ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

L

(To Anna Alcott)

[BOSTON,] *Thursday*, 27th, [1853 or 1854?]

DEAREST NAN,—I was so glad to hear from you, and hear that all were well.

I am grubbing away as usual, trying to get money enough to buy Mother a nice warm shawl. I have eleven dollars, all my own earnings,—five for a story, and four for the pile of sewing I did for the ladies of Dr. Gray's society, to give him as a present.

. . . I got a crimson ribbon for a bonnet for May, and I took my straw and fixed it nicely with some little duds I had. Her old one has haunted me all winter, and I want her to look neat. She is so graceful and pretty and loves beauty so much, it is hard for her to be poor and wear other people's ugly things. You and I have learned not to mind *much*; but when I think of her I long to dash out and buy the finest hat the limited sum of ten dollars can procure.

Rag-Bag Rarities

She says so sweetly in one of her letters: "It is hard sometimes to see other people have so many nice things and I so few; but I try not to be envious, but contented with my poor clothes, and cheerful about it." I hope the little dear will like the bonnet and the frills I made her and some bows I fixed over from bright ribbons L. W. threw away. I get half my rarities from her rag-bag, and she doesn't know her own rags when fixed over. I hope I shall live to see the dear child in silk and lace, with plenty of pictures and "bottles of cream," Europe, and all she longs for.

For our good little Betty, who is wearing all the old gowns we left, I shall soon be able to buy a new one, and send it with my blessing to the cheerful saint. She writes me the funniest notes, and tries to keep the old folks warm and make the lonely house in the snowbanks cosy and bright.

To Father I shall send new neckties and some paper; then he will be happy, and can keep on with the beloved diaries though the heavens fall.

Don't laugh at my plans; I'll carry them out, if I go to service to do it. Seeing so much money flying about, I long to honestly get a little and make my dear family more comfortable. I feel weak-minded when I think of all they need and the little I can do.

Now about you: Keep the money you have earned by so many tears and sacrifices, and clothe yourself; for it makes me mad to know that my good little lass is going around in shabby things, and being looked down upon by people who are not worthy to touch her patched shoes or the hem of her ragged old gowns. Make yourself tidy, and if any is left over send it to Mother; for there are always many things needed at home, though they won't tell us. I only wish I too by any amount of weeping and homesickness could earn as much. But my mite won't come amiss;

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and if tears can add to its value, I've shed my quart, — first, over the book not coming out; for that was a sad blow, and I waited so long it was dreadful when my castle in the air came tumbling about my ears. Pride made me laugh in public; but I wailed in private, and no one knew it. The folks at home think I rather enjoyed it, for I wrote a jolly letter. But my visit was spoiled; and now I'm digging away for dear life, that I may not have come entirely in vain. I didn't mean to groan about it; but my lass and I must tell some one our trials, and so it becomes easy to confide in one another. I never let Mother know how unhappy you were in S. till Uncle wrote.

My doings are not much this week. I sent a little tale to the "Gazette," and Clapp asked H. W. if five dollars would be enough. Cousin H. said yes, and gave it to me, with kind words and a nice parcel of paper, saying in his funny way, "Now, Lu, the door is open, go in and win." So I shall try to do it. Then cousin L. W. said Mr. B. had got my play, and told her that if Mrs. B. liked it as well, it must be clever, and if it didn't cost too much, he would bring it out by and by. Say nothing about it yet. Dr. W. tells me Mr. F. is very sick; so the farce cannot be acted yet. But the Doctor is set on its coming out, and we have fun about it. H. W. takes me often to the theatre when L. is done with me. I read to her all the P.M. often, as she is poorly, and in that way I pay my debt to them.

I'm writing another story for Clapp. I want more fives, and mean to have them too.

Uncle wrote that you were Dr. W.'s pet teacher, and every one loved you dearly. But if you are not well, don't stay. Come home, and be cuddled by your old

LU

Married and Gone

II

(To Anna Alcott Pratt, immediately after her marriage)

Sunday Morn, 1860

MRS. PRATT:

MY DEAR MADAM,—The news of the town is as follows, and I present it in the usual journal-esque style of correspondence. After the bridal train had departed, the mourners withdrew to their respective homes; and the bereaved family solaced their woe by washing dishes for two hours and bolting the remains of the funeral baked meats. At four, having got settled down, we were all routed up by the appearance of a long procession of children filing down our lane, headed by the Misses H. and R. Father rushed into the cellar, and appeared with a large basket of apples, which went the rounds with much effect. The light infantry formed in a semi-circle, and was watered by the matron and the maids. It was really a pretty sight, these seventy children loaded with wreaths and flowers, standing under the elm in the sunshine, singing in full chorus the song I wrote for them. It was a neat little compliment to the superintendent and his daughter who was glad to find that her "pome" was a favorite among the "lads and lasses" who sang it "with cheery voices, like robins on the tree."

Father put the finishing stroke to the spectacle by going off at full speed, hoppity-skip, and all the babes followed in a whirl of rapture at the idea. He led them up and down and round and round till they were tired; then they fell into order, and with a farewell song marched away, seventy of the happiest little ones I ever wish to see. We subsided, and fell into our beds with the new thought "Annie is married and gone" for a lullaby, which was not very effective in its results with all parties.

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Thursday we set our house in order, and at two the rush began. It had gone abroad that Mr. M. and Mrs. Captain Brown were to adorn the scene, so many people coolly came who were not invited, and who had no business here. People sewed and jabbered till Mrs. Brown, with Watson Brown's widow and baby came; then a levee took place. The two pale women sat silent and serene through the clatter; and the bright-eyed, handsome baby received the homage of the multitude like a little king, bearing the kisses and the praises with the utmost dignity. He is named Frederick Watson Brown, after his murdered uncle and father, and is a fair, heroic-looking baby, with a fine head, and serious eyes that look about him as if saying, "I am a Brown! Are these friends or enemies?" I wanted to cry once at the little scene the unconscious baby made. Some one caught and kissed him rudely; he didn't cry, but looked troubled, and rolled his great eyes anxiously about for some familiar face to reassure him with its smile. His mother was not there; but though many hands were stretched to him, he turned to Grandma Bridge, and putting out his little arms to her as if she was a refuge, laughed and crowed as he had not done before when she danced him on her knee. The old lady looked delighted; and Freddy patted the kind face, and cooed like a lawful descendant of that pair of ancient turtle doves.

When he was safe back in the study, playing alone at his mother's feet, C. and I went and worshipped in our own way at the shrine of John Brown's grandson, kissing him as if he were a little saint, and feeling highly honored when he sucked our fingers, or walked on us with his honest little red shoes, much the worse for wear.

Well, the baby fascinated me so that I forgot a raging headache and forty gabbling women all in full clack. Mrs. Brown, Sen., is a tall, stout woman, plain, but with a

A Tea Fight

strong, good face, and a natural dignity that showed she was something better than a "lady," though she *did* drink out of her saucer and use the plainest speech.

The younger woman had such a patient, heart-broken face, it was a whole Harper's Ferry tragedy in a look. When we got your letter, Mother and I ran into the study to read it. Mother read aloud; for there were only C., A., I, and Mrs. Brown, Jr., in the room. As she read the words that were a poem in their simplicity and happiness, the poor young widow sat with tears rolling down her face; for I suppose it brought back her own wedding-day, not two years ago, and all the while she cried the baby laughed and crowed at her feet as if there was no trouble in the world.

The preparations had been made for twenty at the utmost; so when forty souls with the usual complement of bodies appeared, we grew desperate, and our neat little supper turned out a regular "tea fight." A., C., B., and I rushed like comets to and fro trying to fill the multitude that would eat fast and drink like sponges. I filled a big plate with all I could lay hands on, and with two cups of tea, strong enough for a dozen, charged upon Mr. E. and Uncle S., telling them to eat, drink, and be merry, for a famine was at hand. They cuddled into a corner; and then, feeling that my mission was accomplished, I let the hungry *wait* and the thirsty *moan* for tea, while I picked out and helped the regular Anti-slavery set.

We got through it; but it was an awful hour; and Mother wandered in her mind, utterly lost in a grove of teapots; while B. pervaded the neighborhood demanding hot water, and we girls sowed cake broadcast through the land.

When the plates were empty and the teapots dry, people wiped their mouths and confessed at last that they had

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done. A conversation followed, in which Grandpa B. and E. P. P. held forth, and Uncle and Father mildly upset the world, and made a new one in which every one desired to take a place. Dr. B., Mr. B., T., etc., appeared, and the rattle continued till nine, when some Solomon suggested that the Alcotts must be tired, and every one departed but C. and S. We had a polka by Mother and Uncle, the lancers by C. and B., and an *étude* by S., after which scrablblings of feast appeared, and we "drained the dregs of every cup," all cakes and pies we gobbled up, etc.; then peace fell upon us, and our remains were interred decently. . . .

III

(To Mrs. Pratt)

MY LASS, — This must be a frivolous and dressy letter, because you always want to know about our clothes, and we have been at it lately. May's bonnet is a sight for gods and men. Black and white outside, with a great cockade boiling over the front to meet a red ditto surging from the interior, where a red rainbow darts across the brow, and a surf of white lace foams up on each side. I expect to hear that you and John fell flat in the dust with horror on beholding it.

My bonnet has nearly been the death of me; for, thinking some angel might make it possible for me to go to the mountains, I felt a wish for a tidy hat, after wearing an old one till it fell in tatters from my brow. Mrs. P. promised a bit of gray silk, and I built on that; but when I went for it I found my hat was founded on sand; for she let me down with a crash, saying she wanted the silk herself, and kindly offering me a flannel petticoat instead. I was in woe for a spell, having one dollar in the world, and scorn-

Jo's Bonnet

ing debt even for that prop of life, a "bonnet." Then I roused myself, flew to Dodge, demanded her cheapest bonnet, found one for a dollar, took it, and went home wondering if the sky would open and drop me a trimming. I am simple in my tastes, but a naked straw bonnet is a little too severely chaste even for me. Sky did not open; so I went to the "Widow Cruise's oil bottle" — my ribbon box — which, by the way, is the eighth wonder of the world, for nothing is ever put in it, yet I always find some old dud when all other hopes fail. From this salvation bin I extracted the remains of the old white ribbon (used up, as I thought, two years ago), and the bits of black lace that have adorned a long line of departed hats. Of the lace I made a dish, on which I thriftily served up bows of ribbon, like meat on toast. Inside put the lace bow, which adorns my form anywhere when needed. A white flower A.H. gave me satirically on the brim, — fearfully unbecoming, but pretty in itself, and in keeping. Strings are yet to be evolved from chaos. I feel that they await me somewhere in the dim future. Green ones *pro tem.* hold this wonder of the age on my gifted brow, and I survey my hat with respectful awe. I trust you will also, and see in it another great example of the power of mind over matter, and the convenience of a colossal brain in the primeval wrestle with the unruly atoms which have harassed the feminine soul ever since Eve clapped on a modest fig-leaf and did up her hair with a thorn for a hair pin.

I feel very moral to-day, having done a big wash alone, baked, swept the house, picked the hops, got dinner, and written a chapter in "Moods." May gets exhausted with work, though she walks six miles without a murmur.

It is dreadfully dull, and I work so that I may not "brood." Nothing stirring but the wind; nothing to see but dust; no one comes but rose-bugs; so I grub and

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scold at the "A." because it takes a poor fellow's tales and keeps 'em years without paying for 'em. If I think of my woes I fall into a vortex of debts, dish pans, and despondency awful to see. So I say, "every path has its puddle," and try to play gayly with the tadpoles in *my* puddle, while I wait for the Lord to give me a lift, or some gallant Raleigh to spread his velvet cloak and fetch me over dry shod.

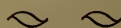
L. W. adds to my woe by writing of the splendors of Gorham, and says, "When tired, run right up here and find rest among these everlasting hills." All very aggravating to a young woman with one dollar, no bonnet, half a gown, and a discontented mind. It's a mercy the mountains are everlasting, for it will be a century before *I* get there. Oh, me, such is life!

Now I've done my Jeremiad, and I'll go on twanging my harp in the "willow tree."

You ask what I am writing. Well, two books half done, nine stories simmering, and stacks of fairy stories moulding on the shelf. I can't do much, as I have no time to get into a real good vortex. It unfits me for work, worries Ma to see me look pale, eat nothing, and ply by night. These extinguishers keep genius from burning as I could wish, and I give up ever hoping to do anything unless luck turns for your

LU

Mrs. Stowe suggests tombstones for two
(To her husband)



January, 1847

MY DEAR SOUL, — I received your most melancholy effusion, and I am sorry to find it's just so. I entirely agree and sympathize. Why didn't you engage the two tombstones — one for you and one for me? . . .

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

But, seriously, my dear husband, you must try and be patient, for this cannot last forever. Be patient and bear it like the toothache, or a driving rain, or anything else that you cannot escape. To see things as through a glass darkly is your infirmity, you know; but the Lord will yet deliver you from this trial. I know how to pity you, for the last three weeks I have suffered from an overwhelming mental depression, a perfect heartsickness. All I wanted was to get home and die. Die I was very sure I should, at any rate, but I suppose I was never less prepared to do so. . . .

Two letters showing how Mrs. Stowe kept house and wrote books ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

(To Mrs. George Beecher)

MY DEAR SISTER, — Is it really true that snow is on the ground and Christmas coming, and I have not written unto thee, most dear sister? No, I don't believe it! I haven't been so naughty — it's all a mistake — yes, written I must have — and written I have, too — in the night-watches as I lay on my bed — such beautiful letters — I wish you had only received them; but by day it has been hurry, hurry, hurry, and drive, drive, drive! or else the calm of a sick-room, ever since last spring.

I put off writing when your letter first came, because I meant to write you a long letter, — a full and complete one; and so days slid by, — and became weeks, — and my little Charley came . . . etc., and etc.!!! Sarah, when I look back, I wonder at myself, not that I forget any one thing that I should remember, but that I have remembered anything. From the time that I left Cincinnati with my children to come forth to a country that I knew not of almost to the present time, it has seemed as if I could

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scarcely breathe, I was so pressed with care. My head dizzy with the whirl of railroads and steamboats; then ten days' sojourn in Boston, and a constant toil and hurry in buying my furniture and equipments; and then landing in Brunswick in the midst of a drizzly, inexorable northeast storm, and beginning the work of getting in order a deserted, dreary, damp old house. All day long running from one thing to another, as, for example, thus:—

“Mrs. Stowe, how shall I make this lounge, and what shall I cover the back with first?”

Mrs. Stowe. “With the coarse cotton in the closet.”

Woman. “Mrs. Stowe, there isn't any more soap to clean the windows.”

Mrs. Stowe. “Where shall I get soap?”

“Here, H., run up to the store and get two bars.”

“There is a man below wants to see Mrs. Stowe about the cistern. Before you go down, Mrs. Stowe, just show me how to cover this round end of the lounge.”

“There's a man up from the depot, and he says that a box has come for Mrs. Stowe, and it's coming up to the house; will you come down and see about it?”

“Mrs. Stowe, don't go till you have shown the man how to nail that carpet in the corner. He's nailed it all crooked; what shall he do? The black thread is all used up, and what shall I do about putting gimp on the back of that sofa? Mrs. Stowe, there is a man come with a lot of pails and tinware from Furbish; will you settle the bill now?”

“Mrs. Stowe, here is a letter just come from Boston inclosing that bill of lading; the man wants to know what he shall do with the goods. If you will tell me what to say, I will answer the letter for you.”

“Mrs. Stowe, the meat-man is at the door. Hadn't we better get a little beefsteak, or something, for dinner?”

Direful Forebodings

“Shall Hatty go to Boardman’s for some more black thread?”

“Mrs. Stowe, this cushion is an inch too wide for the frame. What shall we do now?”

“Mrs. Stowe, where are the screws of the black walnut bedstead?”

“Here’s a man has brought in these bills for freight. Will you settle them now?”

“Mrs. Stowe, I don’t understand using this great needle. I can’t make it go through the cushion; it sticks in the cotton.”

Then comes a letter from my husband, saying he is sick abed, and all but dead; don’t ever expect to see his family again; wants to know how I shall manage, in case I am left a widow; knows we shall get in debt and never get out; wonders at my courage; thinks I am very sanguine; warns me to be prudent, as there won’t be much to live on in case of his death, etc., etc., etc. I read the letter and poke it into the stove, and proceed. . . .

Some of my adventures were quite funny; as for example: I had in my kitchen-elect no sink, cistern, or any other water privileges, so I bought at the cotton factory two of the great hogsheads they bring oil in, which here in Brunswick are often used for cisterns, and had them brought up in triumph to my yard, and was congratulating myself on my energy, when lo and behold! it was discovered that there was no cellar door except one in the kitchen, which was truly a strait and narrow way, down a long pair of stairs. Hereupon, as saith John Bunyan, I fell into a muse,—how to get my cisterns into my cellar. In days of chivalry I might have got a knight to make me a breach through the foundation walls, but that was not to be thought of now, and my oil hogsheads, standing disconsolately in the yard, seemed to reflect no great credit on my foresight. In this strait I

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fell upon a real honest Yankee cooper, whom I besought, for the reputation of his craft and mine, to take my hogsheads to pieces, carry them down in staves, and set them up again, which the worthy man actually accomplished one fair summer forenoon, to the great astonishment of "us Yankees." When my man came to put up the pump, he stared very hard to see my hogsheads thus translated and standing as innocent and quiet as could be in the cellar, and then I told him, in a very mild, quiet way, that I got 'em taken to pieces and put together,—just as if I had been always in the habit of doing such things. Professor Smith came down and looked very hard at them and then said, "Well, nothing can beat a willful woman." Then followed divers negotiations with a very clever, but (with reverence) somewhat lazy gentleman of jobs, who occupieth a carpenter's shop opposite to mine. This same John Titcomb, my very good friend, is a character peculiar to Yankeedom. He is part owner and landlord of the house I rent, and connected by birth with all the best families in town; a man of real intelligence, and good education, a great reader, and quite a thinker. Being of an ingenious turn, he does painting, gilding, staining, upholstery jobs, varnishing, all in addition to his primary trade of carpentry. But he is a man studious of ease, and fully possessed with the idea that man wants but little here below; so he boards himself in his workshop on crackers and herring, washed down with cold water, and spends his time working, musing, reading new publications, and taking his comfort. In his shop you shall see a joiner's bench, hammers, planes, saws, gimlets, varnish, paint, picture frames, fence posts, rare old china, one or two fine portraits of his ancestry, a bookcase full of books, the tooth of a whale, an old spinning wheel and spindle, a lady's parasol frame, a church lamp to be mended, in short, Henry says Mr. Titcomb's

An Odd-Job Man

shop is like the ocean; there is no end to the curiosities in it.

In all my moving and fussing, Mr. Titcomb has been my right-hand man. Whenever a screw was loose, a nail to be driven, a lock mended, a pane of glass set, — and these cases were manifold — he was always on hand. But my sink was no fancy job, and I believe nothing but a very particular friendship would have moved him to undertake it. So this same sink lingered in a precarious state for some weeks, and when I had *nothing else to do*, I used to call and do what I could in the way of enlisting the good man's sympathies in its behalf.

How many times I have been in and seated myself in one of the old rocking-chairs, and talked first of the news of the day, the railroad, the last proceedings in Congress, the probabilities about the millennium, and thus brought the conversation by little and little round to my sink! . . . because, till the sink was done, the pump could not be put up, and we couldn't have any rain-water. Sometimes my courage would quite fail me to introduce the subject, and I would talk of everything else, turn and get out of the shop, and then turn back as if a thought had just struck my mind, and say: —

“Oh, Mr. Titcomb! about that sink?”

“Yes, ma'am, I was thinking about going down street this afternoon to look out stuff for it.”

“Yes, sir, if you would be good enough to get it done as soon as possible; we are in great need of it.”

“I think there's no hurry. I believe we are going to have a dry time now, so that you could not catch any water, and you won't need a pump at present.”

These negotiations extended from the first of June to the first of July, and at last my sink was completed, and so also was a new house spout, concerning which I had

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had divers communings with Deacon Dunning of the Baptist church. Also during this time good Mrs. Mitchell and myself made two sofas, or lounges, a barrel chair, divers bedspreads, pillow cases, pillows, bolsters, mattresses; we painted rooms; we revarnished furniture; we — what *didn't* we do?

Then came on Mr. Stowe; and then came the eighth of July and my little Charley. I was really glad for an excuse to lie in bed, for I was full tired, I can assure you. Well, I was what folks call very comfortable for two weeks when my nurse had to leave me. . . .

During this time I have employed my leisure hours in making up my engagements with newspaper editors. I have written more than anybody, or I myself, would have thought. I have taught an hour a day in our school, and I have read two hours every evening to the children. The children study English history in school, and I am reading Scott's historical novels in their order. To-night I finish the "Abbot"; shall begin "Kenilworth" next week; yet I am constantly pursued and haunted by the idea that I don't do anything. Since I began this note I have been called off at least a dozen times; once for the fish-man to buy a codfish; once to see a man who had brought me some barrels of apples; once to see a bookman; then to Mrs. Upham, to see about a drawing I promised to make for her; then to nurse the baby; then into the kitchen to make a chowder for dinner; and now I am at it again, for nothing but deadly determination enables me ever to write; it is rowing against wind and tide.

I suppose you think now I have begun, I am never going to stop, and, in truth, it looks like it; but the spirit moves now and I must obey.

Christmas is coming, and our little household is all

A Little Bit of a Woman

alive with preparations; every one collecting their little gifts with wonderful mystery and secrecy. . . .

To tell the truth, dear, I am getting tired; my neck and back ache, and I must come to a close.

Your ready kindness to me in the spring I felt very much; and *why* I did not have the sense to have sent you one line just by way of acknowledgment, I'm sure I don't know; I felt just as if I had, till I awoke, and behold! I had not. But, my dear, if my wits are somewhat wool-gathering and unsettled, my heart is as true as a star. I love you, and have thought of you often. . . .

Affectionately yours,

H. STOWE

II

(To Mrs. Follen)

ANDOVER, *February 16*, [1853]

MY DEAR MADAM,—I hasten to reply to your letter, to me the more interesting that I have long been acquainted with you, and during all the nursery part of my life made daily use of your poems for children.

I used to think sometimes in those days that I would write to you, and tell you how much I was obliged to you for the pleasure which they gave us all.

So you want to know something about what sort of a woman I am! Well, if this is any object, you shall have statistics free of charge. To begin, then, I am a little bit of a woman,—somewhat more than forty, about as thin and dry as a pinch of snuff; never very much to look at in my best days, and looking like a used-up article now.

I was married when I was twenty-five years old to a man rich in Greek and Hebrew, Latin and Arabic, and, alas! rich in nothing else. When I went to housekeeping, my entire stock of china for parlor and kitchen was bought for

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eleven dollars. That lasted very well for two years, till my brother was married and brought his bride to visit me. I then found, on review, that I had neither plates nor teacups to set a table for my father's family; wherefore I thought it best to reinforce the establishment by getting me a tea-set that cost ten dollars more, and this, I believe, formed my whole stock in trade for some years.

But then I was abundantly enriched with wealth of another sort.

I had two little curly-headed twin daughters to begin with, and my stock in this line has gradually increased, till I have been the mother of seven children, the most beautiful and the most loved of whom lies buried near my Cincinnati residence. It was at his dying bed and at his grave that I learned what a poor slave mother may feel when her child is torn away from her. In those depths of sorrow which seemed to me immeasurable, it was my only prayer to God that such anguish might not be suffered in vain. There were circumstances about his death of such peculiar bitterness, of what seemed almost cruel suffering, that I felt that I could never be consoled for it unless this crushing of my own heart might enable me to work out some great good to others. . . .

I allude to this here because I have often felt that much that is in that book ("Uncle Tom") had its root in the awful scenes and bitter sorrows of that summer. It has left now, I trust, no trace on my mind except a deep compassion for the sorrowful, especially for mothers who are separated from their children.

During long years of struggling with poverty and sickness, and a hot, debilitating climate, my children grew up around me. The nursery and the kitchen were my principal fields of labor. Some of my friends, pitying my trials, copied and sent a number of little sketches from my

The Philosopher's Stone

pen to certain liberally paying "Annuals" with my name. With the first money that I earned in this way I bought a feather-bed ! for as I had married into poverty and without a dowry, and as my husband had only a large library of books and a great deal of learning, the bed and pillows were thought the most profitable investment. After this I thought that I had discovered the philosopher's stone. So when a new carpet or mattress was going to be needed, or when, at the close of the year, it began to be evident that my family accounts, like poor Dora's, "wouldn't add up," then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, "Now, if you will keep the babies and attend to the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and then we shall be out of the scrape." So I became an author, — very modest at first, I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to the pieces by way of getting up a reputation. . . . One thing I must say with regard to my life at the West, which you will understand better than many English women could.

I lived two miles from the city of Cincinnati, in the country, and domestic service, not always you know to be found in the city, is next to an impossibility to obtain in the country, even by those who are willing to give the highest wages ; so what was to be expected for poor me, who had very little of this world's goods to offer ?

Had it not been for my inseparable friend Anna, a noble-hearted English girl, who landed on our shores in destitution and sorrow, and clove to me as Ruth to Naomi, I had never lived through all the trials which this uncertainty and want of domestic service imposed on both ; you may imagine, therefore, how glad I was when, our seminary property being divided out into small lots which were rented at a low price, a number of poor

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families settled in our vicinity, from whom we could occasionally obtain domestic service. About a dozen families of liberated slaves were among the number, and they became my favorite resort in cases of emergency. If anybody wishes to have a black face look handsome, let them be left, as I have been, in feeble health in oppressive hot weather, with a sick baby in arms, and two or three other little ones in the nursery, and not a servant in the whole house to do a single turn. Then, if they could see my good old Aunt Frankie coming with her honest, bluff, black face, her long, strong arms, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh, perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price, they would appreciate the beauty of black people. . . .

I am now writing a work which will contain, perhaps, an equal amount of matter with "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It will contain all the facts and documents on which that story was founded, and an immense body of facts, reports of trials, legal documents, and testimony of people now living South, which will more than confirm every statement in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." . . .

I suffer exquisitely in writing these things. It may be truly said that I write with my heart's blood. Many times in writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I thought my health would fail utterly; but I prayed earnestly that God would help me till I got through, and still I am pressed beyond measure and above strength.

This horror, this nightmare abomination! can it be in my country! It lies like lead on my heart, it shadows my life with sorrow; the more so that I feel, as for my own brothers, for the South, and am pained by every horror I am obliged to write, as one who is forced by some awful oath to disclose in court some family disgrace. Many times I have thought that I must die, and yet I pray

A Nice Little Room

God that I may live to see something done. I shall in all probability be in London in May: shall I see you?

It seems to me so odd and dream-like that so many persons desire to see me, and now I cannot help thinking that they will think, when they do, that God hath chosen "the weak things of this world."

If I live till spring I shall hope to see Shakespeare's grave, and Milton's mulberry-tree, and the good land of my fathers,—old, old England! May that day come!

Yours affectionately,

H. B. STOWE

Prairie life in the 'Forties ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Lucy Larcom to Mrs. Haskell)

LOOKING-GLASS PRAIRIE, *May 19, 1846*

DEAR SISTER ABBY,—I think it is your turn to have a letter now, so I've just snuffed the candle, and got all my utensils about me, and am going to see how quickly I can write a good long one.

Well, for my convenience, I beg that you will borrow the wings of a dove, and come and sit down here by me. There,—don't you see what a nice little room we are in? To be sure, one side of it has not got any *side* to it, because the man couldn't afford to lath and plaster it, but that patch curtain that Emeline has hung up makes it snug enough for summer time, and reminds us of the days of ancient tapestried halls, and all that. That door, where the curtain is, goes into the entry; and there, right opposite, is another one that goes into the parlor, but I shall not go in there with you, because there aren't any chairs in there; you might sit on Emeline's blue trunk, or

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Sarah's green one, though; but I'm afraid you would go behind the sheet in the corner, and steal some of Emeline's milk that she's saving to make butter of; and then, just as likely as not, you'd want to know why that square piece of board was put on the bottom of the window, with the pitchfork stuck into it to keep it from falling; of course, we shouldn't like to tell you that there's a square of glass out, and I suppose you don't know about that great tom-cat's coming in, two nights, after we had all gone to bed, and making that awful caterwauling. So you had better stay here in the kitchen, and I'll show you all the things; it won't take long. That door at the top of three steps leads upstairs; the little low one close to it is the closet door,—you needn't go prying in there, to see what we've got to eat, for you'll certainly bump your head if you do; pass by the parlor door and the curtain, and look out of that window on the front side of the house; if it was not so dark, you might see the beautiful flower-beds that Sarah has made,—a big diamond in the centre, with four triangles to match it. As true as I live, she has been making her initials right in the centre of the diamond! There's a great S, and an M, but where's the H? Oh! you don't know how that dog came in and scratched it all up, and laid down there to sun himself, the other day. We tell her there's a sign to it,—losing her maiden name so soon. She declares she won't have it altered by a puppy, though. These two windows look (through the fence) over to our next neighbor's; that's our new cooking-stove between them; isn't it a cunning one? the funnel goes up clear through Emeline's bedroom, till it gets to "outdoors." We keep our chimney in the parlor. Then that door on the other side looks away across the prairie, three or four miles; and that brings us to where we started from.

Furniture and Food

As to furniture, this is the table, where I am writing ; it is a stained one, without leaves, large enough for six to eat from, and it cost just two dollars and a quarter. There are a half dozen chairs, black, with yellow figures, and this is the rocking-chair, where we get baby to sleep. That is E.'s rag mat before the stove, and George fixed that shelf for the waterpail in the corner. The coffee-mill is close to it, and that's all. Now don't you call us rich ? I'm sure we feel grand enough.

Now, if you would only just come and make us a visit in earnest, Emeline would make you some nice corn-meal fritters, and you should have some cream and sugar on them ; and I would make you some nice doughnuts, for I've learned so much ; and you should have milk or coffee, just as you pleased ; it is genteel to drink coffee for breakfast, dinner, and supper, here. Then, if you didn't feel satisfied, we should say that it was because you hadn't lived on johnny-cakes and milk a week, as we did.

I have got to begin to be very dignified, for I am going to begin to keep school next Monday, in a little log-cabin, all alone. One of the "committee men" took me to Lebanon, last Saturday, in his prairie wagon, to be examined. You've no idea how frightened I was, but I answered all their questions, and didn't make any more mistakes than they did. They told me I made handsome figures, wrote a good hand, and spoke correctly, so I begin to feel as if I know most as much as other folks.

Emeline does not gain any flesh, although she has grown very handsome since she came to the land of "hog and hominy." Your humble servant is as fat as a pig, as usual, though she has not tasted any of the porkers since her emigration, for the same reason that a certain gentleman would not eat any of Aunt Betsy's cucumbers, — "not fit to eat." That's my opinion, and if you had seen such

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specimens of the living animal as I have, since I left home, you'd say so, too.

LUCY

The happy home of an old bachelor ∞ ∞ ∞

SUNNYSIDE, *March* 11, 1853

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY:
. . . I arrived in New York too late for the Hudson River Railroad cars, so I had to remain in the city until morning. Yesterday I alighted at the station, within ten minutes' walk of home. The walk was along the railroad, in full sight of the house. I saw female forms in the porch, and I knew the spy-glass was in hand. In a moment there was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a hurrying hither and thither. Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed woman-kind. In fact I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome. My friend Horseshoe [Mr. Kennedy], and one or two others of my acquaintance, may; but there are not many as well off in domestic life as I. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vainglory.

After all the kissing and crying and laughing and rejoicing were over, I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed home by my prime minister Robert, and my master of the house Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry yard, William. Every thing was in good order; all had been faithful in the discharge of their duties. My fields had been manured, my trees trimmed, the fences repaired and painted. I really believe more had been done in my absence than would have been done had I been home. My horses were in good condition. Dandy and Billy, the coach horses, were as sleek as seals. Gentleman Dick,

Rural Matters

my saddle horse, showed manifest pleasure at seeing me; put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and would have nibbled at my ear had I permitted it. One of my Chinese geese was sitting on eggs; the rest were sailing like frigates in the pond, with a whole fleet of white topknot ducks. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, kept more for show than use, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility; while my little terrier slut Ginger bounded about me almost crazy with delight, having five little Gingers toddling at her heels, with which she had enriched me during my absence.

I forbear to say anything about my cows, my Durham heifer, or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Suffice it to say, everything was just as heart could wish; so, having visited every part of my empire, I settled down for the evening in my elbow chair, and entertained the family circle with all the wonders I had seen at Washington. . . .

God bless you all, and make you as happy as you delight to make others. Ever yours most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes from a "dim spot of earth called Boston" ~ ~ ~ ~

(To George E. Woodberry)

MILTON, *May 14, 1892*

DEAR WOODBERRY, — This little realm — bounded on the North by "Tamerlane," and on the South, East, and West by preparations for Europe — must seem

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to you a very contracted realm indeed, compared to the great wallowing sphere in which you live, move, and have your — salary. Nevertheless, I drop you a line from this dim spot of earth called Boston. A bloated bondholder with \$1850 snatched that copy of “Tamerlane” away from me and I saw it go with tears in my eyes. I went home and wrote a misanthropic poem called “Unguarded Gates,” (July Atlantic!), in which I mildly protest against America becoming the cesspool of Europe. I’m much too late, however. I looked in on an anarchist meeting the other night, as I told you, and heard such things spoken by our “feller citizens” as made my cheek burn. These brutes are the spawn and natural result of the French Revolution; they don’t want any government at all, they “want the earth” (like a man in a balloon) and chaos. My Americanism goes clean beyond yours. I believe in America for the Americans; I believe in the widest freedom and the narrowest license, and I hold that jail-birds, professional murderers, amateur lepers (“moon-eyed” or otherwise), and human gorillas generally should be closely questioned at our Gates. Or the “sifting” that was done of old will have to be done over again. A hundred and fifty years from now, Americans — if any Americans are left — will find themselves being grilled for believing in God after their own fashion. As nearly as I can estimate it off-hand, there will be only five or six extant — the poor devils! I pity them prospectively. They were a promising race, they had such good chances, but their politicians *would* coddle the worst elements for votes, and the newspapers *would* appeal to the slums for readers. The reins of government in all their great cities and towns slipped from the hands of the natives. A certain Arabian writer, called Rudyard Kipling, described exactly the government of every city and town in the (then) United States when

Dear Little Trip

he described that of New York as being "a despotism of the alien, by the alien, for the alien, tempered with occasional insurrections of decent folk."

But to turn to important matters, I am having a bit of headstone made for Trip's¹ grave at Ponkapog. The dear little fellow! he had better manners and more intelligence than half the persons you meet "on the platform of a West-End car." *He* wasn't constantly getting drunk and falling out of the windows of tenement houses, like Mrs. O'Flarraty; *he* wasn't forever stabbing somebody in North Street. Why should he be dead, and these other creatures exhausting the ozone? If he had written realistic novels and "poems" I could understand "the deep damnation of his taking off." In view of my own mature years I will not say that "they die early whom the gods love." . . . No. 59 is to close its door on May 17, and we are to spend our time here and there, principally at Ponkapog, until the 13th of June, when we shall go to New York to sail on the 15th. . . . Mrs. T. B. is having a good time in turning our house upside down, and making it no place for a Christian to write hundred-dollar lyrics in. She insisted on having my inkstand washed, and I got a temporary divorce. . . .

I've had no word from you for ages, and now I think of it, you don't deserve so long and instructive a letter as this, and so I'll end it.

Affectionately yours,

T. B. A.

¹ his dog.

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The beauty that ever is on land and sea ~ ~ ~

BEVERLY, MASS., *December 15, 1867*

MY DEAR MISS INGELow, — It was very kind of you to write to me, and I can hardly tell you how much pleasure your letter gave me, in my at present lonely and unsettled life. I think a woman's life is necessarily lonely, if unsettled: the home-instinct lies so deep in us. But I have never had a real home since I was a little child. I have married sisters, with whom I stay, when my work allows it, but that is not like one's own place. I want a corner exclusively mine, in which to spin my own web and ravel it again, if I wish.

I wish I could learn to think my own thoughts in the thick of other people's lives, but I never could, and I am too old to begin now. However, there are compensations in all things, and I would not be out of reach of the happy children's voices, which echo round me, although they will break in upon me rather suddenly, sometimes.

You asked about the sea, — our sea. The coast here is not remarkable. Just here there is a deep, sunny harbor, that sheltered the second company of the Pilgrim settlers from the Mother-Country, more than two centuries ago. A little river, which has leave to be such only at the return of the tide, half clasps the town in its crooked arm, and makes many an opening of beauty twice a day, among the fields and under the hills. The harbor is so shut in by islands, it has the effect of a lake; and the tide comes up over the wide, weedy flats, with a gentle and gradual flow. There are never any dangerous "High Tides" here. But up the shore a mile or two, the islands drift away, and the sea opens gradually as we near the storm-beaten point of Cape Ann, where we can see nothing but the waves and the ships, between us and Great

Coast Flowers

Britain. The granite cliffs grow higher towards the Cape, but their hollows are relieved by little thickets of intensely red wild roses, and later, by the purple twinkling asters, and the golden-rod's embodied sunshine.

The east wind is bitter upon our coast. The wild rocks along the Cape are strewn with memories of shipwreck. Perhaps you remember Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus." The "Reef of Norman's Woe" is at Cape Ann, ten miles or so from here. About the same distance out, there is a group of islands,—the Isles of Shoals, which are a favorite resort in the summer, and getting to be somewhat too fashionable, for their charm is the wildness which they reveal and allow. Dressed up people spoil nature, somehow; unintentionally, I suppose; but the human butterflies are better in their own *parterres*. At Appledore, one of the larger of these islands, I have spent many happy days with the sister of our poet Whittier, now passed to the eternal shores,—and the last summer was there again, without her, alas! I missed her so, even though her noble brother was there! Perhaps that only recalled the lost, lovely days too vividly. I have seldom loved any one as I loved her.

These islands are full of strange gorges and caverns, haunted with stories of pirate and ghost. The old-world romance seems to have floated to them. And there I first saw your English pimpernel. It came here with the Pilgrims, I suppose, as it is not a native. It is most pleasant to meet with these emigrant flowers. Most of them are carefully tended in gardens, but some are healthily naturalized in the bleakest spots. I should so like to see the daisies—Chaucer's daisies—in their native fields; and the "yellow primrose," too. Neither of these grows readily in our gardens. I have seen them only as petted house-plants.

The Friendly Craft

I recognize some of our wild flowers in your "Songs of Seven." By the way, Mr. Niles has sent me an illustrated copy of it, and what a gem it is! But I hardly know what are especially ours. Have you the tiny blue four-petaled "Houstonia Cœrulea"?—our first flower of spring, that and the rock-saxifrage! And is October in England gladdened with the heavenly azure of the fringed gentian? And does the climbing bitter-sweet hang its orange-colored fruit high in the deep green of the pine-trees, in the autumn? The most wonderful climber I ever saw was the trumpet-vine of the West. It grew on the banks of the Mississippi, climbing to the top of immense primeval trees, bursting out, there, into great red, clarion-like flowers. It seems literally to fix a foot in the trees as it climbs,—and it has an uncivilized way of pulling the shingles off the roofs of the houses over which it is trained. I am glad that violets are common property in the world. The prairies are blue with them. How at home they used to make me feel! for they are New England blossoms too.

I wonder if you like the mountains as well as you do the sea. I am afraid I do, and better, even. It seems half disloyal to say so, for I was born here; to me there is rest and strength, and aspiration and exultation, among the mountains. They are nearly a day's journey from us—the White Mountains—but I will go, and get a glimpse and a breath of their glory, once a year, always. I was at Winnipiseogee, a mountain-girdled lake, in New Hampshire, when I saw your handwriting, first,—in a letter which told of your having been in Switzerland. We have no sky-cleaving Alps,—there is a massiveness, a breadth, about the hill scenery here, quite unlike them, I fancy. But such cascades, such streams as rise in the hard granite, pure as liquid diamonds, and with a clear little thread of music!

Argosies of Poetry

I usually stop at a village on the banks of the Pemigewasset, a small silvery river that flows from the Notch Mountains,—a noble pile, that hangs like a dream, and flits like one too, in the cloudy air, as you follow the stream's winding up to the Flume, which is a strange grotto, cut sharply down hundreds of feet through a mountain's heart; an immense boulder was lodged in the cleft when it was riven, half way down, and there it forever hangs, over the singing stream. The Sundered rocks are dark with pines, and I never saw anything lovelier than the green light with which the grotto is flooded by the afternoon sun. But I must not go on about the mountains, or I shall never stop,—I want to say something about our poets, but I will not do that, either.

Beauty drifts to us from the mother-land, across the sea, in argosies of poetry. How rich we are with old England's wealth! Our own lies yet somewhat in the ore, but I think we have the genuine metal.

How true it is, as you say, that we can never utter the best that is in us, poets or not. And the great true voices are so, not so much because they can speak for themselves, but because they are the voices of our common humanity.

The poets are but leaders in the chorus of souls,—they utter our pæans and our *misereres*, and so we feel that they belong to us. It is indeed a divine gift, the power of drawing hearts upward through the magic of a song; and the anointed ones must receive their chrism with a holy humility. They receive but to give again,—“more blessed” so. And they may also receive the gratitude of those they bless, to give it back to God.

I hope you will write to me again some time, though I am afraid I ought not to expect it. I know what it is to have the day too short for the occupations which

The Friendly Craft

must fill it, — to say nothing of what *might*, very pleasantly, too.

But I shall always be sincerely and gratefully yours,

LUCY LARCOM

IV

LITTLE MEN AND LITTLE WOMEN

The heart of a boy ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩ ∩

(Three letters from William Hamilton Gibson)

I

WASHINGTON [CONN.], *March 1, 1863*

DEAR MOTHER:

I received your letter for the first in three weeks and was as happy as a king and I am now, you may expect a letter from me every week.

Only till the latter part of this month before the Exhibition, and then comes vacation which I long for very much. Every Friday the boys act a drama; the last one was "Love in '76," and was perfectly splendid and the one before that was "Romance under Difficulties," and that was better than the last. I wish you could send me up some small dramas because I would like to read them.

The principal thing among the boys is catching mice with little box traps, (like the one that Grandpa made two or three summers ago) which we make ourselves. One of the boys took some hoopskirt and made a cage to keep his mice in and I made two and have got four traps. The boy that made the first trap made the first cage and he is a very ingenious boy his name is Charley Howard he is a nice boy and is liked throughout this whole great institution as well as the other boys too.

Cotty's Boils

It is a very unpleasant day first in the morning it snowed and next it rained and now it is snowing again and looks as if it would snow a long while it is dark dismal and foggy.

I am very sorry that Cotty has so many boils, because I can imagine how they feel but you must tell him he must try to be as patient as Job if he can. The other evening I touched the tip end of my nose to the stove pipe the stove pipe being hot burnt the tip of my nose off so now everywhere I go I am laughed at. It don't hurt me any to be laughed at if they leave my nose alone that is all I ask.

The other day I was sliding out in the grove on the ice and I slipped and fell and struck on my sore knee and now it cracks just like it did first, only it don't hurt me so much, but I guess I will get over it before long. I am known in this school by the name of Fatty and Pussy and am so used to it that I take it as my own name.

Please ask Julie and Henry if they think that they are big enough to read letters, and if they say yes tell them I will write to them you tell me in your next letter. In your answer let Hubie write as he did in one of your letters.

And now as I have written you a long letter I will stop. Sending love to you all and give them all a kiss for me.

From your aff. WILLIE

P.S. Excuse bad writing as I have a sore finger.

II

WASHINGTON, CONN., *May 21, 1864*

DEAR MOTHER :

I arrived here safely. Meeting Willie B. and Bertie B. & Mary Gunn all at Newtown in the cars. We had a very pleasant time coming up & Mrs. Gunn was

The Friendly Craft

delighted with the Tulips. Everybody noticed my diamond pin, & I tell you what!!!! They praise it up, saying & asking me how much it cost? and having me stand still, so that they might see it, once in a while. I do *stand still* & let them feast their eyes on it. Some of them ask me if it is glass set round with Gutta Percha and brass. I always tell them "yes of course." I tell you what!! I'm proud of it and *will keep it* & conform to your rules. I wear it whenever I go to school & put the guard on my shirt, so if the tie should fall off it would be held on. I suppose you remember the blue tie that you got me. I wore it up from N.Y. to here, & my rough coat rubbing against it made it look awful, bringing out all the shoddy, and making it look like down all over the tie.

When I got home I took every bit of the white stuff out & now all the boys think it looks a great deal prettier. Dear Mother I want to tell you something about that hat. It is one that I have had two winters, and I like it because it is so old. I would rather have this one than a new one, and the other is not fit to wear and doesn't fit me, so Henry may have a new one.

Mrs. Gunn thinks that I ought to have my own old hat. And she is going to try and have the other one fixed up for Henry.

Here I must stop,

I am your affectionate Son,

WILLIE

III

WASHINGTON, CONN.,

Dec. 6, 1864

MY DEAR MOTHER:

It is a very cold day, and we have just come in from out doors. We all have been playing foot ball Which is a very exciting game. However I don't play much for

Football and Lessons

the simple reason, that I am too short winded. A great many of the boys get their shins kicked, but I am very fortunate, for I have never got *mine* kicked but once and then I kicked it myself, when I *meant* to have kicked the foot-ball. At all times of the recess you can look about the green and see certain boys hopping about holding one leg up, and crying. . . .

This year I study a great many lessons, Latin, Anatomy, Book-keeping, Spelling, & Arithmetic. In Latin, I get along nicely. It seems a great deal easier this term than it ever has yet. In Anatomy I get along perfectly splendid. I know every bone in your body and the latin (or Scientific) names of them all. in book-keeping I get along nicely. In Arithmetic I am in square root and I understand it perfectly. I guess that if Mr. Gunn writes to you, he will say that I get along very well in my studies, and you can tell Father so too.

I suppose that he thinks that I idle away my time writing letters, to be sure I do write a great many letters, but I *don't* write them until all my studies are learned. now this is so. And while a person is away from home he wants to hear from his friends. All the boys write a great many letters.

Please send me some postage stamps in your letter.

Here I must stop with love to all.

I remain your aff. Son WILLIE

Thomas Gold Appleton is "pretty well worn out"
at school ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW IPSWICH, 18th *July* [1825?]

MON CHER PERE: I now undertake to write you for the first time. I shall put it in a sort of journal, beginning —

The Friendly Craft

Monday. — When you left me, I went into Mr. Newell's, and read of the water-spout, etc., in his book of curiosities. After breakfast, I drew a little of that mill-view I got of Mr. Brown; after which I mowed a little with my host, Sam, and another, but very poorly. After dinner, I helped them get in an exceeding large load; going into the barn, my head struck, very nearly, the beams, I being on top. I am as yet well pleased with my host and hostess, and hope to be contented.

Tuesday. — I went for the first time to-day to that den of tyranny a school. I recited a lesson in Sallust, and was pretty well worn out before I came home. This afternoon I stayed from school to write.

. . . I do not think school did me much good to-day, and I don't want to stay there long. I long to see you and the rest of the family, as I am rather tired of New Ipswich.

I remain, your

Ever-loving son,

T. G. APPLETON

P.S. — I hope to come home before a month is out.

Reprinted from Hale's "Life and Letters of Thomas Gold Appleton."
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But recovers after hearing "two very affecting sermons" ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW IPSWICH, *July 25th* [1825?]

MY FATHER: You cannot conceive what pleasure I felt in reading your letter. I have been much better the last two days, which I am sure you will be glad to hear. We had two very affecting sermons yesterday by a Mr. Danforth: the afternoon one was a funeral sermon; the text was, "And there is no hope." He gave a very animating description of the torments of the sinner in hell,

The Baby by the Fire

for whom there is no hope, upon whom the dark waves of eternity roll, tinged with the bitter wrath of the Almighty.








On Saturday, I had a visit from Mr. Wallace, who offered to lend me any books he had, and invited me to come over and play chess with him, and showed *beaucoup de la politesse*. I read "The Absentee," by Mrs. Edgeworth, and am reading "Clarentine." I have drawn as yet three pieces, one of them, for Sam, a scare-crow. The dog-days begin to-day, and it rains, and I feel rather dogmatic. I did not go to school this morning, but expect to this afternoon, although it rains. . . .

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A fireside picture       
(Ralph Waldo Emerson to his wife)

February 19, 1838

. . . **H**ERE sits Waldo beside me on the cricket, with mamma's best crimson decanter-stand in his hand, experimenting on the powers of a cracked pitcher-handle to scratch and remove crimson pigment. News comes from the nursery that Hillman has taught him A and E on his cards, and that once he has called T. All roasted with the hot fire, he at present gives little sign of so much literature, but seems to be in good health, and has just now been singing, much in the admired style of his papa, as heard by you only on several occasions. . . .

Margaret Fuller Ossoli and her baby keep Christmas
in Florence       

[1849]

. . . **C**HRISTMAS DAY I was just up, and Nino all naked on his sofa, when came some beautiful large toys that had been sent him: a bird, a horse, a cat,

The Friendly Craft

that could be moved to express different things. It almost made me cry to see the kind of fearful rapture with which he regarded them, — legs and arms extended, fingers and toes quivering, mouth made up to a little round O, eyes dilated; for a long time he did not even wish to touch them; after he began to, he was different with all three, loving the bird, very wild and shouting with the horse; with the cat, putting her face close to his, staring in her eyes, and then throwing her away. Afterwards I drew him in a lottery, at a child's party given by Mrs. Greenough, a toy of a child asleep on the neck of a tiger; the tiger is stretching up to look at the child. This he likes best of any of his toys. It is sweet to see him when he gets used to them, and plays by himself, whispering to them, seeming to contrive stories. You would laugh to know how much remorse I feel that I never gave children more toys in the course of my life. I regret all the money I ever spent on myself or in little presents for grown people, hardened sinners. I did not know what pure delight could be bestowed. I am sure if Jesus Christ had given, it would not have been little crosses.

There is snow all over Florence, in our most beautiful piazza. Santa Maria Novella, with its fair *loggia* and bridal church, is a carpet of snow, and the full moon looking down. I had forgotten how angelical all that is; how fit to die by. I have only seen snow in mountain patches for so long. Here it is the even holy shroud of a desired power. God bless all good and bad to-night, and save me from despair. . . .

An Exigent Schedule

Thomas Jefferson counsels his daughter Martha (aged eleven) ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I. As to the improvement of her time

ANNAPOLIS, *Nov.* 28th, 1783

MY DEAR PATSY — After four days' journey, I arrived here without any accident, and in as good health as when I left Philadelphia. The conviction that you would be more improved in the situation I have placed you than if still with me, has solaced me on my parting with you, which my love for you has rendered a difficult thing. The acquirements which I hope you will make under the tutors I have provided for you will render you more worthy of my love; and if they can not increase it, they will prevent its diminution. Consider the good lady who has taken you under her roof, who has undertaken to see that you perform all your exercises, and to admonish you in all those wanderings from what is right or what is clever, to which your inexperience would expose you: consider her, I say, as your mother, as the only person to whom, since the loss with which Heaven has pleased to afflict you, you can now look up; and that her displeasure or disapprobation, on any occasion, will be an immense misfortune, which should you be so unhappy as to incur by any unguarded act, think no concession too much to regain her good-will. With respect to the distribution of your time, the following is what I should approve:

From 8 to 10, practice music.

From 10 to 1, dance one day and draw another.

From 1 to 2, draw on the day you dance, and write a letter next day.

From 3 to 4, read French.

From 4 to 5, exercise yourself in music.

The Friendly Craft

From 5 till bed-time, read English, write, etc.

Communicate this plan to Mrs. Hopkinson, and if she approves of it, pursue it. As long as Mrs. Trist remains in Philadelphia, cultivate her affection. She has been a valuable friend to you, and her good sense and good heart make her valued by all who know her, and by nobody on earth more than me. I expect you will write me by every post. Inform me what books you read, what times you learn, and inclose me your best copy of every lesson in drawing. Write also one letter a week either to your Aunt Eppes, your Aunt Skipwith, your Aunt Carr, or the little lady from whom I now inclose a letter, and always put the letter you so write under cover to me. Take care that you never spell a word wrong. Always before you write a word, consider how it is spelt, and, if you do not remember it, turn to a dictionary. It produces great praise to a lady to spell well. I have placed my happiness on seeing you good and accomplished; and no distress which this world can now bring on me would equal that of your disappointing my hopes. If you love me, then strive to be good under every situation and to all living creatures, and to acquire those accomplishments which I have put in your power, and which will go far towards ensuring you the warmest love of your affectionate father,

TH. JEFFERSON

P.S.—Keep my letters and read them at times, that you may always have present in your mind those things which will endear you to me.

From S. N. Randolph's "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," published by Harper & Brothers.

Not a Pin Amiss

II. As to her dress

ANNAPOLIS, *Dec.* 22d., 1783

. . . **I** OMITTED in that letter to advise you on the subject of dress, which I know you are a little apt to neglect. I do not wish you to be gaily clothed at this time of life, but that your wear should be fine of its kind. But above all things and at all times let your clothes be neat, whole, and properly put on. Do not fancy you must wear them till the dirt is visible to the eye. You will be the last one who is sensible of this. Some ladies think they may, under the privileges of the *déshabillé*, be loose and negligent of their dress in the morning. But be you, from the moment you rise till you go to bed, as cleanly and properly dressed as at the hours of dinner or tea. A lady who has been seen as a sloven or a slut in the morning, will never efface the impression she has made, with all the dress and pageantry she can afterwards involve herself in. Nothing is so disgusting to our sex as a want of cleanliness and delicacy in yours. I hope, therefore, the moment you rise from bed, your first work will be to dress yourself in such style, as that you may be seen by any gentleman without his being able to discover a pin amiss, or any other circumstance of neatness wanting. . . .

From S. N. Randolph's "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," published by Harper & Brothers.

Aaron Burr has views on women's education  

(To his wife)

PHILADELPHIA, 15th *February*, 1793

. . . **I** RECEIVED with joy and astonishment, on entering the Senate this minute, your two elegant and affectionate letters. The mail closes in a few minutes, and

The Friendly Craft

will scarce allow me to acknowledge your goodness. The roads and ferries have been for some days almost impassable, so that till now no post has arrived since Monday.

It was a knowledge of your mind which first inspired me with a respect for that of your sex, and with some regret, I confess, that the ideas which you have often heard me express in favor of female intellectual powers are founded on what I have imagined, more than what I have seen, except in you. I have endeavored to trace the causes of this *rare* display of genius in women, and find them in the errors of education, of prejudice, and of habit. I admit that men are equally, nay more, much more to blame than women. Boys and girls are generally educated much in the same way till they are eight or nine years of age, and it is admitted that girls make at least equal progress with the boys ; generally, indeed, they make better. Why, then, has it never been thought worth the attempt to discover, by fair experiment, the particular age at which the male superiority becomes so evident? But this is not in answer to your letter ; neither is it possible now to answer it. Some parts of it I shall never answer. Your allusions to departed angels I think in bad taste.

I do not like Theo.'s indolence, or the apologies which are made for it. Have my directions been pursued with regard to her Latin and geography?

Your plan and embellishment of my mode of life are fanciful, are flattering, and inviting. We will endeavour to realize some of it. Pray continue to write, if you can do it with impunity. I bless Sir J., who, with the assistance of Heaven, has thus far restored you.

In the course of this scrawl I have been several times called to vote, which must apologize to you for its incoherence. Adieu,

A. BURR

An Eye of Criticism

And puts them into practice on Theodosia ~ ~

I

PHILADELPHIA, 7th *January*, 1794

WHEN your letters are written with tolerable spirit and correctness, I read them two or three times before I perceive any fault in them, being wholly engaged with the pleasure they afford me; but, for your sake, it is necessary that I should also peruse them with an eye of criticism. The following are the only misspelled words. You write *acurate* for *accurate*; *laudnam* for *laudanum*; *intirely* for *entirely*; this last word, indeed, is spelled both ways, but *entirely* is the most usual and the most proper.

Continue to use all these words in your next letter, that I may see that you know the true spelling. And tell me what is laudanum? Where and how made? And what are its effects?

—“It was what she had long wished for, and was at a loss how to procure *it*.”

Don't you see that this sentence would have been perfect and much more elegant without the last *it*? Mr. Leshlie will explain to you why. By-the-by, I took the liberty to erase the redundant *it* before I showed the letter.

I am extremely impatient for your farther account of mamma's health. The necessity of laudanum twice a day is a very disagreeable and alarming circumstance. Your letter was written a week ago, since which I have no account. I am just going to the Senate Chamber, where I hope to meet a journal and letter.

Affectionately,

A. BURR

The Friendly Craft

II

PHILADELPHIA, 17th *September*, 1795

. . . I AM sorry, very sorry that you are obliged to submit to some reproof. Indeed, I fear that your want of attention and politeness, and your awkward postures, require it. As you appear desirous to get rid of these bad habits, I hope you will soon afford no room for ill-nature itself to find fault with you — I mean in these particulars; for as to what regards your heart and motives of action, I know them to be good, amiable, and pure. But to return to the subject of manners, &c. I have often seen Madame at table, and other situations, pay you the utmost attention; offer you twenty civilities, while you appeared scarcely sensible that she was speaking to you; or, at the most, replied with a cold *remercie*, without even a look of satisfaction or complacency. A moment's reflection will convince you that this conduct will be naturally construed into arrogance; as if you thought that all attention was *due* to you, and as if you felt above showing the least to anybody. I know that you abhor such sentiments, and that you are incapable of being actuated by them. Yet you expose yourself to the censure without intending or knowing it. I believe you will in future avoid it. Observe how Natalie replies to the smallest civility which is offered to her.

Your habit of stooping and bringing your shoulders forward on to your breast not only disfigures you, but is alarming on account of the injury to your health. The continuance in this vile habit will certainly produce a consumption: then farewell papa; farewell pleasure; farewell life! This is no exaggeration; no fiction to excite your apprehensions. But, setting aside this distressing consideration, I am astonished that you have no more pride in

Grave Pages

your appearance. You will certainly stint your growth and disfigure your person.

Receive with calmness every reproof, whether made kindly or unkindly; whether just or unjust. Consider within yourself whether there has been no cause for it. If it has been groundless and unjust, nevertheless bear it with composure, and even with complacency. Remember that one in the situation of Madame has a thousand things to fret the temper; and you know that one out of humour, for any cause whatever, is apt to vent it on every person that happens to be in the way. We must learn to bear these things; and, let me tell you, that you will always feel much better, much happier, for having borne with serenity the spleen of any one, than if you had returned spleen for spleen.

You will, I am sure, my dear Theodosia, pardon two such grave pages from one who loves you, and whose happiness depends very much on yours. Read it over twice. Make me no promises on the subject. On my return, I shall see in half an hour whether what I have written has been well or ill received. If well, it will have produced an effect.

. . . Having many letters to answer by this mail, I cannot add anything sprightly to this dull letter. One dull thing you will hear me repeat without disgust, that

I am your affectionate friend,

A. BURR

The puzzling questions of curriculum in a Select
Female Seminary



MEDFORD, *May 12, 1797*

HONORED PARENTS,
With pleasure I sit down to the best of parents to inform them of my situation, as doubtless they are

The Friendly Craft

anxious to hear, — permit me to tell them something of my foolish heart. When I first came here I gave myself up to reflection, but not pleasing reflections. When Mr. Boyd left me I burst into tears and instead of trying to calm my feelings I tried to feel worse. I begin to feel happier and will soon gather up all my Philosophy and think of the duty that now attends me, to think that here I may drink freely of the fountain of knowledge, but I will not dwell any longer on this subject. I am not doing anything but writing, reading, and cyphering. There is a French Master coming next Monday, and he will teach French and Dancing. William Boyd and Mr. Wyman advise me to learn French, yet if I do at all I wish you to write me very soon what you think best, for the school begins on Monday. Mr. Wyman says it will not take up but a very little of my time, for it is but two days in the week, and the lessons only 2 hours long. Mr. Wyman says I must learn Geometry before Geography, and that I better not begin it till I have got through my Cyphering.

We get up early in the morning and make our beds and sweep the chamber, it is a chamber about as large as our kitchen chamber, and a little better finished. There's 4 beds in the chamber, and two persons in each bed, we have chocolate for breakfast and supper.

Your affectionate Daughter

ELIZA SOUTHGATE

Rufus Choate misses his boy ~ ~ ~ ~

MY DEAR RUFUS, — Your mother and dear sisters have you so far away, that I want to put my own arm around your neck, and having whispered a little in your ear, give you a kiss. I hope, first, that you are good; and next that you are well and studious, and among the best scholars. If that is so, I am willing you

Motherly Counsel

should play every day, after, or out of, school, till the blood is ready to burst from your cheeks. There is a place or two, according to my recollections of your time of life, in the lane, where real, good, solid satisfaction, in the way of play, may be had. But I do earnestly hope to hear a good account of your books and progress when I get home. Love cousin M—, and all your school and playmates, and love the studies which will make you wise, useful, and happy, when there shall be no blood at all to be seen in your cheeks or lips.

Your explanation of the greater warmth of weather here than at Essex, is all right. Give me the sun of Essex, however, I say, for all this. One half hour, tell grandmother, under those cherished buttonwoods, is worth a month under these insufferable fervors. . . . I hope I shall get home in a month. Be busy, affectionate, obedient, my dear, only boy. Your father,

RUFUS CHOATE

Mrs. Gibbons sends love, advice, and money to her
son ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW YORK, 5th mo. 12, 1855

MY EVER DEAR WILL,

I have only time to say, this busy Anniversary week,—look after thy heart and do not lose it down East; do not let any ruffian throw thee over the Long Bridge; do not grow conservative; take care of thy eyes; go to bed early; wash thy lungs out in the morning with fresh, balmy air; inhale the fragrance of May's sweet flowers, and love us all always.

With the pure gold of warmest affection, and a soiled banknote, ever,

Thy devoted, adoring MOTHER

The Friendly Craft

No lovelorn lassie will love thee with all her love, as I do, my pride and blessing, my own and only son. May we both live always!

The unprejudiced opinions of a grandmother ~ ~

(Mrs. Benjamin Franklin to her husband, *Oct. 29, 1773*)

· **M**Y DEAR CHILD, — I have bin verey much distrest aboute you as I did not aney letter nor one word from you nor did I hear one word from aney bodey that you wrote to so I must submit and inde to submit to what I am to bair I did write by Capt. Folkner to you but he is gon down and when I read it over I did not like t and so if this donte send it I shante like it as I dont send you aney news now I donte go abrode.

I shall tell you what Consernes my selef our youngest Grand son is the foreed child as a live he has had the Small Pox and had it very fine and got abroad a gen. Capt. All will tell you aboute him and Benj. Franklin Beache, but as it is so dificall to writ I have deserd him to tell you. . . . I am to tell a verey pritey thing about Ben the Players is cume to town and they am to ackte on Munday he wanted to see a play he unkill Beache had given him a doler his mama asked him wather he wold give it for a ticket, or buy his Brother a neckles he sed his Brother a neckles he is a charmm child as ever was Borne my Grand cheldren are the Best in the world Salley will write I cante write aney mor I am your a feckshone wife.

D. FRANKLIN

The *Bouquet* of Life

The advantages of being a grandfather ∞ ∞ ∞

(James Russell Lowell to Edwin Lawrence Godkin)

ELMWOOD, 16th *July*, 1874

. . . **A**S for my grandson, he is a noble fellow and does me great credit. Such is human nature that I find myself skipping the intermediate generation (which certainly in some obscure way contributed to his begetting, as I am ready to admit when modestly argued) and looking upon him as the authentic result of my own loins. I am going to Southborough to-day on a visit to him, for I miss him woundily. If you wish to taste the real *bouquet* of life, I advise you to procure a grandson, whether by adoption or theft. The cases of child-stealing one reads of in the newspapers now and then may all, I am satisfied, be traced to this natural and healthy instinct. A grandson is one of the necessities of middle life and may be innocently purloined (or taken by right of eminent domain) on the *tabula in naufragio* principle. Get one, and the *Nation* will no longer offend any body. . . .

Dr. Channing has doubts about child study ∞ ∞

(To Miss Elizabeth Peabody)

. . . **I**NTENDED to write you a long letter, but my house is full of friends, who leave me no leisure. I thank you for your "Record," which I read with great pleasure. I have still doubts; but the *end* sought is the true one, and I earnestly desire that the experiment should be made.

I want proof that the minds of children really act on the subject of conversation, that their deep consciousness is stirred. Next, I want light as to the degree to which the mind of the child should be turned inward. The free development of the spiritual nature may be impeded

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by too much analysis of it. The soul is somewhat jealous of being watched; and it is no small part of wisdom to know when to leave it to its impulses and when to restrain it. The strong passion of the young for the outward is an indication of nature to be respected. Spirituality may be too exclusive for its own good. . . .

Such as sit in darkness ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

(Laura Bridgman to Samuel Gridley Howe)

Twenty-eight of January [1844]

MY VERY DEAR DR. HOWE :
What can I first say to God when I am wrong? Would he send me good thoughts & forgive me when I am very sad for doing wrong? Why does he not love wrong people, if they love Him? Would he be very happy to have me think of Him & Heaven very often? Do you remember that you said I must think of God & Heaven? I want you to please to answer me to please me. I have learned about great many things to please you very much. Mrs. Harrington has got new little baby eight days last Saturday. God was very generous & kind to give babies to many people. Miss Rogers' mother has got baby two months ago. I want to see you very much. I send much love to you. Is God ever ashamed? I think of God very often to love Him. Why did you say that I must think of God? You must answer me all about it, if you do not I shall be sad. Shall we know what to ask God to do? When will He let us go to see him in Heaven? How did God tell people that he lived in Heaven? How could he take care of folks in Heaven? Why is He our Father? Why cannot He let wrong people to go to live with Him & be happy? Why should He

The Spirit of Love

not like to have us ask Him to send us good thoughts if we are not very sad for doing wrong? . . .

II

(Dr. Howe to Laura Bridgman)

MY DEAR LITTLE LAURA; — Mrs. Howe has a sweet little baby; it is a little girl. We shall call her Julia. She is very smooth, and soft, and nice; she does not cry much, and we love her very, very much. You love her too, I think, do you not? But you never felt of her, and she never kissed you, and how can you love her? It is not your hands, nor your body, nor your head, which loves her and loves me, but your soul. If your hand were to be cut off, you would love me the same; so it is not the body which loves. Nobody knows what the soul is, but we know that it is not the body, and cannot be hurt like the body; and when the body dies the soul cannot die. You ask me in your letter a great many things about the soul, and about God; but, my dear little girl, it would take very much time and very many sheets of paper to tell you all I think about it, and I am very busy with taking care of my dear wife; but I shall try to tell you a little, and you must wait until I come home, in June, and we will talk very much about all these things. You have been angry a few times, and you have known others to be angry, and you know what I mean by anger; you love me and many friends, and you know what I mean by love. When I say there is a spirit of love in the world, I mean that good people love each other; but you cannot feel the spirit of love with your fingers, it has no shape nor body; it is not in one place more than another, yet wherever there are good people there is a spirit of love. God is a spirit; the spirit of love. If you go into a house, and the children tell you that their father whips them, and will

The Friendly Craft

not feed them ; if the house is cold and dirty, and everybody is sad and frightened, because the father is bad, and angry, and cruel, you will know that the father has no spirit of love. You never felt of him, you never had him strike you, you do not know what man he is, and yet you know that he has not the spirit of love, — that is, he is not a good, kind father. If you go into another house, and the children are all warm, and well fed, and well taught, and are very happy, and everybody tells you that the father did all this, and made them happy, then you know he has the spirit of love. You never saw him, and yet you know certainly that he is good ; and you may say that the spirit of love reigns in that house. Now, my dear child, I go all about in this great world, and I see it filled with beautiful things ; and there are a great many millions of people, and there is food for them, and fire for them, and clothes for them, and they can be happy if they have a mind to be, and if they will love each other. All this world, and all these people, and all the animals, and all things, were made by God. He is not a man, nor like a man ; I cannot see Him nor feel Him, any more than you saw and felt the good father of that family ; but I know that He has the spirit of love, because He, too, provided everything to make all the people happy. God wants everybody to be happy all the time, — every day, Sundays and all, and to love one another ; and if they love one another they will be happy ; and when their bodies die, their souls will live on and be happy, and then they will know more about God.

The good father of the family I spoke to you about, let his children do as they wished to do, because he loved to have them free ; but he let them know that he wished them to love each other, and to do good ; and if they obeyed his will they were happy ; but if they did not love

The Secret of Happiness

each other, or if they did any wrong, they were unhappy ; and if one child did wrong it made the others unhappy too. So in the great world. God left men, and women, and children, to do as they wish, and let them know if they love one another, and do good, they will be happy ; but if they do wrong they will be unhappy, and make others unhappy likewise.

I will try to tell you why people have pain sometimes, and are sick and die ; but I cannot take so much time and paper now. But you must be sure that God loves you, and loves everybody, and wants you and everybody to be happy ; and if you love everybody, and do them all the good you can, and try to make them happy, you will be very happy yourself, and will be much happier after your body dies than you are now.

Dear little Laura, I love you very much. I want you to be happy and good. I want you to know many things ; but you must be patient, and learn easy things first, and hard ones afterwards. When you were a little baby you could not walk, and you learned first to creep on your hands and knees, and then to walk a little, and by and by you grew strong, and walked much. It would be wrong for a little child to want to walk very far before it was strong. Your mind is young and weak, and cannot understand hard things ; but by and by it will be stronger, and you will be able to understand hard things ; and I and my wife will help Miss Swift to show you all about things that now you do not know. Be patient, then, dear Laura ; be obedient to your teacher, and to those older than you ; love everybody, and do not be afraid.

Good-bye. I shall come soon, and we will talk and be happy.

Your true friend,
DOCTOR

The Friendly Craft

III

(Phillips Brooks to Helen Keller)

LONDON, *August 3, 1890*

MY DEAR HELEN — I was very glad indeed to get your letter. It has followed me across the ocean and found me in this magnificent great city which I should like to tell you all about if I could take time for it and make my letter long enough. Some time when you come and see me in my study in Boston I shall be glad to talk to you about it all if you care to hear.

But now I want to tell you how glad I am that you are so happy and enjoying your home so very much. I can almost think I see you with your father and mother and little sister, with all the brightness of the beautiful country about you, and it makes me very glad to know how glad you are.

I am glad also to know, from the questions which you ask me, what you are thinking about. I do not see how we can help thinking about God when He is so good to us all the time. Let me tell you how it seems to me that we come to know about our heavenly Father. It is from the power of love which is in our own hearts. Love is at the soul of everything. Whatever has not the power of loving must have a very dreary life indeed. We like to think that the sunshine and the winds and the trees are able to love in some way of their own, for it would make us know that they were happy if we knew that they could love. And so God who is the greatest and happiest of all beings is the most loving too. All the love that is in our hearts comes from Him, as all the light which is in the flowers comes from the sun. And the more we love the more near we are to God and His Love.

Love is Everything

I told you that I was very happy because of your happiness. Indeed I am. So are your Father and your Mother and your Teacher and all your friends. But do you not think that God is happy too because you are happy? I am sure He is. And He is happier than any of us because He is greater than any of us, and also because He not merely *sees* your happiness as we do, but He also *made* it. He gives it to you as the sun gives light and color to the rose. And we are always most glad of what we not merely see our friends enjoy, but of what we give them to enjoy. Are we not?

But God does not only want us to be *happy*; He wants us to be *good*. He wants that most of all. He knows that we can be really happy only when we are good. A great deal of the trouble that is in the world is medicine which is very bad to take, but which it is good to take because it makes us better. We see how good people may be in great trouble when we think of Jesus who was the greatest sufferer that ever lived and yet was the best Being and so, I am sure, the happiest Being that the world has ever seen.

I love to tell you about God. But He will tell you Himself by the love which He will put into your heart if you ask Him. And Jesus, who is His Son, but is nearer to Him than all of His other Children, came into the world on purpose to tell us all about our Father's Love. If you read His words, you will see how full His heart is of the love of God. "We *know* that He loves us," He says. And so He loved men Himself and though they were very cruel to Him and at last killed Him, He was willing to die for them because He loved them so. And, Helen, He loves men still, and He loves us, and He tells us that we may love Him.

And so love is everything. And if anybody asks you,

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or if you ask yourself what God is, answer, "God is Love." That is the beautiful answer which the Bible gives.

All this is what you are to think of and to understand more and more as you grow older. Think of it now, and let it make every blessing brighter because your dear Father sends it to you.

You will come back to Boston I hope soon after I do. I shall be there by the middle of September. I shall want you to tell me all about everything, and not forget the Donkey.

I send my kind remembrance to your father and mother, and to your teacher. I wish I could see your little sister.

Good Bye, dear Helen. Do write to me soon again, directing your letter to Boston.

Your affectionate friend

PHILLIPS BROOKS

V

STUDENTS' TALES

Increase Mather considers Harvard College too small
a field for labor ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

("To the Honorable William Stoughton, Esqr., Lieut.
Governour of the Province of Massachusetts Bay")

HONOURABLE SIR,

I promised the worthy Gentlemen who acquainted me with the Proposal of the General Court concerning the removal of my Habitation from Boston to Cambridge, that I would return my Answer to your Honour. In the first place I give my humble Thanks, as to the General Assembly, so, in a special manner, to the honourable Council, and to your

1500 Souls vs. 50 Children

Honor in a most peculiar manner, for the Respect in this Motion manifested. Nevertheless, as to the thing proposed, I do not see my way clear. As to the Salary, I make no objection, although it is considerably less than what I have in Boston, through the Love and bounty of the people amongst whom God hath fixed my present abode. But the objections which are of weight with me are these; — 1. If I comply with what is desired, I shall be taken off, in a great measure at least, from my publick Ministry. Should I leave preaching to 1500 souls (for I suppose that so many use ordinarily to attend in our Congregation) only to expound to 40 or 50 Children, few of them capable of Edification by such Exercises; I doubt I should not do well. I desire (as long as the Lord shall enable me) to preach publickly every Lord's Day. And I think all the Gold in the East and West-Indies would not tempt me to leave preaching the Unsearchable Riches of Christ; which several of the Presidents of the Colledge were necessitated to desist from, because of their other work.

2. I am now (through the patience of God) grown into years, wanting but half a year of 60, and of a weak and tender Constitution of Body, not well able to endure the Hardships of the Presidentship. A younger and a stronger man would do better. *Invalidæ vires ingenium mihi.*

3. I have laboured much both in New-England, and in England to obtain a happy settlement of the Colledge. Should I at last go thither myself, the World would say, (as I hear some do say) that I sought my self in all those Endeavours. Such Reproaches will, by a Resignation of my Relation to that Society, be for ever put to Silence. One reason of my retaining my Relation to the Colledge thus long, has been because it was thought, that would facilitate

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its Charter-Settlement. Could I see that done, I should with great joy give way to another President.

4. I am satisfied that the Church to which I stand related, will not set me at liberty. Many of them say that God has made me their Spiritual Father ; and how can they consent that I should go from them ? Besides, they well know that I have had a strong Bent of Spirit to spend (and to end) the remainder of my few days in England ; and that the thing that keeps me here, now the Gospel has a free passage there, is my Love to them : for which cause they will not consent to my being discharg'd of my Office-Relation, without which I must not remove to the Colledge. For it is not fit that I should retain an Office without Discharging the Duties of that Office.

I neither will, nor have I obstructed the settlement of the Colledge in a better hand. I have often (as your Honour well knows) desired to resign my Relation to that Society. And if it will not be greivous to you, I shall to-morrow (If you please) deliver a Resignation of the Presidentship to the Senior Fellow of the Corporation, for him to call a Corporation-Meeting in order to the chusing another President. And let the Corporation doe as they would doe if I were out of the World. Thus, sir, have I taken the freedom to acquaint you with my present Inclinations, and with the Reasons thereof, which I cannot answer. Could I see them well answered to my own satisfaction (but of that I despair) I should be capable of changing my mind. Until then, and ever, I remain

Honourable Sir,

Yours to Serve

INCREASE MATHER

Decemb^r 16, 1698.

The Rising Bell

The rules and routine of Nassau Hall ~ ~ ~

Written at Nassau Hall, in PRINCETON *Novem:* 30th

Anno 1770

VERY DEAR FATHER.

Altho' I am very busy seeing I begin to study three Weeks later than the rest of our Class, yet I think it my Duty to give you Notice of my Admission to this flourishing *Seminary* of Learning; which is another grand Step towards the Summit of my Wishes; And I shall also mention as many of the Customs, as my short Acquaintance with the College & Students will allow me, & as any thing new occurs shall not fail at any time to transmit it.

Mr. *Hunter* and myself, were admitted into the junior-Class on the twenty second day of November, after a previous Examination by the president, Tutors, & some residing Graduates; Which was about three Weeks after the College-Orders began.

The Rules by which the Sholars & Students are directed, are, in my Opinion, exceedingly well formed to check & restrain the vicious, & to assist the studious, & to countenance & encourage the virtuous.

Every Student must rise in the Morning, at farthest by half an hour after five; the grammar Schollars being most of them small, & lodging also in Town at some Distance from the College, are, in Winter, excused from attending morning Prayers.

The Bell rings at five, after which there is an Intermission of half an hour, that everyone may have time to dress, at the end of which it rings again, & Prayers begin; And lest any should plead that he did not hear the Bell, the Servant who rings, goes to every Door & beats till he wakens the Boys, which leaves them without Excuse.

There are Bill-keepers in each Class, appointed gen-

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erally by the President, or in his absence by one of the Tutors, who take Notice, & set down those who are absent from Morning or evening Prays, & once every week present their Bill to the *Doctor*, or one of the Tutors, who call each delinquent, & demand their Excuse, which if it is thought sufficeant is accepted, if not they are fined, or privately admonished, & if the same person is found frequently guilty, without good reason, he receives public Admonition in the Hall for Contempt of Authority.

After morning Prays, we can, now in the Winter, study an hour by candle Light every Morning.

We breakfast at eight; from Eight to nine, is time of our own, to play, or exercise.

At nine the Bell rings for Recitation, after which we study till one, when the Bell rings for Dinner—We dine all in the same Room, at three Tables, & so we breakfast and sup:

After dinner till three we have Liberty to go out at Pleasure.

From three til' five we study, when the Bell rings for evening Prays.

We sup at seven; At nine the Bell rings for Study; And a Tutor goes through College, to see that every Student is in his own Room; if he finds that any are absent, or more in any Room than belongs there, he notes them down, & the day following calls them to an Account.

After nine any may go to bed, but to go before is reproachful.

No student is allowed, on any pretence, Sickness only excepted, to be absent on Sunday, from public Worship: We have two Sermons every Sabbath: One at eleven in the morning, in the Church; & the other at three in the Afternoon, in the College Hall. I am indeed much pleased with Dr. *Witherspoon* & think his Sermons almost inimitable.

Sabbath Evening Meetings

We rise on Sabbath mornings & have Prayers as usual.

There is a Society that meets every Sabbath Evening at six o Clock, for religious Worship; this is a voluntary Society made up of any who belong to the College, & choose to attend.

The Exercises in this Society go in the alphabetical Order of those who are willing to perform: They sing a Psalm & pray, after which a Tutor reads a Sermon & dismisses them.

About seven the supper Bell rings, immediately after which, each Class meets separately in Rooms belonging to one of themselves; The Seniors alone meet in a Room belonging to one of the Seniors; & the Juniors by themselves meet in a Room belonging to one of themselves; & in like manner do the inferior Classes. And one in each Class, as his Name comes in alphabetical Order, gives out a Psalm to be sung, & prays; after which they disperse, & retire to their respective Rooms.

I make use of the word "their" not because I do not join with my fellow-Students in these Acts of Worship, but because I seem only yet to be an Observer of their Manners.

There are upwards of an hundred now in the College including the grammar Scholars: The present Senior Class consists of Ten: the *Junior* of twenty-eight: The Sophomore of twenty five: And the Freshman of eighteen: In the School there are about twenty-five.

I am, through divine goodness, very well, & more reconciled to rising in the Morning so early than at first.

Andrew is not yet come. I fear he has concluded to stay at home.

Please to accept my humble, & sincere Regard; & give my kindest Love to my ever-dear *Mamma*.

From, Sir, your dutiful Son

P. FITHIAN

The Friendly Craft

Philip Fithian discloses the "Shameful, mean, unmanly Conduct" of sundry students ~ ~ ~

Written at PRINCETON, *Jan. 13, Anno 1772*

VERY DEAR, & MUCH RESPECTED FATHER,
Through the distinguished Kindness of Heaven, I am in good Health, & have much Cause to be delighted with my Lot. I would not change my Condition nor give up the Prospect I have before me, on any Terms almost whatever.

I am not much hurried this Winter with my Studies; but I am trying to advance myself in an Acquaintance with my fellow-Creatures, & with the Labours of the "Mighty Dead."

I am sorry that I may inform you, that two of our Members were expelled from the College yesterday; not for Drunkenness, nor Fighting, not for Swearing, nor Sabbath-Breaking. But, they were sent from this Seminary, where the greatest Pains and Care are taken to cultivate and encourage *Decency, & Honesty, & Honour*, for stealing *Hens!* Shameful, mean, unmanly Conduct!

If a Person were to judge of the generality of Students, by the Conduct of such earth-born, insatiate Helluo's; or by the detested Character of wicked Individuals, (which is generally soonest & most extensively propagated & known abroad,) how terrible an Idea must he have!

Please to remember my kind Regards to my Brothers; Sister *Becka*, and the whole Family. I feel my Heart warm with Esteem for them! but can only further, at present, write myself, dear Father, Yours,

P. FITHIAN

The President's Pears

William H. Prescott eats pears and appears *very* well
while being examined ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

BOSTON, *Aug.* 23, [1811]

DEAR FATHER,
I now write you a few lines to inform you of my fate. Yesterday at eight o'clock I was ordered to the President's, and there, together with a Carolinian, Middleton, was examined for Sophomore. When we were first ushered into their presence, they looked like so many judges of the Inquisition. We were ordered down into the parlor, almost frightened out of our wits, to be examined by each separately; but we soon found them quite a pleasant sort of chaps. The President [Dr. Kirkland] sent us down a good dish of pears, and treated us very much like gentlemen. It was not ended in the morning; but we returned in the afternoon, when Professor Ware examined us in *Grotius de Veritate*. We found him very good-natured, for I happened to ask him a question in theology, which made him laugh so that he was obliged to cover his face with his hands. At half past three our fate was decided, and we were declared "Sophomores of Harvard University."

As you would like to know how I appeared, I will give you the conversation, *verbatim*, with Mr. Frisbie, when I went to see him after the examination. I asked him, "Did I appear well in my examination?" Answer. "Yes." Question. "Did I appear *very* well, Sir?" Answer. "Why are you so particular, young man? Yes, you did yourself a great deal of credit."

I feel to-day twenty pounds lighter than I did yesterday. I shall dine at Mr. Gardiner's. Mr. and Mrs. Gardiner both say that on me depends William's going to college or not. If I behave well, he will go; if not, that he

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certainly shall not go. Mr. W. P. Mason has asked me to dine with him on Commencement Day, as he gives a dinner. I believe I shall go. As I had but little time, I thought it best to tell a long story, and write it badly, rather than a short one written well. I have been to see Mr. H—— this morning;—no news. Remember me to your fellow-travellers, C., & M., &c., &c. Love to mother, whose affectionate son I remain,

WM. HICKLING PRESCOTT

The strenuous life of a Harvard law student extolled
by Francis Parkman ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To George B. Cary)

CAMBRIDGE, *Dec.* 15, '44

DEAR GEORGE,—Here am I, down in Divinity Hall (!) enjoying to my heart's content that *otium cum dignitate* which you so affectionately admire; while you, poor devil, are being jolted in English coaches, or suffering the cramp in both legs on the banquette of a French diligence. Do you not envy me in my literary ease?—a sea-coal fire—a dressing-gown—slippers—a favorite author; all set off by an occasional bottle of champagne, or a bowl of stewed oysters at Washburn's? This is the cream of existence. To lay abed in the morning, till the sun has half melted away the trees and castles on the window-panes, and Nigger Lewis's fire is almost burnt out, listening meanwhile to the steps of the starved Divinities as they rush shivering and panting to their prayers and recitations—then to get up to a fashionable breakfast at eleven—then go to lecture—find it a little too late, and adjourn to Joe Peabody's room, for a novel, conversation, and a morning glass of madeira—while you are puckering your lips over bad *vin ordinaire* in a splendid café, and

Ambition is a Humbug

screaming *garçon* in vain hope of relief. If I am not mistaken, George, this is leading a happier life, by your own showing, than to be encountering the hard knocks and vexations of a traveller's existence. After all, man *was* made to be happy; ambition is a humbug—a dream of youth; and exertion another; leave those to Freshmen and divinities. I think the morbid tendency to unnecessary action passes away as manhood comes on; at any rate, I have never been half so quiescent as since I was qualified to vote against Polk and Dallas.

. . . And now, what are you doing; a cup of coffee at Véry's, perhaps; then a lounge, quizzing glass at eye, in the Louvre, followed by a ditto on the Italian Boulevard, and a fifty-franc dinner at the Trois Frères. What supplement shall I add to this? You will not be sorry, I dare say, to hear a word of some brethren of your *noctes ambrosianæ*, though I imagine those *noctes* do not now appear very ambrosial on the retrospect. Hale vibrates between Law and Gospel. I fear the chances are a little in favor of the Devil.

Snow is established in Graduates' Hall, with two pianos, Shelley, and a half-cask of ale. He now and then appears at the one o'clock lecture, rubbing his eyes and gaping. Clarke is here, taking boxing lessons. Ned is in town, a counter-jumper by day, and a literary character by night; on the way to make a very sensible and accomplished man. Perry has been *hunting* deer and *killing* partridges, and would fain persuade a quiet fellow like me to leave Cambridge and join him; but I preferred a pleasant fireside. Old Treadwell is splashing about in the muddy waters of politics and law. Our brothers, whilom of XX, accused me in the beginning of the term of an intention of authorship! probably taking the hint from the circumstance of my never appearing till eleven o'clock, à la Scott; but I

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believe they no longer suspect me of so ill advised an intention. It would run a little counter to my present principles, though I *do* remember the time when G. B. C. meditated the Baron of B—; and Snow felt sure (in his cups) of being Captain General of Transatlantic literature, while your humble servant's less soaring ambition aspired to the manufacture of blood and thunder chronicles of Indian squabbles and massacres. . . . You will answer this, will you not? I am very eager to hear from you.

Yours truly,

F. PARKMAN

Ulysses Grant likes West Point in spite of drawbacks



MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT, N.Y.,

September 22, 1839

DEAR COZ: I was just thinking that you would be right glad to hear from one of your relations who is so far away as I am. So I have put away my algebra and French, and am going to tell you a long story about this prettiest of places, West Point. So far as it regards natural attractions it is decidedly the most beautiful place that I have ever seen. Here are hills and dales, rocks and rivers; all pleasant to look upon. From the window near I can see the Hudson—that far-famed, that beautiful river, with its bosom studded with hundreds of snowy sails.

Again, I look another way I can see Fort Putt, now frowning far above, a stern monument of a sterner age, which seems placed there on purpose to tell us of the glorious deeds of our fathers, and to bid us to remember their sufferings—to follow their example.

Sounds Very Nice

In short, this is the best of places—the PLACE of all PLACES for an institution like this. I have not told you HALF its attractions. Here is the house Washington used to live in—there Kosisuscko used to walk and think of HIS country and OURS. Over the river we are shown the dwelling-house of Arnold—that BASE and HEARTLESS traitor to his country and his God. I do love the PLACE—it seems as though I could live here forever, if my friends would only come too. You might search the wide world over and then not find a better. Now all this sounds nice, very nice; what a happy fellow you are, but I am not one to show false colors, or the brightest side of the picture, so I will tell you about some of the DRAWBACKS. First, I slept for two months upon one single pair of blankets. Now this sounds romantic, and you may think it very easy; but I tell you what, Coz, it is tremendous hard.

Suppose you try it, by way of experiment, for a night or two. I am pretty sure that you would be perfectly satisfied that it is no easy matter; but glad am I these things are over. We are now in our quarters. I have a splendid bed (mattress) and get along very well. Our pay is nominally about twenty-eight dollars a month, but we never see one cent of it. If we wish anything, from a shoe-string to a coat, we must go to the commandant of the post and get an order for it, or we cannot have it. We have tremendous long and hard lessons to get, in both French and algebra. I study hard and hope to get along so as to pass the examination in January. This examination is a hard one, they say; but I am not frightened yet. If I am successful here you will not see me for two long years. It seems a long while to me, but time passes off very fast. It seems but a few days since I came here. It is because every hour has its duty, which must be per-

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formed. On the whole I like the place very much — so much that I would not go away on any account. The fact is, if a man graduates here, he is safe for life, let him go where he will. There is much to dislike, but more to like. I mean to study hard and stay if it be possible ; if I cannot, very well, the world is wide. I have now been here about four months, and have not seen a single familiar face or spoken to a single lady. I wish some of the pretty girls of Bethel were here, just so I might look at them. But fudge! confound the girls. I have seen great men, plenty of them. Let us see: General Scott, Mr. Van Buren, Secretary of War and Navy, Washington Irving, and lots of other big bugs. If I were to come home now with my uniform on, the way you would laugh at my appearance would be curious. My pants set as tight to my skin as the bark to tree, and if I do not walk military, — that is, if I bend over quickly or run, — they are apt to crack with a report as loud as a pistol. My coat must always be buttoned up tight to the chin. It is made of sheep's gray cloth, all covered with big round buttons. It makes one look very singular. If you were to see me at a distance, the first question you would ask would be, "Is that a fish or an animal?" You must give my very best love and respects to all my friends, particularly your brothers, uncles Ross and Samuel Simpson. You must also write me a long letter in reply to this, and tell me about everything and everybody, including yourself. If you happen to see any of my folks, just tell them that I am happy, alive and well.

I am truly your cousin and obedient servant,

U. H. GRANT

McKINSTRY GRIFFITH

N. B. In coming I stopped five days in Philadelphia with our friends. They are all well. Tell Grandmother

Unrepublican Churchgoing

Simpson that they always have expected to see her before, but have almost given up the idea now. They hope to hear from her often.

U. H. GRANT

I came near forgetting to tell you about our demerit or "black marks." They give a man one of these "black marks" for almost nothing, and if he gets two hundred a year they dismiss him. To show how easy one can get these, a man by the name of Grant, of this State, got eight of these "marks" for not going to church. He was also put under arrest so he cannot leave his room perhaps for a month; all this for not going to church. We are not only obliged to go to church, but must march there by companies. This is not republican. It is an Episcopal church. Contrary to the expectation of you and the rest of my Bethel friends, I have not been the least homesick. I would not go home on any account whatever. When I come home in two years (if I live), the way I shall astonish you natives will be curious. I hope you will not take me for a baboon. . . .

Göttingen as seen by the first American students ∞

I

(George Ticknor to Elisha Ticknor)

GÖTTINGEN, *November* 18, 1815

. . . **I**F I desired to teach anybody the value of time, I would send him to spend a semestre at Göttingen. Until I began to attend the lectures, and go frequently into the streets, I had no idea of the accuracy with which it is measured and sold by the professors. Every clock that strikes is the signal for four or five lectures to begin and

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four or five others to close. In the intervals you may go into the streets and find they are silent and empty; but the bell has hardly told the hour before they are filled with students, with their portfolios under their arms, hastening from the feet of one Gamaliel to those of another, — generally running in order to save time, and often without a hat, which is always in the way in the lecture-room. As soon as they reach the room, they take their places and prepare their pens and paper. The professor comes in almost immediately, and from that time till he goes out, the sound of his disciples taking notes does not for a instant cease. The diligence and success with which they do this are very remarkable. One who is accustomed to the exercise, and skilful in it, will not only take down every idea of the professor, but nearly every word; and, in this land of poverty, lectures are thus made to serve as a kind of Lancastrian education in the high branches of letters and science.

About two minutes before the hour is completed, the students begin to be uneasy for fear they shall lose the commencement of the next lecture they are to attend; and if the professor still goes on to the very limit of his time they make a noise of some kind to intimate that he is intruding on his successor, and the hint is seldom unsuccessful. Eichhorn, who has a great deal of enthusiasm when he finds himself in the midst of an interesting topic, sometimes asks, with irresistible good-nature, for “another moment, — only a moment,” and is never refused, though if he trespasses much beyond his time, a loud scraping compels him to conclude, which he commonly does with a joke. The lecture-room is then emptied, the streets again filled, to repeat the same process in other halls.

Just so it is in the private instruction I receive. At eight o'clock I go to Benecke, and though in three months

German Students

and a half I have never missed a lesson or been five minutes tardy, I have seldom failed to find him waiting for me. At the striking of nine, I must make all haste away, for the next hour is as strictly given to somebody else. At five P.M., I go to Schultze for my Greek lesson. As I go up stairs he can hear me, and, five times out of six, I find him looking out the place where I am to recite. The clock strikes six, and he shuts up the book. From the accuracy with which time is measured, what in all other languages is called a *lesson* is called in German "an hour." You are never asked if you take lessons of such a person, but whether you take "hours" of him. . . .

II

(George Bancroft to Jane Bancroft)

GÖTTINGEN, *April* 14, 1819

. . . **I**T is a strange world we live in, and full of more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. My life on it, you have not formed a conception of a set of beings like the German students. I remember even now the first time that I saw a party of them collected and I believed never to have seen any of my fellow beings so rough, uncivilized, and without cultivation. They are young, and therefore wild and noisy—live chiefly among themselves, without mixing in society, and are therefore careless in their deportment, awkward and slovenly. Many of them wear mustachios, a thing almost unknown in America, and all of them make themselves vile by a Beard, dirty and monstrous. Scarcely one of them uses a hat, but instead of it a cap which sometimes can scarcely be distinguished from a night cap. This business of wearing only an apology for a hat I find so exceedingly convenient, that

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I have fallen into it. When the scholars are assembled for a lecture the collection of unpleasant odours is prodigious, and until the professor enters the room there is a great noise of whistling, talking and disputing, all which however is instantly hushed on sight of the Professor though generally wound up by a short but violent hiss. This hiss is only a signal for order and tranquility. When silence is thus put in possession of the throne the professor begins. . . . If a professor read a moment after the hour has struck, be he who he may, the oldest and most learned, even Eichhorn himself, a curious scene of riot ensues. First the students shut up their books; *i.e.* slam them together, the next step is to stop writing and put up their paper, if this do not avail, they take their inkstands and strike the benches most vehemently, and then begin kicking the floor. All this happens in half a minute and the professor is always brought to reason before the minute is completed. It is however very seldom the case that any one overreaches beyond his time. You will from this get an idea of the manner in which a lecture in general is heard. On great occasions something extraordinary must be done. So for instance if Eichhorn sneeze, every scholar in the room, or at least the larger number, begins drumming with the feet, or beating the floor, as if trying its strength. I asked the reason of this strange procedure, and was told it implied as much as God bless you. If a Professor speaks so fast that it is difficult to follow him in writing down what he says, they begin to scrape with their feet; the floor being sandy and the feet moving with rapidity, it produces a very grating and interrupting noise — the same is done on all occasions whatsoever when the instructor displeases his audience. This language of the feet when put into words, signifies thou art an ass.

Absolute, Actual Noise

It is the custom in Göttingen for every man who can, to make jests in his lectures, and for every man who cannot to attempt it. When a good one is made, they clatter with their feet in token of approbation. The same happens at the end of any lecture that has been particularly good ; and also at the end of the term when the lectures are closed. On this occasion the students undertake to demonstrate their love for the favourite professors ; and the degree of love entertained for a Professor is measured by the degree of noise, absolute actual noise which is made and which often lasts several minutes and can be heard as you may well suppose no inconsiderable distance. Is this information enough of the blessed human beings among whom I live ? . . .

How Theodore Parker obtained his education



(To James B. Patterson)

BOSTON, *Feb.* 28, 1855

DEAR YOUNG FRIEND, — I am the person you met in the cars, and parted from at Albany. I sought you in the cars, but in the dim light I failed to find you. I took a good deal of interest in the bright young face, looking so pure and hopeful, and thinking that some five-and-twenty years ago I was on the same road that you are now. I am sorry that you have met with the “misfortune” you refer to. It certainly casts a shade over a young man’s prospects for the moment, not for the day. You have a good start thus far, and seem to have laid the foundation well. It will be no misfortune in the end that you must get your own education. It will bring out the deep manly elements at an earlier period ; will make you more thoughtful when you would else have been more gamesome and playful. If you are a teacher you can find

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much time to study by yourself. I began to teach when seventeen years old, and continued it for four winters, working at home on my father's farm in the other parts of the year. I always found from eight to ten hours a day for study, beside the work hours in school; then I taught a high school for three years more, and kept far ahead of the class in college of which I was a (nominal) member. You can do all that, and perhaps more.

Perhaps it will be well to pursue the same studies you would have taken at college; with the addition of such as belong to your calling as teacher, or you may perhaps teach till you accumulate money enough to go through college at a later date. No good thing is impossible to a serious and earnest young man with good abilities and good moral principles.

But above all things be careful of your health; your success depends on a sound body. Do not violate the laws which God writes in these tables of flesh.

Let me know where you go and what you find to do and I will write you again when more at leisure.

Truly your friend,

THEO. PARKER

Three letters on a common subject ~ ~ ~

I

MARSHFIELD, *Sep.* 8, 1838

MY DEAR SON.

Your letter, respecting your private affairs, has caused me very great grief. I am shocked, not only at the folly & guilt of contract'g such a debt, but at the misrepresentations which you must have repeatedly made; as you have always told me that you owed noth'g, which the means I furnished were not competent to discharge.

The Whole Truth

Your letter has remained several days, unanswered, because I had not made up my mind what answer to give. My first feeling was to withdraw you from College, & to let you take care of yourself hereafter. But your letter shows an apparent spirit of repentance, & if I were sure that I could trust that, I might be induced to overlook the enormity of your misconduct. But how can I be sure that *you have now* told me the whole truth? How can I trust your present statements? Besides, how was this debt created? Was it by gaming, or other immoral habits, or by mere thoughtlessness, & folly?

I have concluded to go up to Boston, tomorrow or next day; & then, either to go directly to Hanover, or to write you again. In the mean time I want to know more about the manner of contract'g this debt; & I expect the whole truth. I would not expose you to public reproach, nor cast you off, for slight cause; but with all my affection, I will not excuse misconduct, and, especially, I will not put up with any degree or particle of misrepresentation, or concealment of the truth. On the receipt of this, you will immediately write to me, directed to Boston; & when I receive your letter, I shall determine what course to pursue.

Your affectionate, but distressed father,

DANL. WEBSTER

II

HANOVER [N. H.], *Sept.* 13, 1838

MY DEAR FATHER.

I received your letter yesterday. I was aware that it could not but grieve you very much, and that was the reason I never told you before and also made the misrepresentations which you speak of. And sir I can quiet your fears about my repentance not being real and affected, for I certainly do feel very sorry and penitent and you may

The Friendly Craft

rest assured that the like will never occur again. You wish to know how the debts were contracted. I will tell you the *truth* now. You say that you don't know but it was by gaming? It was not, for I never gambled for a cent in my life, nor do I think I ever shall, for I never could have been led away as far as that if any one had tried me, for I detest the practice and always did. A good deal is for such things as nuts & raisins, crockery, cigars, candy, pantaloons, chip men, backgammon boards, knife and some *wine* a very little of which I can say with a clear conscience I drank myself, riding on horseback and other ways for pleasure, and I am sorry to say very few of the articles were of any use. The only immoral thing that I have purchased is wine, the students with whom most of these debts were contracted have graduated, so that there would not be the same temptations if I would yield to them, which by the help of a firm resolve I hope I never shall.

I should be very sorry to be taken away from college, but if you think best I should be willing to go, with the education you have been kind enough to give me and my bodily strength I feel I should be able to take care of myself. If I do not improve upon trial I do not wish nor ask for any further indulgence, and as to the money part of it if by any means by keeping school or in other way I could make that up to you in a measure or in full I should be most happy to do so, and remain my dear Father your most affectionate and deeply penitent son,

EDWARD WEBSTER

III

BOSTON, *Sep.* 21, 1838

MY DEAR SON.

I recd your letter, two days ago, and have made up my mind to put intire trust in your statements — to

No Haste to Reply

clear off your embarrassments — & to give you a fair opportunity to retrieve whatever may have been amiss ; & to resume your studies.

I now trust, My Dear Son, to hear nothing of you, hereafter, except what may be gratifying. [D. W.]

Lyman Beecher is disturbed about his son Edward's condition



June 22, 1820

... YOUR learned (Latin) letter, with much deterioration of chirography, came safe to hand. As money was the most urgent point of concern, and I had none, and can get none, I was in no haste to reply.

The books for which you subscribed you must decline to take, if they will let you off. I cannot buy even the most necessary books for my own use ; and our economy must be absolutely close and constant, or I shall be obliged to take you from college. I say this, not because you are prodigal, but because it is literally true, as you must know from knowing what my resources are, and what my expenses. The books you need you may get at H—'s ; second-hand books, if you can find them in good preservation.

The money necessary to your present use I shall send as soon as I can get any ; until which, those you owe must do as I do, *wait*, and you must do as I do, endure the mortification of telling them so. Your clothes you will please tie up in a pocket-handkerchief and send home to be washed, and returned the same week. Send them on Monday, and they will be returned on Friday. I have contracted with Parks, the stage-driver, to bring and return them. This arrangement will save four dollars and more.

The Friendly Craft

William has been greatly afflicted by the death of his fellow-clerk, Andrew Burr, and is much awakened and alarmed concerning his own condition as a sinner. He wrote me a letter entreating me to pray for him. I exchanged with Mr. Elliott, and saw him. I believe the Holy Spirit is striving with him, and that he has some conviction of sin; but he fears, as I do, that it may pass off without a saving change, which may God avert by the merciful interposition of His saving grace. One child out of danger would give me joy to which I am yet a stranger, and relieve the sickness of heart occasioned by hope deferred. . . .

I shall not cease to pray, my dear son, for your conversion, nor to deplore the mighty ruin which all your capacities and improvements will constitute in another world, should they continue under the dominion of a heart unsanctified and unreconciled to God. With all your gettings, get wisdom. So expects, and entreats, and prays your affectionate father. I think you have never spoken to me of your feelings on the subject of religion in any of your letters. I hope you do not feel reluctant to do it, that I may both know how to pray and to counsel, and may also find excitement to pray for you. . . .

VI

LOVERS AND FRIENDS

“The tender grace of a day that is dead” ∞ ∞

I

MY DEARE HUSBAND, — I knowe not how to expresse my love to thee or my desyres of thy wished welfayre, but my hart is well knowne to thee,

Thinges Goe Well

which will make relation of my affections though they be smalle in appearance: my thoughts are nowe on our great change and alteration of our corce heare, which I beseech the Lord to blesse us in, & my good Husband cheare up thy hart in the expectacion of Gods goodnesse to us, & let nothing dismay or discourage thee; if the Lord be with us who can be against us: my grefe is the feare of stayinge behinde thee, but I must leave all to the good providence of God. I thank the Lord wee are all heare in reasonable good health, I receved a letter since you went from my sonne John, w^{ch} brout good Nuse from Nue E: I pray thanke him for it, I wil rite to him if I have time, & thus with my best respect to thy selfe, brother & sister D: I commit you to God and rest

Your faythfull wife

MARGARET WINTHROPE

II

(“ffor Mrs. Winthrop at Boston”)

DEARE [*torn*], — I am still detayned from thee, but it is by the Lord, who hath a greater interest in me than thy selfe, when his worke is donne he will restore me to thee againe to o^r mutuall comfort: Amen. I thanke thee for thy sweet Lre: my heart was wth thee to have written to thee everye daye, but businesse would not permitt me. I suppose thou hearest much newes from hence: it may be, some grievous to thee: but be not troubled, I assure thee thinges goe well, & they must needs doe so, for God is wth us & thou shalt see a happy issue. I hope to be wth thee to morrowe & a frende or 2: I suppose. So I kisse my sweet wife & rest

Thine

JO: WINTHROP

This 6: daye.

The Friendly Craft

III

(From John Winthrop)

MY SWEET WIFE, — I prayse God I am in good health, peace be to thee & o^r familie, so I kisse thee, & hope shortly to see thee: farewell. . . .

IV

(From John Winthrop)

MY SWEET WIFE, — So fitt an occasiō must not passe wthout a token to thee. I prayse God I am well: the Lo: blesse thee & all o^rs, so I kisse thee the second tyme, farewell.

A Puritan posey: “The Letter which the Author sent with this Discourse [‘Experiments of Spiritual Life & Health, and their Preservatives’] to his Wife *M. W.* upon her recovery from a dangerous sicknesse” ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(From Roger Williams, 1652)

MY DEAREST LOVE AND COMPANION in this *Vale of Tears*.

Thy late *sudden* and *dangerous Sicknesse*, and the *Lords* most *gracious* and *speedy raising* thee up from the *gates* and *jawes* of *Death*: as they were wonderfull in thine *own*, and others *eyes*, so I hope, and earnestly desire, they may be ever in our *thoughts*, as a *warning* from *Heaven* to make ready for a *sudden call* to be gone from hence: to live the rest of our *short uncertaine span*, more as *strangers*, longing and breathing after another *Home* and *Country*; To cast off our *great cares* and *fears* and *desires*

A Little Posey

and *joyes* about this *Candle* of this *vaine life*, that is so soon *blowne* out, and to trust in the living *God*, of whose wonderfull power and mercy thou hast had so much and so late *experience*, which must make thee sing with *David* (Psal. 103.) *Blesse the Lord O my Soul, and all that is within me blesse his holy Name: Blesse the Lord, O my Soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thy sins, and healeth thine infirmities; who redeemeth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindnesse.*

My dear *Love*, since it pleaseth the *Lord* so to dispose of me, and of my affairs at present, that I cannot often see thee, I desire often to send to thee. I now send thee that which I know will be sweeter to thee than the *Honey* and the *Honey-combe*, and stronger refreshment than the strongest *wines* or *waters*, and of more value than if every line and letter were thousands of *gold* and *silver*. *Hezekiah* upon his *recovery* from his *sicknesse*, made a *writing* (*Isai.* 38.) as an *everlasting monument* of his *praise* unto *God*, and as a *Goad* or *spur* to *himselfe* and *others* in the *wayes of godlinesse* for the future.

Thy *holy* and *humble* desires are *strong*, but I know thy *writing* is slow, and that thou wilt gladly accept of this my *poore helpe*, which with *humble thankfulnesse* and *praise* to the *Lord*, I humbly tender to his *holy service*, and thine in him.

I send thee (though in *Winter*) an handfull of *flowers* made up in a little *Posey*, for thy dear selfe, and our dear children, to look and smell on, when *I as the grasse of the field shall be gone, and withered.* . . .

The Friendly Craft

Judge Sewall offers himself to Madam Gibbs



("To Mrs. Mary Gibbs, Widow, at Newtown,
Jan^y 12th 17²¹/₂")

MADAM, your Removal out of Town, and the Severity of the Winter, are the reason of my making you this Epistolary Visit. In times past (as I remember) you were minded that I should marry you, by giving you to your desirable Bridegroom. Some sense of this intended Respect abides with me still; and puts me upon enquiring whether you be willing that I should Marry you now, by becoming your Husband; Aged, and feeble, and exhausted as I am, your favourable Answer to this Enquiry, in a few Lines, the Candor of it will much oblige, Madam, your humble Serv^t

MADAM GIBBS.

S. S.

But does not propose to pay her debts



("To Mrs. Mary Gibbs at Newtown")

Feb^r. 10th 17²¹/₂

MADAM, these are kindly to salute you, and to say, that the Omission of Answering one or two of my Letters, and of coming to Town, makes it needful for me to enquire, what the plain meaning of your Letter of Jan^y 30th may be. "I do chuse to comply with your last proposal, of Releasing my children, and Accepting of the sum you proposed."

The last Proposal was, For your children, or some in their behalf, to give Bond to indemnify me from all debts contracted by you before the Marriage; and from all matters respecting the Administration. This I told you, I peremptorily insisted on. I was to secure you Forty pounds per annum during the term of your natural Life, in case of your Survival.

Published At Last

This proposal must be taken entirely, every part of it together. And if the words *Releasing my Children*, intend a Releasing them from this Bond, my last Proposal is not accepted by you; and my Letter of Febr. the sixth, rests upon a mistaken foundation. I would prevent Misunderstanding, and therefore I thus write; praying an Answer as soon as conveniently can be. My Service to Madam Cotton. I am, Madam, your humble servant, S. S.

The Judge and Madam Gibbs are finally published ∞

(“To Mrs. Mary Gibbs at Newton, *Feb.* 16, 17 $\frac{21}{2}$ ”)

MADAM, Possibly you have heard of our Publication¹ last Thursday, before now. It remains, for us to join together in fervent Prayers, without ceasing, that God would graciously Crown our Espousals with his Blessing. A good Wife, and a good Husband too, are from the Lord. I am bound as far as Deacon Brewer's to-day. The Council sits in the Afternoon next Monday. And I am to wait on the Committee of the Overseers of the College next Tuesday the 20th Inst. Please to accept of Mr. Mitchel's Sermons of Glory, which is inclosed. With my Service to Madam Cotton, I take leave, who am, Madam, your humble Serv^t S. S.

George Washington salutes Martha Custis ∞ ∞

July 20, 1758

... WE have begun our march for the Ohio. A courier is starting for Williamsburg, and I embrace the opportunity to send a few words to one whose life is now inseparable from mine. Since that happy hour when we made our pledges to each other, my thoughts

¹ The publishing of the banns of matrimony.

The Friendly Craft

have been continually going to you as another Self. That an all-powerful Providence may keep us both in safety is the prayer of your ever faithful and affectionate friend. . . .

John Hancock sends a letter of remonstrance and a box of presents to Dorothy Quincy ~ ~ ~

PHILAD'A, 10th *June*, 1775

MY DR. DOLLY: I am almost prevail'd on to think that my letters to my Aunt & you are not read, for I cannot obtain a reply, I have ask'd million questions & not an answer to one, I beg'd you to let me know what things my Aunt wanted & you, and many other matters I wanted to know, but not one word in answer. I Really Take it extreme unkind, pray my D^r use not so much Ceremony & Reservedness, why can't you use freedom in writing, be not afraid of me, I want long Letters. I am glad the little things I sent you were agreeable. Why did you not write me of the top of the Umbrella. I was sorry it was spoiled, but I will send you another by my Express w^{ch} will go in a few days. How did my Aunt like her gown, & do let me know if the Stockings suited her; she had better send a pattern shoe & stocking, I warrant I will suit her. The Inclos'd letter for your Father you will read, & seal & forward him, you will observe I mention in it your writing your Sister Katy about a few necessaries for Katy Sewall, what you think Right let her have & Roy James, this only between you and I; do write your Father I should be glad to hear from him, & I Beg, my Dear Dolly, you will write me often & long Letters. I will forgive the past if you will mend in future. Do ask my Aunt to make me up & send me a Watch String, & do you make up another & send me, I wear them out fast. I want some little thing of your doing.

All To Be Worn

Remember me to all Friends with you as if nam'd. I am call'd upon & must obey.

I have sent you by Doc^r Church in a paper Box Directed to you, the following things, for your acceptance, & which I do insist you wear, if you do not, I shall think the Donor is the objection :

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| 2 pair white silk | } stockings which |
| 4 pr. white thread | |
| 1 pr. Black Satin | } shoes, the other |
| 1 p. Black Calem Co. | |
- 1 very pretty light Hat.
1 neat Airy Summer Cloak. (I ask Doc^r. Church)
2 caps
1 Fann

I wish these may please you, I shall be gratified if they do, pray write me, I will attend to all your Commands.

Adieu my D^r Girl, and believe me to be with great Esteem & Affection.

Yours without Reserve,

JOHN HANCOCK

Remember me to Katy Brackett.

John Adams greets his wife, and desires her presence here and hereafter ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

PHILADELPHIA, 1 *January*, 1795

MY DEAREST FRIEND,

I wish you a happy new year, and a repetition of happy new years as long as time shall endure; not here below, because I shall want you in another country, better than this. . . .

The Friendly Craft

“The shadow and the light”



(Two letters from Nathaniel Hawthorne to Sophia Peabody)

I

SALEM, *Nov.* 27, 1840

DEAREST,— . . . Whenever I return to Salem, I feel how dark my life would be without the light that you shed upon it,—how cold, without the warmth of your love. Sitting in this chamber, where my youth wasted itself in vain, I can partly estimate the change that has been wrought. It seems as if the better part of me had been born since then. I had walked those many years in darkness, and might so have walked through life, with only a dreamy notion that there was any light in the universe, if you had not kissed my eyelids and given me to see. You, dearest, have always been positively happy. Not so I,— I have only not been miserable. Then which of us has gained the most? I, assuredly! When a beam of heavenly sunshine incorporates itself with a dark cloud, is not the cloud benefited more than the sunshine? Nothing at all has happened to me since I left you. It puzzles me to conceive how you meet with so many more events than I. You will have a volume to tell me, when we meet, and you will pour your beloved voice into my ears in a long stream; at length you will pause and say, “But what has your life been?” and then will stupid I look back upon what I call my life, for three or four days past, and behold, a blank!

I am enduring my banishment here as best I may; methinks, all enormous sinners should be sent on pilgrimage to Salem, and compelled to spend a length of time there, proportioned to the enormity of their offences. Such punishment would be suited to crimes that do not quite deserve

Sinless Eve

hanging, yet are too aggravated for State's Prison. Oh, naughty I! If it be a punishment, I deserve to suffer a life-long infliction of it, were it only for slandering my native town so vilely. But any place is strange and lonesome to me where you are not; and where you are, any place will be home. I ought to love Salem better than I do; for the people have always had a pretty generous faith in me, ever since they knew me at all. I fear I must be undeserving of their praise, else I should never get it. What an ungrateful blockhead am I! . . .

God bless you, you sinless Eve! . . .

II

SALEM, *Sept.* 3, 1841

. . . I HAVE been out only once, in the daytime, since my arrival. How immediately and irrecoverably (if you did not keep me out of the abyss) should I relapse into the way of life in which I spent my youth! If it were not for you, this present world would see no more of me forever. The sunshine would never fall on me, no more than on a ghost. Once in a while people might discern my figure gliding stealthily through the dim evening, — that would be all. I should only be a shadow of the night; it is you that give me reality, and make all things real for me. If, in the interval since I quitted this lonely old chamber, I had found no woman (and you were the only possible one) to impart reality and significance to life, I should have come back hither ere now, with a feeling that all was a dream and a mockery. Do you rejoice that you have saved me from such a fate? Yes; it is a miracle worthy even of you, to have converted a life of shadows into the deepest truth by your magic touch. . . .

The Friendly Craft

Charles Loring Brace thinks of his wife ~ ~ ~

[STRATFORD-ON-AVON] *Sunday, June 25th.* [1865]

DEAREST WIFE: I was thinking to-day in the old church of you—of your wonderful unselfishness and richness of love and spirituality of nature, and how you would be to me when we had entered the unseen—as if you would be nearer God than I, and I would see you in a purer light and much higher than here, and whether you would be my helper there, and of how sweet and good you are here, and how elevated sometimes you seem when near to God, and what a treasure your love was, and all such pleasant thoughts. Yesterday we were in an old chapel of the Warwicks in Warwick, and there were two effigies side by side, hand and hand, of some old Warwick and his wife. Together they had fought the great battle, and then were laid to rest together, and four hundred years had surged over the silent tomb, not much effacing it. How much I miss you! I am better with you, less disturbed. May God bless and keep you ever! . . .

As does also William H. Prescott ~ ~ ~

ANTWERP, *July 23, 1850*

. . . **D**EAR SUSAN, I never see anything beautiful in nature or art, or hear heart-stirring music in the churches, the only place where music does stir my heart, without thinking of you, and wishing you could be by my side, if only for a moment. . . .

Your affectionate husband,

WM. H. PRESCOTT

A Musical Love Letter

“Music is Love in search of a word” ∞ ∞ ∞

(Sidney Lanier to his wife)

NEW YORK, *September 28, 1871*

... I AM just come from St. Paul's Church, where I went at eleven this morning, by invitation of Mr. John Cornell, to hear some music composed by him for the organ and trombone; not the old slide-in-and-out trombone, but a sort of baritone *cornet-à-pistons*, of rare, mellow, yet majestic tone. This was played by one of Theo. Thomas' orchestra. The pieces were a funeral march, a religious air, and a cornet-piece. Hadst thou been with me to hear these horn-tones, so pure, so noble, so full of confident repose, striking forth the melody in midst of the thousandfold modulations (in which Cornell always runs riot), like a calm manhood asserting itself through a multitude of distractions and discouragements and miseries of life, — hadst thou been there, then how fair and how happy had been my day.

For I mostly have great pain when music, or any beauty, comes past my way, and thou art not by. Perhaps this is because music takes us out of prison, and I do not like to leave prison unless thou goest also.

For in the smile of love my life cometh to life, even as a flower under water gleameth only when the sun-ray striketh down thereon. . . .

An itinerant courtship decorously pursued ∞ ∞

(From Eliza Southgate)

SALEM, *September 9, 1802*

MY DEAREST MOTHER:

Once more I am safe in Salem and my first thoughts turn toward home. . . . I have received more attentions

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at the Springs than in my whole life before. I know not why it was, but I went under every advantage. Mr. Derby is so well known and respected, and they are such charming people and treated me with so much affection, it could not be otherwise! Among the many gentlemen I have become acquainted and who have been attentive, one I believe is serious. I know not, my dearest Mother, how to introduce this subject, yet as I fear you may hear it from others and feel anxious for my welfare, I consider it a duty to tell you all. At Albany, on our way to Ballston, we put up at the same house with a *Mr. Bowne* from New York; he went on to the Springs the same day we did, and from that time was particularly attentive to me; he was always of our parties to ride, went to Lake George in company with us, and came on to Lebanon when we did,—for 4 weeks I saw him every day and probably had a better opportunity of knowing him than if I had seen him as a common acquaintance in town for years. I felt cautious of encouraging his attentions, tho' I did not wish to *discourage* it,—there were so many *New Yorkers* at the Springs who knew him perfectly that I easily learnt his character and reputation; he is a man of *business*, uniform in his conduct and *very much respected*; all this we knew from report. Mr. and Mrs. Derby were very much pleased with him, but conducted towards me with peculiar *delicacy*, left me entirely to myself, as on a subject of so much importance they scarcely dared give an opinion. I felt myself in a situation truly embarrassing. At such a distance from all my friends,—my Father and Mother a perfect stranger to the person,—and prepossessed in his favor as much as so short an acquaintance would sanction,—his conduct was such as I shall ever reflect on with the greatest pleasure,—open, candid, generous, and delicate. He is a man in whom I could place the most unbounded confidence,

No Disposition to Refuse

nothing rash or impetuous in his disposition, but weighs maturely every circumstance; he knew I was not at liberty to encourage his addresses without the approbation of my Parents, and appeared as solicitous that I should act with strict propriety as one of my most disinterested friends. He advised me like a friend and would not have suffered me to do anything improper. He only required I would not discourage his addresses till he had an opportunity of making known to my Parents his character and wishes — this I promised and went so far as to tell him I approved him as far as I knew him, but the decision must rest with my Parents, their wishes were my law. He insisted upon coming on immediately: that I absolutely refused to consent to. But all my persuasion to wait till winter had no effect; the first of October he *will come*. I could not prevent it without a positive *refusal*; this I felt no disposition to give. And now, my dearest Mother, I submit myself wholly to the wishes of my Father and you, convinced that my happiness is your warmest wish, and to promote it has ever been your study. That I feel deeply interested in Mr. Bowne I candidly acknowledge, and from the knowledge I have of his heart and character I think him better calculated to promote my happiness than any person I have yet seen; he is a firm, steady, serious man, nothing light or trifling in his character, and I have every reason to think he has well weighed his sentiments towards me, — nothing rash or premature. I have referred him wholly to you, and you, my dearest Parents, must decide. Octavia mentioned nothing about moving, but I am extremely anxious to know how soon we go into Portland and what house we shall have. Write me immediately on the subject, and let me know if you approve my conduct. Mr. Bowne wishes me to remain here until he comes on and then let him carry me home: this I objected to, but will depend on your ad-

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vice. . . . You cannot imagine how interested they [Mr. and Mrs. Derby] both are in the subject I have been writing you upon, — my nearest friends cannot feel more, they have witnessed the whole progress, and if you knew them, would be convinced they would not have let me act improperly, they both approve my conduct. I wish my Father would write to Mr. Derby and know what he says of Mr. B.'s character. I don't know but 'tis a subject too delicate to give his opinion, but I can conceive that my Father might request it without impropriety. . . . I long to hear from home. My love to all my friends, and believe me, with every sentiment of *duty* and *affection*, your daughter

ELIZA

Martha sent me a most elegant Indispensable, white lutestring spangled with silver, and a beautiful bracelet for the arm made of her hair; she is too good — to love me as she says, more than ever.

In spite of ignorance, Mr. Longfellow admires Mr. Sumner's speech



January 27, 1870

. . . NEVER having dealt with any other figures than figures of speech; never having known the difference between a bank-note and a greenback; never having suspected that there was any difference between them, — you can imagine with what a dark-lantern I have read your speech on the Refunding and Consolidation of the National Debt.

I am as capable of forming an idea of it as a gentleman was the other day of estimating a lovely little Albani's "Europa" which I showed him, when he said, "A *chromolithograph*, I presume."

However, I have faith in you; and faith is "the evi-

Lacrymæ Rerum

dence of things unseen,"— though I think that before having it, one must have seen something or other which inspires it. This is just my case. Having known you so wise and far-seeing in other matters, I believe you to be in this. . . .

“No time like the old time” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Charles Sumner to Henry W. Longfellow)

AT YOUR HOME, *Sunday, Aug. 8, 1847*

DEARLY BELOVED HENRY,—I came here yesterday morning, and am monarch of all I survey; my right there is none to dispute. I seize a moment in the lull of the grinding labor of committing my address to memory, to send you and Fanny a benediction. I wander through the open rooms of your house, and am touched by an indescribable feeling of tenderness at the sight of those two rooms where we have mused and mourned so often together. Joy has washed from your mind those memories, but they cling to me still. I looked at the place where stood the *extempore* cot bedstead. I hope that is preserved; if I ever have a home of my own, I shall claim it as an interesting memorial. Then the places where we have sat and communed, and that window-seat,—all seemed to speak to me with soft voices. Most sacred is that room to me,—more so than any other haunt of my life. I remember all your books as they then looked upon me gently from the shelves. Have you forgotten the verses of Suckling which we once read together? I leave for Amherst on Tuesday, and shall be back on Friday. Let me have a note from you or Fanny. I wish I were not quite so sad as I am disposed to be. Felton says my address is very fine. Howe says it will astonish by its practical character. It is more plain, less ornate, than the

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others. Its title is "Fame and Glory." I have said nothing, however, which your "Psalm of Life" does not embody. One touch upon your harp sounds louder and longer than all I can do.

Ever and ever thine,
C. S.

"No friends like our old friends" ~ ~ ~ ~
(James Russell Lowell to William Wetmore Story)

ELMWOOD, *Sept.* 25th, 1849

MY DEAR WILLIAM,— . . . There is one of your foreign experiences which I grudge you, only one which I envy, and that is the meeting with F. H. If he be still within reach of voice or letter, give him my love, fresh as ever after so many years' silence — nay, seeming all the fresher, like a flower upon a grave. Yet for that buried friendship I live in the faith of a joyful resurrection — and in the body. Here I sit alone this chilly September morning, with the rain just beginning to rattle on the roof, and the writing of his name has sent my heart back to the happy hopeful past when one was capable of everything because one had not yet tried anything. The years have taught me some sharp and some sweet lessons — none wiser than this, to keep the old friends. Every year adds its value to a friendship as to a tree, with no effort and no merit of ours. The lichens upon the bark, which the dandyfiers of Nature would scrape away, even the dead limbs here and there, are dear and sacred to us. Every year adds its compound interest of association and enlarges the circle of shelter and of shade. It is good to plant them early, for we have not the faith to do it when we are old. I write it sadly and with tears in my eyes. Later friends drink our lees, but the old ones drank the clear wine at

Auld Lang Syne

the brim of our cups. Who knew us when we were witty?
who when we were wise? who when we were *green*? . . .

William Wetmore Story recalls the days lang syne

(To James Russell Lowell)

ROME, *December 10th, 1864*

MY DEAR JAMES,—I was taken ill a month ago at Paris, and while I was lying on my bed E. read to me your delightful book of “Fireside Travels,” which I was fortunate enough to procure from London. As she read it all the old days revived, all the old passages of love and hope and joy which we have known together came before me, and my heart yearned toward you as to one of the oldest and best loved of all my old friends. For years our correspondence has ceased—why I know not; but my affection has never wavered for a moment, and I’ve eagerly sought from all who had seen you news and information about you and yours. But as I read your book—so genial, so rich in humour and fancy—I seemed as it were to be again talking with you, and I determined, as soon as I should be well and have a half hour of unoccupied time, to write and break this long silence, and thank you for the kindly mention of me which is scattered through your book, and for the dedication of it to me. I hear that there is a sonnet or some verses prefixed to the American edition, but this I have not seen, as it is omitted in the English edition.

How I wish you were again here as in the olden times, and that we again could wander about the streets of the city and through the mountain towns, or sit long evenings before the fire late into the night and talk as we used to do. There is one great drawback to me in my Roman life, and that is the want of some friend with whom I can thoroughly

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sympathize and whom I can meet on the higher ranges of art and literature. For the most part, and with scarcely an exception among the American artists, art is (here) but a money-making trade, and I can have no sympathy with those who are artists merely to make their living. As for general culture there are none of our countrymen here who pretend to it, and I hunger and thirst after some one who might be to me as you were. But nobody makes good the place of old friends. We are knitted together with our youth as we never can be in our older age. . . . Has the wild love of travel gone out of your blood as it has out of mine? Are you growing respectable, solemn, professorial and dignified? I figure you to myself sometimes as sitting in the academic robes on the platform at Commencement, and cannot but smile as I see you there. Once in a while I hear your trumpet sound through the columns of the "Atlantic" or "North American," and more rarely I read some new poem. But why are the poems so rare? Do not let the dust of the University drop too thickly upon you. Do not yoke Pegasus down into the professor's harness. You see I have not touched your hand and heard your voice for so long that I cannot do more than grope after you in the dark, wondering about you and fearing and hoping, and getting perhaps everything wrong.

This year I thought of going to America and seeing the old places again. But I hate to travel, and the expense, added to my dislike of worry, prevented me. Besides, I was not quite well in England, and loved better to lounge on the lawn at Mount Felix than to be tossed on the restless and roaring ocean—but it is just possible that next year I may brace myself up to this terrible voyage, and then I shall see you. If I do come I hope to bring with me some statue . . . to show as token of how I have spent my thoughts and my life here. At present there is nothing

A Weakness and All That

of mine in America of the best that I have done, and I should like that something *should* be there containing my best — which is nothing too good. I suppose as yet that nobody is convinced that there is much in me, and I fear that they are all right. They still pat me on the head and feebly encourage me now and then.

. . . We live in the Barberini Palace and look down from our windows over all Rome, but there is not a person in any house so dear to us as you are. . . .

James Russell Lowell obeys his impulse and writes to
Mr. Godkin ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

ELMWOOD, 8th *Jany.*, 1869

. . . **D**ON'T think I have gone mad that I so pepper you with letters. I have a reason, as you will see presently. But in the first place let me thank you for the article on Miss Dickinson, which was just what I wanted and expected, for (excuse me) you preach the best lay sermons I know of. I know it is a weakness and all that, but I was born with an impulse to tell people when I like them and what they do, and I look upon you as a great benefactor. I sit under your preaching every week with indescribable satisfaction, and know just how young women feel toward their parson, but, let Mrs. Godkin take courage, I can't marry you!

My interest in the *Nation* is one of gratitude, and has nothing to do with my friendship for you. I am sure from what I hear said against you that you are doing great good and that you are respected. I may be wrong, but I sincerely believe you have raised the tone of the American press. . . .

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“ A benediction on the Benedictines ” ~ ~ ~

(Henry W. Longfellow to Mrs. Annie Fields)

February 28, 1871

A BENEDICTION on the Benedictines !
I knew they were great lovers of literature, but I did not know that they were also distillers of herbs and manufacturers of exquisite *liqueurs* !

Your charming remembrance of me on my birthday, — the jolly, round, and happy little monk bedded in flowers, came safely in his wooden cradle. A thousand and a thousand thanks !

I am ashamed to send back the basket, or bucket, empty ; but I look round in vain for something to fill it. What shall I do ?

After all, the greatest grace of a gift, perhaps, is that it anticipates and admits of no return. I therefore accept yours, pure and simple ; and on the whole am glad that I have nothing to send back in the basket.

Still, *empty* is a horrid word. I try in vain to comfort myself. I make believe it is the best thing to do, and do it, knowing all the time it is not the best thing. . . .

The unfinished sum ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Henry W. Longfellow to George William Curtis)

February 28, 1877

I HASTEN to respond to your cordial and affectionate greeting on my birthday, and to say how delightful it was to hear such words from you. It was almost as good as seeing you ; but not quite.

It is a strange feeling, this of being seventy years old. I cannot say precisely what the feeling is, — but you will

Liking To Be Liked

know one of these days. It is something like that of a schoolboy who has filled one side of his slate with the figures of a very long sum, and has to turn the slate over to go on with it. . . .

“Forging over the reef” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(James Russell Lowell to Mrs. Leslie Stephen)

68 BEACON STREET, *Feb.* 27, 1889


. . . I HAVE been forging over the reef of my seventieth birthday into the smooth water beyond without much damage to my keel, so far as I can discover. . . .

I was dined on my birthday, and praised to a degree that would have satisfied you, most partial even of your sex. But somehow I liked it, and indeed none but a pig could have helped liking the affectionate way it was done. I suppose it is a sign of weakness in me somewhere, but I can't help it. I *do* like to be liked. It gives me a far better excuse for being about (and in everybody's way) than having written a fine poem does. *That'll* be all very well when one is under the mould. But I am not sure whether one will care for it much. So keep on liking me, won't you?

It is very droll to be seventy. Don't scold me for it — I'll never do it again; but I don't feel any older, I think, and I am sure I don't feel any wiser, than I did before. 'Tis a little depressing to be reminded that one has lived so long and done so little. When I measure the length with the achievement there is a horrible overlapping, but I shall expect a certain deference. Whatever condescension I show will be multiplied by seven instead of six, remember, and precious in proportion. . . .

From “Letters of James Russell Lowell,” edited by Charles Eliot Norton.
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The Friendly Craft

Dr. Holmes feels "young again at four score" 

(To John G. Whittier)

September 2, 1889

HERE I am at your side among the octogenarians. . . . You know all about it. You know why I have not thanked you before this for your beautiful and precious tribute, which would make any birthday memorable. I remember how you were overwhelmed with tributes on the occasion of your own eightieth birthday, and you can understand the impossibility I find before me of responding in any fitting shape to all the tokens of friendship which I receive. . . . I hope, dear Whittier, that you find much to enjoy in the midst of all the lesser trials which old age must bring with it. You have kind friends all around you, and the love and homage of your fellow-countrymen as few have enjoyed them, with the deep satisfaction of knowing that you have earned them, not merely by the gifts of your genius, but by a noble life which has ripened without a flaw into a grand and serene old age. I never see my name coupled with yours, as it often is nowadays, without feeling honored by finding myself in such company, and wishing that I were more worthy of it. . . . I am living here with my daughter-in-law, and just as I turned this leaf I heard wheels at the door, and she got out, leading in in triumph her husband, His Honor, Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, just arrived from Europe by the Scythia. I look up to him as my magistrate, and he knows me as his father, but my arms are around his neck and his mustache is sweeping my cheek, — I feel young again at fourscore. . . .

An Affable Princess

VII

GENIAL GOSSIP

Mrs. Pinckney of South Carolina and the mother of George III discuss domestic affairs ∞ ∞

. . . **W**E were received in a manner that surprized us, for tho' we had heard how good a woman the Princess of Wales was, and how very affable and easy, her behaviour exceeded everything I had heard or could imagine.

She came forward and received us at the door herself, with Princess Augusta, Princess Elizabeth, Prince William, and Prince Henry. She mett us with all the chearfulness and pleasure of a friend who was extreamely glad to see us ; she gave us no time to consider how to introduce ourselves or to be at a loss what to say, for she with an air of benignity told us as soon as we entered she was very glad to see us, took Harriott by the hand and kissed her, asked her how she liked England, to w^{ch} she answered, not so well as Carolina, at w^{ch} the Princess laughed a good deal, and said it was very natural for such a little woman as she to love her own Country best. . . .

She introduced the Princes and Princesses that were with her to us, and told us we should see the rest presently ; inquired how long we had been from Carolina, whether I was not frightened with the voyage, how the Children bore it, how many we had, what their ages, sons or daughters, whether Carolina was a good country, whether we had a good Governor, to w^{ch} we replied in the affirmative.

She said she was sure the King was allways pleased when his provinces had good governors ; enquired the Governor's name, and said she had forgot it. She talked

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to us standing about half an hour, for w^{ch} I was in great pain. Mr. Pinckney then told her he fear^d we intruded upon her Highness and was going to withdraw, she told us not at all, we should not go yet. She believed we would be glad to see the Prince of Wales, and she would send for him and Prince Edward; these two live in a house just opposite to the Princess; she then sett down in her chair. By this time my poor little girl who had been a good deal flurried and overjoyed at the thought of seeing the Princesses, began to cry tho' she smothered it as well as she could. The Princess said she feared she was uneasy, called her several times her little angel, stooped upon her knee to her, and desired she would tell her what was the matter. I told the Princess she had raisd her spirits to such a height, that she was not able to soport it any longer. The Princess then took her on her lap, and called again for the three youngest Princesses as they came in she told them this was Miss Pinckney from Carolina was come to see them, and to go and kiss her. The little creature Princess Caroline is a most charming little babe, speaks very plain, run to her, kissd her, and said to the Princess, Mamma this is my girl. I then asked her Royal Highness if she would permit me to kiss the little one, she reply^d, pray do, and ordered Prince Frederick but three years old, to come and ask me if he was not a good pretty little foot boy?

I should observe that as soon as we were introduced the attendance all withdrew, and the Princess shut the door, and when the Princess ordered the little ones in there was none of the attendance, nor when she sent for the Prince of Wales, but the Princess Augusta went out of the room herself on these Messages to some one without, w^{ch} was 4 times while we stayd. There was in the room a great deal of China upon two Cabinets; the Princess

Pretty Extraordinary

got up herself and reached one of the figures to please Harriott, and another time desired the Princess Augusta to get one w^{ch} was out of her reach, so she got a chair and stood on it to reach it. She then calld for a little chair for one of the little ones, who I fancy was not well, for 'tis not usual for any one to sit in her presence, w^{ch} Princess Augusta brought herself.

This, you'll imagine must seem pretty extraordinary to an American.

. . . She then bid H. sit down before her in the chair Princess Emelia had just rose from. I told her I could not suffer her to sit in her presence. Puh-Puh, says the Princess, she knows nothing of all that; and sat her down. . . . By this time the little ones were called to dinner, I observed that tho they were quite easy in their behaviour and seemed to be under no restraint, yet young as they were they never spoke but one at a time, nor ever interrupted each other w^{ch} children . . . usually do. When the 4 youngest were gone the Princess resumed her inquiries after Carolina. . . .

She asked me many little domestick questions as did Princess Augusta among w^{ch} if I suckled my children. I told her I had attempted it but my constitution would not bear it. She said she did not know but 'twas as well let alone, as the anxiety a mother was often in on a child's acc^t might do hurt. . . .

She then resumed her inquiries after Carolina, as to the Government and Constitution and whether the Laws were made by the Governors and Council, the particulars of w^{ch} Mr. Pinckney informed — whether we had Earthquakes, asked us concerning the Hurricane, . . . concerning the Indians their colour, manners etc, how many of them we had in our Interest, of our houses, of what they were built, our wines and from whence we had them, our

The Friendly Craft

manner of eating and dressing turtle, one of w^{ch} she was to have for dinner next day she told me, of the french settled among us, of the french corrupting our Indians, of our manufactures and concerning silk ; how long the Province had been settled, how far it extended back, and many other questions, to all w^{ch} we answered her Royal Highness in the clearest manner we could ; and when the Prince would engage Mr P. at a little distance, and she wanted to ask him a question she would call in a familiar obliging manner, Mr Pinckney is such a thing so and so ?

. . . We saw all nine children together, and the Princess in the midst, and a most lovely family it is.

After we had been there two hours, we kissed her Royal Highness's hand and withdrew, and she ordered Prince Edward to see us to the door.

I hope you will pardon my thus intruding on y^r time. I know there are many Chit-chat, Negligent things w^{ch} have a tolerable air in conversation, that make but a poor appearance when one comes to write them down and subscribe to them in a formal manner. But when I begin to write to my friends in Carolina I don't know how to conclude and this desire of conversing with them may make me a very troublesome correspondant, tho' I hope it will at the same time show, how much I am dear madam,

Yr affectionate and ob^{dt} sv^t.

E. PINCKNEY

The storm does not keep Eliza Southgate from
the Assembly ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

PORTLAND, *March 1, 1802*

SUCH a frolic ! Such a chain of adventures I never before met with, nay, the page of romance never presented its equal. 'Tis now Monday, — but a little more

Charles Coffin Remonstrates

method, that I may be understood. I have just ended my Assembly's adventure, never got home till this morning. Thursday it snowed violently, indeed for two days before it had been storming so much that the snow drifts were very large ; however, as it was the last Assembly I could not resist the temptation of going, as I knew all the world would be there. About 7 I went down-stairs and found young Charles Coffin, the minister, in the parlor. After the usual enquiries were over he stared awhile at my feathers and flowers, asked if I was going out, —I told him I was going to the Assembly.

“Think, Miss Southgate,” said he, after a long pause, “think you would go out to *meeting* in such a storm as this ?” Then assuming a tone of reproof, he entreated me to examine well my feelings on such an occasion. I heard in silence, unwilling to begin an argument that I was unable to support. The stopping of the carriage roused me ; I immediately slipt on my socks and coat, and met Horatio and Mr. Motley in the entry. The snow was deep, but Mr. Motley took me up in his arms and sat me in the carriage without difficulty. I found a full assembly, many married ladies, and every one disposed to end the winter in good spirits. At one we left dancing and went to the card-room to wait for a coach. It stormed dreadfully. The hacks were all employed as soon as they returned, and we could not get one till 3 o'clock, for about two they left the house, determined not to return again for the night. It was the most violent storm I ever knew. There were now 20 in waiting, the gentlemen scolding and fretting, the ladies murmuring and complaining. One hack returned ; all flocked to the stairs to engage a seat. So many crowded down that 'twas impossible to get past ; luckily I was one of the first. I stept in, found a young lady, almost a stranger in town,

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who keeps at Mrs. Jordan's, sitting in the back-seat. She immediately caught hold of me and beg'd if I possibly could accommodate her to take her home with me, as she had attempted to go to Mrs. Jordan's, but the drifts were so high, the horses could not get through; that they were compelled to return to the hall, where she had not a single acquaintance with whom she could go home. I was distressed, for I could not ask her home with me, for sister had so much company that I was obliged to go home with Sally Weeks and give my chamber to Parson Coffin. I told her this, and likewise that she should be provided for if my endeavors could be of any service. None but ladies were permitted to get into the carriage; it presently was stowed in so full that the horses could not move; the door was burst open, for such a clamor as the closing of it occasioned I never before heard. The universal cry was — "a gentleman in the coach, let him come out!" We all protested there was none, as it was too dark to distinguish; but the little man soon raised his voice and bid the coachman proceed; a dozen voices gave contrary orders. 'Twas a proper riot, I was really alarmed. My gentleman, with a vast deal of fashionable independence, swore no power on earth should make him quit his seat; but a gentleman at the door jump't into the carriage, caught hold of him, and would have dragged him out if we had not all entreated them to desist. He squeezed again into his seat, inwardly exulting to think he should get safe home from such rough creatures as the men, should pass for a lady, be secure under their protection, for none would insult him before them, mean creature!! The carriage at length started full of ladies, and not one gentleman to protect us, except our lady man who had crept to us for shelter. When we found ourselves in the street, the first thing was to find out who was in the carriage and where we were all

What was his Motive?

going, who first must be left. Luckily two gentlemen had followed by the side of the carriage, and when it stopt took out the ladies as they got to their houses. Our sweet little, trembling, delicate, unprotected fellow sat immovable whilst the two gentlemen that were obliged to walk thro' all the snow and storm carried all the ladies from the carriage. What could be the motive of the little wretch for creeping in with us I know not: I should have thought 'twas his great wish to serve the ladies, if he had moved from the seat, but 'twas the most singular thing I ever heard of. We at length arrived at the place of our destination. Miss Weeks asked Miss Coffin (for that was the unlucky girl's name) to go home with her, which she readily did. The gentlemen then proceeded to take us out. My beau, unused to carrying such a weight of sin and folly, sank under its pressure, and I was obliged to carry my mighty self through the snow which almost buried me. Such a time, I never shall forget it! My great-grandmother never told any of her youthful adventures to equal it. The storm continued till Monday, and I was obliged to stay; but Monday I insisted if there was any possibility of getting to Sister's to set out. The horse and sleigh were soon at the door, and again I sallied forth to brave the tempestuous weather (for it still snowed). . . . At length we arrived at Sister Boyd's door, and the drift before it was the greatest we had met with; the horse was so exhausted that he sunk down, and we really thought him dead. 'Twas some distance from the gate and no path. The gentleman took me up in his arms and carried me till my weight pressed him so far into the snow that he had no power to move his feet. I rolled out of his arms and wallowed till I reached the gate; then rising to shake off the snow, I turned and beheld my beau fixed and immovable; he could not get his feet out to take another

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step. At length, making a great exertion to spring his whole length forward, he made out to reach the poor horse, who lay in a worse condition than his master. By this time all the family had gathered to the window, indeed they saw the whole frolic; but 'twas not yet ended, for, unluckily, in pulling off Miss Weeks' bonnet to send to the sleigh to be carried back, I pulled off my wig and left my head bare. I was perfectly convulsed with laughter. Think what a ridiculous figure I must have been, still standing at the gate, my bonnet halfway to the sleigh and my wig in my hand. However, I hurried it on, for they were all laughing at the window, and made the best of my way into the house. The horse was unhitched and again set out, and left me to ponder on the incidents of the morning. I have since heard of several events that took place that Assembly night much more amusing than mine, — nay, Don Quixote's most ludicrous adventures compared with some of them will appear like the common events of the day. . . .

While waiting for breakfast, Aaron Burr writes to his daughter ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW-YORK, *August 6, 1803*

. . . **Y**OUR letter of the 20th of July was received from the post-office on my arrival last evening. There must be some anachronism in the date, for you left New-York on the 21st. I learned, however, that you arrived, were well, and had danced. Lord, how I should have liked to see you dance. It is so long; how long is it? It is certain that you danced better than anybody and looked better. Not a word of the Spring waters, their effects, &c.

I made the journey from Providence by land in four days. Near town, yesterday, P.M., I met Mr. and Mrs.

Miss Did Not Come


Harper, of Baltimore. They are to breakfast with me this morning; so I must make haste, for it is now eight o'clock. How bad I write to-day. With Mr. and Mrs. Harper was a pretty-looking, black-eyed lass, whose name I did not hear. I hope she is coming out to breakfast, for I like her. There was also that Liverpool merchant, who used to hang on Butler so in Charleston. I hope he went come.

. . . Now I hear the carriage. *Bon jour*. Be a good girl. Love to H. 'Twas nothing but a cart.

L. and her little *bang* are here (*chez nous*); how happy are you mothers. She will descant on its beauties by the hour; will point them out to you distinctly, lest they might escape notice. The hair, the nose, the mouth, and, in short, every feature, limb, and muscle, is admirable and is admired. To all which I agreed. . . .

Here they come, in earnest. I see only one lady in the carriage; so miss has not come; well, she may stay.

A. BURR

And in spite of her dilatoriness continues to write 

NEW-YORK, *March 28*, 1804

. . . YOUR letter, dated early in this month — I don't recollect the very day, having left the letter in town; but you write so seldom that a reference to the month is sufficiently descriptive; your letter, then, of March, announcing your removal to the Oaks, the pretty description of your house and establishment, *and all that*, were very amusing. I had really begun to doubt whether you were not all dead or something worse.

I shall get the speech, no thanks to you; there is a copy in Philadelphia, for which I have written, and it will come endorsed by the fair hand of Celeste: truly her hand and arm are handsome. I did not see her on my way through

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—*tant mieux*; for I took great affront; thence ensued explanations, &c. Nothing like a quarrel to advance love. La Planche I did see twice in one day; the last a long, very long visit. Lovely in weeds. . . .

Ph. Church and Miss Stewart, of Philadelphia, it is said, are to be married; Duer (which Duer I don't know) and Miss M. Denning reported as engaged; Bunner and Miss Church said to be mutually in love; on his part avowed, on hers not denied.

The Earl of Selkirk is here; a frank, unassuming, sensible man of about thirty. Whether he thinks of La R. is unknown to the writer. He dines with me on Monday.

If you had one particle of invention or genius, you would have taught A. B. A.¹ his *a, b, c* before this. God mend you. His fibbing is an inheritance, which pride, an inheritance, will cure. His mother went through that process. Adieu.

A. BURR

Washington Irving tries to save the country ~ ~

(To Miss Mary Fairlee)

NEW YORK, *May 2, 1807*

. . . WE have toiled through the purgatory of an election, and may the day stand for aye accursed on the Kalendar, for never were poor devils more intolerably beaten and discomfited than my forlorn brethren, the Federalists. What makes me the more outrageous is, that I got fairly drawn into the vortex, and before the third day was expired, I was as deep in mud and politics as ever a moderate gentleman would wish to be; and I drank beer with the multitude; and I talked handbill-

¹ Her son.

The Tug of War

fashion with the demagogues, and I shook hands with the mob — whom my heart abhorreth. 'Tis true for the two first days I maintained my coolness and indifference. The first day I merely hunted for whim, character, and absurdity, according to my usual custom; the second day being rainy, I sat in the bar-room at the Seventh Ward, and read a volume of Galatea, which I found on a shelf; but, before I had got through a hundred pages, I had three or four good Feds sprawling around me on the floor, and another with his eyes half shut, leaning on my shoulder in the most affectionate manner, and spelling a page of the book as if it had been an electioneering handbill. But the third day — Ah! then came the tug of war. My patriotism all at once blazed forth, and I determined to save my country! Oh, my friend, I have been in such holes and corners; such filthy nooks and filthy corners, sweep offices and oyster cellars! “I have been sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life,” — faugh! I shall not be able to bear the smell of small beer or tobacco for a month to come! . . .

Truly this saving one's country is a nauseous piece of business, and if patriotism is such a dirty virtue — prythee, no more of it. I was almost the whole time at the Seventh Ward — as you know, that is the most fertile ward in mob, riot, and incident, and I do assure you the scene was exquisitely ludicrous. Such haranguing and puffing and strutting among all the little great men of the day. Such shoals of unfledged heroes from the lower wards, who had broke away from their mammas, and run to electioneer with a slice of bread and butter in their hands. . . .

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Although uninvited and badly shaven, Washington
Irving attends Mrs. Madison's levee ∞ ∞ ∞

(To Henry Brevoort)

CITY OF WASHINGTON, *Jan. 13, 1811*

DEAR BREVOORT: I have been constantly intending to write to you; but you know the hurry and confusion of the life I at present lead, and the distraction of thought which it occasions, and which is totally hostile to letter writing. The letter, however, which you have been so good as to write me, demands a return of one kind or another; and so I answer it, partly through a sense of duty, and partly in hopes of inducing you to write another.

My journey to Baltimore was terrible and sublime — as full of adventurous matter and direful peril as one of Walter Scott's pantomimic, melo-dramatic, romantic tales. I was three days on the road, and slept one night in a log-house. Yet somehow or another, I lived through it all; and lived merrily into the bargain, for which I thank a large stock of good humor, which I put up before my departure from New York, as travelling stores to last me throughout my expedition. In a word, I left home, determined to be pleased with every thing, or if not pleased, to be amused, if I may be allowed the distinction, and I have hitherto kept to my determination. . . .

The ride from Baltimore to Washington was still worse than the former one; but I had two or three odd geniuses for fellow-passengers, and made out to amuse myself very well. I arrived at the Inn about dusk; and, understanding that Mrs. Madison was to have her levee or drawing-room that very evening, I swore by all my gods I would be there. But how? was the question. I had got away down into Georgetown, and the persons to whom my letters of introduction were directed, lived all upon Capitol

A Sanguinary Barber

Hill, about three miles off, while the President's house was exactly half way. Here was a non-plus enough to startle any man of less enterprising spirit; but I had sworn to be there, and I determined to keep my oath, and like Caleb Quotem, to "have a place at the Review." So I mounted with a stout heart to my room; resolved to put on my pease blossoms and silk stockings; gird up my loins; sally forth on my expedition; and like a vagabond knight errant, trust to Providence for success and whole bones. Just as I descended from my attic chamber, full of this valorous spirit, I was met by my landlord, with whom, and the head waiter, by-the-bye, I had held a private cabinet counsel on the subject. Bully Rook informed me that there was a party of gentlemen just going from the house, one of whom, Mr. Fontaine Maury of New York, had offered his services to introduce me to "the Sublime Porte." I cut one of my best opera flourishes; skipped into the dressing-room, popped my head into the hands of a sanguinary Jacobinical barber, who carried havoc and desolation into the lower regions of my face; mowed down all the beard on one of my cheeks, and laid the other in blood like a conquered province; and thus, like a second Banquo, with "twenty mortal murthers on my head," in a few minutes I emerged from dirt and darkness into the blazing splendor of Mrs. Madison's drawing-room. Here I was most graciously received; found a crowded collection of great and little men, of ugly old women and beautiful young ones, and in ten minutes was hand and glove with half the people in the assemblage. Mrs. Madison is a fine, portly, buxom dame, who has a smile and a pleasant word for everybody. Her sisters, Mrs. Cutts and Mrs. Washington, are like the two merry wives of Windsor; but as to Jemmy Madison — ah! poor Jemmy! — he is but a withered little apple-John. . . .

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— — is here, and “my brother George” into the bargain. — is endeavoring to obtain a deposit in the Mechanic’s Bank, in case the U. S. Bank does not obtain a charter. He is as deep as usual; shakes his head, and winks through his spectacles at every body he meets. He swore to me the other day, that he had not told anybody what his opinion was, whether the bank *ought* to have a charter or not; nobody in Washington knew what his opinion was — not one — nobody — he defied any one to say what it was — “anybody — damn the one — no, sir — nobody knows” — and, if he had added nobody cares, I believe honest — would have been exactly in the right. Then there’s his brother — — “damn that fellow — knows eight or nine languages — yes, sir — nine languages — Arabic, Spanish, Greek, Ital — and there’s his wife now — she and Mrs. Madison are always together. Mrs. Madison has taken a great fancy to her little daughter; only think, sir, that child is only six years old, and talks the Italian like a book, by God — little devil learned it all from an Italian servant — damned clever fellow — lived with my brother — — ten years — says he would not part with him for all Tripoli,” &c., &c., &c.

. . . It is now almost one o’clock at night. I must to bed. Remember me to all the lads and lasses, Gertrude, Miss Wilkes, and the bonny lasses in Greenwich street, whose fair hands I kiss.

I am, my dear fellow, yours ever,

W. I.

Bouilli is Indispensable

Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith gives "a small, genteel dinner" for Miss Martineau ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Kirkpatrick)

WASHINGTON, *Febr.* 4th, 1835

... **A**ND now for Miss Martineau, since you desire to hear a little more about her, particularly of the day she passed here. But I really must give you a previous scene which amused me extremely and will not be without some diversion for you. The day previous to our little dinner party, I sent for Henry Orr, whom I had always employed when I had company and who is the most experienced and fashionable waiter in the city. He is almost white, his manners gentle, serious and respectful, to an uncommon degree and his whole appearance quite gentlemanly. "Henry," said I, when he came, "I am going to have a small dinner party, but though small, I wish it to be peculiarly nice, everything of the best and most fashionable. I wish you to attend, and as it is many years since I have dined in company, you must tell me what dishes will be best. "Bouilli," I suppose, "is not out of fashion?" "No, indeed, Ma'am! A Bouilli at the foot of the table is indispensable, no dinner without it." "And at the head?" "After the soup, Ma'am, fish, boiled fish, and after the Fish canvas-backs, the Bouilli to be removed, and Pheasants." "Stop, stop Henry," cried I, "not so many removes if you please!" "Why, ma'am, you said your company was to be a dozen, and I am only telling you what is absolutely necessary. Yesterday at Mr. Woodbury's there was only 18 in company and there were 30 dishes of meat." "But Henry I am not a Secretary's lady. I want a small, genteel dinner." "Indeed, ma'am, that is all I am telling you, for side dishes you will have a very

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small ham, a small Turkey, on each side of them Partridges, mutton chops, or sweet breads, a macaroni pie, an oyster pie."—"That will do, that will do, Henry. Now for vegetables." "Well, ma'am, stew'd celery, spinage, salsify, cauliflower." "Indeed, Henry, you must substitute potatoes, beets, &c." "Why, ma'am, they will not be genteel, but to be sure if you say so, it must be so. Mrs. Forsyth the other day *would* have a plum-pudding, she will keep to old fashions." "What, Henry, plum-pudding out of fashion?" "La, yes, Ma'am, all kinds of puddings and pies." "Why, what then must I have at the head and foot of the table?" "Forms of ice-cream at the head, and a pyramid of anything, grapes, oranges, or anything handsome at the foot." "And the other dishes?" "Jellies, custards, blanc-mange, cakes, sweet-meats, and sugar-plums." "No nuts, raisons, figs, &c., &c.?" "Oh, no, no, ma'am, they are quite vulgar." "Well, well, Henry. My desert is, I find, all right, and your dinner I suppose with the exception of one or two things. You may order me the pies, partridges, and pheasants from the French cook, and Priscilla can do the rest." "Indeed, ma'am, you had best"— "No more, Henry," interrupted I. "I am not Mrs. Woodbury." . . . But I carried my point in only having 8 dishes of meat, tho' I could not convince Henry, it was more genteel than a grander dinner. He came the next day, and leaving him and the girls as his assistants (for Anna absolutely locked me out of the dining room) I sat quietly in the front parlour, as if no company was expected. Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Coolidge (Ellen Randolph that was), James Bayard and B[ayard] K[irkpatrick] were the only additional guests to Miss M[artineau] and Miss Jeffrey her companion. About 3, B. K. came. I only was in the parlour, the girls were dressing, presently Ann came down, and told me Miss M. and Miss

Miss Martineau's Ear Tube

J. were up stairs in my room. "And you left them there alone!" exclaimed I. "To be sure answered Ann, with her usual nonchalance. I have never been introduced to them and they asked me to show them to a chamber." "And you let them go in alone!" "To be sure," I hastened up stairs and found them combing their hair. They had taken off their bonnets and large capes. "You see," said Miss M., "we have complied with your request and come sociably to pass the day with you. We have been walking all the morning, our lodgings were too distant to return, so we have done as those who have no carriages do in England, when they go to pass a social day." I offered her combs, brushes, etc. but showing me the enormous pockets in her french dress, said they were provided with all that was necessary, and pulled out nice little silk shoes, silk stockings, a scarf for her neck, little lace mits, a gold chain and some other jewelry, and soon without changing her dress was prettily equipped for dinner or evening company. We were all as perfectly at our ease as if old friends. Miss M.'s toilette was soonest completed, and sitting down by me on the sofa, and handing me the tube, we had a nice social chat before we went down stairs. I introduced Mr. Smith, my nephews, and son &c. Mr. S. took a seat on the sofa by her, and I on a chair on her other side, to be near to introduce others. It was quite amusing to see Mr. S. He took the tube and at first applied its wrong cup to his lips, but in the warmth of conversation perpetually forgot it, and as he always gesticulates a great deal with his hands, he was waving about the cup, quite forgetful of its use, except when I said, as I continually had to do, "Put it to your lips." But Miss M. had admirable tact and filled up the gaps of his part of the conversation, made by the waving of the tube, by her intuitive perception and talked as fluently of Lord Brougham,

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Lord Durham and other political personages, of whom Mr. S. inquired as if she had heard every word . . . Mrs. Coolidge managed better, and conversed with perfect ease and great fluency until dinner, which was not served until five o'clock, when the curtains being drawn and shutters closed, the candles on the table were lit and made everything look better. . . . Dinner went off *very well*. I conversed a great deal with Miss M., as Mrs. R. would not. Our conversation was very interesting and carried on in a tone that all the rest of the company could hear. . . . It was a rich treat to hear her. Her words flow in a continual stream, her voice pleasing, her manners quiet and lady-like, her face full of intelligence, benevolence and animation. . . . It was 11 o'clock before the party broke up. Every one gratified at an opportunity of meeting Miss M. in such a quiet, social manner. . . .

Washington Irving denies both ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(To James K. Paulding, *Jan. 3, 1833*)

. . . **A**S to rumors, they are as numerous as they are absurd. Gouverneur's particular friend, Bankhead, the British *chargé d'affaires*, has just returned from New York, very gravely charged with one concerning myself; viz., that I was *to marry Miss —, and receive the appointment of Postmaster of New York!!* Now either the lady or the office would be a sufficient blessing for a marrying or an office-craving man; but God help me! should be as much bothered with the one as with the other. . . .

A Serious Situation

James Russell Lowell prepares to buy a doll ∞ ∞

(To Mrs. William Wetmore Story)

HÔTEL DE FRANCE, RUE LAFITTE,

PARIS, *July* 16th, 1856

MY DEAR EMELYN,—Here I am back again just where I was a year ago at this time and as delighted to hear of your being in England as I was then disappointed to find that you had decamped thither — for in England I shall be in a few days. It is rumoured in diplomatic circles that you are at the White Hart, Windsor — which has a very comfortable sound. But are you to stay there? Shall we go and see another cathedral or two together?

What I wish you particularly to do now is to write and tell me where you got the *doll* which has so excited Mabel's cupidity. If you can't remember the exact address can you tell the street or the quarter? Also whether it is a gal of wax? Moves her eyes? About how big? Cost *environ* how much? Has a wardrobe? I see ruin staring me in the face, and have just got a letter from M. ordering shoes, stockings and what not for the young foreigner. You see what a predicament I should be in were I to go home with the wrong baby. It is not a case for a warming-pan, for the features of the child are already known to the expectant mother by vision — nay by actual touch of the twin sister of elder birth. Not *every* supposititious child would answer. . . .

So the Longfellows are coming? Won't they have a nice time! Over here it is more of a reputation to *know* Longfellow than to have written various immortal works. Gather your laurels while ye may, old Time is still a-flying! and old times, too, more's the pity. We will have one more, though, in England, I trust. . . .

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“The broken circle” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Henry W. Longfellow to Charles Sumner)

January 30, 1859

... IT is Sunday afternoon. You know, then, how the old house looks, — the shadow in the library, and the sunshine in the study, where I stand at my desk and write you this. Two little girls are playing about the room, — A. counting with great noise the brass handles on my secretary, “nine, eight, five, one,” and E. insisting upon having some paper box, long promised but never found, and informing me that I am not a man of my word!

And I stand here at my desk by the window, thinking of you, and hoping you will open some other letter from Boston before you do mine, so that I may not be the first to break to you the sad news of Prescott’s death. Yes, he is dead, — from a stroke of paralysis, on Friday last at two o’clock. Up to half past twelve he was well, and occupied as usual; at two he was dead. We shall see that cheerful, sunny face no more! Ah me! what a loss this is to us all, and how much sunshine it will take out of the social life of Boston! . . .

Henry D. Thoreau on “that glorious society called Solitude” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

CONCORD, January 1, 1859

MR. BLAKE, —

... I have lately got back to that glorious society called Solitude, where we meet our friends continually, and can imagine the outside world also to be peopled. Yet some of my acquaintance would fain hustle me into the almshouse for the *sake of society*, as if I were pining for that diet, when I seem to myself a most befriended

Indigestion of Society

man, and find constant employment. They have got a club,¹ the handle of which is in the Parker House at Boston, and with this they beat me from time to time, expecting to make me tender or minced meat, so fit for a club to dine off.

“Hercules with his club
The Dragon did drub;
But More of More Hall
With nothing at all,
He slew the Dragon of Wantley.”

Ah ! that More of More Hall knew what fair play was. Channing, who wrote to me about it once, brandishing the club vigorously (being set on by another, probably), says *now*, seriously, he is sorry to find by my letters that I am “absorbed in politics,” and adds, begging my pardon for his plainness, “Beware of an extraneous life !” and so he does his duty, and washes his hands of me. I tell him that it is as if he should say to the sloth, that fellow that creeps so slowly along a tree, and cries *ai* from time to time, “Beware of dancing !”

The doctors are all agreed that I am suffering for want of society. Was never a case like it. First, I did not know that I was suffering at all. Secondly, as an Irishman might say, I had thought it was indigestion of the society I got.

As for the Parker House, I went there once, when the Club was away, but I found it hard to see through the cigar smoke, and men were deposited about in chairs over the marble floor, as thick as legs of bacon in a smoke-house. It was all smoke, and no salt, Attic or other. The only room in Boston which I visit with alacrity is the Gentlemen’s Room at the Fitchburg Depot, where I wait for the

¹ The Saturday Club.

The Friendly Craft

cars, sometimes for two hours, in order to get out of town. It is a paradise to the Parker House, for no smoking is allowed, and there is far more retirement. A large and respectable club of us hire it (Town and Country Club), and I am pretty sure to find some one there whose face is set the same way as my own. . . .

Have you found at last in your wanderings a place where the solitude is sweet?

What mountain are you camping on nowadays? Though I had a good time at the mountains, I confess that the journey did not bear any fruit that I know of. I did not expect it would. The mode of it was not simple and adventurous enough. You must first have made an infinite demand, and not unreasonably, but after a corresponding outlay, have an all-absorbing purpose, and at the same time that your feet bear you hither and thither, travel much more in imagination.

To let the mountains slide, — live at home like a traveler. It should not be in vain that these things are shown us from day to day. Is not each withered leaf that I see in my walks something which I have traveled to find? — traveled, who can tell how far? What a fool he must be who thinks that his El Dorado is anywhere but where he lives! . . .

Henry James, Sr., regards the Saturday Club with imperfect seriousness ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Ralph Waldo Emerson)

I CANNOT forbear to say a word I want to say about Hawthorne and Ellery Channing. Hawthorne isn't a handsome man, nor an engaging one, personally. He has the look all the time, to one who doesn't know him, of a rogue who suddenly finds himself in a company of detec-

Hawthorne the Only Oasis

tives. But in spite of his rusticity, I felt a sympathy for him amounting to anguish, and couldn't take my eyes off him all the dinner, nor my rapt attention, as that indecisive little — found, I am afraid, to his cost, for I hardly heard a word of what he kept on saying to me, and felt at one time very much like sending down to Parker to have him removed from the room as maliciously putting his little artificial person between me and a profitable object of study. Yet I feel now no ill-will to —, and could recommend any one (but myself) to go and hear him preach. Hawthorne, however, seemed to me to possess human substance, and not to have dissipated it all away, as that debauched X. Y. and the good, inoffensive, comforting Longfellow. He seemed much nearer the human being than any one at that end of the table, — much nearer. John Forbes and yourself kept up the balance at the other end; but that end was a desert, with him for its only oasis. It was so pathetic to see him, contented, sprawling, Concord owl that he was and always has been, brought blindfold into the brilliant daylight, and expected to wink and be lively like any little dapper Tommy Titmouse or Jenny Wren. How he buried his eyes in his plate, and ate with a voracity that no person should dare to ask him a question! My heart broke for him as that attenuated X. Y. kept putting forth his long antennæ toward him, stroking his face, and trying whether his eyes were shut.

The idea I got was, and it was very powerfully impressed on me, that we are all monstrously corrupt, hopelessly bereft of human consciousness, and that it is the intention of the Divine Providence to overrun us and obliterate us in a new Gothic and Vandalic invasion, of which this Concord specimen is a first fruit. It was heavenly to see him persist in ignoring X. Y. and shutting his eyes against his spectral smiles; eating his dinner and doing absolutely

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nothing but that, and then going home to his Concord den to fall on his knees and ask his Heavenly Father why it was that an owl couldn't remain an owl, and not be forced into the diversions of a canary. I have no doubt that all the tenderest angels saw to his case that night, and poured oil into his wounds more soothing than gentlemen ever know.

Ellery Channing, too, seemed so human and good, — sweet as sunshine, and fragrant as pine woods. He is more sophisticated than the other, of course, but still he was kin; and I felt the world richer by two *men* who had not yet lost themselves in mere members of society. This is what I suspect, — that we are fast getting so fearful one to another, we members of society, that we shall ere long begin to kill one another in self defence, and give place in that way to a more voracious state of things. The old world is breaking up on all hands, — the glimpse of the everlasting granite I caught in Hawthorne shows me that there is stock enough for fifty better. Let the old imposter go, bag and baggage, for a very real and substantial one is aching to come in, in which the churl shall not be exalted to a place of dignity, in which innocence shall never be tarnished nor trafficked in, in which every man's freedom shall be respected down to its feeblest filament as the radiant altar of God. To the angels, says Swedenborg, Death means Resurrection to life; by that necessary rule of inversion which keeps them separate from us and us from them, and so prevents our being mutual nuisances. . . .

A Furious Frank

James Russell Lowell speaks French too politely 

(To Edwin Lawrence Godkin)

ELMWOOD, 29th Dec., 1871

. . . **I** WAS to have started last Monday, but there is a furious Frank here who has opened a school for his detestable lingo in which Mesdames Lowell and Gurney are pupils. He dines with us on alternate Wednesdays and compels us to talk French till we are black in the face. Last Wednesday week was our day and then came a fortnight of *vacances*. As I pressed his hand at parting, of course I told him that we should be glad to see him during that halcyon period, and murmured *à bientôt* like an ass as I was. That he should not have perceived that I was talking French was perhaps excusable enough, but that he should take what I said in a brutal Anglo-Saxon way as if I meant it—that I cannot so easily forgive. Anyhow, he told Fanny next day that he should have the happiness of accepting my ravishing invitation for the next Wednesday, as if I had not left the matter as much in the air (to use their own phrase) as a balloon that may come down weeks away from where it started. So there I was planted for this week. If you will let me perch with you, I shall come next Monday. Company—except yours and that of two or three more—I do not want except on the most unwhitechokery terms and I come on the express understanding that you are to return my visit in the course of the winter. . . .

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“The changed perspective” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(John G. Whittier to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps)

4th mo., 7, 1878

. . . I AGREE with Canon Farrar that “life is worth living,” even if one cannot sleep the biggest part of it away. Thee and I get more out of it, after all, than those “sleek-headed folks who sleep o’ nights.” . . . Against all my natural inclinations, I have been fighting for the “causes,” half my life. “Woe is me, my mother,” I can say with the old prophet, “who hast borne me a man of strife and contention.” I have suffered dreadfully from coarseness, self-seeking vanity, and asinine stupidity among associates, as well as from the coldness or open hostility, and, worst, the ridicule of the outside world, but I now see that it was best, and that I needed it all. . . .

Mrs. Briggs listens to Phillips Brooks ~ ~ ~

ROXBURY, *January*, 11, 1880

. . . NOW, you can’t guess what I have done to-day, and such a blessed time as I have had I could never tell you about. I announced last night my intention to hear Phillips Brooks preach, if I went on foot and alone, figuratively speaking. I was not quite so saucy as that, but I was emphatic because I meant to do it. So it was all nicely arranged; the next-door neighbor having a seat there, and a car going expressly to the church, we all went together; and I found myself in the beautiful church in a pew very near the chancel, so there could be no difficulty about hearing, and had an opportunity to take in the rich, warm, soft coloring and the whole subdued tone of the building before the service commenced.

So Sweet and Tender

It was very lightly trimmed with wreaths of evergreen, which followed the outline of the woodwork so closely that it did not interfere at all with any architectural effect, and in the chancel were three large spruce-trees, making the three points of a triangle. They looked as if they were really growing there. The church was filled, really full, every seat, with an earnest-looking congregation. . . . The music was good, not wonderful; but the sermon was wonderful. Why, I never thought I could at my age be so affected by any sermon. "A little child shall lead them," was the text. I should not dare to try to give you any idea of it; it would be sacrilege; but it was as warm and loving as any Methodist sermon, devout enough to satisfy a Catholic, and broad enough to satisfy any decent Radical. Oh, how I did enjoy it! To hear that man describe the leading of a child!—that lone, lorn man, without wife or child. I don't see how or when he learned his lesson. It was so sweet and tender! Then he made me feel how little creeds or abstract thoughts are worth unless one can see them carried out in human lives,—how that is the way truth must reach us at last, through love of humanity, and from that love up to God, through our elder brother, whom the preacher made no God, nor anything else we could not understand, but a living, loving man, who lived always in the bosom of the Father. Well, I felt as though I had been living in another world, I was so drawn away from myself by those earnest words, and Mr. G. said I made the whole car full of people listen to my talk. That made me awfully ashamed, but you see I never thought of the people at all, nor of anything else but what I had heard. . . .

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Mrs. Longfellow prefers Henry's friends to titled folk

STEAM SHIP, GERMAN OCEAN,

Thursday, June 11 [1835]

. . . WE have some very pleasant passengers. A German lady with her father and little girl. What a strange idea foreigners have of America! This lady who appears very intelligent asked us if *America* was anything like *London*!! Then we have a German prince with huge mustachios; Clara played whist with him last evening! Oh dear! I do not know as I shall be able to speak to you when I return, I see so many lords and ladies! but in reality these lords and ladies are not half as agreeable people as some of Henry's literary friends. Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle have more genuine worth and talent than half of the nobility in London. Mr. Carlyle's literary fame is very high, and she is a very talented woman — but they are people after my own heart — not the least pretension about them. Mrs. Carlyle has a pin with Goethe's head upon it, which that great author sent her himself. She is very proud of it I assure you. They live very retired, not wishing to mix with fashionable society, which they regard in its true light; still they have some friends among the nobility who know how to value them. . . .

Ralph Waldo Emerson commends Margaret Fuller to
Thomas and Jane Carlyle ~ ~ ~ ~

CONCORD, 31 July, 1846

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The new edition of *Cromwell* in its perfect form and in excellent dress, and the copy of the Appendix, came munificently safe by the last steamer. When thought is best, then is there most, — is a faith of which you alone among writing men at this day

An Exotic in New England

will give me experience. If it is the right frankincense and sandal-wood, it is so good and heavenly to give me a basketful and not a pinch. I read proudly, a little at a time, and have not yet got through the new matter. But I think neither the new letters nor the commentary could be spared. Wiley and Putnam shall do what they can, and we will see if New England will not come to reckon this the best chapter in her Pentateuch.

I send this letter by Margaret Fuller, of whose approach I believe I wrote you some word. There is no foretelling how you visited and crowded English will like our few educated men or women, and in your learned populace my luminaries may easily be overlooked. But of all the travellers whom you have so kindly received from me, I think of none, since Alcott went to England, whom I so much desired that you should see and like, as this dear old friend of mine. For two years now I have scarcely seen her, as she has been at New York, engaged by Horace Greeley as a literary editor of his *Tribune* newspaper. This employment was made acceptable to her by good pay, great local and personal conveniences of all kinds, and unbounded confidence and respect from Greeley himself, and all other parties connected with this influential journal (of 30,000 subscribers, I believe). And Margaret Fuller's work as critic of all new books, critic of the drama, of music, and good arts in New York, has been honorable to her. Still this employment is not satisfactory to me. She is full of all nobleness, and with the generosity native to her mind and character appears to me an exotic in New England, a foreigner from some more sultry and expansive climate. She is, I suppose, the earliest reader and lover of Goethe in this Country, and nobody here knows him so well. Her love too of whatever is good in French, and specially in Italian genius, give her the best title to travel.

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In short, she is our citizen of the world by quite special diploma. And I am heartily glad that she has an opportunity of going abroad that pleases her.

Mr. Spring, a merchant of great moral merits, (and, as I am informed, an assiduous reader of your books,) has grown rich, and resolves to see the world with his wife and son, and has wisely invited Miss Fuller to show it to him. Now, in the first place, I wish you to see Margaret when you are in special good humor, and have an hour of boundless leisure. And I entreat Jane Carlyle to abet and exalt and secure this satisfaction to me. I need not, and yet perhaps I need say, that M. F. is the safest of all possible persons who ever took pen in hand. Prince Metternich's closet not closer or half so honorable. In the next place, I should be glad if you can easily manage to show her the faces of Tennyson and of Browning. She has a sort of right to them both, not only because she likes their poetry, but because she has made their merits widely known among our young people. And be it known to my friend Jane Carlyle, whom, if I cannot see, I delight to name, that her visitor is an immense favorite in the parlor, as well as in the library, in all good houses where she is known. And so I commend her to you.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. EMERSON

Miss Fuller goes accordingly and communicates the result



(To Ralph Waldo Emerson)

PARIS, *Dec.*, 1846

· · · ACCUSTOMED to the infinite wit and exuberant richness of his [Carlyle's] writings, his talk is still an amazement and a splendor scarcely to be faced with

Heroic Arrogance

steady eyes. He does not converse;—only harangues. It is the usual misfortune of such marked men,—happily not one invariable or inevitable,—that they cannot allow other minds room to breathe, and show themselves in their atmosphere, and thus miss the refreshment and instruction which the greatest never cease to need from the experience of the humblest. Carlyle allows no one a chance, but bears down all opposition, not only by his wit and onset of words, resistless in their sharpness as so many bayonets, but by actual physical superiority,—raising his voice, and rushing on his opponent with a torrent of sound. This is not in the least from unwillingness to allow freedom to others. On the contrary, no man would more enjoy a manly resistance to his thought. But it is the habit of a mind accustomed to follow out its own impulse, as the hawk its prey, and which knows not how to stop in the chase. Carlyle, indeed, is arrogant and overbearing; but in his arrogance there is no littleness,—no self-love. It is the heroic arrogance of some old Scandinavian conqueror;—it is his nature, and the untamable energy that has given him power to crush the dragons. You do not love him, perhaps, nor revere; and perhaps, also, he would only laugh at you if you did; but you like him heartily, and like to see him the powerful smith, the Siegfried, melting all the old iron in his furnace till it glows to a sunset red, and burns you, if you senselessly go too near. He seems, to me, quite isolated,—lonely as the desert,—yet never was a man more fitted to prize a man, could he find one to match his mood. He finds them, but only in the past. He sings, rather than talks. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally, near the beginning hits upon some singular epithet, which serves as a *refrain* when his song is full, or with which, as with

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a knitting needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced, now and then, to let fall a row. For the higher kinds of poetry he has no sense, and his talk on that subject is delightfully and gorgeously absurd. He sometimes stops a minute to laugh at it himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor; for all the spirits he is driving before him seem to him as Fata Morgana, ugly masks, in fact, if he can but make them turn about; but he laughs that they seem to others such dainty Ariels. His talk, like his books, is full of pictures; his critical strokes masterly. Allow for his point of view, and his survey is admirable. He is a large subject. I cannot speak more or wiselier of him now, nor needs it; — his works are true, to blame and praise him, — the Siegfried of England, — great and powerful, if not quite invulnerable, and of a might rather to destroy evil, than legislate for good. . . .

After fourteen years Emerson and Carlyle are “shovelled together again” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Ralph Waldo Emerson to his wife)

CHELSEA, LONDON, *October 27, 1847*

DEAR LIDIAN: . . . I found at Liverpool after a couple of days a letter which had been once there seeking me (and once returned to Manchester before it reached my hands) from Carlyle, addressed to “R. W. E., on the instant he lands in England,” conveying so hearty a welcome and so urgent an invitation to house and hearth that I could no more resist than I could gravitation; and finding that I should not be wanted for a week in the lecture-rooms, I came hither on Monday, and, at ten at night, the door was opened to me by Jane Carlyle, and the man himself was behind her with a lamp in the entry. They

Large Communication

were very little changed from their old selves of fourteen years ago (in August), when I left them at Craigenputtock. "Well," said Carlyle, "here we are, shovelled together again." The floodgates of his talk are quickly opened, and the river is a great and constant stream. We had large communication that night until nearly one o'clock, and at breakfast next morning it began again. At noon or later we went together, Carlyle and I, to Hyde Park and the palaces (about two miles from here), to the National Gallery, and to the Strand, — Carlyle melting all Westminster and London down into his talk and laughter as he walked. We came back to dinner at five or later; then Dr. Carlyle came in and spent the evening, which again was long by the clock, but had no other measures. Here in this house we breakfast about nine; Carlyle is very apt, his wife says, to sleep till ten or eleven, if he has no company. An immense talker he is, and altogether as extraordinary in his conversation as in his writing, — I think even more so. You will never discover his real vigor and range, or how much more he might do than he has ever done, without seeing him. I find my few hours' discourse with him in Scotland, long since, gave me not enough knowledge of him, and I have now at last been taken by surprise. . . . Carlyle and his wife live on beautiful terms. Nothing can be more engaging than their ways, and in her bookcase all his books are inscribed to her, as they came, from year to year, each with some significant lines. . . .


November 1, Tuesday evening. — I am heartily tired of Liverpool. I am oppressed by the seeing of such multitudes: there is a fierce strength here in all the streets; the men are bigger and solider far than our people, more stocky, both men and women, and with a certain fixedness and determination in each person's air, that discriminates

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them from the sauntering gait and roving eyes of Americans. In America you catch the eye of every one you meet; here you catch no eye, almost. The axes of an Englishman's eyes are united to his backbone. . . . Yesterday morning I got your welcome letter (by Mr. Ireland). I am greatly contented to know that all is so well with you. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

WALDO E.

Charles Sumner sees the Queen open Parliament, and finds Macaulay oppressive 

(To George S. Hillard)

TRAVELLERS', [LONDON,] *Feb.* 16, 1839


DEAR HILLARD, — Perhaps this is my last greeting from London; and yet it is hard to tear myself away, so connected by friendship and by social ties have I become with this great circle; and I will not venture to write down the day when I shall leave. My last was a volume rather than a letter; and I have again such stores to communicate as to call for another volume. Parliament is now open, and I have been a constant attendant; but I will first tell you of its opening and of the speech of the Queen. I was accommodated through the kindness of Lord Morpeth with a place at the bar, — perhaps it was the best place occupied by any person not in court dress. Behind me was the Prince Louis Bonaparte. It was a splendid sight, as at the coronation, to watch the peeresses as they took their seats in full dress, resplendent with jewels and costly ornaments; and from the smallness of the room all were within a short distance. The room of the House of Lords is a little longer but not so wide as

Although a Queen, a Woman

our College Chapel, at Cambridge. The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of state, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding, and the trumpets adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the Commons to be summoned. In the mean time, all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of the throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was, a Queen; but a Queen's nerves and heart are those of a woman, and she showed that little nervousness and restlessness which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. And yet she bore herself well, and many, whose eyes were not as observing as you know mine are, did not note these pleasing tokens. I was glad to see them, more by far than if she had sat as if cut in alabaster. The Commons came in with a thundering rush, their Speaker at their head. Her Majesty then commenced reading her speech which had been previously handed to her by the Lord Chancellor. It was a quarter or a third through before she seemed to get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium, I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silver accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no predisposition to admire the Queen, or anything that proceeds from her; but her reading has conquered my judgment. I was astonished and delighted. Her voice was sweet, and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word slowly and distinctly, with a just regard to its meaning. I think I have never heard anything better read in my life than was her speech; and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she performs!" . . .

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At dinner Adolphus was as quiet as usual, — you know him as the friend of Scott, — and Macaulay was truly oppressive. I now understand Sydney Smith, who called Macaulay a tremendous machine for colloquial oppression. His memory is prodigious, surpassing any thing I have ever known, and he pours out its stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole strophes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has written, without prompting: but he has neither grace of body, face, nor voice; he is without intonation or variety; and he pours on like Horace's river, while we, poor rustics, foolishly think he will cease; and if you speak, he does not respond to what you say, but, while your last words are yet on your lips, takes up again his wondrous tale. He will not confess ignorance of any thing, though I verily believe that no man would ever have less occasion to make the confession. I have heard him called the most remarkable person of his age; and again the most overrated. . . .

Washington Irving visits Mr. Scott at Abbotsford 

(To Peter Irving)

ABBOTSFORD, *Sept.* 1, 1817

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have barely time to scrawl a line before the *gossoon* goes off with the letters to the neighboring post-office. . . .

On Friday, in spite of sullen, gloomy weather, I mounted the top of the mail coach, and rattled off to Selkirk. It rained heavily in the course of the afternoon, and drove

Scott's Golden Heart

me inside. On Saturday morning early I took chaise for Melrose ; and on the way stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent in my letter of introduction, with a request to know whether it would be agreeable for Mr. Scott to receive a visit from me in the course of the day. The glorious old minstrel himself came limping to the gate, took me by the hand in a way that made me feel as if we were old friends ; in a moment I was seated at his hospitable board among his charming little family, and here have I been ever since. I had intended certainly being back to Edinburgh to-day, (Monday,) but Mr. Scott wishes me to stay until Wednesday, that we may make excursions to Dryburgh Abbey, Yarrow, &c., as the weather has held up and the sun begins to shine. I cannot tell how truly I have enjoyed the hours I have passed here. They fly by too quick, yet each is loaded with story, incident, or song ; and when I consider the world of ideas, images, and impressions that have been crowded upon my mind since I have been here, it seems incredible that I should only have been two days at Abbotsford. I have rambled about the hills with Scott ; visited the haunts of Thomas the Rhymer, and other spots rendered classic by border tale and witching song, and have been in a kind of dream or delirium.

As to Scott, I cannot express my delight at his character and manners. He is a sterling golden-hearted old worthy, full of the joyousness of youth, with an imagination continually furnishing forth picture, and a charming simplicity of manner that puts you at ease with him in a moment. It has been a constant source of pleasure to me to remark his deportment towards his family, his neighbors, his domestics, his very dogs and cats ; every thing that comes within his influence seems to catch a beam of that sunshine that plays round his heart ; but I shall say

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more of him hereafter, for he is a theme on which I shall love to dwell. . . .

Your affectionate brother,

W. I.

P.S. — This morning we ride to Dryburgh Abbey and see also the old Earl of Buchan — who, you know, is a queer one. . . .

Later he meets Sir Walter in London ~ ~ ~

(To James K. Paulding)

LONDON, *May 27, 1820*

MY DEAR JAMES :

. . . Scott, or Sir Walter Scott, as he is now called, passed some few weeks in town lately, on coming up for his baronetcy. I saw him repeatedly, having formed an acquaintance with him two or three years since at his country retreat on the Tweed. He is a man that, if you knew, you would love; a right honest-hearted, generous-spirited being; without vanity, affectation, or assumption of any kind. He enters into every passing scene or passing pleasure with the interest and simple enjoyment of a child; nothing seems too high or remote for the grasp of his mind, and nothing too trivial or low for the kindness and pleasantry of his spirit. When I was in want of literary counsel and assistance, Scott was the only literary man to whom I felt that I could talk about myself and my petty concerns with the confidence and freedom that I would to an old friend — nor was I deceived — from the first moment that I mentioned my work to him in a letter, he took a decided and effective interest in it, and has been to me an invaluable friend. It is only astonishing how he finds time, with such ample exercise of the pen, to attend so much to the interests and concerns of

The Baths of Lucca

others; but no one ever applied to Scott for any aid, counsel, or service that would cost time and trouble, that was not most cheerfully and thoroughly assisted. Life passes away with him in a round of good offices and social enjoyments. Literature seems his sport rather than his labor or his ambition, and I never met with an author so completely void of all the petulance, egotism, and peculiarities of the craft; but I am running into prolixity about Scott, who I confess has completely won my heart, even more as a man than as an author; so, praying God to bless him, we will change the subject. . . .

Affectionately your friend,

W. IRVING

Peter, who is sitting by me, desires me to remember him most heartily to you and Gertrude.


The Storys care for no society but that of the
Brownings ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(William Wetmore Story to James Russell Lowell)

BAGNA DI LUCCA, *Aug.* 10th, 1853

. . . . **W**E are all at the Baths of Lucca now, high up on the hills, amid the thick chestnut-trees, retired from the bustle of the Ponte below, where gossip simmers round the café, and we are living the most *dolce far niente* of lives. The place is beautiful. All about us tower the mountains, terraced with vines and noble groups of chestnuts, and through the valley below sings our mountain-brook river as it sweeps under its one-arched bridges, turns picturesque mills, and goes winding along through its rocky bed to the Mediterranean. Every evening we drive along the richly-wooded banks of the wild, roaring Lima, or else beside the rushing Serchio,

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where Shelley used to push his little boat, to the Devil's Bridge. I have never lived an idler life. While the wind blows through the windows coolly we sit and read and fall asleep over our books — and feel intensely virtuous when we achieve a letter. Of society there is none we care to meet but the Brownings, who are living here. With them we have constant and delightful intercourse, interchanging long evenings together two or three times a-week, and driving and walking whenever we can meet. We like them very much — they are so simple, unaffected and sympathetic. Both are busily engaged in writing, he on a new volume of lyrical poems and she on a tale or novel in verse. . . . Both B. and his wife seem greatly to have taken to you and M., and we all join in standing on the ramparts and waving our handkerchiefs for you to return. . . .

Pictures, the Brownings, and supper at Evans's 

(Thomas Gold Appleton to Henry W. Longfellow, from
London, 1856)

. . . **I**MAGINE what zeal, patience, boldness, and love of Nature are in these [pre-Raphaelite] pictures; and with these the Anglo-Saxon awkwardness, crudity, and poor sentiment. Still, after seeing the Vernon collection, one can't but think better and better of the direction of the new school. One thing I find not stated of it, — how much it owes to the daguerrotype. The fine, minute finish, and the breadth at the same time they give; and absolutely they manage to have the same defects, — edginess and want of roundness. I met the Brownings at the Gallery yesterday, and put them on the way to see Hilary Curtis's picture, which I hunted up. The Brownings are a happy

A Concentrated Nightingale

couple, — happy in their affection and their genius. He is a fine, fresh, open nature, full of life and spring, and evidently has little of the dreamy element of Wordsworth and others. She is a little concentrated nightingale, living in a bower of curls, her heart throbbing against the bars of the world. I called on them, and she looked at me wistfully, as she believes in the Spirits and had heard of me. Lady Byron, too, has sent for me to talk about it; but I do not know that I shall find time to go. Lowell has turned up, and after dining with the Storys and myself at a grand dinner at Sturgis's the day before, they spent the day with me and dined, and to-night I am to join them at Windsor. I hear of dear old T. Kensett and Taylor, but have not got at them. Hazard is on the horizon. I wonder if he will walk the coast, as he proposed. Ticknor looks wonderfully natural in the Twistleton house. It has a library, the historic background for him, and the Dwight Allston, looking well. He invited, the other day, Mackintosh and myself to meet Thackeray. It was very pleasant. Thackeray seemed to remember the Yankee sunshine, and expanded, and looked well, though but lately recovering from an illness. He proposed going to Evans's after the dinner; so Mackintosh drove us down. The proprietor made great ado and honor. The same scene Hawthorne described to you was enacted. We had a seat of honor at the head of the table, and nice copies of the songs were given us. Much mention was made of you, and the earnest request that you would favor by a visit when you come to England. It was fun. The head was a character worthy of Dickens. In the midst of beefsteaks and tobacco he dilated on the charms of early editions, and showed us some. Deprecating the character of the music, he nudged me and said, that, like myself, he should prefer Beethoven and Mozart but if he gave them he should starve. The singing was

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chiefly comic, and not bad ; but one French piece, by some sixteen juveniles, had a lovely boy with a lovely voice piping clear, sweet, and high, like a lark, Thackeray was in raptures with that boy. Thackeray called on me, and I must try to find him. He lives in a very pretty square not far from Ticknor's. Mackintosh and I have driven down to Chelsea ; missed Carlyle. There is a good, fierce picture of him in the Exhibition.

I very much wish you were here. I am for the Continent, and want a party. Had a long talk with J. P. K. on politics ; Southern view ; gave him a Northern one ; delighted probably with each other. We now hear that Sumner is worse. Truly I hope that is not so. There is heat enough in the contest already, without any more disaster in that direction. If he should die, Achilles would rage in the Trojan trenches.

Love to dearest F., and say how much we all wish you were here, and what a bumper you would have. . . .

John Lothrop Motley feels "like a donkey" when complimented by a great lady ~ ~ ~ ~

(To his wife)

LONDON,

May 28th, 1858

MY DEAREST MARY,— . . . I believe you have never seen Thackeray. He has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of the childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great "snob" of England. His manner is like that of

Blushing like a Peony

everybody else in England — nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. . . .

On Thursday, according to express and very urgent invitation, I went with Mrs. Amory and S — to call at the Lyndhursts'. As soon as I got into the room Lady L. opened upon me such a torrent of civilities that I was nearly washed away. I certainly should not repeat, even to you, and even if I remembered it, the particular phraseology. . . . I would no more write such things, even to my mother, than I would go and stand on my head in the middle of Pall Mall. I feel like a donkey, and am even now blushing unseen, like a peony or any other delicate flower, at the very idea of writing such trash, and I beg that you will thrust my letter into the fire at once. . . . God bless you, dearest Mary; kiss my darling children, and believe in the love of

Your affectionate,

J. L. M.

From the "Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," edited by George William Curtis. Copyright, 1889, by J. Lewis Stackpole.

Bayard Taylor hears Tennyson read "The Idylls of the King," and likes Matthew Arnold at first sight

GOTHA, GERMANY, *March 11, 1867*

. . . WE landed at Southampton in heavenly May weather, and I determined to visit Farringford before going on to London. So I wrote at once to Tennyson, proposing a visit of an hour or two. Next morning came a friendly reply from Mrs. T., saying that there was a room ready for us, and we must make a longer visit. M. and I crossed to Cowes and Newport, and took a "fly" to Farringford, distant twelve miles; a glorious

The Friendly Craft

drive across the Isle of Wight, between ivied hedges and past gardens of laurel and lauristinus in blossom. Green meadows, cowslips, daisies, and hyacinths, — think of that for February 21st! I found Farringford wonderfully improved: the little park is a gem of gardening art. The magnificent Roman ilexes in front of the house are finer than any I saw in Italy. We arrived about three o'clock, and were ushered into the drawing-room. The house has been refurnished, and a great many pictures and statues added since I was there. In a minute in came Tennyson, cordial as an old friend, followed by his wife. In Tennyson himself I could see no particular change. He did not seem older than when I saw him last. We walked through the park and garden; then M. returned to the house, while he and I went up on the downs, and walked for miles along the chalk cliffs above the sea. He was delightfully free and confidential, and I wish I could write to you much of what he said; but it was so inwrought with high philosophy and broad views of life that a fragment here and there would not fairly represent him. He showed me all his newly acquired territory; among the rest, a great stretch of wheat-fields bought for him by "Enoch Arden." We dined at six in a quaint room hung with pictures, and then went to the drawing-room for dessert. Tennyson and I retired to his study at the top of the house, lit pipes, and talked of poetry. He asked me if I could read his "Boadicea." I thought I could. "Read it, and let me see!" said he. "I would rather hear you read it!" I answered. Thereupon he did so, chanting the lumbering lines with great unction. I spoke of the idyl of Guinivere as being perhaps his finest poem, and said that I could not read it aloud without my voice breaking down at certain passages. "Why, I can read it, and keep my voice!" he exclaimed triumphantly. This I

Sherry and the "Idylls"

doubted, and he agreed to try, after we went down to our wives. But the first thing he did was to produce a magnum of wonderful sherry, thirty years old, which had been sent him by a poetic wine-dealer. Such wine I never tasted. "It was meant to be drunk by Cleopatra, or Catharine of Russia," said Tennyson. We had two glasses apiece, when he said, "To-night you shall help me drink one of the few bottles of my Waterloo, — 1815." The bottle was brought, and after another glass all around Tennyson took up the "Idylls of the King." His reading is a strange, monotonous chant, with unexpected falling inflections, which I cannot describe, but can imitate exactly. It is very impressive. In spite of myself I became very much excited as he went on. Finally, when Arthur forgives the Queen, Tennyson's voice fairly broke. I found tears on my cheeks, and M. and Mrs. Tennyson were crying, one on either side of me. He made an effort, and went on to the end, closing grandly. "How can you say," I asked (referring to previous conversation) "that you have no surety of permanent fame? This poem will only die with the language in which it is written." Mrs. Tennyson started up from her couch. "It is true!" she exclaimed. "I have told Alfred the same thing."

After that we went up to the garret to smoke and talk. Tennyson read the "Hylas" of Theocritus in Greek, his own "Northern Farmer," and Andrew Marvell's "Coy Mistress." . . . We parted at two o'clock, and met again at nine in the breakfast room. I had arranged to leave at noon, so there were only three hours left, but I had them with him on the lawn, and in the nook under the roof. . . . Tennyson said at parting, "The gates are always open to you." His manner was altogether more cordial and intimate than at my first visit. He took up the acquaintance where it first broke off, and had forgotten

The Friendly Craft

no word (neither had I) of our conversation ten years ago. When I spoke of certain things in his poetry, which I specially valued, he said more than once, "But the critics blame me for just that. It is only now and then a man like yourself who sees what I meant to do." He is very sensitive to criticism, I find, but perhaps not more than the rest of us; only one sees it more clearly in another. Our talk was to me delightful; it was as free and frank as if you had been in his place. . . . I felt, when I left Farringford, that I had a friend's right to return again.

Soon after reaching London, I called on dear old Barry Cornwall, who has taken a great liking to Lorry Graham. Mrs. Procter invited both of us and our wives to a literary *soirée* at their house. In the mean time Lorry took me with him to call on Matthew Arnold. He is a man to like, if not love, at first sight. His resemblance to George Curtis struck both of us. A little more stoutly built, more irregularly masculine features, but the same general character of man, with the same full, mellow voice. After Thackeray, I think I should soon come to like him better than any other Englishman. His eyes sparkled when I told him that I always kept his poems on my library table. He said they were not popular, and he was always a little surprised when any one expressed a particular liking for them. I did not make a long visit, knowing that he was run down with government work. . . .

M. joins me in dearest love to you and L. Would you could be here a while to rest your busy brain! It is late at night, and I must close. Pray write to me some quiet Sunday morning, when you have leisure, and write me all the news. Recollect, I am absent and you are at home, so your letters are worth the most. Vale! . . .

An Uncertain Reception

Margaret Fuller suffers *mauvaise honte* before visiting
George Sand ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

NAPLES, *March* 17, 1847

... **A**T last, however, she [George Sand] came; and I went to see her at her house, Place d'Orleans. I found it a handsome modern residence. She had not answered my letter, written about a week before, and I felt a little anxious lest she should not receive me; for she is too much the mark of impertinent curiosity, as well as too busy, to be easily accessible to strangers. I am by no means timid, but I have suffered, for the first time in France, some of the torments of *mauvaise honte*, enough to see what they must be to many.

It is the custom to go and call on those to whom you bring letters, and push yourself upon their notice; thus you must go quite ignorant whether they are disposed to be cordial. My name is always murdered by the foreign servants who announce me. I speak very bad French; only lately have I had sufficient command of it to infuse some of my natural spirit in my discourse. This has been a great trial to me, who am eloquent and free in my own tongue, to be forced to feel my thoughts struggling in vain for utterance.

The servant who admitted me was in the picturesque costume of a peasant, and, as Madame Sand afterward told me, her god-daughter, whom she had brought from her province. She announced me as "*Madame Salere*," and returned into the ante-room to tell me, "*Madame says she does not know you.*" I began to think I was doomed to a rebuff, among the crowd who deserve it. However, to make assurance sure, I said, "Ask if she has not received a letter from me." As I spoke, Madame S. opened the door, and stood looking at me an instant.

The Friendly Craft

Our eyes met. I never shall forget her look at that moment. The doorway made a frame for her figure; she is large, but well-formed. She was dressed in a robe of dark violet silk, with a black mantle on her shoulders, her beautiful hair dressed with the greatest taste, her whole appearance and attitude, in its simple and ladylike dignity, presenting an almost ludicrous contrast to the vulgar caricature idea of George Sand. Her face is a very little like the portraits, but much finer; the upper part of the forehead and eyes are beautiful, the lower, strong and masculine, expressive of a hardy temperament and strong passions, but not in the least coarse; the complexion olive, and the air of the whole head Spanish, (as, indeed, she was born at Madrid, and is only on one side of French blood.) All these details I saw at a glance; but what fixed my attention was the expression of *goodness*, nobleness, and power, that pervaded the whole,—the truly human heart and nature that shone in the eyes. As our eyes met, she said, "*C'est vous,*" and held out her hand. I took it, and went into her little study; we sat down a moment, then I said, "*Il me fait de bien de vous voir,*" and I am sure I said it with my whole heart, for it made me very happy to see such a woman, so large and so developed a character, and everything that *is* good in it so *really* good. I loved, shall always love her.

She looked away, and said, "*Ah! vous m'avez écrit une lettre charmante.*" This was all the preliminary of our talk, which then went on as if we had always known one another. . . .

Her way of talking is just like her writing,—lively, picturesque, with an undertone of deep feeling, and the same skill in striking the nail on the head every now and then with a blow.

We did not talk at all of personal or private matters. I

Cigarette Smoking

saw, as one sees in her writings, the want of an independent, interior life, but I did not feel it as a fault, there is so much in her of her kind. I heartily enjoyed the sense of so rich, so prolific, so ardent a genius. I liked the woman in her, too, very much; I never liked a woman better. . . .

I forgot to mention, that, while talking, she *does* smoke all the time her little cigarette. This is now a common practice among ladies abroad, but I believe originated with her. . . .

George Bancroft holds familiar intercourse with General Moltke



I

(To C. E. Detmold)

BERLIN, 29 *December*, 1868

. . . I HAVE just come in from my ride; the sun bright, the earth free from frost, the temperature at 45 or more of Fahrenheit, and so it has been for the last fortnight. This too in the latitude of the Southern part of Labrador, with the night 16 h. 25' long and the sun during the short day stealing along the southern edge of the horizon. My companion is often General Moltke, who is very nearly the same age as myself. Three weeks ago I was riding with him, we passed a Count who looked older than either of us. "He looks," said Moltke, "much older than he is; he has used his body more than his mind." We fell upon the question whether men as they come near their end would like to begin the battle of life anew. "Who," said the General, "would live his life over again? I would not mine. The old story of the Hindoo philosopher is true, when he said this life is a punishment for

The Friendly Craft

transgressions committed under an earlier form of being." All this he spoke deliberately and emphatically, and this man is one of the two most honoured men in Germany. As we passed along, every one took off his hat and bowed to him; as we passed a restaurant a crowd filled the window to greet him as he rode by. It seemed as if every eye that saw him gave him a blessing, and every voice was raised to bear witness to him; and yet life had for him no attractions; and the thought of renewing it on earth was one from which he shrunk with horror. . . .

II

(To Mrs. J. C. Bancroft Davis)

January 2, 1869

· · · · · **T**ODAY in my ride I came in sight of General Moltke with whom I have formed habits of friendship. The day before Christmas his wife "After twenty-seven years of happiest married life," as he himself said, died after a short and terribly painful illness. To have forced myself on him might have been an intrusion, to turn away from him my heart forbade. So I rode up to him, turned my horse and accompanied. He is called the silent; with me he talks much and with openness. A moment or two we walked our horses in silence: I only have expressed my grief in the fewest but very sincere words. Presently he observed: "The attack was severe; the best physicians, the most careful treatment were of no avail; it was not possible to save her life." We went on and again he spoke: "I have taken her to Creisau (his place in Silesia) and have placed her in the church (which was on his estate) buried under the palms and wreaths of flowers that were heaped upon her. I have selected a spot on high ground, commanding a beautiful view; and then in the spring I shall build a vault to receive her" (and the

A Happy Married Life

thought not uttered was, to receive himself too when he should come to die); "She was so much younger than I," said he, "she should have outlived me; but when that was spoken of, she used to say, that she had no desire to survive me long." I said repeating his words: "Twenty-seven years of happiest married life are a great blessing." "Thank God for all that," he answered and then spoke of her illness. She had charged him if danger of life came, he should tell her of it, that they might once more partake of the *Abendmahl* (the Lord's supper) together. "After all," said he, "perhaps she died opportunely to escape terrible trials. Happy in the moment of her death, in so far as she left her country in repose and happiness. Who knows what disaster may arise? Who knows what mad scheme Beust may conjure up? Thank God you Americans at least are truly our friends." Moltke holds the post which throws upon him all the anxiety and responsibility of keeping the Prussian Army ready to take the field at an instant, if Napoleon should suddenly engage in carrying out his ambitious plans of aggrandisement for France.

Moltke held out his hand, and pressed mine cordially, as he left the park for home. I prolonged my ride and presently Count Bismarck trotted past me; just as he had gone by me he recognized me and turned to speak with me. He was looking for his daughter and presently she came in sight, well mounted, attended by another young lady and by her brother and a large group of gay companions. We turned to go home, as it was now late; just then the King in a light open carriage drove past, and as he greeted us most smilingly, looked amazed to see a crowd of riders together. Bismarck began and talked on the branches of the great German family, and proved us all to be Saxons. . . .

The Friendly Craft

John Lothrop Motley visits Prince Bismarck ∞ ∞

(To his wife)

VARZIN,

July 25th, 1872

MY DEAREST MARY, — . . .

WE had an hour and a half's drive from the station to Varzin. As the postilion sounded his trumpet and we drove up to the door, Bismarck, his wife, M——, and H——, all came out to the carriage and welcomed us in the most affectionate manner. I found him very little changed in appearance since '64, which surprises me. He is somewhat stouter, and his face more weather-beaten, but as expressive and powerful as ever. Madame de Bismarck is but little altered in the fourteen years that have passed since I saw her. They are both most kind and agreeable to Lily, and she feels already as if she had known them all her life. M—— is a pretty girl, with beautiful dark hair and grey eyes — simple, unaffected, and, like both father and mother, full of fun. The manner of living is most unsophisticated, as you will think when I tell you that we were marched straight from the carriage into the dining-room (after a dusty, hot journey by rail and carriage of ten hours), and made to sit down and go on with the dinner, which was about half through, as, owing to a *contretemps*, we did not arrive until an hour after we were expected. After dinner Bismarck and I had a long walk in the woods, he talking all the time in the simplest and funniest and most interesting manner about all sorts of things that had happened in these tremendous years, but talking of them exactly as every-day people talk of every-day matters — without any affectation. The truth is, he is so entirely simple, so full of *laissez-aller*, that one is obliged to be saying to one's self all the time, This is the great Bis-

Nobody Controls

marck — the greatest living man, and one of the greatest historical characters that ever lived. When one lives familiarly with Brobdignags it seems for the moment that every one is a Brobdignag too; that it is the regular thing to be; one forgets for the moment one's own comparatively diminutive stature. There are a great many men in certain villages that we have known who cast a far more chilling shade over those about them than Bismarck does.

. . . He said he used when younger to think himself a clever fellow enough, but now he was convinced that nobody had any control over events — that nobody was really powerful or great, and it made him laugh when he heard himself complimented as wise, foreseeing, and exercising great influence over the world. A man in the situation in which he had been placed was obliged, while outsiders for example were speculating whether to-morrow it would be rain or sunshine, to decide promptly, it will rain, or it will be fine, and to act accordingly with all the forces at his command. If he guessed right, all the world said, What sagacity — what prophetic power! if wrong, all the old women would have beaten me with broomsticks.

If he had learned nothing else, he said he had learned modesty. Certainly a more unaffected mortal never breathed, nor a more genial one. He looks like a Colossus, but his health is somewhat shattered. He can never sleep until four or five in the morning. Of course work follows him here, but so far as I have yet seen it seems to trouble him but little. He looks like a country gentleman entirely at leisure.

. . . I wish I could record the description he gave of his interviews with Jules Favre and afterwards with Thiers and Favre, when the peace was made.

One trait I mustn't forget, however. Favre cried a little, or affected to cry, and was very pathetic and heroic.

The Friendly Craft

Bismarck said that he must not harangue him as if he were an Assembly; they were two together on business purposes, and he was perfectly hardened against eloquence of any kind. Favre begged him not to mention that he had been so weak as to weep, and Bismarck was much diverted at finding in the printed account afterwards published by Favre that he made a great parade of the tears he had shed.

I must break off in order to commit this letter to the bag. Of course I don't yet know how long we shall stay here; I suppose a day or two longer. I will send a telegram about a change of address, so don't be frightened at getting one.

Ever yours,

J. L. M.

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VIII

THE JUDGMENT OF PEERS

Henry W. Longfellow, with the enthusiasm of seventeen, discloses his literary ambition to his father

December 5, 1824

. . . I TAKE this early opportunity to write to you, because I wish to know fully your inclination with regard to the profession I am to pursue when I leave college.

For my part, I have already hinted to you what would best please me. I want to spend one year at Cambridge for the purpose of reading history, and of becoming familiar with the best authors in polite literature; whilst at the same time I can be acquiring a knowledge of the Italian

The Choice of Literature

language, without an acquaintance with which I shall be shut out from one of the most beautiful departments of letters. The French I mean to understand pretty thoroughly before I leave college. After leaving Cambridge, I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication, by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading. Now, I do not think that there is anything visionary or chimerical in my plan thus far. The fact is — and I will not disguise it in the least, for I think I ought not — the fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it, and every earthly thought centres in it. There may be something visionary in *this*, but I flatter myself that I have prudence enough to keep my enthusiasm from defeating its own object by too great haste. Surely, there never was a better opportunity offered for the exertion of literary talent in our own country than is now offered. To be sure, most of our literary men thus far have not been professedly so, until they have studied and entered the practice of Theology, Law, or Medicine. But this is evidently lost time. I do believe that we ought to pay more attention to the opinion of philosophers, that “nothing but Nature can qualify a man for knowledge.”

Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing, that, if I can ever rise in the world, it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature. With such a belief, I must say that I am unwilling to engage in the study of the law.

Here, then seems to be the starting point: and I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind

The Friendly Craft

and tide, and by attempting what is impossible lose every thing. . . .

Mr. Longfellow, Sr., replies cautiously, incidentally pointing out a false rhythm ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

. . . . **T**HE subject of your first letter is one of deep interest and demands great consideration. A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich, you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to cultivate their minds in the best possible manner, and to imbue them with correct moral, political, and religious principles,—believing that a person thus educated will with proper diligence be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness. With regard to your spending a year at Cambridge, I have always thought it might be beneficial; and if my health should not be impaired and my finances should allow, I should be very happy to gratify you. . . . In the Advertiser of the 18th, I observe some poetry from the U. S. Literary Gazette, which, from its signature, I presume to be from your pen. It is a very pretty production, and I read it with pleasure. But you will observe that the second line of the sixth verse has too many feet. “Beneath the dark and motionless beech.” I think it would be improved by substituting *lonely* for *motionless*. I suggest this for your consideration. I have the pleasure of hearing frequently from home. They complain that they have not heard a word from you since you left. This is unpardonable. . . .

Pernicious Effects

Washington Irving also discourages literary ambition

(To Pierre P. Irving)

PARIS, *Dec. 7, 1824*

MY DEAR PIERRE,

I have long intended to answer your letter, but I am so much occupied at one time and interrupted at another, that I am compelled to be a very irregular correspondent. I have been much gratified by the good accounts I hear of you from various quarters, and have been pleased with the little periodical work which you sent me, which gave proof of very promising talent. I am sorry, however, to find you venturing into print at so early an age, as I consider it extremely disadvantageous. I would have you study assiduously for several years to come, without suffering yourself, either by your own inclinations or the suggestions of your friends, to be persuaded to commit the merest trifle to the press. Let me impress this most earnestly upon you. I speak from observation and experience as to the pernicious effects of early publishing. It begets an eagerness to reap before one has sown. It produces too often an indisposition to further study, and a restless craving after popular applause. There is nothing that a very young man can write that will not be full of faults and errors, and when once printed they remain to cause him chagrin and self-reproach in his after years. The article you wrote in the periodical work, for instance, was very clever as to composition, and was all that could be expected from a writer of your age; but then you showed yourself ignorant of music, though you undertook to satirize a musical performance; at a riper age you would not have committed this error. . . .

I hope, however, your literary vein has been but a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your

The Friendly Craft

fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interests and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen. For my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit." . . .

Give my best love to the family, and believe me ever,
Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING

Mr. Lowell advises Mr. Howells 

CAMBRIDGE, *Monday, Aug., 1860*

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,—Here is a note to Mr. Hawthorne, which you can use if you have occasion.

Don't print too much and too soon; don't get married in a hurry; read what will make you *think*, not *dream*; hold yourself dear, and more power to your elbow! God bless you!

Cordially yours,

J. R. LOWELL

From "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton.
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Lovers of Teufelsdröckh

Ralph Waldo Emerson expresses to Thomas Carlyle
his approbation of "Sartor Resartus" ~ ~

CONCORD, 12 March, 1835

MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad of the opportunity of Mr. Barnard's visit to say health and peace be with you. I esteem it the best sign that has shone in my little section of space for many days, that some thirty or more intelligent persons understand and highly appreciate the *Sartor*. Dr. Channing sent to me for it the other day, and I have since heard that he had read it with great interest. As soon as I go into town I shall see him and measure his love. I know his genius does not and cannot engage your attention much. He possesses the mysterious endowment of natural eloquence, whose effect, however intense, is limited, of course, to personal communication. I can see myself that his writings, without his voice, may be meagre and feeble. But please love his catholicism, that at his age can relish the *Sartor*, born and inveterated as he is in old books. Moreover, he lay awake all night, he told my friend last week, because he had learned in the evening that some young men proposed to issue a journal, to be called *The Transcendentalist*, as the organ of a spiritual philosophy. So much for our gossip of to-day.

But my errand is yet to tell. Some friends here are very desirous that Mr. Fraser should send out to a bookseller here fifty or a hundred copies of the *Sartor*. So many we want very much; they would be sold at once. If we knew that two or three hundred would be taken up, we should reprint it now. But we think it better to satisfy the known inquirers for the book first, and when they have extended the demand for it, then to reproduce it, a naturalized Yankee. The lovers of Teufelsdröckh here are sufficiently enthusiastic. I am an icicle to them. They think England

The Friendly Craft

must be blind and deaf if the Professor makes no more impression there than yet appears. I, with the most affectionate wishes for Thomas Carlyle's fame, am mainly bent on securing the medicinal virtues of his book for my young neighbors. The good people think he overpraises Goethe. There I give him up to their wrath. But I bid them mark his unsleeping moral sentiment; that every other moralist occasionally nods, becomes complaisant and traditional; but this man is without interval on the side of equity and humanity! I am grieved for you, O wise friend, that you cannot put in your own contemptuous disclaimer of such puritannical pleas as are set up for you; but each creature and Levite must do after his kind.

Yet do not imagine that I will hurt you in this unseen domain of yours by any Boswellism. Every suffrage you get here is fairly your own. Nobody is coaxed to admire you, and you have won friends whom I should be proud to show you, and honorable women not a few. And cannot you renew and confirm your suggestion touching your appearance in this continent? Ah, if I could give your intimation the binding force of an oracular word!—in a few months, please God, at most, I shall have wife, house, and home wherewith and wherein to return your former hospitality. And if I could draw my prophet and his propheticess to brighten and immortalize my lodge, and make it the window through which for a summer you should look out on a field which Columbus and Berkeley and Lafayette did not scorn to sow, my sun should shine clearer and life would promise something better than peace. There is a part of ethics, or in Schleiermacher's distribution it might be physics, which possesses all attraction for me; to wit, the compensations of the Universe, the equality and the co-existence of action and reaction, that all prayers are granted, that every debt is paid. And the skill with which

Philosophy in Boston

the great All maketh clean work as it goes along, leaves no rag, consumes its smoke,— will I hope make a chapter in your thesis.

I intimated above that we aspire to have a work on the First Philosophy in Boston. I hope, or wish rather. Those that are forward in it debate upon the name. I doubt not in the least its reception if the material that should fill it existed. Through the thickest understanding will the reason throw itself instantly into relation with the truth that is its object, whenever that appears. But how seldom is the pure loadstone produced! Faith and love are apt to be spasmodic in the best minds. Men live on the brink of mysteries and harmonies into which yet they never enter, and with their hand on the door-latch they die outside. Always excepting my wonderful Professor, who among the living has thrown any memorable truths into circulation? So live and rejoice and work, my friend, and God you aid, for the profit of many more than your mortal eyes shall see. Especially seek with recruited and never-tired vision to bring back yet higher and truer report from your Mount of Communion of the Spirit that dwells there and creates all. Have you received a letter from me with a pamphlet sent in December? Fail not, I beg of you, to remember me to Mrs. Carlyle.

Can you not have some *Sartors* sent? Hilliard, Gray, & Co. are the best publishers in Boston. Or Mr. Rich has connections with Burdett in Boston.

Yours with respect and affection,

R. WALDO EMERSON

The Friendly Craft

Mr. Willis insists on remaining out of Boston, but will do all that he can for his friends ∞ ∞ ∞

GLENMARY, *September 15, 1840*

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW,—I had thought it probable that I should see you here this summer. I was sorry to get the assurance that you were not to fly from your orbit of east wind. I wanted to have a talk with you. That same east wind, by the way, was the reason I did not see you while I was in Boston; for I devoted one afternoon to a drive to Cambridge, and on heading round from Brookline the pestilent *bise* met us full on the quarter, and Mrs. Willis declared she could not stand it. So I up helm for my sister's house in Brighton, and we finished the evening over a fire. I confess that I see everything, even my friends, through my bilious spectacles in Boston. I do not enjoy any thing or anybody within its abominable periphery of hills and salt-marshes. Even you seem not what you would at Glenmary; and I prefer Sumner seasick in a head-wind in the English Channel, to Sumner with his rosiest gills and reddest waistcoat in Boston. By the way, how is our agreeable friend; and have the nankeen-trousered Bostonians yet begun to qualify their admiration of him? I consider his advent a kind of *experimentum crucis*; and if they *do* turn and abuse *him*, they will certainly go to perdition for illiberality. There is no excuse for disliking Sumner. He bears his honors so meekly, and is so thoroughly a good fellow, that if they do not send him to Congress and love him forever, I will deny my cradle.

I am going to New York in a week or two, and one of my bringings back will be your Voices of the Night, of which I have only read the extracts in the newspapers. I see perfectly the line you are striking out for a renown,

Not Quite Merchant Enough

and it will succeed. Your severe, chaste, lofty-thoughted style of poetry will live a great deal longer than that which would be more salable and popular now; and if you preferred the money and the hurrah, I should be as sorry as I am to be obliged to do so myself. Still, I think you are not quite *merchant* enough with your poems after they are written, and about this I talked a great deal with Sumner, who will disgorge for you.

How, and what fashion of Benedick, is Felton? Him I should like to see too, on an unprejudiced potato-hill,—out of Boston, that is to say; and next year, if I am here, I will try what persuasion will do to get him and his wife, you and Sumner and Cleveland, at Glenmary in literary congress. I have built a new slice to my house, and have plenty of room for you all. Will you, seriously, talk of this and try to shape it out? Tell Felton I was highly gratified and obliged by the kind and flattering review of my poems in the North American. It has done me, I doubt not, great service; *ça veut dire* I can make better bargains with editors and publishers,—about all I think worth minding in the way of popular opinion. Will you write me a long letter and tell me what you think of your own literary position, and whether a blast from “Under the Bridge” would make your topsails belly? I will *express* all the admiration I feel for your sweet poems, if you care a rush for it,—indeed, I think I shall do it whether you like it or no. God bless you, dear Longfellow! Believe me

Yours very faithfully,

N. P. WILLIS

The Friendly Craft

Margaret Fuller urges Henry Thoreau to renewed effort



18th October, 1841

. . . I DO not find the poem on the mountains improved by mere compression, though it might be by fusion and glow. Its merits to me are, a noble recognition of Nature, two or three manly thoughts, and, in one place, a plaintive music. The image of the ships does not please me originally. It illustrates the greater by the less, and affects me as when Byron compares the light on Jura to that of the dark eye of a woman. I cannot define my position here, and a large class of readers would differ from me. As the poet goes on to —

“Unhewn primeval timber,
For knees so stiff, for masts so limber,”

he seems to chase an image, already rather forced, into conceits.

Yet, now that I have some knowledge of the man, it seems there is no objection I could make to his lines (with the exception of such offenses against taste as the lines about the humors of the eye, as to which we are already agreed), which I would not make to himself. He is healthful, rare, of open eye, ready hand, and noble scope. He sets no limits to his life, nor to the invasions of nature; he is not wilfully pragmatical, cautious, ascetic, or fantastical. But he is as yet a somewhat bare hill, which the warm gales of Spring have not yet visited. Thought lies too detached, truth is seen too much in detail; we can number and mark the substances imbedded in the rock. Thus his verses are startling as much as stern; the thought does not excuse its conscious existence by letting us see its relation with life; there is a want of fluent music. Yet what could a companion do at present, unless to tame the

Paradoxes

guardian of the Alps too early? Leave him at peace amid his native snows. He is friendly; he will find the generous office that shall educate him. It is not a soil for the citron and the rose, but for the whortleberry, the pine, or the heather.

The unfolding of affections, a wider and deeper human experience, the harmonizing influences of other natures, will mould the man and melt his verse. He will seek thought less and find knowledge the more. I can have no advice or criticism for a person so sincere; but, if I give my impression of him, I will say, "He says too constantly of Nature, she is mine." She is not yours until you have been more hers. Seek the lotus, and take a draught of rapture. Say not so confidently, all places, all occasions are alike. This will never come true till you have found it false.

I do not know that I have more to say now; perhaps these words will say nothing to you. If intercourse should continue, perhaps a bridge may be made between two minds so widely apart; for I apprehended you in spirit, and you did not seem to mistake me so widely as most of your kind do. If you should find yourself inclined to write to me, as you thought you might, I dare say, many thoughts would be suggested to me; many have already, by seeing you from day to day. Will you finish the poem in your own way, and send it for the "Dial"? Leave out—

"And seem to milk the sky."

The image is too low; Mr. Emerson thought so too.

Farewell! May truth be irradiated by Beauty! Let me know whether you go to the lonely hut, and write to me about Shakespeare, if you read him there. I have many thoughts about him, which I have never yet been led to express.

MARGARET F.

The Friendly Craft

Once more Miss Fuller rejects Mr. Thoreau's manuscript ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

1st *December* [1841]

. . . I AM to blame for so long detaining your manuscript. But my thoughts have been so engaged that I have not found a suitable hour to reread it as I wished, till last night. This second reading only confirms my impression from the first. The essay is rich in thoughts, and I should be *pained* not to meet it again. But then, the thoughts seem to me so out of their natural order, that I cannot read it through without *pain*. I never once feel myself in a stream of thought, but seem to hear the grating of tools on the mosaic. It is true, as Mr. Emerson says, that essays not to be compared with this have found their way into the "Dial." But then these are more unassuming in their tone, and have an air of quiet good-breeding, which induces us to permit their presence. Yours is so rugged that it ought to be commanding. . . .

William Wetmore Story praises the "Fable for Critics," but defends Margaret Fuller ~ ~

(To James Russell Lowell)

ROME, *March* 21st, 1849

MY DEAR JIM,— . . . "The Biglow Papers" I used to read to convulsed audiences at our weekly "at home" on Sunday evenings, giving them as well as I could the true Yankee note, and one evening I interpreted in the same tones one of them to the Brownings, who were quite as much amused and delighted as I. The "Fable for Critics" is admirable and just what I

Too Sharp a Joke

think in almost all points. It is very witty and, as the English say, "amazingly clever." Once or twice you were biassed by friendships (how can one help being? it is so graceful an error) and once by prejudice; but you know this really as well as I. There is but one thing I regretted, and that was that you drove your arrow so sharply through Miranda.¹ The joke of "Tiring-woman to the Muses" is too happy; but because fate has really been unkind to her, and because she depends on her pen for her bread-and-water (and that is nearly all she has to eat), and because she is her own worst enemy, and because through her disappointment and disease, which (things) embitter every one, she has struggled most stoutly and manfully, I could have wished you had let her pass scot-free. But you beat Butler at rhymes, and every body at puns. . . .

The Brownings and we became great friends in Florence, and of course we could not become friends without liking each other. He, Emelyn says, is like *you* — judge from this portrait? He is of my size, but slighter, with straight black hair, small eyes, wide apart, which he twitches constantly together, a smooth face, a slightly aquiline nose, and manners nervous and rapid. He has a great vivacity, but not the least humour, some sarcasm, considerable critical faculty, and very great frankness and friendliness of manner and mind. Mrs. Browning used to sit buried up in a large easy chair, listening and talking very quietly and pleasantly, with nothing of that peculiarity which one would expect from reading her poems. Her eyes are small, her mouth large, she wears a cap and long curls. Very unaffected and pleasant and simple-hearted is she, and Browning says "her poems are the least good part of her." . . . Once in a while *I* write verses, and I think I have written better here than ever before — which

¹ The name under which Margaret Fuller was satirized.

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is not perhaps saying much. I have hundreds of statues in my head to make, but they are in the future tense.

Powers I knew very well in Florence. He is a man of great mechanical talent and natural strength of perception, but with no poetry in his composition, and I think no creative power. . . . When I compare him to Page I feel his inferiority; and, after all, I have met very few, if any, persons who affect me so truly as men of genius as Page. Certainly there are few *artists* like him. . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Longfellow read Dr. Holmes's new
volume ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

November 28, 1848

. . . I HAD half a mind yesterday, when I received your volume, to practise upon you the old General Washington *dodge* — pardon the irreverential word — of thanking the donor before reading the book. But, unluckily for my plot, I happened to get my finger between the leaves, as Mr. Alworthy got his into the hand of Tom Jones, and felt the warm, soft pressure; and it was all over with me. My wife, coming in at this juncture of affairs, was in like manner caught; and we sat and read all the afternoon, till we had gone over all the new, and most of the old, which is as good as new, and finally drained “the punch bowl” between us, and shared the glass of cold water which serves as *cul-de-lampe* to the volume, and said, “It is divine!”

Take thy place, O poet, among the truest, the wittiest, the tenderest, among the

“bards that sung
Divine ideas below,
That always find us young,
And always keep us so.”

This is the desire and prophecy of your friend. . . .

Adjudged a Failure

Catharine Sedgwick has grave doubts about "The House of the Seven Gables" ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. K. S. Minot)

LENOX, *May* 4, 1851

... YOUR mother, after reading Hawthorne's book ["The House of the Seven Gables"], has most kindly and patiently gone straight through it again in loud reading to your father and me. Your father is not a model listener; ten thousand thoughts of ten thousand things to be done call him off, and would wear out any temper but your mother's. Have you read it? There is marvellous beauty in the diction; a richness and originality of thought that give the stamp of unquestionable genius; a microscopic observation of the external world, and the keenest analysis of character; and elegance and finish that is like the work of a master sculptor—perfect in its artistic details. And yet, to my mind, it is a failure. It fails in the essentials of a work of art; there is not essential dignity in the characters to make them worth the labor spent on them. A low-minded vulgar hypocrite, a weak-minded nervous old maid, and her half-cracked brother, with nothing but beauty, and a blind instinctive love of the beautiful, are the chief characters of the drama. "Little Phœbe" is the redemption, as far as she goes, of the book—a sweet and perfect flower amidst corruption, barrenness, and decay. The book is an affliction. It affects me like a passage through the wards of an insane asylum, or a visit to specimens of morbid anatomy. It has the unity and simple construction of a Greek tragedy, but without the relief of divine qualities or great events; and the man takes such savage delight in repeating and repeating the raw head and bloody bones of his imagina-

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tion. There is nothing genial, excepting always little Phœbe, the ideal of a New England, sweet-tempered, "accomplishing" village girl. I might have liked it better when I was younger, but as we go through the tragedy of life we need elixirs, cordials, and all the kindest resources of the art of fiction. There is too much force for the subject. It is as if a railroad should be built and a locomotive started to transport skeletons, specimens, and one bird of Paradise! . . .

Rufus Choate rises from bed to extol Burke ∞ ∞
(To Charles Sumner)

DEAR SUMNER, — I have just had your letter read to me on a half-sick bed, and get up redolent of magnesia and roasted apples, to embrace you for your Burkeism generally, and for your extracts and references. . . . I hope you review Burke in the N[orth] A[merican] Review], though I have not got it and do not say so. Mind that he is the fourth Englishman, — Shakspeare, Bacon, Milton, Burke. I hope you take one hundred pages for the article. Compare, contrast, with Cicero, — both knowing all things, — but God knows where to end on Burke. No Englishman or countryman of ours has the least appreciation of Burke. The Whigs never forgave the last eight or ten years of that life of glory, and the Tories never forgave what preceded; and we poor, unidealized democrats, do not understand his marvellous English, universal wisdom, illuminated, omniscient mind, and are afraid of his principles. What coxcombical rascal is it that thinks Bolingbroke a better writer? Take page by page the allusions, the felicities, the immortalities of truth, variety, reason, height, depth, everything, — Bolingbroke is a voluble prater to Burke!

An Electric Bath

Amplify on his letter in reply to the Duke of Bedford. How mournful, melodious, Cassandra-like! Out of Burke might be cut 50 Mackintoshes, 175 Macaulays, 40 Jeffreys, and 250 Sir Robert Peels, and leave him greater than Pitt and Fox together.

I seem to suppose your article is not written, — as I hope it is. . . .

Yours truly, R. C.

John G. Whittier feels uncomfortable while reading
Browning ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(To Lucy Larcom, 1855)

. . . **E**LIZABETH has been reading Browning's poem . . . and she tells me it is great. I have only dipped into it, here and there, but it is not exactly comfortable reading. It seemed to me like a galvanic battery in full play — its spasmodic utterances and intense passion makes me feel as if I had taken a bath among electric eels. . . .

William Wetmore Story writes to Charles Eliot Norton
after Mrs. Browning's death ∞ ∞ ∞

[DIABLERETS, *Aug.* 15, 1861]

. . . **T**HE funeral was not impressive, as it ought to have been. She was buried in the Protestant cemetery where Theodore Parker lies; many of her friends were there, but fewer persons than I expected and hoped to see. The services were blundered through by a fat English parson in a brutally careless way, and she was consigned by him to the earth as if her clay were no better than any other clay. . . . She is a great loss to literature, to Italy and to the world — the greatest poet among

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women. What energy and fire there was in that little frame; what burning words were winged by her pen; with what glorious courage she attacked error, however strongly entrenched in custom; how bravely she stood by her principles! Never did I see any one whose brow the world hurried and crowded so to crown, who had so little vanity and so much pure humility. Praise gratified her when just — blame when unjust scarcely annoyed her. She could afford to let her work plead for itself. Ready to accept criticism, she never feared it, but defended herself with spirit when unjustly attacked. For public opinion she cared not a straw, and could not bear to be looked on as a lion. Her faiths were rooted in the centre of her being.

Browning is now with his sister in Paris. The house at Florence is broken up, and I have lost my best friend and daily companion in Italy. . . .

The last thing I did before leaving Rome was to make a bust of him which his wife was good enough to call "perfect." It was made for her as a present, but, alas! you see the end of that. . . .

Thomas Bailey Aldrich condemns the publication of
the Browning letters ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To George E. Woodberry)

PONKAPOG, MASS., *June 12, 1899*

DEAR WOODBERRY, — Don't ever go away from home on a ten months' absence without leaving somebody behind to answer your letters for you. I have been swamped, and am only just getting my head out of my correspondence. I found my private affairs in a tangle, too, and not easy to straighten out. But the slug's in the bud, and God's in the sky, and the world is O.K., as Browning

Keats in Kiplingese

incidentally remarks. A propos of Browning, I've been reading his letters to "Ba" and "Ba's" letters to him, and think it a shameful thing that they should be printed. All that ponderous love-making—a queer mixture of Greek roots and middle-age stickiness ("Ba" was 40 years old)—is very tedious. Here and there is a fine passage, and one is amused by the way the lovers patronize everybody they don't despise. But as a whole the book takes away from Browning's¹ dignity. A man—even the greatest—cannot stand being photographed in his pajamas. Thank God, we are spared Shakespeare's letters to Anne Hathaway! Doubtless he wrote her some sappy notes. He did everything that ever man did.

We are gradually breaking up here, preparatory to moving to The Craggs, which has been closed these three summers. I shall go there without any literary plans, unless I carry out my idea of turning "The Eve of St. Agnes" into Kiplingese. Wouldn't it be delicious!—

St. Hagnes Heve! 'ow bloomin' chill it was!
The Howl, for all his hulster, was a-cold.
The 'are limped tremblin' through the blarsted grass,
Etc., etc.

I think it might make Keats popular again—poor Keats, who didn't know any better than to write pure English. The dear boy wasn't "up" to writing "Gawd" instead of God.

In no haste, as ever,

T. B. A.

¹ P.S. I met Browning on three occasions. He was very cordial to me in a man-of-the-world fashion. I did not care greatly for him personally. Good head, long body, short legs. Seated, he looked like a giant; standing, he just missed being a dwarf. He talked well, but not so well as Lowell. . . .

The Friendly Craft

James Russell Lowell is not squeamish, but — ∞ ∞
(To Edmund Clarence Stedman)

ELMWOOD, *Nov.* 26, 1866

MY DEAR SIR, — . . . I have not seen Swinburne's new volume — but a poem or two from it which I have seen shocked me, and I am not squeamish. . . . I am too old to have a painted *Hetaira* palmed off on me for a Muse, and I hold unchastity of mind to be worse than that of body. Why should a man by choice go down to live in his cellar, instead of mounting to those fair upper chambers which look towards the sunrise of that Easter which shall greet the resurrection of the soul from the body of this death? *Virginibus puerisque?* To be sure! let no man write a line that he would not have his daughter read. When a man begins to lust after the Muse instead of loving her, he may be sure that it is never the Muse that he embraces. But I have outlived many heresies, and shall outlive this new Adamite one of Swinburne. The true Church of poetry is founded on a rock, and I have no fear that these smutchy back-doors of hell shall prevail against her. . . .

Always truly yours,

J. R. LOWELL

From "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton.
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Charles Dudley Warner on literature and life ∞ ∞

I

(To William Dean Howells, from Venice, *August*, 1875)

. . . A PHOTO of the Casa Falieri I cannot find in any of the shops. It is very stupid of the photographers not to take one of the most picturesque

Falling in Love Again

houses in Venice, and one so interesting for its occupants. I say nothing of the Falieri. I do not care to dig up the dead — but what a world this is, when no more honour is paid to the man who has done more to bring Venice into good repute than any man in the last hundred years, except perhaps Ruskin. . . . Americans are always floating past and staring about, and probably they don't know that in this very palace the only true history of Egypt and Rameses II is now actually building itself up day by day. Hang it, there is no chance for modest merit. By the way, I want to tell you something. I fell in love with you over again the other day. I chanced upon an English copy of the "Italian Journeys" and re-read it with intense enjoyment. What felicity, what delicacy. Your handling of the English language charms me to the core, and you catch characters and shades — *nu-an-ces* — of it. Why do I break out upon you in this bold manner? Well, for this, you are writing another story, probably it is all executed, in fact, now. Probably it is to be another six-months' child. It will be as good as the other, no doubt, and that is saying everything. But, it is time you quit paddling along shore, and strike out into the open. Ask Mrs. Howells (with my love) if it is not so. The time has come for you to make an *opus* — not only a study on a large canvas, but a picture. Write a long novel, one that we can dive into with confidence, and not feel that we are to strike bottom at the first plunge. Permit me the extent of the figure — we want to swim in you, not merely to lave our faces. I have read Mr. James's "Roderick Hudson" up to September, and I give in. It is not too much to call it great. What consummate art it all is, no straining, but easily the bull's-eye every time. Another noticeable thing is that, while it is calm and high in culture, there is none of the sneer in it or the cant of culture, and I wonder if the author him-

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self knows that his characters never seem to be used by him as stalking-horses to vent an opinion which the author does not quite care to father. His characters always seem to speak only for themselves. I take it there is no better evidence of the author's success than that. . . .

II

(To William Dean Howells, *July*, 1876)

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND: I have come into this land of Family and Chance Acquaintances and find it hot and dirty, and in debt, and I am in sympathy with it. It is only when I think of you and the dear friends whose presence would make the peninsula of the White Sea a paradise that I have heart and resolve to do as Cranmer told Ridley to do under similar circumstances, play the man, though I am burnt to a crisp. . . . Mrs. Warner is sunning herself in the thought that she is at home. That woman is a deep and designing patriot, and would dwell here forever, if her plans were not upset by her private and ill-concealed affection for me. . . . God bless you for your generous notice of the "Levant" book. It quite took my breath away, and I am not sure I should have survived, if it were not that Mr. Prime and General McClellan and others of that sort in New York are saying, publicly and privately, that it is the best book written on Egypt. I myself still doubt, however, if it is as good in all respects as the Pentateuch. . . .

III

. . . MARK [Twain] says that "to give a humorous book to Ripley is like sending a first-chop paper of chewing tobacco to a young ladies' seminary for them to review." . . .

Hollow Affectation

Thomas Bailey Aldrich considers Whitman's verse
curious but ineffective ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Edmund Clarence Stedman)

PONKAPOG, MASS., *Nov.* 20, 1880

MY DEAR EDMUND,— . . . You seemed to think that I was going to take exception to your paper on Walt Whitman. It was all admirably said, and my own opinion did not run away from yours at any important point. I place less value than you do on the endorsement of Swinburne, Rossetti and Co., inasmuch as they have also endorsed the very poor paper of —. If Whitman had been able (he was not able, for he tried it and failed) to put his thought into artistic verse, he would have attracted little or no attention, perhaps. Where he is fine, he is fine in precisely the way of conventional poets. The greater bulk of his writing is neither prose nor verse, and certainly is not an improvement on either. A glorious line now and then, and a striking bit of color here and there, do not constitute a poet — especially a poet for the *People*. There never was a poet so calculated to please a very few. As you say, he will probably be hereafter exhumed and anatomized by learned surgeons — who prefer a subject with thin shoulder-blades or some abnormal organ to a well-regulated corpse. But he will never be regarded in the same light as Villon. Villon spoke in the tone and language of his own period: what is quaint or fantastic to us was natural to him. He was a master of versification. Whitman's manner is a hollow affectation, and represents neither the man nor the time. As the voice of the 19th century he will have little significance in the 21st. That he will outlast the majority of his contemporaries, I haven't the faintest doubt — but

The Friendly Craft

it will be in a glass case or a quart of spirits in an anatomical museum. While we are on the topic of poetry, and I've the space to say it, I want to tell you that I thought the poem on Gifford exquisite, particularly the second division. The blank verse was wholly your own, "not Lancelot's nor another's"—as mine always is. . . .

I am curious to see your review of Mrs. Fields's "Under the Olive." Here's a New England woman blowing very sweet breath through Pandean pipes! What unexpected antique music to come up from Manchester-by-the-Sea! I admire it all greatly, as a reproduction. Mrs. Fields's work in this represents only her intellect and its training: I don't find her personality anywhere. The joys and sorrows she sings are our own to-day, but she presents them in such a manner as to make them seem aside from our experience. To my thinking a single drop of pure Yankee blood is richer than a thousand urnfuls of Greek dust. At the same time, I like a cinerary urn on the corner of my mantel-shelf, for decoration. This is the narrow view of a man who doesn't know Greek literature except through translation. . . . Her poem must have interested you vastly. It is the most remarkable volume of verse ever printed by an American woman. Don't you think so? Your review will answer me. While we are on marbled classical subjects, let me beg you to read my sketch of "Smith" in the January number of the "Atlantic." Plutarch beaten on his own ground!

With our love, T. B. ALDRICH

Overshadowing Fame

Thomas Bailey Aldrich discusses his own and others' poems ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Hamilton W. Mabie)

MT. VERNON ST., BOSTON, *Dec.* 4, 1897

MY DEAR MABIE, — Your paper in the last “Chap Book” places me in all sorts of grateful debt to you. After thanking you for the judicial kindness of the criticism I want to tell you how deeply it interested me at certain special points. You have, in a way, made me better acquainted with myself. Until you said it, I was not aware, or only vaguely aware, of how heavily we younger writers were overshadowed and handicapped by the fame of the reformatory and didactic group of poets, the chiefs of which were of course Whittier and Lowell: the others were only incidentally reformers, and Holmes was no reformer at all. But they all with their various voices monopolized the public ear. So far as I am concerned, I did not wholly realize this, for even long before I had won an appreciable number of listeners these same men had given me great encouragement. I don't think that any four famous authors were ever so kind to an obscure young man as Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes were to me. I wish to show you, some day, a letter which Hawthorne wrote to me thirty-four years ago.

I like to have you say that I have always cared more for the integrity of my work than for any chance popularity. And what you say of my “aloofness” as being “due in part to a lack of quick sympathies with contemporary experience” (though I had never before thought of it) shows true insight. To be sure, such verse as “Elmwood,” “Wendell Phillips,” “Unguarded Gates,” and the “Shaw Memorial Ode” would seem somewhat to condi-

The Friendly Craft

tion the statement ; but the mood of these poems is not habitual with me, nor characteristic. They did, however, grow out of strong convictions. . . . I have always been instinctively shy of "topics of the day." A good poem on some passing event is certain of instant success ; but when the event is passed, few things are more certain of oblivion. Jones' or Smith's lines "to my lady's eyebrow" — which is lovely in every age — will outlive nine tenths of the noisy verse of our stress and storm period. Smith or Jones, who never dreamed of having a Mission, will placidly sweep down to posterity over the fall of a girl's eyelash, leaving about all the shrill didactic singers high and dry "on the sands of time." Envidable Jones, or Smith ! . . .

Believe me, your sincere friend, T. B. ALDRICH

Of the curative properties of poetry, and of the kind
that should be taken homeopathically ~ ~

(John G. Whittier to Mrs. Annie Fields)

2d mo., 9, 1888

. . . I AM delighted to have such a favorable report from thee by Sarah's nice letter. Sitting by the peat fire, listening to Lowell's reading of his own verses ! A convalescent princess with her minstrel in attendance ! There may be a question as to curative properties of Dr. Lowell's dose, but that its flavor was agreeable I have no doubt. My own experience of the poetry cure was not satisfactory. Some years ago, when I was slowly getting up from illness, an honest friend of mine, an orthodox minister, in the very kindness of his heart thought to help me on by administering a poem in five cantos, illustrating the five points of Calvinism. I could only take a homeopathic dose of it. Its unmistakable flavor of brimstone

Newspaper Jokes

disagreed with my stomach, probably because I was a Quaker. . . .

Charles Godfrey Leland deploras the change in
American humor ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(To Miss Mary A. Owen)

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, *Feb.* 3d, 1895

. . . . **M**ANY thanks for the letter, which is indeed a letter worth reading, which few are in these days when so few people write anything but notes or rubbish. Be sure of one thing, that yours are always read with a relish. For it is marvellously true that as tools are never wanting to an artist, there is always abundance to make a letter with to those who know how to write. There is always something to “right about” — or to turn round to and see! *Dapprimo*, I thank you for the jokes from the newspapers. They are very good, but I observe that since I was in America, the real old extravaganza, the wild eccentric outburst, is disappearing from country papers. No editor bursts now on his readers all at once with the awful question, “If ink stands why does n’t it walk?” Nor have I heard for years of the old-fashioned sequences, when one man began with a verse of poetry and every small newspaper reprinted it, adding a parody. Thus they began with Ann Tiquity and then added Ann Gelic and Ann O’Dyne — till they had finished the Anns. Emerson’s “Brahma” elicited hundreds of parodies, till he actually suppressed it.

Then there were the wild outbursts of poems such as —

I seen her out a-walking
In her *habit de la rue*,
And ’t aint no use a-talking —
But she’s pumpkins and a few.

The Friendly Craft

There was something Indian-like, aboriginal, and wild in the American fun of 40 years ago (*vide* Albert Pike's "Arkansas Gentleman" and the "Harp of a Thousand Strings") which has no parallel now. My own "beautiful poem" on a girl who had her underskirt made out of a coffee bag was republished a thousand times,—we were wilder in those days, and more eccentric. All of these which you send are very good, but they might all have been made in England. They are *mild*. Ere long, there will be no *America*. . . .

Thomas Bailey Aldrich on letter writers ∞ ∞ ∞

(To Laurence Hutton)

PONKAPOG, MASS., Oct. 31, 1893

DEAR LAURENCE,—Of course I would a hundred times rather sojourn with your death-masks than stick myself up in that room at The Players, where memory never lets go its grip on me for a moment. . . .

I have n't seen Winter's book yet. I did n't know that there were any words of mine in it.¹ He must have quoted something from one of my letters. It was nothing I intended to be printed, of course. I hope it was not too *intime*, for I don't like to wear my heart on my sleeve. The more I feel, the less I say about it. . . .

I've just been reading Lowell's letters. How good and how poor they are! Nearly all of them are too self-conscious. Emerson and Whittier are about the only men in that famous group who were not thinking about themselves the whole while. They were too simple to pose, or to be *intentionally* brilliant. Emerson shed his silver like the

¹ See page 346.

A Musical Humbug

moon, without knowing it. However, we *all* can't be great and modest at the same moment!

Ever yours, T. B. A.

Tell Mark that I love him just the same as if he had n't written successful books.

De gustibus non disputandum ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

(Bret Harte to his wife)

CREFELD, January 22, 1879

MY DEAR ANNA,—Mrs. Bayard Taylor has sent me a book of her late husband's, and a very kind note, and it occurs to me to enclose to you to-day the letter I received from her in answer to one I wrote her after hearing of her husband's death. You remember that I did not feel very kindly towards him, nor had he troubled himself much about me when I came here alone and friendless, but his death choked back my resentment, and what I wrote to her and afterwards in the *Tageblatt*, I felt very honestly.

I have been several times to the opera at Düsseldorf, and I have been hesitating whether I should slowly prepare you for a great shock or tell you at once that *musical Germany* is a humbug. It had struck me during the last two months that I had really heard nothing good in the way of music or even *as good* as I have heard in America, and it was only a week ago that hearing a piano played in an adjoining house, and played badly at that, I was suddenly struck with the fact that it was really the first piano that I had heard in Germany. I have heard orchestras at concerts and military bands; but no better than in America. My first operatic experience was *Tannhäuser*. I can see your superior smile, Anna, at this; and I know

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how you will take my criticism of Wagner, so I don't mind saying plainly, that it was the most diabolically hideous and stupidly monotonous performance I ever heard. I shall say nothing about the orchestral harmonies, for there wasn't anything going on of that kind, unless you call something that seemed like a boiler factory at work in the next street, and the wind whistling through the rigging of a channel steamer, harmony. But I *must say one thing!* In the third act, I think, Tannhäuser and two other minstrels sing before the King and Court to the accompaniment of their harps — and the boiler factory. Each minstrel sang or rather declaimed something like the multiplication table for about twenty minutes. Tannhäuser, when his turn came, declaimed longer, and more lugubriously, and ponderously and monotonously than the others, and went into "nine times nine are eighty-one" and "ten times ten are twenty," when suddenly when he had finished they all drew their swords and rushed at him. I turned to General Von Rauch and said to him that I didn't wonder at it. "Ah," said he, "you know the story then?" "No, not exactly," I replied. "Ja wohl," said Von Rauch, "the story is that these minstrels are all singing in praise of Love, but they are furious at Tannhäuser who loves Hilda, the German Venus, for singing in the praise of Love so *wildly*, so *warmly*, so *passionately!*" Then I concluded that I really did not understand Wagner.

But what I wanted to say was that even my poor uneducated ear detected bad instrumentation and worse singing in the choruses. I confided this much to a friend, and he said very frankly that I was probably right, that the best musicians and choruses went to America!

Then I was awfully disappointed in "Faust" or, as it is known here in the playbills, "Marguerite." You know how I love that delicious idyl of Gounod's and I was in my

Magnificent Acting

seat that night long before the curtain went up. Before the first act was over I felt like leaving, and yet I was glad I stayed. For although the chorus of villagers was frightful, and Faust and Mephistopheles spouted and declaimed blank verse at each other — whole pages of Goethe, yet the acting was good. The music was a little better in the next act, and the acting was superb. I have never seen such a Marguerite! From the time she first meets Faust with that pert rebuke until the final scenes she was perfect. The prayer in the church — the church interior represented with kneeling figures and service going on — such as they dare not represent in England — was most wonderful. I can see her yet, passing from one to another of the kneeling groups as the women draw away from her, and as she knelt in a blind groping way with her fingers mechanically turning the leaves of her prayer-book, and the voice of Mephistopheles mingling with the music, until, with one wild shriek she threw the book away. Then it was that I jumped up in my seat and applauded. But think of my coming to Germany to hear opera badly sung, and magnificently acted!

I saw *Der Freischütz* after this, but it was not so well acted, and awfully sung. Yet the scenery was wonderfully good and the costumes historically perfect. The audiences from Cologne to Düsseldorf are all the same, stiff, formal, plainly dressed, all except the officers. The opera audience at Cologne look like an American prayer-meeting.

I have written Frankie and Wodie. Unless my lecture tour is postponed, I shall not write you again until I get to London. And then I shall be so busy I can only give you the news of success. — God bless you all.

FRANK

The Friendly Craft

II

(Sidney Lanier to his wife)

NEW YORK, *August 15, 1870*

... **A**H, how they have belied Wagner! I heard Theodore Thomas' orchestra play his overture to "Tannhäuser." The "Music of the Future" is surely thy music and my music. Each harmony was a chorus of pure aspirations. The sequences flowed along, one after another, as if all the great and noble deeds of time had formed a procession and marched in review before one's *ears*, instead of one's *eyes*. These "great and noble deeds" were not deeds of war and statesmanship, but majestic victories of inner struggles of a man. This unbroken march of beautiful-bodied Triumphs irresistibly invites the soul of a man to create other processions like it. I would I might lead a so magnificent file of glories into heaven! . . .

IX

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

Governor Winthrop bids his wife prepare for an ocean voyage ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

MY DEARE WIFE,—I wrote to thee by my brother Arthur, but I durst write no more then I need not care though it miscarried, for I found him the olde man still; yet I would have kept him to ease my brother, but that his owne desire to returne, & the scarcitye of provisions heer, yielded the stronger reason to let him goe. Now (my good wife) let us ioyne in praysinge o^r mercifull God, that (howsoever he hath afflicted us, both generally

Sweet & Wholesome Fare

& particularly mine owne family in his stroke upon my sonne Henry) yet myselfe & the rest of o^r children & familye are safe & in health, & that he upholds o^r hearts that we fainte not in all o^r troubles, but can yet waite for a good issue. And howsoever our fare be but coarse in respect of what we formerly had, (pease, puddings & fish, being o^r ordinary diet,) yet he makes it sweet & wholesome to us, that I may truly say I desire no better: Besides in this, that he beginnes wth us thus in affliction, it is the greater argument to us of his love, & of the goodnesse of the worke w^{ch} we are about; for Sathan bends his forces against us, & stirres up his instruments to all kinde of mischief, so that I thinke heere are some persons who never shewed so much wickednesse in England as they have donne heer. Therefore be not discouraged (my deare Wife) by anythinge thou shalt heare from hence, for I see no cause to repente of o^r coming hether, & thou seest (by o^r experience) that God can bringe safe hether even the tenderest women & the youngest children (as he did many in diverse shippes, though the voyage were more teadious than formerly hath been knowne in this season.) Be sure to be warme clothed, & to have store of fresh provisions, meale, eggs putt up in salt or grounde mault, butter, ote meale, pease, & fruits, & a large stronge chest or 2: well locked, to keepe these provisions in; & be sure they be bestowed in the shippe where they may be readily come by, (w^{ch} the boatswaine will see to & the quarter masters, if they be rewarded beforehande,) but for these thinges my sonne will take care: Be sure to have ready at sea 2: or 3: skilletts of severall syzes, a large fryinge panne, a small stewinge panne, & a case to boyle a pudding in; store of linnen for use at sea, & sacke to bestow among the saylers: some drinkinge vessells, & peuter & other vessells: & for phisick you shall need no other but a pound of Doctor Wright's

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Electuariū lenitivū, & his direction to use it, a gallon of scirvy grasse to drinke a little 5 : or 6 : morninges together, wth some saltpeter dissolved in it, & a little grated or sliced nutmege.

Thou must be sure to bringe no more companie then so many as shall have full provisiō for a yeare & a halfe, for though the earth heere be very fertile yet there must be tyme & meanes to rayse it; if we have corne enough we may live plentifully. Yet all these are but the meanes w^{ch} God hath ordayned to doe us good by: o^r eyes must be towards him, who as he can wthould blessings from the strongest meanes, so he can give sufficient vertue to the weakest. I am so straightened wth much businesse, as can no waye satisfye myselfe in wrightinge to thee. The Lorde will in due tyme lett us see the faces of each other againe to o^r great comfort: Now the Lord in mercye blesse, guide & supporte thee: I kisse & embrace thee my deare wife. I kisse & blesse you all my deare children, Forth, Mary, Deane, Sam, & the other: the Lorde keepe you all & worke his true feare in yo^r hearts. The blessing of the Lorde be upon all my servants, whom salute from me, Jo : Sanford, Amy &c, Goldstone, Pease, Chote &c. : my good freinds at Castlins & all my good neighbo^{rs}, good man Cole & his good wife, & all the rest :

Remember to come well furnished wth linnen, woollen, some more beddinge, brasse, peuter, leather bottells, drinkinge hornes &c. : let my sonne provide 12 : axes of severall sorts of the Braintree Smithe, or some other prime workman, whatever they coste, & some Augers great & smale, & many other necessaryes w^{ch} I can't now thinke of, as candles, sope, & store of beife suett, &c. : once againe farewell my deare wife.

Thy faithfull husband JO : WINTHROP
Charlton in N : England July 23 : 1630.

Decorum Yields to Necessity

Abigail Adams suffers the indelicacy of sea-sickness

(To Mrs. Cranch)

On board ship *Active*, Latitude 44, Longitude 34. Tuesday,
6 *July*, 1784. From the Ocean

MY DEAR SISTER,

I have been sixteen days at sea, and have not attempted to write a single letter. 'Tis true, I have kept a journal whenever I was able; but that must be close locked up, unless I was sure to hand it you with safety.

'Tis said of Cato, the Roman Censor, that one of the three things which he regretted during his life, was going once by sea when he might have made his journey by land. I fancy the philosopher was not proof against that most disheartening, dispiriting malady, sea-sickness. Of this I am very sure, that no lady would ever wish a second time to try the sea, were the objects of her pursuit within the reach of a land journey. I have had frequent occasion, since I came on board, to recollect an observation of my best friend's, "that no being in nature was so disagreeable as a lady at sea," and this recollection has in a great measure reconciled me to the thought of being at sea without him; for one would not wish, my dear sister, to be thought of in that light by those, to whom we would wish to appear in our best array. The decency and decorum of the most delicate female must in some measure yield to the necessities of nature; and, if you have no female capable of rendering you the least assistance, you will feel grateful to any one who will feel for you, and relieve or compassionate your sufferings.

And this was truly the case of your poor sister and all her female companions, when not one of us could make her own bed, put on or take off her shoes, or even lift a finger.

The Friendly Craft

As to our other clothing, we wore the greater part of it until we were able to help ourselves. Added to this misfortune, Briesler, my man-servant, was as bad as any of us. But for Job, I know not what we should have done. Kind, attentive, quick, neat, he was our nurse for two days and nights; and, from handling the sails at the top-gallant-mast head, to the more feminine employment of making wine-cordial, he has not his equal on board. In short, he is the favorite of the whole ship. Our sickness continued for ten days, with some intermissions. We crawled upon deck whenever we were able; but it was so cold and damp, that we could not remain long upon it. And the confinement of the air below, the constant rolling of the vessel, and the nausea of the ship, which was much too tight, contributed to keep up our disease. The vessel is very deep loaded with oil and potash. The oil leaks, the potash smokes and ferments. All adds to the *flavor*. When you add to all this the horrid dirtiness of the ship, the slovenliness of the steward, and the unavoidable slopping and spilling occasioned by the tossing of the ship, I am sure you will be thankful that the pen is not in the hand of Swift or Smollet, and still more so that you are far removed from the scene. No sooner was I able to move, than I found it necessary to make a bustle amongst the waiters, and demand a cleaner abode. By this time, Briesler was upon his feet, and, as I found I might reign mistress on board without any offence, I soon exerted my authority with scrapers, mops, brushes, infusions of vinegar, &c., and in a few hours you would have thought yourself in a different ship. Since which, our abode is much more tolerable, and the gentlemen all thank me for my care. . . .

Our accommodations on board are not what I could wish, or hoped for. We cannot be alone, only when the gentle-

An Indelicate Situation

men are thoughtful enough to retire upon deck, which they do for about an hour in the course of the day. Our state-rooms are about half as large as cousin Betsey's little chamber, with two cabins in each. Mine had three, but I could not live so. Upon which Mrs. Adams's brother gave up his to Abby, and we are now stowed two and two. This place has a small grated window, which opens into the companion-way, and by this is the only air admitted. The door opens into the cabin, where the gentlemen all sleep, and where we sit, dine, &c. We can only live with our door shut, whilst we dress and undress. Necessity has no law; but what should I have thought on shore, to have laid myself down to sleep in common with half a dozen gentlemen? We have curtains, it is true, and we only in part undress, about as much as the Yankee bundlers; but we have the satisfaction of falling in with a set of well-behaved, decent gentlemen, whose whole deportment is agreeable to the strictest delicacy, both in word and action. . . .

Gouverneur Morris journeys to the "far west," sees
Niagara, and prophesies the future of the country
(To John Parrish, *Jan.* 20, 1801)

. . . THERE is a brilliance in our atmosphere you can have no idea of, except by going to Italy, or else by viewing one of Claude Lorraine's best landscapes, and persuading yourself that the light there exhibited is a just though faint copy of nature. I believe there is much more water in the St. Lawrence than in the Danube at Vienna. Of the rapids I can say nothing; still less can I pretend to convey to you the sentiment excited by a view of the lake. It is to all purposes of human vision an ocean: the same majestic motion, too, in its billows. . . . To

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form a faint idea of the Cataract of Niagara, imagine that you saw the Firth of Forth rush wrathfully down a steep descent, leap foaming over a perpendicular rock one hundred and seventy feet high, then flow away in the semblance of milk from a basin of emerald. A quiet, gentle stream leaves the shores of a country level and fertile, and along the banks of this stream we proceed to Fort Erie. Here again the boundless waste of waters fills the mind with renewed astonishment, and here, as in turning a point of wood the lake broke on my view, I saw riding at anchor nine vessels, the least of them above a hundred tons. Can you bring your imagination to realize this scene? Does it not seem like magic? Yet this magic is but the early effort of victorious industry. Hundreds of large ships will, in no distant period, bound on the billows of these inland seas. At this point commences a navigation of more than a thousand miles. Shall I lead your astonishment up to the verge of incredulity? I will. Know, then, that one-tenth of the expense borne by Britain in the last campaign would enable ships to sail from London through Hudson's River into Lake Erie. As yet, my friend, we only crawl along the outer edge of our country. The interior excels the part we inhabit in soil, in climate, in everything.

The proudest empire in Europe is but a bubble compared to what America *will* be, *must* be, in the course of two centuries — perhaps of one. . . .

Dr. Holmes rails against taverns ~ ~ ~

(To James T. Fields)

MONTREAL, *October 23, 1867*

DEAR MR. FIELDS, — . . . I am as comfortable here as I can be, but I have earned my money, for I have had a full share of my old trouble. Last night was

What Don't They Do?

better, and to-day I am going about the town. Miss Frothingham sent me a basket of black Hamburg grapes to-day, which were very grateful after the hotel tea and coffee and other 'pothecary's stuff.

Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, clean, decent, palatable thing occasionally to be had in them—namely, a boiled egg. The soups *taste* pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelets taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be that they had been scrambled for by *somebody*, but who— who in the possession of a sound reason *could* have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? Butter! I am thinking just now of those exquisite little pellets I have so often seen at your table, and wondering why the taverns *always* keep it until it is old. Fool that I am! As if the taverns did not know that if it was good it would be eaten, which is not what they want. Then the waiters with their napkins— what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, "*That* they do not do." . . .

I have a really fine parlor, but every time I enter it I perceive that

Still, sad "odor" of humanity

which clings to it from my predecessor. Mr. Hogan got home yesterday, I believe. I saw him for the first time to-day. He was civil—they all are civil. I have no fault to find except with taverns here and pretty much everywhere.

Every six months a tavern should burn to the ground, with all its traps, its "properties," its beds and pots and kettles, and start afresh from its ashes like John Phoenix-Squibob!

The Friendly Craft

No; give me home, or a home like mine, where all is clean and sweet, where coffee has preëxisted in the berry, and tea has still faint recollections of the pigtailed that dangled about the plant from which it was picked, where butter has not the prevailing character which Pope assigned to Denham, where soup could look you in the face if it had "eyes" (which it has not), and where the comely Anne or the gracious Margaret takes the place of those napkin-bearing animals.

Enough! But I have been forlorn and ailing and fastidious — but I am feeling a little better, and can talk about it. I had some ugly nights, I tell you; but I am writing in good spirits, as you see. . . .

P.S. Made a pretty good dinner, after all; but better a hash at home than a roast with strangers. . . .

Henry D. Thoreau carries Concord ground and thoughts to Staten Island ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson)

CASTLETON, STATEN ISLAND, *May 22, 1843*

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I believe a good many conversations with you were left in an unfinished state, and now indeed I don't know where to take them up. But I will resume some of the unfinished silence. I shall not hesitate to know you. I think of you as some elder sister of mine, whom I could not have avoided,—a sort of lunar influence,—only of such age as the moon, whose time is measured by her light. You must know that you represent to me woman, for I have not traveled very far or wide,—and what if I had? I like to deal with you, for I believe you do not lie or steal, and these are very rare virtues. I thank you for your influence for two years. I was

Keeping Life "On Loft"

fortunate to be subjected to it, and am now to remember it. It is the noblest gift we can make; what signify all others that can be bestowed? You have helped to keep my life "on loft," as Chaucer says of Griselda, and in a better sense. You always seemed to look down at me as from some elevation,—some of your high humilities,—and I was the better for having to look up. I felt taxed not to disappoint your expectation; for could there be any accident so sad as to be respected for something better than we are? It was a pleasure even to go away from you, as it is not to meet some, as it apprised me of my high relations; and such a departure is a sort of further introduction and meeting. Nothing makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

You must not think that fate is so dark there, for even here I can see a faint reflected light over Concord, and I think that at this distance I can better weigh the value of a doubt there. Your moonlight, as I have told you, though it is a reflection of the sun, allows of bats and owls and other twilight birds to flit therein. But I am very glad that you can elevate your life without a doubt, for I am sure that it is nothing but an insatiable faith after all that deepens and darkens its current. And your doubt and my confidence are only a difference of expression.

I have hardly begun to live on Staten Island yet; but, like the man who, when forbidden to tread on English ground, carried Scottish ground in his boots, I carry Concord ground in my boots and in my hat,—and am I not made of Concord dust? I cannot realize that it is the roar of the sea I hear now, and not the wind in Walden woods. I find more of Concord, after all, in the prospect of the seas, beyond Sandy Hook, than in the fields and woods.

If you were to have this Hugh the gardener for your

The Friendly Craft

man, you would think a new dispensation had commenced. He might put a fairer aspect on the natural world for you, or at any rate a screen between you and the almshouse. There is a beautiful red honeysuckle now in blossom in the woods here, which should be transplanted to Concord; and if what they tell me about the tulip tree be true, you should have that also. I have not seen Mrs. Black yet, but I intend to call on her soon. Have you established those simpler modes of living yet? — “In the full tide of successful operation?”

Tell Mrs. Brown that I hope she is anchored in a secure haven and derives much pleasure still from reading the poets, and that her constellation is not quite set from my sight, though it is sunk so low in that northern horizon. Tell Elizabeth Hoar that her bright present did “carry ink safely to Staten Island,” and was a conspicuous object in Master Haven’s inventory of my effects. Give my respects to Madam Emerson, whose Concord face I should be glad to see here this summer; and remember me to the rest of the household who have had a vision of me. Shake a day-day to Edith, and say good-night to Ellen for me. Farewell.

Francis Parkman objects to Western manners




CINCINNATI, *April* 9th, 1846

DEAR MOTHER, — . . . To-day I reached Cincinnati, after a two days’ passage down the Ohio. The boat was good enough though filled with a swarm of half-civilized reprobates, gambling, swearing, etc., among themselves. . . . The great annoyance on board these boats is the absurd haste of everybody to gulp down their meals. Ten minutes suffices for dinner, and it requires great skill and assiduity to secure a competent allowance

A Set of Beasts

in that space of time. As I don't much fancy this sort of proceeding, I generally manage to carry off from the table enough to alleviate the pangs of hunger without choking myself. The case is much the same here in the best hotel in Cincinnati. When you sit down, you must begin without delay — grab whatever is within your reach, and keep hold of the plate by main force till you have helped yourself. Eat up as many potatoes, onions, or turnips as you can lay your hands on; and take your meat afterwards, whenever you have a chance to get it. It is only by economizing time in this fashion that you can avoid starvation — such a set of beasts are these Western men. . . . I am, dear mother,

Very affectionately yrs,
F. P.

The varied experiences of an Abolitionist lecturer 
(From Miss Sallie Holley)

I

SHALL I tell you what anti-slavery hospitality is . . . in Pennsylvania? It is to be ushered into a small, close, stove-heated room, where seven or eight grown up persons and children have already breathed over the air two or three times; introduced to a tall, unshaven, uncombed, unwashed man with terribly dirty clothes and boots thick with mud and manure; your things taken off, you are presently invited out into a dirty, dingy kitchen to sit down to highly-spiced sausages, or a dish here denominated “scrapple,” and hot, thick, heavy pancakes, picking out two or three flies from your drink whatever it may be.

And though you have been lecturing an hour and a half that day, besides riding through rain and mud several

The Friendly Craft

miles, you are expected to entertain the friends with how delighted you are with anti-slavery in Pennsylvania; how you enjoy travelling about and seeing their beautiful State; how much you enjoy their warm-hearted hospitality; how liberal friends are in this region, etc., etc. An hour passes and you are asked to ascend to a cold, uncomfortable, half furnished apartment. There you lie until morning, when again you go through the charming experience of the evening before.

Then you ride eight or ten miles to the next appointment. All along the road you are told that Lancaster County is the greatest wheat-growing county in the world; that Chester County contains more woman's rights women than any other in the world; that my style of lecturing being so "moral and religious," not exciting anger or resentment, is *remarkably adapted* to this region. . . .

II

BYBERRY, PA., *November 26, 1852*

. . . I AM now staying at the elegant country home of Robert Purvis. It may be called "Saints' Rest," for here all abolitionists find that "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The house and extensive grounds are in tasteful English style.

Mr. Purvis is a coloured man, but so light that no stranger would suspect it. His wife is very lady-like in manners and conversation; something of the ease and blandness of a southern lady. The style of living here is quite uncommonly rich and elegant. Upon my arrival I was ushered into a beautiful room where there was a fine wood fire blazing most delightfully in an open fire place. It was so charming to me after my twenty miles' ride through the mud and cold.

An Excellent Beginning

What a pity that homely, gloomy stoves should be allowed to take the place of open fires! Why, in a few generations more the words *hearth* and *fireside* will have no meaning. People will have no idea what they signify. The golden age of open fires is indeed departing. I am writing in a very cheerful "upper chamber," and feel remarkably amiable, staying in such a beautiful home. As Mr. Skimpole said of his lying on the soft grass and looking up through the trees to the blue sky, it "must be what I was made for, it suits me so exactly." . . .

Henry D. Thoreau glories in the stormy hospitality of
Monadnock



CONCORD, *November 4, 1860*

MR. BLAKE, — . . . We made an excellent beginning of our mountain life. You may remember that the Saturday previous was a stormy day. Well, we went up in the rain, — wet through, — and found ourselves in a cloud there at mid-afternoon, in no situation to look about for the best place for a camp. So I proceeded at once, through the cloud, to that memorable stone, "chunk yard," in which we made our humble camp once, and there, after putting our packs under a rock, having a good hatchet, I proceeded to build a substantial house, which Channing declared the handsomest he ever saw. (He never camped out before, and was, no doubt, prejudiced in its favor.) This was done about dark, and by that time we were nearly as wet as if we had stood in a hogshead of water. We then built a fire before the door, directly on the site of our little camp of two years ago, and it took a long time to burn through its remains to the earth beneath. Standing before this, and turning round slowly, like meat that is roasting, we were as dry, if not drier, than ever, after a few hours, and so at last we "turned in."

The Friendly Craft

This was a great deal better than going up there in fair weather, and having no adventure (not knowing how to appreciate either fair weather or foul) but dull, commonplace sleep in a useless house, and before a comparatively useless fire,—such as we get every night. Of course we thanked our stars, when we saw them, which was about midnight, that they had seemingly withdrawn for a season. We had the mountain all to ourselves that afternoon and night. There was nobody going up that day to engrave his name on the summit, nor to gather blueberries. The genius of the mountain saw us starting from Concord, and it said, There come two of our folks. Let us get ready for them. Get up a serious storm, that will send a-packing these holiday guests. (They may have their say another time.) Let us receive them with true mountain hospitality,—kill the fatted cloud. Let them know the value of a spruce roof, and of a fire of dead spruce stumps. Every bush dripped tears of joy at our advent. Fire did its best, and received our thanks. What could fire have done in fair weather? Spruce roof got its share of our blessings. And then, such a view of the wet rocks, with the wet lichens on them, as we had the next morning, but did not get again!

We and the mountain had a sound season, as the saying is. How glad we were to be wet, in order that we might be dried! How glad we were of the storm which made our house seem like a new home to us! This day's experience was indeed lucky, for we did not have a thunder-shower during all our stay. Perhaps our host reserved this attention in order to tempt us to come again.

Our next house was more substantial still. One side was rock, good for durability; the floor the same; and the roof which I made would have upheld a horse. I stood on it to do the shingling.

I noticed, when I was at the White Mountains last,

Dancing on Monadnock

several nuisances which render traveling thereabouts unpleasant. The chief of these was the mountain houses. I might have supposed that the main attraction of that region, even to citizens, lay in its wildness and unlikeness to the city, and yet they make it as much like the city as they can afford to. I heard that the Crawford House was lighted with gas, and had a large saloon, with its band of music, for dancing. But give me a spruce house made in the rain.

An old Concord farmer tells me that he ascended Monadnock once, and danced on the top. How did that happen? Why, he being up there, a party of young men and women came up, bringing boards and a fiddler; and having laid down the boards, they made a level floor, on which they danced to the music of the fiddle. I suppose the tune was "Excelsior." This reminds me of a fellow who climbed to the top of a very high spire, stood upright on the ball, and hurrahed for — what? Why, for Harrison and Tyler. That's the kind of sound which most ambitious people emit when they culminate. They are wont to be singularly frivolous in the thin atmosphere; they can't contain themselves, though our comfort and their safety require it; it takes the pressure of many atmospheres to do this; and hence they helplessly evaporate there. It would seem that as they ascend, they breathe shorter and shorter, and, at each *expiration*, some of their wits leave them, till, when they reach the pinnacle, they are so light-headed as to be fit only to show how the wind sits. I suspect that Emerson's criticism called "Monadnock" was inspired, not by remembering the inhabitants of New Hampshire as they are in the valleys, so much as by meeting some of them on the mountain-top.

After several nights' experience, Channing came to the conclusion that he was "lying outdoors," and inquired

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what was the largest beast that might nibble his legs there. I fear that he did not improve all the night, as he might have done, to sleep. I had asked him to go and spend a week there. We spent five nights, being gone six days, for C. suggested that six working days made a week, and I saw that he was ready to *decamp*. However, he found his account in it as well as I. . . .

Yes, to meet men on an honest and simple footing, meet with rebuffs, suffer from sore feet, as you did,—ay, and from a sore heart, as perhaps you also did,—all that is excellent. What a pity that that young prince¹ could not enjoy a little of the legitimate experience of traveling—be dealt with simply and truly, though rudely. He might have been invited to some hospitable house in the country, had his bowl of bread and milk set before him, with a clean pinafore; been told that there were the punt and the fishing-rod, and he could amuse himself as he chose; might have swung a few birches, dug out a woodchuck, and had a regular good time, and finally been sent to bed with the boys,—and so never have been introduced to Mr. Everett at all. I have no doubt that this would have been a far more memorable and valuable experience than he got.

The snow-clad summit of Mt. Washington must have been a very interesting sight from Wachuset. How wholesome winter is, seen far or near; how good, above all mere sentimental, warm-blooded, short-lived, soft-hearted, *moral* goodness, commonly so called. Give me the goodness which has forgotten its own deeds,—which God has seen to be good, and let be. None of your *just made perfect*,—pickled eels! All that will save them will be their picturesque-ness, as with blasted trees. Whatever is, and is not ashamed to be, is good. I value no moral goodness or

¹ The Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, then traveling in the United States.

Everything Goes Lazy

greatness unless it is good or great, even as that snowy peak is. Pray, how could thirty feet of bowels improve it? Nature is goodness crystallized. You look into the land, of promise. Whatever beauty we behold, the more it is distant, serene, and cold, the purer and more durable it is. It is better to warm ourselves with ice than with fire. . . .

Theodore Parker, fresh from Boston, finds Santa Cruz
slow ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Apthorp)

WEST-END, FREDERIKSTAD, *March*, 1859

(Written with a pencil out of doors)

“In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.”

WELL, we have got there, this is the place. With nature it seems a perpetual Midsummer's Day, but with man it is “always afternoon.” I should think the island was peopled by lotos-eaters. Everything goes lazy. In the morning there is a string of women who go to the spring for water, each with a little pipkin, or pitcher, or jug, or carafe on her head. In six months, time enough is spent to make an aqueduct with a reservoir which would supply the whole town with water. The boys do not run even down-hill, nor the girls romp. To play hoop, jump rope, bat and ball, would be a torture to these dullards. The only game I have seen among the children is top; all the little negroes have a top, and spin it on the hard, smooth street. The cows don't run to pasture, or from it; even the calves are as sedate as the heaviest oxen, and walk decorously up to their milky supper, and pull as leisurely as if they worked by the day (to pay an old debt), not by the job (and incurring a new one). The ducks lie in the

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street all day where they can find a shade, and only quack and gabble at night when the effort is not too heating. Mr. Cockadoodle does not *run* after the hens; he only walks as deliberately as a Dutchman, and it seems as if he ought also to have a pipe in his mouth. The winds blow in a gentle sort, and make no dust, though it has not rained enough to wet a blanket through this never so long. There is a brook outside the little village, but it never runs, it has no current. There are no tides in the sea, only a little slopping against the coral rock. . . .

We live with a Mrs. —, a widow of 65 years old. She condescends to take boarders at 10 dollars a-week, and takes the greatest pains to feed them well. She belongs to the tip-top aristocracy of the island, and her house is the West-Endest promontory of the West-End of Santa Cruz. Why, her husband was Herr-Master-Collector-General of the Post, when at least 25 ships arrived in a year, and he had an income of 20,000 dollars a-year (she says), and her house cost 45,000 dollars (so she says). I take off a cypher from each sum, and bring it down a little by this reduction descending. They used to live in *Saus und Braus* in his time, that they did. What puncheons of rum, what pipes of wine and brandy did they not have, and what fun, and frolic, and feasting, and dancing, and making love, and marrying and giving in marriage. But alas! "*vergangen ist vergangen, verloren ist verloren.*" The house and all looks now, like the state of things a day or two after Noe entered the ark, only the ruin is not by water. All the buildings are tumbling down, the garden is never hoed or dug, the fences have fallen, the gates without hinges, the doors lack handles, and the once costly furniture has been battered, and neglected, and maltreated, till you mourn over it all. . . . Mrs. — talks all the time about herself and her former grandeur, till she sounds as

1. Negroes. 2. Pigs

empty as the Heidelberg tun. In the next life I trust we shall be able to hold our *ears* as well as our tongues. I wish I could now.

The town belongs to the negroes and the pigs. A word of each. 1. Of the negroes. In the street you see nobody but negroes and colored people—fine straight backs. All the women are slender. You may walk half an hour and not see a white man. One of these days I will write a word upon the *moral* condition of the Africans here, and their possible future. It is full of hope. But the negro is slow—a loose-jointed sort of animal, a great child. 2. The pig. There are lots of pigs in the streets. Pigs male and pigs female, pigs young and pigs old. Most of them are coal-black, and, like Zaccheus, “little of stature.” They are long-nosed and grave-looking animals. I should think they had been through a revival, and were preparing for the ministry; a whole Andover, Newton, and Princeton turned into the streets. But they are *slow*, as are all things here. They do not keep their tails flying, like the porkers of New England. A woman, not far off, comes out into the street and now and then calls, “Pik, pik! sough, sough!” (*i.e.* suff, suff,) and her particular pig recognizes the voice and grunts gently, but approvingly, and walks home to his dinner, like an English country gentleman, and not as American members of Congress go to their meals. . . . Good bye, dear friend that you are.

T.

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Charles Sumner rides with the fox-hunting gentry and
clergy of merrie England ~ ~ ~ ~

(To George S. Hillard)

MILTON PARK, *Dec.* 25, 1838

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to you, dear Hillard! This morning greeting I send with the winter winds across the Atlantic. It will not reach you till long after this day; but I hope that it will find you happy, — not forgetful of your great loss, but remembering it with manly grief, and endeavoring in the undoubted present bliss of your dear boy to catch a reflected ray for yourself. I am passing my Christmas week with Lord Fitzwilliam, in one of the large country-houses of old England. I have already written you about Wentworth House. The place where I now am is older and smaller; in America, however, it would be vast. The house is Elizabethan. Here I have been enjoying fox-hunting, to the imminent danger of my limbs and neck; that they still remain intact is a miracle. His Lordship's hounds are among the finest in the kingdom, and his huntsman is reputed the best. There are about eighty couples; the expense of keeping them is about five thousand pounds a year. In his stables there are some fifty or sixty hunters that are only used with the hounds, and of course are unemployed during the summer. The exertion of a day's sport is so great that a horse does not go out more than once in a week. I think I have never participated in anything more exciting than this exercise. The history of my exploits will confirm this. The morning after my arrival I mounted, at half-past nine o'clock, a beautiful hunter, and rode with Lord Milton about six miles to the place of meeting. There were the hounds and huntsmen and whippers-in, and about eighty

Such a Scamper

horsemen, — the noblemen and gentry and clergy of the neighborhood, all beautifully mounted, and the greater part in red coats, leather breeches, and white top-boots. The hounds were sent into the cover, and it was a grand sight to see so many handsome dogs, all of a size, and all washed before coming out, rushing into the underwood to start the fox. We were unfortunate in not getting a scent immediately, and rode from cover to cover; but soon the cry was raised “Tally-ho!” — the horn was blown — the dogs barked — the horsemen rallied — the hounds scented their way through the cover on the trail of the fox, and then started in full run. I had originally intended only to ride to cover to see them throw off, and then make my way home, believing myself unequal to the probable run; but the chase commenced, and I was in the midst of it; and, being excellently mounted, nearly at the head of it. Never did I see such a scamper; and never did it enter into my head that horses could be pushed to such speed in such places. We dashed through and over bushes, leaping broad ditches, splashing in brooks and mud, and passing over fences as so many imaginary lines. My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before him. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence: as I was up in the air for one moment, how was I startled to look down and see that there was not only a fence but a *ditch!* He cleared the ditch too. I have said it was my first experiment. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work myself back to the saddle without touching the ground (*vide* some of the hunting pictures of leaps, &c.). How I got back I cannot tell; but I did regain my seat, and my horse was at a run in a moment. All this, you

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will understand, passed in less time by far than it will take to read this account. One moment we were in a scamper through a ploughed field, another over a beautiful pasture, and another winding through the devious paths of a wood. I think I may say that in no single day of my life did I ever take so much exercise. I have said that I mounted at nine and a half o'clock. It wanted twenty minutes of five when I finally dismounted, not having been out of the saddle more than thirty seconds during all this time, and then only to change my horse, taking a fresh one from a groom who was in attendance. During much of this time we were on a full run.

The next day had its incidents. The place of meeting for the hounds was about fourteen miles from the house. Our horses were previously led thither by grooms, and we rode there in a carriage and four, with outriders, and took our horses fresh. This day I met with a fall. The country was very rough, and the fences often quite stiff and high. I rode among the foremost, and in going over a fence and brook together, came to the ground. My horse cleared them both; and I cleared him, for I went directly over his head. Of course he started off, but was soon caught by Milton and a parson, who had already made the leap successfully. I should not fail to commemorate the feats of the clergymen, as they illustrate the position of this body in England. The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reputed to be a clergyman; and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "Reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence; and, as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different

“Hurrah for Nash!”

horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Rev. Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field; and the cry was raised, “Hurrah for Nash! Now for Nash!” I need not say that he went over it easily. It was the Rev. Mr. Nash who caught my horse. Change the scene one moment, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on and shouting, “Hurrah for Greenwood! Hurrah for Beecher!” None of the clergymen who were out were young men; they were all more than forty-five, if not fifty. They mingled in all the light conversation of the field, — one of them told a story which I would not venture to trust to this sheet, — and they were addressed by all with the utmost familiarity. I did not hear one of them addressed by the title of “Mr.,” except by myself, though most of the company were fifteen or twenty years younger than themselves. These little things will reveal to you more than several pages of dissertation. Every day that I was out it rained, — the first day incessantly, — and yet I was perfectly unconscious of it, so interested did I become in the sport. Indeed, sportsmen rather wish a rain, because it makes the ground soft. We generally got home about five o’clock; and I will give you the history of the rest of the day, that you may see how time passes in one of the largest houses in England. Dinner was early, because the sportsmen returned fatigued, and without having tasted a morsel of food since an early breakfast. So, after our return, we only had time to dress; and at five and a half o’clock assembled in the library, from which we went in to dinner. For three days I was the only guest here, — during the last four we have had Professor Whewell, — so that I can describe to you what was simply the family establishment.

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One day I observed that there were only nine of us at table, and there were thirteen servants in attendance. Of course the service is entirely of silver. You have, in proper succession, soup, fish, venison, and the large English dishes, besides a profusion of French *entrées*, with ice-cream and an ample dessert, — Madeira, Sherry, Claret, Port, and Champagne. We do not sit long at table; but return to the library, — which opens into two or three drawing-rooms, and is itself used as the principal one, — where we find the ladies already at their embroidery, and also coffee. Conversation goes languidly. The boys are sleepy, and Lord Fitzwilliam is serious and melancholy; and very soon I am glad to kill off an hour or so by a game of cards. Sometimes his Lordship plays; at other times he slowly peruses the last volume of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." About eleven o'clock I am glad to retire to my chamber, which is a very large apartment, with two large oriel windows looking out upon the lawn where the deer are feeding. There I find a glowing fire; and in one of the various easy chairs sit and muse while the fire burns, or resort to the pen, ink, and paper, which are carefully placed on the table near me.

I have given you an off-hand sketch of English fox-hunting. I was excited and interested by it, I confess; I should like to enjoy it more, and have pressing invitations to continue my visit or renew it at some future period. But I have moralized much upon it, and have been made melancholy by seeing the time and money that are lavished on this sport, and observing the utter unproductiveness of the lives of those who are most earnestly engaged in it, — like my Lord's family, whose mornings are devoted to it, and whose evenings are rounded by a sleep. . . .

A Figure Indeed

William H. Prescott tells his wife all about the Queen

I

[LONDON,] *Thursday*, 6 P.M. [*June*, 1850]

. . . . **W**ELL, the presentation has come off, and I will give you some account of it before going to dine with Lord Fitzwilliam. This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Monckton Milnes, where I met Macaulay, — the third time this week. We had also Lord Lyttleton, — an excellent scholar, — Gladstone, and Lord St. Germans, — a sensible and agreeable person, — and two or three others. We had a lively talk; but I left early for the Court affair. I was at Lawrence's at one, in my costume: a chapeau with gold lace, blue coat, and white trousers, begilded with buttons and metal, — the coat buttons up, single-breasted, to the throat, — a sword, and patent-leather boots. I was a figure, indeed! But I had enough to keep me in countenance. I spent an hour yesterday with Lady M., getting instructions for demeaning myself. The greatest danger was, that I should be tripped up by my own sword. On reaching St. James's Palace we passed upstairs through files of the guard, — beef-eaters, — and were shown into a large saloon, not larger than the great room of the White House, but richly hung with crimson silk, and some fine portraits of the family of George the Third. It was amusing, as we waited there an hour, to see the arrival of the different persons, diplomatic, military, and courtiers. All, men and women, blazing in all their stock of princely finery; and such a *power* of diamonds, pearls, emeralds, and laces, the trains of the ladies' dresses several yards in length! Some of the ladies wore coronets of diamonds that covered the greater part of the head, others necklaces of diamonds and emeralds, that were a size per-

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fectly enormous. I counted on Lady ——'s head two strings of diamonds, rising gradually from the size of a four pence to the size of an English shilling, and thick in proportion. Lady —— had emeralds mingled with her diamonds, of the finest lustre, as large as pigeon's eggs. The *parure* was not always in the best taste. The Duchess of ——'s dress was studded with diamonds along the border and down the middle of the robe, — each of the size of half a nutmeg. The young ladies, a great many of whom were presented, were dressed generally without ornament. I tell all this for Lizzie's especial benefit. The company were at length permitted one by one to pass into the presence-chamber, — a room of about the same size as the other, with a throne and gorgeous canopy at the farther end, before which stood the little Queen of the mighty Isle, and her consort, surrounded by her ladies in waiting. She was rather simply dressed, but he was in a Field-Marshal's uniform, and covered, I should think, with all the orders of Europe. He is a good-looking person, but by no means so good-looking as the portraits of him. The Queen is better looking than you might expect. I was presented by our Minister, according to the directions of the Chamberlain, as the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, in due form, — and made my profound obeisance to her Majesty, who made a very dignified courtesy, as she made to some two hundred others, who were presented in like manner. Owing to there having been no drawing-room for a long time, there was an unusual number of presentations of young ladies; but very few gentlemen were presented. I made the same low bow to his Princeship, to whom I was also presented, and so bowed myself out of the royal circle, without my sword tripping up the heels of my nobility. As I was drawing off, Lord Carlisle, who was standing on the edge of the royal circle, called me, and kept me by his side,

Without Embarrassment

telling me the names of the different lords and ladies, who, after paying their obeisance to the Queen, passed out before us. He said, he had come to the drawing-room to see how I got through the affair, which he thought I did without any embarrassment. Indeed, to say truth, I have been more embarrassed a hundred times in my life than I was here, I don't know why; I suppose, because I am getting old. . . .

Your loving husband,

WM. H. PRESCOTT

II

CASTLE HOWARD, *August* [28th,] 1850

DEAR WIFE,

. . . I have a little time to write before luncheon, and must send off the letter then to London to be copied. Received yours this morning, complaining I had not written by the last. You have got the explanation of it since. To resume. The Queen, &c., arrived yesterday in a pelting rain, with an escort of cavalry, — a pretty sight to those under cover. Crowds of loyal subjects were in the park in front of the house to greet her. They must have come miles in the rain. She came into the hall in a plain travelling-dress, bowing very gracefully to all there, and then to her apartments, which occupy the front of the building. At eight we went to dinner, all in full dress, but mourning for the Duke of Cambridge; I, of course, for President Taylor! All wore breeches or tight pantaloons. It was a brilliant show, I assure you, — that immense table, with its fruits and flowers, and lights glancing over beautiful plate, and in that superb gallery. I was as near the Queen as at our own family table. She has a good appetite, and laughs merrily. She has fine eyes and teeth, but

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is short. She was dressed in black silk and lace, with the blue scarf of the Order of the Garter across her bosom. Her only ornaments were of jet. The Prince, who is certainly a handsome and very well-made man, wore the Garter with its brilliant buckle round his knee, a showy star on his breast, and the collar of a foreign order round his neck. Dinner went off very well, except that we had no music; a tribute to Louis-Philippe at the Queen's request,—too bad! We drank the royal healths with prodigious enthusiasm.

After the ladies retired, the Prince and the other gentlemen remained half an hour, as usual. In the evening we listened to some fine music, and the Queen examined the pictures. Odd enough the etiquette. Lady Carlisle, who did the honors like a high-bred lady as she is, and the Duchess of Sutherland, were the only ladies who talked with her Majesty. Lord Carlisle, her host, was the only gentleman who did so, unless she addressed a person herself. No one can sit a moment when she chooses to stand. She did me the honor to come and talk with me,—asking me about my coming here, my stay in the Castle, what I was doing now in the historic way, how Everett was, and where he was,—for ten minutes or so; and Prince Albert afterwards a long while, talking about the houses and ruins in England, and the churches in Belgium, and the pictures in the room, and I don't know what. I found myself now and then trenching on the rules by interrupting, &c.; but I contrived to make it up by a respectful "Your Royal Highness," "Your Majesty," &c. I told the Queen of the pleasure I had in finding myself in a land of friends instead of foreigners,—a sort of stereotype with me,—and of my particular good fortune in being under the roof with her. She is certainly very much of a lady in her manner, with a sweet voice.

The Bishop of Oxford

The house is filled with officials, domestics, &c. Over two hundred slept here last night. The grounds all round the house, as I write, are thronged with thousands of men and women, dressed in their best, from the adjacent parts of the country. You cannot stir out without seeing a line of heads through the iron railing or before the court-yard. I was walking in the garden this morning (did I tell you that it is a glorious day, luckily?) with the Marchioness of Douro, who was dressed in full mourning as a lady in waiting, when the crowd set up such a shout! as they took her for the Queen. But I must close. God bless you, dear!

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

William H. Prescott wears red robes at Oxford 

(To George Ticknor)

LONDON, *June 26*, 1850

MY DEAR GEORGE,
... I returned day before yesterday from a visit to the Bishop of Oxford, Wilberforce, you know; one of the best-bred men, and most pleasing in conversation, that I have met with. However canny he may be in his church politics, he is certainly amiable, for uniform good-breeding implies a sacrifice of self that is founded on benevolence. There was some agreeable company at the house, among them a lady, very well read, the daughter of a Bishop, who told me she had never heard the *name* of Dr. Channing! I gave her a great shock by telling her I was a Unitarian. The term is absolutely synonymous, in a large party here, with Infidel, Jew, Mohammedan; worse even, because regarded as a wolf in sheep's clothing.

On Monday morning our party at the Bishop's went to

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Oxford, where Lord Northampton and I were Doctorized in due form. We were both dressed in flaming red robes (it was the hottest day I have felt here) and then marched out in solemn procession with the faculty, &c., in their black and red gowns, through the public street, looking, that is, *we*, like the victims of an *auto de fé*; though, I believe, on second thoughts, the *san benito* was yellow. The house was well filled by both men and women. The Archæological Society is holding its meetings there. We were marched up the aisle; Professor Phillimore made a long Latin exposition of our merits, in which each of the adjectives ended, as Southey said in reference to himself on a like occasion, in *issimus*; and amidst the cheers of the audience we were converted into Doctors. We lunched with the Vice-Chancellor, who told me I should have had a degree on Commemoration-day, the regular day; but he wrote about me to the Dean of St. Paul's, who was absent from town, and so an answer was not received until too late. He did not tell me that the principal object of the letter was to learn my faith, having some misgivings as to my heresy. M—— wrote him word that he thought my books would be found to be vouchers enough for me to obtain a degree. So a special convocation was called, and my companion in the ceremony was a better man than a military chief, like Lord Gough. I like Lord Northampton very much. He was at the Bishop's, and we drove together from Cuddesdon to Oxford. He is a man of very active mind. He told me some good anecdotes; among others, an answer of the Duke to a gentleman who asked him if he had not been surprised at the battle of Waterloo. The Duke coldly replied, "I never was surprised, as well as I can remember, till now, in my life." Did you ever hear of his fine answer to a lady who was glorifying his victories? "A victory, ma'am, is the



Sydney Smith's Repartee

saddest thing in the world, except a defeat." Now that Sydney Smith is gone, Rogers furnishes the nicest touches in the way of repartee. His conversation even in his dilapidated condition, on his back, is full of salt, not to say cayenne. I was praising somebody's good-nature very much. "Yes," he said, "so much good-nature, that there is no room for good-sense." . . .

Of all the notabilities no one has struck me more than the Iron Duke. His face is as fresh as a young man's. He stoops much and is a little deaf. It is interesting to see with what an affectionate and respectful feeling he is regarded by all, — not least by the Queen. . . .

With ever so much love to Anna, and Anika, and little Lizzie,

I remain, dear George,
Always affectionately yours,
WM. H. PRESCOTT

Bret Harte feels like a defunct English lord  

(To his wife)

"THE MOLT," SALCOMBE, KINGSBRIDGE,

DEVONSHIRE, *Aug.* 19, 1878

MY DEAR ANNA, . . . I wrote you from London a day or two ago. Since then I came down here to visit Froude (the historian), who has treated me with very particular kindness. . . .

It is without exception, one of the most *perfect* country houses I ever beheld. Imagine, if you can, something between "Locksley Hall" and the "High Hall Garden," where Maud used to walk, and you have some idea of this graceful English home. I look from my windows down upon exquisite lawns and terraces all sloping towards the

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sea wall and then down upon the blue sea below. I walk out in the long high garden, past walls hanging with netted peaches and apricots, past terraces looking over the ruins of an old feudal castle, and I can scarcely believe I am not reading an English novel or that I am not myself a wandering ghost. To heighten the absurdity when I return to my room I am confronted by the inscription on the door, "Lord Devon" (for this is the property of the Earl of Devon, and I occupy his favorite room), and I seem to have died and to be resting under a gilded mausoleum that lies even more than the average tombstone does. Froude is a connection of the Earl's, and has hired the house for the summer.

He is a widower, with two daughters and a son. The eldest girl is not unlike a highly educated Boston girl, and the conversation sometimes reminds me of Boston. The youngest daughter, only ten years old, told her sister in reference to some conversation Froude and I had that "*she feared*" (this child) "that Mr. Bret Harte was inclined to be *sceptical!*" Doesn't this exceed any English story of the precocity of American children? The boy, scarcely fourteen, acts like a boy of eight (an American boy of eight) and talks like a man of thirty, as far as pure English and facility of expression goes. His manners are perfect, yet he is perfectly simple and boylike. The culture and breeding of some English children is really marvelous. But somehow — and here comes one of my "buts" — there's always a suggestion of some repression, some discipline that I don't like. Everybody is carefully trained to their station, and seldom bursts out beyond it. The respect always shown towards me is something fine — and depressing. I can easily feel how this deference to superiors is ingrained in all.

But Froude — dear old noble fellow — is splendid. I

Walking and Talking

love him more than I ever did in America. He is great, broad, manly — democratic in the best sense of the word, scorning all sycophancy and meanness, accepting all that is around him, yet more proud of his literary profession than of his kinship with these people whom he quietly controls. There are only a few literary men like him here, but they are kings. I could not have had a better introduction to them than through Froude, who knows them all, who is Tennyson's best friend, and who is anxious to make my *entrée* among them a success. I had forgotten that Canon Kingsley, whom you liked so much, is Froude's brother-in-law, until Froude reminded me of it. So it is like being among friends here.

So far I've avoided seeing any company here; but Froude and I walk and walk, and talk and talk. . . .

I'll write you from London. God bless you all. — Your affectionate

FRANK

“ He killed the hare ” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To T. Edgar Pemberton)

MY DEAR PEMBERTON, — Don't be alarmed if you should hear of my having nearly blown the top of my head off. Last Monday I had my face badly cut by the recoil of an overloaded gun. I do not know yet beneath these bandages whether I shall be permanently marked. At present I am invisible, and have tried to keep the accident secret.

When the surgeon was stitching me together the son of the house, a boy of twelve, came timidly to the door of my room. “Tell Mr. Bret Harte it's all right,” he said; “*he killed the hare!*” — Yours always,

BRET HARTE

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For certain purposes Edwin Laurence Godkin prefers
England to America ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

ADHURST ST. MARY, PETERSFIELD, [ENGLAND]

Aug. 16, 1897

MY DEAR SEDGWICK:—

There are many things here which would reconcile me to America, but there is no country in the world to-day in which you can be very happy if you care about politics and the progress of mankind, while there are many in which you can be very comfortable, if you occupy yourself simply with gardening, lawn tennis and true religion. This is one of them. I think I could prepare for heaven far more easily here than in America. . . .

Abigail Adams disapproves of Paris and Parisiennes,
in short, prefers Boston ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Miss Cranch)

MY DEAR LUCY, . . . You inquire of me how I like Paris. Why, they tell me I am no judge, for that I have not seen it yet. One thing, I know, and that is that I have smelt it. If I was agreeably disappointed in London, I am as much disappointed in Paris. It is the very dirtiest place I ever saw. There are some buildings and some squares, which are tolerable; but in general the streets are narrow, the shops, the houses, inelegant and dirty, the streets full of lumber and stone, with which they build. Boston cannot boast so elegant public buildings; but, in every other respect, it is as much superior in my eyes to Paris, as London is to Boston. To have had Paris tolerable to me, I should not have gone to London. As to the people here, they are more given to hospitality

A Very Bad One

than in England, it is said. I have been in company with but one French lady since I arrived; for strangers here make the first visit, and nobody will know you until you have waited upon them in form.

This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, "Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?" You must suppose her speaking all this in French. "How I look!" said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lutestring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze, than ever my maids wore, was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, "Helas! Franklin"; then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although

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sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite, and whom she kissed. This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbour; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse.

You must write to me, and let me know all about you; marriages, births, and preferments; every thing you can think of. Give my respects to the Germantown family. I shall begin to get letters for them by the next vessel.

Good night. Believe me

Your most affectionate aunt,

A. A.

Celia Thaxter loses her heart and exhausts her adjectives in Milan ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Annie Fields)

... **G**OLD carnations! Yes, just as true as you live, cloth-of-gold carnations! I saw them heaped in a shop-window; the color of those great gold roses at home (Marshal — what do you call them?). With these eyes I saw them just now!

Oh this place! it is so charming! One eternal and chronic Italian opera all day and all night. Such great basses and tenors superbly sounding through the night; such flashing dark eyes and midnight hair; and men of

The Pathos of It All

all sorts and sizes, all wearing long cloaks with one end cast over the shoulder with a grace which is indescribable; and women wearing over the head a square of black lace, one corner gathered over the head, the rest falling over the shoulders and down the back — oh, so lovely! Every woman wears this headgear, of poorer or richer materials, and to the older and more scraggy it gives a kind of dignity and grace; but on the young and fair, ye gods! how beautiful it is! Oh, the sights in the streets! how fascinating! Last night we went out, soon after we arrived, into the splendid arcade through the square, where the colossal statue of Leonardo da Vinci loomed white in the moonlight, with the four pupils at the corners of the lofty pedestal. Through the wonderful arcade we passed, — it was all glittering with shops and royal stuffs and jewels, — and out into the square beyond, where the cathedral lifted its forest of white marble spires, like frostwork, to the moon; wonderful, wonderful! This morning we climbed up and out on its roof in the midst of those exquisite spires, each with its statue atop. The city lay half in soft haze below, half revealed — a lovely picture. This afternoon we went to a great performance in the cathedral. The immense interior was filled with a great multitude. There were clouds of incense, and cords of golden crosses and tons of candles flaring. The long procession moved round the church among the people with singing, chanting, and organ-playing, I saw a priest the living image of John G. Whittier, and a younger one who looked like my Roland. But a great many of them were very piggy indeed. Oh, their laces, their silks, their gold and silver and precious stones, their bowing and courtesying, how tedious! how like the dancing of the common Lancers of our country! But the people! Oh, the pathos of it all! Every face a study! Such devotion, such love

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and sorrow and fearful hope! In all the service in England and everywhere there is but one cry to which my heart responds. It seems the one significant utterance. It is, "Lord have mercy upon us," helpless and defenseless that we are. It seems to me the whole thing might be simplified into that one cry. . . .

Washington Irving visits a German "Bracebridge
Hall" ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To C. R. Leslie)

DRESDEN, *March* 15, 1823

. . . . THE place where I am now passing my time is a complete study. The court of this little kingdom of Saxony is, perhaps, the most ceremonious and old-fashioned in Europe, and one finds here customs and observances in full vigor that have long since faded away in other courts.

The king is a capital character himself. A complete old gentleman of the ancient school, and very tenacious in keeping up the old style. He has treated me with the most marked kindness, and every member of the royal family has shown me great civility. What would greatly delight you is the royal hunting establishment, which the king maintains at a vast expense, being his hobby. He has vast forests stocked with game, and a complete forest police, forest masters, chasseurs, piqueurs, jägers, &c., &c. The charm of the thing is, that all this is kept up in the old style; and to go out hunting with him, you might fancy yourself in one of those scenes of old times which we read of in poetry and romance. I have followed him thrice to the boar hunt. The last we had extremely good sport. The boar gave us a chase of upwards of two hours, and was not overpowered until it had killed one dog, and des-

Helter Skelter

perately wounded several others. It was a very cold winter day, with much snow on the ground; but as the hunting was in a thick pine forest and the day was sunny, we did not feel the cold. The king and all his hunting retinue were clad in an old-fashioned hunting uniform of green, with green caps. The sight of the old monarch and his retinue galloping through the alleys of the forest, the jägers dashing singly about in all directions, cheering the hounds; the shouts; the blasts of horns; the cry of hounds ringing through the forest, altogether made one of the most animating scenes I ever beheld. . . .

Being an account of the way in which Charles Godfrey Leland "took Europe like a pie" ~ ~ ~

(To Henry Perry Leland)

PARIS, LATIN QUARTER (cheap and fly!)

le 18 *Nov.* cold and clear

MY OWN BRAVE HARRY,—God bless you a thousand times for your letter, dated nothing at all, which came by the last steamer. I feel warmed to the soul to think what a good friend I have at home in thee. Oh, a thousand blessings on thy warm, true heart! . . . As for my Polish business, it was a wild, adventurous, nightmare piece of business which makes me shudder when I think of it. Oh, that silent, dead, ghastly land, with its long dead levels and moaning pine forests and mud—mud! It was dreary and witchlike and wild. But that delicious rainy morning, at four o'clock, at the mercy of a pack of Russians in a wilderness! How jolly Vienna was! Oh, the theatre and cafés, etc., etc. Won't I talk when I return! And the whole journey, helter skelter, pipe in mouth, and devil take the odds. Didn't we go it! I was the individ. as enjoyed myself. Sometimes half

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dead with fatigue, cold and hunger, and then, plump, slap into the *fat* of the land. And such a companion! Didn't he travel into the tobacco and wine and beer! We took Europe like a pie between us and helped ourselves. Then came Berlin, and the American students, and a public ball, and all sorts of fun, and the glorious gallery, and then Hanover and an *adventure*, and then Westphalia, and Cologne, and Rotterdam, and Amsterdam. Holland is a mean sort of a snobbish land, devilish dear, and I travelled through it to say I'd been there, for it is terribly deficient in all attractions or curious articles. It's 4. I'm off to dinner, cheap and common, and then—Don Giovanni with Lablache and Grisi. Don't you (and don't *I*) wish you were with me? . . .

Why travel? ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Catharine Sedgwick to Mrs. K. S. Minot)

LENOX, *September 28*, 1851

. . . **I**T is good, as the burdens of age accumulate, to shake them all off; to change old, tiresome ideas for new ones; to take a world of fresh impressions; to fill the store-house of imagination with new and beautiful images; to gain assurance to uncertain opinions; to verify old fancies; to throw off some of your old social burdens while you extend the social chain; in short, to go to Italy and come home again! And I think it would be a good plan, Kate, to send out one of the family every year to bring home "bread and fruit" for those that must stay at home. Plowshares and reaping-hooks are grand things, but one would like some of the delectations of life. It was a convenient way of watering the earth in the old times of Adam and Eve by dews, but the clouds and rainbows are the fine arts of Nature. . . .

Words of Comfort

X

MAKERS OF HISTORY

John Winthrop is elected governor of the Massachusetts Company ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(“To my verye lovinge Wife, M^{rs} Winthrop the elder at Groton, Suff^k”)

MY DEARE WIFE,—I am verye sorry that I am forced to feed thee wth lettres, when my presence is thy due, & so much desired: but my trust is, that he who hath so disposed of it, will supply thee wth patience, & better comferte in the want of him whom thou so much desirest: The Lord is able to doe this, & thou mayst expect it, for he hath promised it. Seeinge he calls me into his worke, he will have care of thee & all o^{rs} & o^r affaires in my absence: therefore I must sende thee to him, for all thou lackest: goe boldly (sweet wife) to the throne of Grace; if any thinge trouble thee, acquainte the Lord wth it; tell him, he hath taken thy husband from thee, pray him to be a husband to thee, a father to thy children, a master to thy householde, thou shalt finde him faithfull: thou art not guilty of my departure, thou hast not driven me away by any unkindnesse, or want of dutye, therefore thou mayst challenge protection & blessinge of him.

I prayse the Lorde I am in health & cheerfull in my course, wherein I find God graciously present, so as we expect, he wilbe pleased to direct & prosper us. We have great advantage because we have many prayers.

Bee not discouraged (deare heart) though I sett thee no tyme of my returne; I hope it shall not be longe, & I will make no more staye then I needs must.

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So it is that it hath pleased the Lorde to call me to a further trust in this businesse of the Plantation, then either I expected or finde mysele fitt for, (beinge chosen by the Company to be their Governor). The onely thinge that I have comforte of in it is, that heerby I have assurance that my charge is of the Lorde & that he hath called me to this worke: O that he would give me an heart now to answeare his goodnesse to me, & the expectation of his people! I never had more need of prayers, helpe me (deare wife) & lett us sett o^r hearts to seeke the Lorde, & cleave to him sincerely.

My brothers & sisters salute you all: my sonne remembers his dutye to thee, & salutations to all the rest. Comēde me kindly to all o^r friends at Groton hall, & to M^r Leigh & his wife, my neighbo^r Cole & his wife, o^r friends at Castleins & all that love us. So the Lorde blesse thee & all o^r children & companye. So I kisse my sweet wife & rest

thy faithfull husband

JO: WINTHROP

Octob: 20 1629

I would faine knowe if thou shalt be like to goe wth me, for thou shalt never have so good opportunity. Let John enq^r out 2: or 3: Carpenters: & knowe how many of o^r neighbo^{rs} will goe, that we may provide shippes for them. . . .

Governor Bradford explains to Mr. Weston the delay
in sending back the "Mayflower" ~ ~ ~

S^R: Your large letter written to M^r Carver, and dated y^e 6. of July, 1621, I have received y^e 10. of Novemb^r, wherein (after y^e apologie made for your selfe) you lay many heavie imputations upon him and us all. Touching

Great Tribulation

him, he is departed this life, and now is at rest in y^e Lord from all those troubls and incoumbrances with which we are yet to strive. He needs not my apologie; for his care and pains was so great for y^e commone good, both ours and yours, as that therewith (it is thought) he oppressed him selfe and shortened his days; of whose loss we cannot sufficiently complaine. At great charges in this adventure, I confess you have beene, and many losses may sustaine; but y^e loss of his and many other honest and industrious mens lives, cannot be vallew'd at any prise. Of y^e one, ther^e may be hope of recovery, but y^e other no recompence can make good. But I will not insiste in generalls, but come more perticulerly to y^e things them selves. You greatly blame us for keeping y^e ship so long in y^e countrie, and then to send her away emptie. She lay 5. weks at Cap-Codd, whilst with many a weary step (after a long journey) and the indurance of many a hard brunte, we sought out in the foule winter a place of habitation. Then we went in so tedious a time to make provission to sheelter us and our goods, aboute w^{ch} labour, many of our armes & leggs can tell us to this day we were not necligent. But it pleased God to vissite us then, with death dayly, and with so generall a disease, that the living were scarce able to burie the dead; and y^e well not in any measure sufficiente to tend y^e sick. And now to be so greatly blamed, for not fraighting y^e ship, doth indeed goe near us, and much discourage us. But you say you know we will pretend weaknes; and doe you think we had not cause? Yes, you tell us you beleeve it, but it was more weaknes of judgmente, then of hands. Our weaknes herin is great we confess, therefore we will bear this check patiently amongst y^e rest, till God send us wiser men. But they which tould you we spent so much time in discoursing & consulting, &c., their harts can tell their tounge, they

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lye. They cared not, so they might salve their owne sores, how they wounded others. Indeed, it is our callamitie that we are (beyound expectation) yoked with some ill conditioned people, who will never doe good, but corrupte and abuse others, &c. . . .

Samuel Sewall protests against the acting of plays ∞

(“To the hon^{ble} Isaac Addington Esqr. Secretary. To be Comūnicated to his Excellency the Governour, and to the honorable Council”)

BOSTON OF THE MASSACHUSETTS; *March 2, 1713-14*

THERE is a Rumor, as if some design'd to have a Play acted in the Council-Chamber, next Monday; which much surprises me: And as much as in me lyes, I do forbid it. The Romans were very fond of their Plays: but I never heard they were so far set upon them, as to turn their Senat-House into a Play-House. Our Town-House was built at great Cost & Charge, for the sake of very serious and important Business; the Three Chambers above, & the Exchange below; Business of the Province, County, & Town. Let it not be abused with Dances or other Scenical divertisements. It cañot be a Honor to the Queen, to have the Laws of Honesty and Sobriety broken in upon. Ovid himself offers invincible Argument against publick Plays:

*Ut tamen hoc fatear; Ludi quoq[ue] semina præbent
Nequitie:*

Let not Christian Boston goe beyond Heathen Rome in the practice of shamefull Vanities.

This is the Voice of your most humble & obedient
Servant,

SAMUEL SEWALL

News at Last

James Warren relies on Providence and the people ∞

(To his wife from Concord, *April 6, 1775*)

MY DEAR MERCY, — Four days ago I had full Confidence that I should have had the pleasure of being with you this day, we were then near closeing the Session. Last Saturday we came near to an Adjournment, were almost equally divided on that question, the principle argument that seem^d to preponderate, & turn in favour of setting into this week was the prospect of News & News we have, last week things wore rather a favourable aspect, but alas how uncertain are our prospects. Sunday evening brought us Accounts of a Vessel at Marblehead from Falmouth, & the English Papers &c by her. I have no need to recite particulars you will have the whole in the Papers, & wont wonder at my forgoeing the pleasure of being with you. I dare say you would not desire to see me till I could tell you that I had done all in my power to secure & defend us & our Country. We are no longer at a loss what is Intended us by our dear Mother. We have ask^d for Bread and she gives us a Stone, & a serpent for a Fish, however my Spirits are by no means depress^d, you well know my Sentiments of the Force of both Countrys, you know my opinion of the Justness of our Cause, you know my Confidence in a Righteous Providence. I seem to want nothing to keep up my Spirits & to Inspire me with a proper resolution to Act my part well in this difficult time but seeing you in Spirits, & knowing that they flow from the heart, how shall I support myself if you suffer these Misfortunes to prey on your tender frame & add to my difficulties an affliction too great to bear of itself. the Vertuous should be happy under all Circumstances. This state of things will last but a little while. I believe we shall have many chearful rides together yet. we proposed last week a short ad-

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jourment & I had in a manner Engaged a Chamber here for my Beloved & pleased myself with the health & pleasure the Journey was to give her, but I believe it must be postponed till some Event takes place & changes the face of things. All things wear a warlike appearance here. this Town is full of Cannon, ammunition stores &c &c & the army long for them & they want nothing but strength to Induce an attempt on them. the people are ready & determined to defend this Country Inch by Inch. The Inhabitants of Boston begin to move. the Selectmen & Committee of Correspondence are to be with us. . . . but to dismiss publick matters let me ask how you do & how do my little Boys especially my little Henry who was Complaining. I long to see you. I long to set with you under our Vines &c & have none to make us afraid. . . . I intend to fly Home I mean as soon as Prudence Duty & Honour will permitt.

April 7th

THE moving of the Inhabitants of Boston if Effected will be one Grand Move. I hope one thing will follow another till America shall appear Grand to all the world. I begin to think of the Trunks which may be ready against I come home. we perhaps may be forced to Move: if we are let us strive to submit to the dispensations of Providence with Christian resignation & Phylosophick dignity. God has given you great abilities. you have improved them in great Acquirements. You are possess^d of Eminent Virtues & distinguished Piety. for all these I Esteem I Love you in a degree that I can't Express. they are all now to be called into action for the good of mankind for the good of your friends, for the promotion of virtue & patriotism. don't let the fluttering of your Heart Interrupt your Health or disturb your repose.

War's Alarms

believe me I am continually Anxious about you. ride when the weather is good & don't work or read too much at other times. I must bid you adieu. God Almighty Bless You no letter yet what can it mean, is she not well she can't forget me or have any objections to writing. . . .

The news from Bunker Hill ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I

(James Warren to his wife)

WATERTOWN, *June 18, 1775*

MY DEAR MERCY,— The Extraordinary Nature of the Events which have taken place in the last 48 Hours have Interrupted that steady & only Intercourse which the situation of publick affairs allows me. the Night before last our Troops possess^d themselves of a Hill in Charlestown & had time only to heave up an Imperfect Breast-work the regular Troops from the Batterys in Boston & two Men of War in the Ferryway began early next Morning a Heavy Fire on them which was Continued till about Noon when they Landed a large Number of Troops & after a stout resistance & great Loss on their side dispossessed our Men, who with the Accumulated disadvantages of being Exposed to the fire of their Cannon & the want of Ammunition & not being supported by fresh Troops were obliged to abandon the Town & retire to our Lines towards Cambridge to which they made a very handsome addition last Night. with a Savage Barbarity never practised among Civilized Nations they fired, & have utterly destroyed the Town of Charlestown. We have had this day at Dinner another alarm that they were Advancing on our Lines, after having reinforced their Troops with their Horse &c & that they were out at Roxbury. We Expected this would have been an Important day.

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they are reinforced but have not Advanced so things remain at present as they were. We have killed them many Men & have killed & wounded about an hundred by the best Accounts I can get, among the first of whom to our inexpressible Grief is My Friend Doct^r Warren who was kill^d it is supposed in the Lines on the Hill at Charlestown in a Manner more Glorious to himself than the fate of Wolf on the plains of Abraham. Many other officers are wounded & some kill^d. it is Impossible to describe the Confusion in this place, Women & Children flying into the Country armed Men Going to the field & wounded Men returning from there fill the Streets. I shant attempt a description. Your Brother borrowed a Gun &c & went among the flying Bullets at Charlestown ret^d last Evening 10 o'clock. the Librarian got a slight wound with a musket Ball in his head. Howland has this Minute come in with your Letter. The Continental Congress have done & are doing every thing we can wish D^r Church ret^d last Evening & Bro^t resolutions for assuming Gov^t & for supplying provisions & powder & he tells us tho under the rose that they are Contemplating & have perhaps finished the Establishment of the Army & an Emission of money to pay & support them & he thinks the operations of yesterday will be more than sufficient to Induce them to recommend the Assumption of new forms of Gov^t to all the Colonies. I wish I could be more particular. I am now on a Committee of Importance & only steal time to add sentences seperately. I feel for my Dear Wife least her apprehensions should hurt her health, be not concerned about me, take care of your self. You can secure a retreat & have proper Notice in Season, & if you are safe & the Boys I shall be happy fall what will to my Interest. I cant be willing you should come

The Decisive Day

into this part of the Country at present. I will see you as soon as possible, cant say when, the mode of Gov^t prescribed is according to the last Charter. some are quite satisfied with it you know I wish^d for a more perfect one. it is now Monday Morning. I hear nothing yet but the roaring of Cannon below, but no Body regards them. I need not say that I long to see you, perhaps never more in my life. I shall try hard for it this week. I hope your strawberries are well taken care of & that you have fine feasting on them. Your Brother is waiting for Freeman who with all his patriotism has left us for 10 days. I have letters from both Mr Adams & Cushing. I can't Inclose them, because I must answer them when I can get opp^y I am calld on & must Conclude with my wishes & prayer for yr Happiness with Love to my Boys & regards to
Friends your
aff Husband

JAS WARREN

S. Adams is very unwell the jaundice to a great degree & his spirits somewhat depress^d. Church hopes he will recover. I hope some of us will survive this Contest. . . .

II

(Abigail Adams to her husband)

Sunday, 18 June, 1775

DEAREST FRIEND,

The day, — perhaps, the decisive day, — is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating

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the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of those dreadful, but I hope glorious days will be transmitted you, no doubt, in the exactest manner. . . .

Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further. . . .

Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Warren take a morning
drive ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(From Mrs. James Warren)

WATERTOWN, *April 17, 1776*

I F my Dear friend Required only a very Long Letter to make it agreeable I Could easily gratify her but I know there must be many more Requisites to make it pleasing to her taste. if you Measure by Lines I Can at once Comply, if by sentiment I fear I shall fall short. but as Curiosity seems to be awake with Regard to the Company I keep & the Manner of spending my time I will endeavour to

An Ideal Gentlewoman

gratify you. I arrived at my Lodgings before Dinner the day I Left you, found an obliging family Convenient Room & in the Main an agreeable set of Lodgers. Next Morning I took a Ride to Cambridge and waited on M^{rs} Washington at 11 o clock where I was Received with the politeness & Respect shown in a first interview among the well bred & with the Ease & Cordiality of friendship of a much Earlier date. if you wish to hear more of this Ladys Character I will tell you I think the Complacency of her Manners speaks at once the Benevolence of her Heart & her affability Candor & Gentleness quallify her to soften the hours of private Life or to sweeten the Cares of the Hero & smooth the Rugged scenes of War. I did not dine with her though much urg'd but Engaged to spend the ensuing day at headquarters. She desired me to Name an early hour in the Morning when she would send her Chariot and Accompany me to see the Deserted Lines of the enemy and the Ruins of Charleston. A Melancholy sight the Last which Evinces the Barbaraty of the foe & leaves a Deep impression of the suffering of that unhappy town. M^r Custice is the only son of the Lady [I] Have Discribed, a sensible Modest agreeable young Man. His Lady a Daughter of Coll Calvert of Mariland, appears to be of an Engaging Disposition but of so Extremely Delicate a Constitution, that it Deprives her as well as her friends of part of the pleasure which I am persuaded would Result from her Conversation did she enjoy a greater Share of Health. She is pretty, genteel Easy & Agreeable, but a kind of Languor about her prevents her being so sociable as some Ladies, yet it is evident it is not owing to that want of Vivacity which renders youth agreeable, but to a want of health which a Little Clouds her spirits. . . .

The Friendly Craft

Abigail Adams counsels separation ~ ~ ~ ~

(To her husband)

BRAINTREE, 12 *November*, 1775

. . . **T**HE intelligence you will receive before this reaches you, will, I should think, make a plain path, though a dangerous one, for you. I could not join to-day, in the petitions of our worthy pastor, for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state, but tyrant state, and these colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplications as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to nought all their devices. . . .

Eight months later the colonies take action ~ ~

(John Adams to his wife, from Philadelphia)

. . . **T**HE second day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, forevermore.

You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost us to maintain this Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means.

Wearied Out

And that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not. . . .

In the dark days of '77 John Adams loses his temper
(To his wife)

[PHILADELPHIA,] *Saturday Evening, 26 April, 1777*


. . . I HAVE been lately more remiss than usual in writing to you. There has been a great dearth of news. Nothing from England, nothing from France, Spain or any other part of Europe, nothing from the West Indies, nothing from Howe and his banditti, nothing from General Washington. There are various conjectures that Lord Howe is dead, sick, or gone to England, as the proclamations run in the name of Will. Howe only, and nobody from New York can tell any thing of his lordship.

I am wearied out with expectations that the Massachusetts troops would have arrived, ere now, at Head Quarters. Do our people intend to leave the continent in the lurch? Do they mean to submit? or what fatality attends them? With the noblest prize in view that ever mortals contended for, and with the fairest prospect of obtaining it upon easy terms, the people of Massachusetts Bay are dead. Does our state intend to send only half, or a third of their quota? Do they wish to see another crippled, disastrous and disgraceful campaign, for want of an army? I am more sick and more ashamed of my own countrymen, than ever I was before. The spleen, the vapors, the dismals, the horrors seem to have seized our whole state. More wrath than terror has seized me. I am very mad. The gloomy cowardice of the times is intolerable in New England. Indeed I feel not a little out of humor from

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indisposition — of body. You know I cannot pass a spring, or fall without an ill turn, and I have had one these four or five weeks. A cold as usual. Warm weather and a little exercise with a little medicine, I suppose, will cure me, as usual. I am not confined, but mope about and drudge, as usual, like a galley slave. I am a fool, if ever there was one, to be such a slave. I wont be much longer. I will be more free in some world or other. Is it not intolerable, that the opening spring, which I should enjoy with my wife and children, upon my little farm, should pass away, and laugh at me for laboring, day after day, and month after month, in a conclave, where neither taste, nor fancy, nor reason, nor passion, nor appetite can be gratified?

Posterity! you will never know how much it cost the present generation to preserve your freedom! I hope you will make good use of it. If you do not, I shall repent in Heaven that I ever took half the pains to preserve it. . . .

And the Tories are assured that the end is near 

LONDON, *March* 14, 1777

DEAR JOHNNY,

Don't be frightened at seeing a letter from an old tory friend, lest it should come under the inspection of your high and mighty committees, as I suppose will be the case in your *free* and independent *state*. I hereby declare I have never received a line from you since I left Cambridge, August 31, 1774, excepting one while I was at Boston relative to two gowns which Molly H. stole from my wife, of which I desired you to make enquiry, and this is the first scrip I have attempted to you since the said date, so that you can't be charged with holding a correspondence with me. Thus much to prevent any mistakes which might

Tory Sarcasms

expose you to the perils of tarring and feathering, Simsbury mines, a gaol or a gallows. I presume it can give no offence to committees, congresses, parsons or generals, that I embrace a favourable, or rather a *possible* opportunity of *advising* you that I am yet in the land of the living, though very probably they may all be offended at the fact; but to ease their gall-bladders a little, I assure you and them, I hope in God I shall not live to see the day when America shall become independent of Great Britain. I suppose by this time you have entered so thoroughly into their mad scheme, that it will afford you no pleasure to hear your quondam friends on this side the Atlantic are well. However, I will mortify you by assuring you they are all in good health and spirits, and government has liberally supplied the wants of all the tory refugees who needed its assistance; and none here entertain the penumbra of a doubt how the game will end. No more does pious, frank, single-eyed, conscientious Dr. Elliot, you will say. Aye, I have seen his letters and compared them with two or three conversations he had with me between Charlestown Ferry and the college, not long before my flight. Well, duplicity may be justified on some principles for aught I know; but I don't like it. I wish much to know how Judge Lee holds his health and spirits. Apropos. If you have plenty of paper money, and it will answer his purpose, I wish you would pay him £30 L. M. with interest from September 1774, on my account, and present him and his lady my best wishes. I should like to take one peep at my house, but I suppose I should not know it again. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. I shan't break my heart about it. Every dog they say has his day, and I doubt not I shall have mine. Ah, my old friend, could you form a just idea of the immense wealth and power of the British nation, you would tremble at the foolish audacity of your pigmy states.

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Another summer will bring you all over to my opinion. I feel for the miseries hastening on my countrymen, but they must thank their own folly. God bless and carry you safe through.

Your's

JONATHAN W. SEWALL

JOHN FOXCROFT, ESQ.

The first President moves reluctantly to the chair of
government ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Henry Knox)

MOUNT VERNON, 1 *April*, 1789

DEAR SIR,

The mail of the 30th brought me your favor of the 23d, by which, and the regular information you have had the goodness to transmit to me of the state of things in New York, I am very much obliged, and thank you accordingly.

I feel for those members of the new Congress, who hitherto have given an unavailing attendance at the theatre of action. For myself the delay may be compared to a reprieve; for in confidence I tell you, (with the *world* it would obtain little credit,) that my movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit, who is going to the place of his execution; so unwilling am I, in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities, and inclination, which are necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of the people, and a good name of my own, on this voyage; but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or

The Folly of War

short, shall never forsake me, although I may be deserted by all men; for of the consolations, which are to be derived from these, under any circumstances, the world cannot deprive me. . . .

At the close of the Revolution Benjamin Franklin advocates arbitration ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Hewson, from Passy, *Jan. 27, 1783*)

. . . . **A**T length we are in peace, God be praised, and long, very long may it continue. All wars are follies, very expensive, and very mischievous ones. When will mankind be convinced of this, and agree to settle their differences by arbitration? Were they to do it, even by the cast of a die, it would be better than by fighting and destroying each other. . . .

Benjamin Franklin prefers the turkey to the eagle as the emblem of the country ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To his daughter, from Passy, *Jan. 26, 1784*)

. . . . **F**OR my own part, I wish that the bald eagle had not been chosen as the representative of our country; he is a bird of bad moral character; he does not get his living honestly. . . . With all this injustice he is never in good case; but, like those among men who live by sharpening and robbing, he is generally poor, and often very lousy. Besides he is a rank coward; the little *king-bird*, not bigger than a sparrow, attacks him boldly and drives him out of the district. . . .

I am, on this account, not displeased that the figure is not known as a bald eagle, but looks more like a turkey. For, in truth, the turkey is in comparison a much more

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respectable bird, and withal a true original native of America. Eagles have been found in all countries, but the turkey was peculiar to ours. . . . He is, besides, (though a little vain and silly, it is true, but not the worse emblem for that,) a bird of courage, and would not hesitate to attack a grenadier of the British guards, who should presume to invade his farm-yard with a *red* coat on. . . .

Three letters to his daughter from Aaron Burr in prison

I

[RICHMOND,] *June 30, 1807*

. . . . **O**F myself you could expect to hear nothing new; yet something new and unexpected was moved yesterday. The counsel for the prosecution proposed to the court that Aaron Burr should be sent to the penitentiary for safe keeping, and stated that the governor and council had offered to provide me with an apartment in the third story of that building. This is extremely kind and obliging in the governor and his council. The distance, however, would render it so inconvenient to my counsel to visit me, that I should prefer to remain where I am; yet the rooms proposed are said to be airy and healthy. . . .

II

July 6, 1807

. . . . **M**Y friends and acquaintance of both sexes are permitted to visit me without interruption, without inquiring their business, and without the *presence of a spy*. It is well that I have an antechamber, or I should often be gênê with visiters.

Incapable of Humiliation

If you come I can give you a bedroom and parlour on this floor. The bedroom has three large closets, and it is a much more commodious one than you ever had in your life. Remember, no agitations, no complaints, no fears or anxieties on the road, or I renounce thee. . . .

III

July 24, 1807

. . . I WANT an independent and discerning witness to my conduct and to that of the government. The scenes which have passed and those about to be transacted will exceed all reasonable credibility, and will hereafter be deemed fables, unless attested by very high authority.

I repeat what has heretofore been written, that I should never invite any one, much less those so dear to me, to witness my disgrace. I may be immured in dungeons, chained, murdered in legal form, but I cannot be humiliated or disgraced. If absent, you will suffer great solicitude. In my presence you will feel none, whatever may be the *malice* or the *power* of my enemies, and in both they abound. . . .

Mrs. Madison saves the portrait of Washington 

(To Mrs. Cutts)

Tuesday, August 23, 1814

DEAR SISTER,—My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously whether I had courage or firmness to remain in the President's house until his return on the morrow, or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, beseeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers,

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public and private. I have since received two dispatches from him, written in pencil. The last is alarming, because he desires I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my carriage, and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger than had at first been reported, and it might happen that they would reach the city with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready; I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am determined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility towards him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaintances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who were stationed as a guard in this inclosure. French John (a faithful servant), with his usual activity and resolution, offers to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder, which would blow up the British, should they enter the house. To the last proposition I positively object, without being able to make him understand why all advantages in war may not be taken.


Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock. — Since sunrise I have been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my dear husband and his friends; but, alas! I can descry only groups of military, wandering in all directions, as if there was a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own fireside.

Three o'clock. — Will you believe it, my sister? We have had a battle, or skirmish, near Bladensburg, and here I am still, within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May God protect us! Two messengers, covered with dust, come to bid me fly; but here I mean to wait for him. . . . At this late hour a wagon has been

Great Events

procured, and I have had it filled with plate and the most valuable portable articles, belonging to the house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of Maryland," or fall into the hands of our British soldiery, events must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of George Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments; I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping. And now, dear sister, I must leave this house or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be to-morrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY

Mrs. Jackson witnesses the occupation of Pensacola, and laments the godlessness of the Spanish 

PENSACOLA, 23d *July*, 1821

MY DEAR FRIEND: I have been in this place four weeks. The reason I have denied myself the pleasure of writing you is that I was waiting for the great events which have taken place in this our day. O that I had the pen of a ready writer that I might give you the correct detail of the great transaction, but it is as follows. We having a house prepared and furnished, the General advised me to move down and remain until he could with propriety march in with the fourth regiment.

Three weeks the transports were bringing the Spanish troops from St. Mark's in order that they should all sail to

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Cuba at the same time. At length they arrived, but during all this time the Governor of this place and the General had daily communications, yet his lordship never waited on the General in person. After the vessels returned from St. Mark's, the General came within two miles of Pensacola. They were then one week finishing the preliminaries and ceremonies to be observed on the day of his entrance into the city. At length, last Tuesday was the day. At seven o'clock, at the precise moment, they hove in view under the American flag and a full band of music. The whole town was in motion. Never did I see so many pale faces. I am living on Main street, which gave me an opportunity of seeing a great deal from the upper galleries. They marched by to the government house, where the two Generals met in the manner prescribed, then his Catholic majesty's flag was lowered, and the American hoisted high in air, not less than one hundred feet.

O how they burst into tears to see the last ray of hope departed of their devoted city and country — delivering up the keys of the archives, the vessels lying at anchor, in full view, to waft them to their distant port. Next morning they set sail under convoy of the Hornet, sloop of war, Anne Maria, and the Tom Shields. How did the city sit solitary and mourn. Never did my heart feel more for any people. Being present, I entered immediately into their feelings. Their manners, laws, customs, all changed, and really a change was necessary. My pen almost drops from my hand, the effort is so far short, so limited to what it might be.

Three Sabbaths I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. In all that time I was not an idle spectator. The Sabbath profanely kept; a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open; trade going on, I think, more

The Redoubtable General

than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say the worst people here are the cast-out Americans and negroes ! Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed ; the doors kept shut ; the gambling houses demolished ; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day ; cursing not to be heard.

What, what has been done in one week ! A province delivered to the American people ; the laws of the land we live in they are now under.

You can't conceive what an important, arduous, laborious work it has been and is. I had no idea of it until daily it unfolded the mystery to view. I am convinced that no mortal man could do this and suffer so many privations, unless the God of our salvation was his help in every time of trouble. While the General was in camp, fourteen miles from Pensacola, he was very sick. I went to see him, and to try to persuade him to come to his house. But, no. All his friends tried. He said that when he came in it should be under his own standard, and that would be the third time he had planted that flag on that wall. And he has done so. O how solemn was his pale countenance when he dismounted from his horse. Recollections of perils and scenes of war not to be dis-severed presented themselves to view.

There are no shouts of joy or exultation heard ; but, on the contrary, we sympathized with this people. Still, I think, the Lord had a controversy with them. They were living far from God. If they would have the gospel of Jesus and his apostles, it would have been otherwise, but they would not. The field is white for harvest, but where are the laborers ? Not one. Oh, for one of our faithful

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ministers to come and impart the word of life to them. I have heard but one gospel sermon since we left home. But I know that my Redeemer liveth. He is my shield. I shall not want. He will not leave me nor forsake me in all my trials through this wilderness. Oh, pray for me; I have need of that aid from my dear Christian friends.

. . . The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude, you, nor any of us, ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in nature's darkness. But, thanks to the Lord that has put grace in this his servant to issue his proclamation in a language they all understand, I think the sanctuary is about to be purged for a minister of the gospel to come over to the help of the Lord in this dark region.

There is a Catholic church in the place, and the priest seems a divine looking man. He comes to see us. He dined with us yesterday, the Governor, and Secretary, French, Spanish, American ladies, and all. I have as pleasant a house as any in town.

. . . My dear husband is, I think, not any the better as to his health. He has indeed performed a great work in his day. Had I heard by the hearing of the ear I could not have believed.

Have we all gone from you so far that no intelligence can reach our place of destination? There is no mail, no post-office here. All these inconveniences will be remedied shortly. Miss Grage received a letter from Mrs. Berryhill, wherein she states the illness of Mr. Campbell and several others in Nashville, but some pleasing news of the church. Oh, for Zion! I am not at rest, nor can I be, in a heathen land. . . . How happy and thankful should you be in a land of gospel light and liberty.

Meeting on the Stairs

Oh, rejoice and be glad, far more it is to be desired than all the honor and riches in this vain world. Farewell, my dear friend, and should the great Arbiter of fate order his servant not to see her kindred and friends again, I hope to meet you in the realms of everlasting bliss. Then I shall weep no more at parting.

Do not be uneasy for me. "Although the vine yield no fruit, and the olive no oil, yet will I serve the Lord."

Adieu, adieu,

RACHEL JACKSON

MRS. ELIZABETH KINGSLEY

Say to Mr. K. Andrew is learning Spanish.

She finds Washington not much more pious ∞ ∞

(To Mrs. Kingsley, *Dec. 23, 1824*)

. . . THE present moment is the first I can call my own since my arrival in this great city. Our journey [from Nashville, Tenn.], indeed, was fatiguing. We were twenty-seven days on the road, but no accident happened to us. My dear husband is in better health than when we came. We are boarding in the same house with the nation's guest, Lafayette. I am delighted with him. All the attentions, all the parties he goes to, never appear to have any effect on him. In fact, he is an extraordinary man. He has a happy talent of knowing those he has once seen. For instance, when we first came to this house, the General said he would go and pay the Marquis the first visit. Both having the same desire, and at the same time, they met on the entry of the stairs. It was truly interesting. The emotion of revolutionary feeling was aroused in them both. At Charleston, General Jackson saw him on the field of battle; the one a boy of twelve, the Marquis, twenty-three. He wears a wig,

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and is a little inclined to corpulency. He is very healthy, eats hearty, goes to every party, and that is every night.

To tell you of this city, I would not do justice to the subject. The extravagance is in dressing and running to parties; but I must say they regard the Sabbath, and attend preaching, for there are churches of every denomination and able ministers of the gospel. We have been here two Sabbaths. The General and myself were both days at church. Mr. Baker is the pastor of the church we go to. He is a fine man, a plain, good preacher. We were waited on by two of Mr. Balche's elders, inviting us to take a pew in his church in Georgetown, but previous to that I had an invitation to the other. General Cole, Mary, Emily, and Andrew went to the Episcopal church.

Oh, my dear friend, how shall I get through this bustle. There are not less than from fifty to one hundred persons calling in a day. My dear husband was unwell nearly the whole of our journey, but, thanks to our Heavenly Father, his health is improving. Still his appetite is delicate, and company and business are oppressive; but I look unto the Lord, from whence comes all my comforts. I have the precious promise, and I know that my Redeemer liveth.

Don't be afraid of my giving way to those vain things. The apostle says, I can do all things in Christ, who strengtheneth me. The play-actors sent me a letter, requesting my countenance to them. No. A ticket to balls and parties. No, not one. Two dinings; several times to drink tea. Indeed, Mr. Jackson encourages me in my course. He recommends it to me to be steadfast. I am going to-day to hear Mr. Summerfield. He preaches in the Methodist church; a very highly spoken of minister. Glory to God for the privilege. Not a day or night but there is the church opened for prayer. . . .

A Majestic Spectacle

Mrs. Samuel Harrison Smith describes Andrew Jackson's inauguration, with varying opinions as to the majesty of the people ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(To Mrs. Kirkpatrick)

[WASHINGTON,] *March 11th, Sunday* [1829]

. . . **T**HURSDAY morning. I left the rest of this sheet for an account of the inauguration. It was not a thing of detail of a succession of small incidents. No, it was one grand whole, an imposing and majestic spectacle and to a reflective mind one of moral sublimity. Thousands and thousands of people, without distinction of rank, collected in an immense mass round the Capitol, silent, orderly and tranquil, with their eyes fixed on the front of that edifice, waiting the appearance of the President in the portico. The door from the Rotunda opens, preceded by the marshals, surrounded by the Judges of the Supreme Court, the old man with his grey locks, that crown of glory, advances, bows to the people, who greet him with a shout that rends the air, the Canons, from the heights round, from Alexandria and Fort Warburton proclaim the oath he has taken and all the hills reverberate the sound. It was grand,—it was sublime! An almost breathless silence succeeded, and the multitude was still,—listening to catch the sound of his voice, tho' it was so low, as to be heard only by those nearest to him. After reading his speech, the oath was administered to him by the Chief Justice. The Marshal presented the Bible. The President took it from his hands, pressed his lips to it, laid it reverently down, then bowed again to the people—Yes, to the people in all their majesty. And had the spectacle closed here, even Europeans must have acknowledged that a free people, collected

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in their might, silent and tranquil, restrained solely by a moral power, without a shadow around of military force, was majesty, rising to sublimity, and far surpassing the majesty of Kings and Princes, surrounded with armies and glittering in gold. But I will not anticipate, but will give you an account of the inauguration in mere detail. . . .

A national salute was fired early in the morning, and ushered in the 4th of March. By ten o'clock the Avenue was crowded with carriages of every description, from the splendid Barronet and coach, down to waggons and carts, filled with women and children, some in finery and some in rags, for it was the peoples President, and all would see him. . . .

We stood on the South steps of the terrace; when the appointed hour came saw the General and his company advancing up the Avenue, slow, very slow, so impeded was his march by the crowds thronging around him. Even from a distance, he could be discerned from those who accompanied him, for he only was uncovered, (the Servant in presence of his Sovereign, the People). The south side of the Capitol hill was literally alive with the multitude, who stood ready to receive the hero and the multitude who attended him. "There, there, that is he," exclaimed different voices. "Which?" asked others. "He with the white head," was the reply. "Ah," exclaimed others, "there is the old man and his gray hair, there is the old veteran, there is Jackson." At last he enters the gate at the foot of the hill and turns to the road that leads round to the front of the Capitol. In a moment every one who until then had stood like statues gazing on the scene below them, rushed onward, to right, to left, to be ready to receive him in front. Our party, of course, were more deliberate, we waited until the multitude had rushed past us and then left the terrace and walked round to the furthest side of

Beautiful and Sublime

the square, where there were no carriages to impede us, and entered it by the gate fronting the Capitol. Here was a clear space, and stationing ourselves on the central gravel walk we stood so as to have a clear, full view of the whole scene. The Capitol in all its grandeur and beauty. The Portico and grand steps leading to it were filled with ladies. Scarlet, purple, blue, yellow, white draperies and waving plumes of every kind and colour, among the white marble pillars, had a fine effect. In the centre of the portico was a table covered with scarlet, behind it the closed door leading into the rotunda, below the Capitol and all around, a mass of living beings, not a ragged mob, but well dressed and well behaved respectable and worthy citizens. Mr. Frank Key, whose arm I had, and an old and frequent witness of great spectacles, often exclaimed, as well as myself, a mere novice, "It is beautiful, it is sublime!" The sun had been obscured through the morning by a mist, or haziness. But the concussion in the air, produced by the discharge of the canon, dispersed it and the sun shone forth in all his brightness. At the moment the General entered the Portico and advanced to the table, the shout that rent the air, still resounds in my ears. When the speech was over, and the President made his parting bow, the barrier that had separated the people from him was broken down and they rushed up the steps all eager to shake hands with him. It was with difficulty he made his way through the Capitol and down the hill to the gateway that opens on the avenue. Here for a moment he was stopped. The living mass was impenetrable. After a while a passage was opened, and he mounted his horse which had been provided for his return (for he had walked to the Capitol) then such a cortege as followed him! Country men, farmers, gentlemen, mounted and dismounted, boys, women and children, black and white.

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Carriages, wagons and carts all pursuing him to the President's house, — this I only heard of for our party went out at the opposite side of the square and went to Col. Benton's lodgings, to visit Mrs. Benton and Mrs. Gilmore. . . . Some one came and informed us the crowd before the President's house was so far lessen'd, that they thought we might enter. This time we effected our purpose. But what a scene did we witness! The *Majesty of the People* had disappeared, and a rabble, a mob, of boys, negroes, women, children, scrambling fighting, romping. What a pity what a pity! No arrangements had been made no police officers placed on duty and the whole house had been inundated by the rabble mob. We came too late. The President, after having been *literally* nearly pressed to death and almost suffocated and torn to pieces by the people in their eagerness to shake hands with Old Hickory, had retreated through the back way or south front and had escaped to his lodgings at Gadsby's. Cut glass and china to the amount of several thousand dollars had been broken in the struggle to get the refreshments, punch and other articles had been carried out in tubs and buckets, but had it been in hogsheads it would have been insufficient, ice-cream and cake and lemonade, for 20,000 people, for it is said that number were there, tho' I think the estimate exaggerated. Ladies fainted, men were seen with bloody noses and such a scene of confusion took place as is impossible to describe, — those who got in could not get out by the door again, but had to scramble out of windows. At one time, the President who had retreated and retreated until he was pressed against the wall, could only be secured by a number of gentlemen forming round him and making a kind of barrier of their own bodies, and the pressure was so great that Col Bomford who was one said that at one time he was afraid they should have been pushed down, or

The Rule of the People

on the President. It was then the windows were thrown open, and the torrent found an outlet, which otherwise might have proved fatal.

This concourse had not been anticipated and therefore not provided against. Ladies and gentleman, only had been expected at this Levee, not the people en masse. But it was the People's day, and the People's President and the People would rule. God grant that one day or other, the People do not put down all rule and rulers. . . .

Thumb-nail sketches of the Abolitionists ~ ~

(Miss Sallie Holley to the Misses Porter)


BOSTON, *Jan.* 31, 1861

. . . THESE dreadful times of mobs are thought to be the last struggle of the slave-power in the North, and it remains for time to prove whether such a precious life as that of Wendell Phillips is to be given up to satisfy the millions of slavery. God grant that such a costly sacrifice may be spared. I wish that you could have been with us on that sublime occasion when the hosts of abolitionists sat looking danger and violence in the face as serenely as if the light of Eternity's morning had dawned on their souls. I think it was worth living a great many years to be present at the meeting in Tremont Temple last Thursday morning. I may never live to witness another day so great as that was in courage, devotion, and fidelity to principle.

The platform was crowded with the faithful and true — many a tried soldier in Freedom's long battle: Francis Jackson to preside, Edmund Quincy to aid; Mr. Phillips, like a conquering angel, with wit and wisdom on his tongue, and beauty and honour on his head; James Freeman Clarke, glorious in speech and action; Ralph Waldo

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Emerson, serene as the sphinx of six thousand years ago; Samuel J. May, reading the Ninety-fourth Psalm, that seemed to come from the prophet's pen of to-day; Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, as full of enthusiasm as she could express by flashing eye, glowing cheek, and waving handkerchief, as she sat by the organ on the highest seat of the platform, making everybody glad by her presence; Mrs. Maria Chapman, sitting with the calm dignity of a queen, her sister and daughter beside her; T. W. Higginson, ready with brilliant eloquence of tongue or with the revolver's bullet — so it was said — to do battle for free speech that day; William I. Bowditch, with his venerable and dignified mien, looked quite distinguished among them all. Once when he took his place at the front of the platform, the mob called out, "There comes the old bald eagle!" and well may the little insignificant mice & weasles look out when such a glance is abroad. . . .

Colonel Lee resigns from the United States Army 

I

(To General Winfield Scott)

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, *April 20, 1861*

GENERAL: Since my interview with you on the 18th inst. I have felt that I ought no longer to retain my commission in the Army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life, and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time — more than a quarter of a century — I have experienced nothing but kindness from

The State First

my superiors and a most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been as much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my ardent desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame shall always be dear to me.

Save in the defense of my native State, I never desire again to draw my sword.

Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. LEE

II

(To Mrs. Anne Marshall)

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA, *April 20, 1861*

MY DEAR SISTER: I am grieved at my inability to see you. . . . I have been waiting for a "more convenient season," which has brought to many before me deep and lasting regret. Now we are 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 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 defense of my native State, with the sincere hope that my poor ser-

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vices may never be needed, I hope I may never be called on to draw my sword. I know you will blame me; but you must think as kindly of me as you can, and believe that I have endeavoured to do what I thought right.

To show you the feeling and struggle it has cost me, I send you a copy of my letter of resignation, I have no time for more. May God guard and protect you and yours, and shower upon you everlasting blessings, is the prayer of your devoted brother,

R. E. LEE

Horace Greeley loses his nerve and writes to the
President



NEW YORK, *Monday, July 29, 1861. Midnight*

DEAR SIR: This is my seventh sleepless night—yours, too, doubtless—yet I think I shall not die, because I have no right to die. I must struggle to live, however bitterly. But to business. You are not considered a great man, and I am a hopelessly broken one. You are now undergoing a terrible ordeal, and God has thrown the gravest responsibilities upon you. Do not fear to meet them. Can the rebels be beaten after all that has occurred, and in view of the actual state of feeling caused by our late awful disaster? If they can—and it is your business to ascertain and decide—write me that such is your judgment, so that I may know and do my duty. And if they *can not* be beaten—if our recent disaster is fatal—do not fear to sacrifice yourself to your country. If the rebels are not to be beaten—if that is your judgment in view of all the light you can get—then every drop of blood henceforth shed in this quarrel will be wantonly, wickedly shed, and the guilt will rest heavily on the soul of every promoter of the crime. I pray you to decide quickly, and let me know my duty.

Black Despair

If the Union is irrevocably gone, an armistice for thirty, sixty, ninety, one hundred and twenty days — better still for a year — ought at once to be proposed with a view to a peaceful adjustment. Then Congress should call a national convention, to meet at the earliest possible day. And there should be an immediate and mutual exchange or release of prisoners and a disbandment of forces. I do not consider myself at present a judge of anything but the public sentiment. That seems to me everywhere gathering and deepening against a prosecution of the war. The gloom in this city is funereal — for our dead at Bull Run were many, and they lie unburied yet. On every brow sits sullen, scorching, black despair. It would be easy to have Mr. Crittenden move any proposition that ought to be adopted, or to have it come from any proper quarter. The first point is to ascertain what is best that can be done — which is the measure of our duty — and do that very thing at the earliest moment.

This letter is written in the strictest confidence, and is for your eye alone. But you are at liberty to say to members of your Cabinet that you *know* I will second any movement you may see fit to make. But do nothing timidly nor by halves. Send me word what to do. I will live till I can hear it, at all events. If it is best for the country and mankind that we make peace with the rebels at once, and on their own terms, do not shrink even from that. But bear in mind the greatest truth: "Whoso would lose his life for my sake shall save it." Do the thing that is the highest right, and tell me how I am to second you.

Yours, in the depth of bitterness,

HORACE GREELEY

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The Friendly Craft

The paramount object — to save the Union ∞ ∞

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *August 22, 1862*

HON. HORACE GREELEY.

Dear Sir : I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the New York "Tribune." If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing," as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it ; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it ; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union ; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the


One Purpose

cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. LINCOLN

A bread riot in the capital of the Confederacy 

(To Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, from Richmond, *April 4*, 1863)

MY DEAR : I hope you appreciate the fact that you are herewith honored with a letter written in royal-red ink upon sumptuous gilt-edged paper. There is not, at the present writing, one inch of paper for sale in the capital of the Confederacy, at all within the humble means of the wife of a Confederate officer. Well is it for her—and I hope for you—that her youthful admirers were few, and so her gorgeous cream-and-gold album was only half filled with tender effusions. Out come the blank leaves, to be divided between her friend and her Colonel. Don't be alarmed at the color of the writing. I have not yet dipped my goose-quill (there are no steel pens) in the "ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," nor yet into good orthodox red ink. There are fine oaks in the country, and that noble tree bears a gall-nut filled with crimson sap. One lies on my table, and into its sanguinary heart I plunge my pen.

Something very sad has just happened in Richmond—something that makes me ashamed of all my jeremiads over the loss of the pretty comforts and conveniences of life—hats, bonnets, gowns, stationery, books, magazines,

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dainty food. Since the weather has been so pleasant, I have been in the habit of walking in the Capitol Square before breakfast every morning. Somehow nothing so sets me up after a restless night as a glimpse of the dandelions waking up from their dewy bed and the songs of the birds in the Park. Yesterday, upon arriving, I found within the gates a crowd of women and boys—several hundred of them, standing quietly together. I sat on a bench near, and one of the number left the rest and took the seat beside me. She was a pale, emaciated girl, not more than eighteen, with a sunbonnet on her head, and dressed in a clean calico gown. “I could stand no longer,” she explained. As I made room for her, I observed that she had delicate features and large eyes. Her hair and dress were neat. As she raised her hand to remove her sunbonnet and use it for a fan, her loose calico sleeve slipped up, and revealed the mere skeleton of an arm. She perceived my expression as I looked at it, and hastily pulled down her sleeve with a short laugh. “This is all that’s left of me!” she said. “It seems real funny, don’t it?” Evidently she had been a pretty girl—a dress-maker’s apprentice, I judged from her chafed forefinger and a certain skill in the lines of her gown. I was encouraged to ask: “What is it? Is there some celebration?”

“There *is*,” said the girl solemnly; “we celebrate our right to live. We are starving. As soon as enough of us get together we are going to the bakeries and each of us will take a loaf of bread. That is little enough for the government to give us after it has taken all our men.”

Just then a fat old black Mammy waddled up the walk to overtake a beautiful child who was running before her, “Come dis a way, honey,” she called, “don’t go nigh dem people,” adding, in a lower tone, “I’s feared you’ll ketch

“Suppress the Women”

somethin' fum dem po'-white folks. I *wonder* dey lets 'em into de Park.”

The girl turned to me with a wan smile, and as she rose to join the long line that had now formed and was moving, she said simply, “Good-by! I'm going to get something to eat!”

“And I devoutly hope you'll get it—and plenty of it,” I told her. The crowd now rapidly increased, and numbered, I am sure, more than a thousand women and children. It grew and grew until it reached the dignity of a mob—a bread riot. They impressed all the light carts they met, and marched along silently and in order. They marched through Cary Street and Main, visiting the stores of the speculators and emptying them of their contents. Governor Letcher sent the mayor to read the Riot Act, and as this had no effect he threatened to fire on the crowd. The city battalion then came up. The women fell back with frightened eyes, but did not obey the order to disperse. The President then appeared, ascended a dray, and addressed them. It is said he was received at first with hisses from the boys, but after he had spoken some little time with great kindness and sympathy, the women quietly moved on, taking their food with them. General Elzey and General Winder wished to call troops from the camps to “suppress the women,” but Mr. Seddon, wise man, declined to issue the order. While I write women and children are still standing in the streets, demanding food, and the government is issuing to them rations of rice.

This is a frightful state of things. I am telling you of it because *not one word* has been said in the newspapers about it. All will be changed, Judge Campbell tells me, if we can win a battle or two (but, oh, at what a price!), and regain the control of our railroads. Your General has

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been magnificent. He has fed Lee's army all winter — I wish he could feed our starving women and children.

Dearly,

AGNES

President Lincoln acknowledges his error to General Grant ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *July 13, 1863*

MAJOR-GENERAL GRANT.

My Dear General: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below ; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned 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.

Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN

The evacuation of Richmond as a woman saw it ~

(To Mrs. Roger A. Pryor)

RICHMOND, *April 5, 1865*

MY DEAR: — I am not at all sure you will ever receive this letter, but I shall risk it. *First*, I join you in humble thanks to God for the great mercy accorded both

A Flag of Truce

of us. Your General lives. My Colonel lives. What words can express our gratitude? What is the loss of home and goods compared with the loss of our own flesh and blood? 'Alas! Alas! for those who have lost all!

I am sure you will have heard the grewsome story of Richmond's evacuation. I was at St. Paul's Sunday, April 1, when a note was handed to President Davis. He rose instantly, and walked down the aisle — his face set, so we could read nothing. Dr. Minnegerode gave notice that General Ewell desired the forces to assemble at 3 P.M., and also that there would be no further service that day. I had seen no one speak to the doctor, and I wonder at the acuteness of his perception of the state of affairs. As soon as I reached the hotel I wrote a note to the proprietor, asking for news. He answered that grave tidings had come from Petersburg, and for himself he was by no means sure we could hold Richmond. He requested me to keep quiet and not encourage a tendency to excitement or panic. At first I thought I would read my services in the quiet of my little sky parlor at the Spotswood, but I was literally in a fever of anxiety. I descended to the parlor. Nobody was there except two or three children with their nurses. Later in the afternoon I walked out and met Mr. James Lyons. He said there was no use in further evading the truth. The lines were broken at Petersburg and that town and Richmond would be surrendered late at night — he was going out himself with the mayor and Judge Meredith with a flag of truce and surrender the city. Trains were already fired to carry the archives and bank officials. The President and his Cabinet would probably leave at the same time.

“And you, Judge?”

“I shall stand my ground. I have a sick family, and we must take our chances together.”

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“Then seriously — really and truly — Richmond is to be given up, after all, to the enemy.”

“Nothing less! And we are going to have a rough time, I imagine.”

I could not be satisfied until I had seen Judge Campbell, upon whom we so much relied for good, calm sense. I found him with his hands full of papers, which he waved deprecatingly as I entered.

“Just a minute, Judge! I am alone at the Spotswood and” —

“Stay there, my dear lady! You will be perfectly safe. I advise all families to remain in their own houses. Keep quiet. I am glad to know the Colonel is safe. He may be with you soon now.”

With this advice I returned and mightily reassured and comforted the proprietor of the Spotswood. He immediately caused notice to be issued to his guests. I resolved to convey my news to the families I knew best. The Pegrams were in such deep affliction there was no room there for anxious fears about such small matters as the evacuation of cities, but I could see my dear Mrs. Paul, and Mrs. Maben, and say a comforting word at the Allan home — closed to all the world since poor John fell at Gettysburg. Mrs. Davis was gone and out of harm's way. The Lees were sacred from intrusion. Four members of that household — the General, “Rooney,” Custis, and Robert — were all at the post of danger. Late in the afternoon three hundred or more prisoners were marched down the street; the negroes began to stand about, quietly observant but courteous, making no demonstration whatever. The day, you remember, was one of those glorious days we have in April, and millions on millions of stars watched at night, looking down on the watchers below. I expected to sit by my window all night as you always do

A Morning of Horror

in a troubled time, but sleep overtook me. I had slept, but not undressed, when a loud explosion shook the house — then another. There were crashing sounds of falling glass from the concussion. I found the sun had risen. All was commotion in the streets, and agitation in the hotel. The city government had dragged hogsheads of liquor from the shops, knocked in the heads, and poured the spirits into the gutters. They ran with brandy, whiskey, and rum, and men, women, and boys rushed out with buckets, pails, pitchers, and in the lower streets, hats and boots, to be filled. Before eight o'clock many public buildings were in flames, and a great conflagration was evidently imminent. The flames swept up Main Street, where the stores were quickly burned, and then roared down the side streets almost to Franklin.

The doors of all the government bakeries were thrown open and food was given to all who asked it. Women and children walked in and helped themselves. At ten o'clock the enemy arrived, — ten thousand negro troops, going on and on, cheered by the negroes on the streets.

So the morning passed — a morning of horror, of terror! Drunken men shouted and reeled through the streets, a black cloud from the burning city hung like a pall over us, a black sea of faces filled the street below, shells burst continuously in the ashes of the burning armory. About four in the afternoon a salute of thirty-four guns was fired. A company of mounted dragoons advanced up the street, escorting an open carriage drawn by four horses in which sat Mr. Lincoln and a naval officer, followed by an escort of cavalry. They drove straight to Mr. Davis's house, cheered all the way by negroes, and returned the way they came. I had a good look at Mr. Lincoln. He seemed tired and old — and I must say, with due respect to the President of the United States, I thought him the ugliest

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man I had ever seen. He was fairly elected the first time, I acknowledge, — but was he the last? A good many of the “free and equal” were not allowed a vote then.

The next day I persuaded one of the lads in the hotel to take a walk with me early in the morning, and I passed General Lee’s house. A Yankee guard was pacing to and fro before it — at which I felt an impulse of indignation, — but presently the door opened, the guard took his seat on the steps and proceeded to investigate the contents of a very neatly furnished tray, which Mrs. Lee in the kindness of her heart had sent out to him.

I am obliged to acknowledge that there is really no hope now of our ultimate success. Everybody says so. My heart is too full for words. General Johnson says we may comfort ourselves by the fact that war may decide a *policy*, but never a *principle*. I imagine our *principle* is all that remains to us of hope or comfort.

Devotedly,

AGNES

“My Captain lies, fallen cold and dead” ~ ~

(From George William Curtis)

. . . **T**O-NIGHT in the misty spring moonlight, as I think of the man we all loved and honored, laid quietly to rest upon the prairie, I feel that I can not honor too much, or praise too highly, the people that he so truly represented, and which, like him, has been faithful to the end. So spotless he was, so patient, so tender, — it is a selfish, sad delight to me now, as when I looked upon his coffin, that his patience had made me patient, and that I never doubted his heart, or head, or hand. At the only interview I ever had with him, he shook my hand paternally at parting, and said, “Don’t be troubled. I guess

Faithful to the End

we shall get through." We *have* got through, at least the fighting, and still I cannot believe it. Here upon the mantel are the portraits of the three boys who went out of this room, my brother, Theodore Winthrop, and Robbie Shaw. They are all dead — the brave darlings — and now I put the head of the dear Chief among them, I feel that every drop of my blood and thought of my mind and affection of my heart is consecrated to securing the work made holy and forever imperative by so untold a sacrifice. May God keep us all as true as they were ! . . .

In peace General Lee loses the burden of old sorrows

(To his son)

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, *December 21, 1867*

MY DEAR FITZHUGH: . . . My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing many friends. In addition, when our armies were in front of Petersburg I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me, as I passed well-remembered spots and recalled the ravages of the hostile shells. But when I saw the cheerfulness with which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart. This is bad weather for completing your house, but it will soon pass away, and your sweet helpmate will make everything go smoothly. When the spring opens and the mocking-

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birds resume their song you will have much to do. So
you must prepare in time. . . . God bless you all is the
prayer of Your devoted father, R. E. LEE

“How swift the sudden flash of woe” ~ ~ ~

(From Mrs. James G. Blaine)

WASHINGTON, [*July 3,*] 1881

. . . YOUR father got up quite early yesterday morning, in order to drive the President to the station, and at 9.30 Tom, the boys, Alice, and I had breakfast. In the midst of it, the door-bell rang and Tom was called out. Then he called Walker; but as the house is besieged all the time, we, who were so fortunate as to remain unsent for, paid no attention to the prolonged absence of the absentees; but shall I ever forget the moment when Maggie, nurse, came running into the room crying, “They have telephoned over to you, Mrs. Blaine, that the President is assassinated.” Emmons flew, for we all remembered, with one accord, that his father was with him. By the time I had reached the door, I saw that it must be true — everybody on the street, and wild. Mrs. Sherman got a carriage and drove over to the White House. Found the streets in front jammed and the doors closed, but they let us through and in. The President still at the station, so drove thitherward. Met the mounted police clearing the avenue, then the ambulance, turned and followed into that very gateway where, on the 4th of March, we had watched him enter. I stood with Mrs. MacVeagh in the hall, when a dozen men bore him above their heads, stretched on a mattress, and as he saw us and held us with his eye, he kissed his hand to us — I thought I should die; and when they brought him into his chamber and had laid him on his bed, he turned his eyes

Topsy-Turvy Paris

to me, beckoned, and when I went to him, pulled me down, kissed me again and again, and said, "Whatever happens, I want you to promise to look out for Crete," — the name he always gives his wife. . . . "Don't leave me until Crete comes." I took my old bonnet off and just stayed. I never left him a moment. Whatever happened in the room, I never blenched, and the day will never pass from my memory. At six, or thereabouts, Mrs. Garfield came, frail, fatigued, desperate, but firm and quiet and full of purpose to save, and I think now there is a possibility of succeeding. . . .

Charles Godfrey Leland on the jolly days of the Revolution of '48 ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Frank Fisher)

PARIS, *April 28*, 1848

DEAR FRANK, — Accuse me of negligence in writing, if you will, but of all negligence with regard to attending to your affairs I am innocent. *Oui, très cher, amy et cousin.* Everything in Paris has gone *à tort et à travers* from the affairs of Louis Filente or Louis Filon and the Government *Provisoire* down to mine and thine. The fall of the oak kills the squirrels, and the Revolution of 1848 has played "*enfer*" with our personal arrangements. I have already written a longish letter to you — it "went lost" and now I hit him again. I've been in all sorts of adventures, and all sorts of luck since I saw you. I turned out in the *Grande Révolution*, armed like a smuggler with dirk and pistols, saw some fusillades, helped build several barricades, — was *capitaine* at one nice little one in our *Quartier*, and distributed percussion caps and consolation to the heroic *canaille*, not to mention being at the plunder of the Tuileries — not that I plundered anything. It was

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great fun while it lasted — was that said same Revolution. Whack, hurrah, guns and drums, fusillades and barricades! We dined under a Monarchy, supped under a Regency, went to sleep under a Provisional Government, and woke under a Republic — not to mention about two hours when we had just no Government at all. Well, *ami cousin*, I'm coming home soon. The Boulevards look forlorn without trees — Déjazet is playing in "Mlle. de Choisy" at the Variétés — a very pretty little comedy. We had a Review with nearly 350,000 soldiers the other day, and all Paris is overrun with penny papers, newsboys, and newswomen, who make such a row night and day that the city has become insufferable. Field is in England. As for me, I made a speech in German the other night to the audience at Bobino's little Theatre, at the top of my voice. It went down like Greek at Tammany Hall — nobody understood a word, the audience were completely mystified, but still very much delighted. Whenever a man who looks a little more respectable than common goes to Bobino's, he is sure to be called out to by some student, — more oratorical than the rest, — and must either display his talent at repartee and slanging, or else sit still and be slanged. Well — *I* was the selected one the other night, and as I did not understand half the *argot* — though by this time I speak French decently enough — I gave it back to them in a regular stump speech in German — not caring to speak English and be called a "Goddem" and a "biftek." All of these things have come on since the Revolution — now the entire populace has become acquainted, nobody is *gêné*: every night at all the theatres the entire audience sing the songs of the revolution and amuse themselves in a free and easy way which would do honour to the Bowery — so that even I — quiet and sober citizen — have been inspired with their enthusiasm. I really begin to think

Strange Contrasts

of addressing the opera audience on the American Constitution — the price of provisions — electro-magnetism — and matters and things in general. You will find the report of the speech the next day after never in the columns of the "Constitutionnel" — *Vive la bagatelle* — don't shew this letter to any body. . . .

Washington Irving recalls Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(To Mrs. Storrow)

SUNNYSIDE, *March 28, 1853*

MY DEAR SARAH,
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 Notre 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. I shall see it when I go to town. 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 life time.

I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de theatre* 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 — —, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and

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— 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 uncommon interest in it ; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas’ novels. . . .

With affectionate remembrances to Mr. Storrow, and love to the dear little folks,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING

Seventeen years later his fears are realized  

(George Bancroft to Mrs. J. C. Bancroft Davis)

October 13, 1870

. . . **D**R. EVANS¹ of Paris has been here, dined with us, and told us the whole story of the escape of the empress. On the morning on which the Napoleon Dynasty was deposed [Sept. 4] and the mob of Paris proclaimed a set of ministers, the empress was at the Tuileries, dressed in black as one who mourned for the captivity of her husband, with a black hat on her head, just going to church. On the first news she stood her ground ; but on learning that the Assembly had given way, she caught

¹ The celebrated American dentist.

The Escape of an Empress

up a thin aquascute spenser and went down the stairs of the palace to escape. The ascending crowd compelled her to turn back: all her people, all her household, men and women deserted her except Madame Le Breton. With Mad. Le B. she turned and went through the whole length of the Louvre, and came out at a little door opposite the Church Auxerrois or some such name — you remember the place well. She walked bravely with Mad. L. through the crowd, and drove for the Avenue Hausmann. There she alighted and when the fiacre was out of sight, the two women drove in another fiacre to the house of Dr. Evans. There was not in all Paris a French house, to which the empress could confide herself. Evans at this time was at the Tuileries looking out for the empress to take care of her and aid her flight. On returning home he found the two ladies in his private office, smuggled them upstairs into his wife's bed-room, (his wife being at Deauville and his servants being hoodwinked). There he gave them refreshment; went out upon the Boulevards to hear cries for the "*République*"; studied the avenue of escape from the city; returned to make beds for his illustrious guests (he would trust no servant) and his wife being a prudent woman who kept her wardrobe locked in her absence, could give them neither a change of linen nor a night-gown. The next morning Evans with a trusty American who was his assistant as dentist, and his two fugitives left Paris in his own carriage, and with his own horses and coachman. This carriage had on it the letter E. The empress said: "My carriage was always marked as mine; hitherto with the crown: now with my name, E for Eugénie." His horses being very good ones, he conducted the party without change sixty or seventy miles, as far as Lisieux. There with much diplomacy, he transferred the party to a hired carriage, and turning Lisieux, got into a

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village beyond it, where they halted for the night in a sorry public house, which at first could offer them but one room. Another was obtained at last; and the night went by. The next day the party reached Deauville; and Evans stopping at a distance from the hotel, took the empress on his arm, and without meeting a person, led her up stairs to his wife's apartments in the hotel. Mad. L. followed with his assistant and openly. Till then the empress had no outside garment of her own, except the little waterproof, and kept herself comfortable by the coat of Evans. She had had no change of clothes, and but one pocket-handkerchief, which she herself washed in a glass of water thrice on her journey, laying it on her knees to dry. Brave as she showed herself tears came often, and by exposure to rain she caught cold. In the night at 12 the party stole over the sand to Sir John Burgoyne's yacht; and at five the next morning put to sea in a yacht of 30 tons burden. The wind changed: it blew a gale; the little boat tossed about like a cockle shell, but did not go down. So after 20 hours of terrible suffering she landed at Rye. Evans did not desert his party till he established Eugénie in a hired country house, and started her in the ways of English life: her housekeeping being arranged on an intended expenditure of 100,000 francs, that is \$20,000 per annum. This rough outline Evans adorned with many details; principally of the good spirits of the empress, which by the way were in part hysterical; of her charming manner under circumstances of exposure, want of rest, want of fit food, etc. The most remarkable incident was, that of the imperialists not one single man stood by her, and only one woman. . . .

Fighting Louis Quatorze

George Bancroft on the reconstruction of Germany

(To Mrs. Hamilton Fish)

BERLIN, 11 *December*, 1870

... **W**HEN Thiers passed through Vienna on his way from Petersburg to Tours, he met Ranke the historian, and demanded of him "Why is the war continued? We have discarded the emperor: with whom are you fighting now?" "With Louis Quatorze," answered Ranke, and there is a great deal of truth and significance in the words. Louis XIV, for all his despotism, his inhuman bigotry, his passion for wars, has even till now remained in the eyes of the French as the great king: because he, more than any one else, used the concentrated power which he held, to make conquests all along the eastern frontier. France reveres his memory, because his arms carried the French boundary to the Rhine. The hour has come for the monarchy of Louis XIV to expire: it dies hard, but die it must. . . .

You can hardly call the Germans a slow people. On our Thanksgiving day the diet of North Germany assembled to unite all Germany, and turn the Union into an Empire, the President into an Emperor. The work has been consummated in seventeen days. The assent of the Southern chambers of the several states will be obtained before New Year, and an era of glory and peace will dawn upon Germany with the first day of January. When King William succeeded his brother, he was already advanced in years, and wrote to the instructor of his son, that "he did but break the path" for him; and see the old king has greatly enlarged the dominions of Prussia, has united all Germany, has reestablished the empire, and before this letter can reach you will be proclaimed emperor. So much for having a minister like Bismarck, and a warrior

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like Moltke; and being a man of energy and exemplary industry himself. . . .

Edwin Lawrence Godkin on Imperialism and Kipling
(To Miss Dawson)

Dec. 23, 1899.

. . . I DO not like to talk about the Boer war, it is too painful. To think of England, which I love and admire so much, and which is so full of beauty, being filled with mourning at this season! When I do speak of the war my language becomes unfit for publication, and I therefore will not write of it to you. Talking of the Philippine war has the same effect upon me, and I have therefore ceased to write about McKinley. Every one who believes in the divine government of the world must believe that God will eventually take up the case of fellows who set unnecessary wars on foot, and I hope he won't forgive them.

Barring this dreadful news, life goes on as usual with us. I used to think, that when I got tired of the war and bragging here I could go over to England and live in peace, but that is no longer possible, and we are making up our minds to stay over here through next summer — Dublin, N. H., or some place of that sort. I fear you with your perversity will seize that occasion to go over. You committed the second greatest mistake of your life last summer; you are now ripe for the third. In the fall we shall go for a year or more, I do not well know where.

Kipling has long been to me a most pernicious, vulgar person. I only admire one thing of his, "The Recessional." He may have written other things as good, but I don't read him. I think most of the current jingoism on both sides of the water is due to him. He is the poet of

“The Retort Courteous”

the barrack-room cads. Of course I don't venture to set my judgment of him up against many good people. . . .

XI

“I WILL NAME YOU THE DEGREES”

“The Retort Courteous” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(Jared Sparks to Henry W. Longfellow)

DEAR SIR,—I return the article you were so good as to send me. In many respects it has a good deal of merit, but on the whole I do not think it suited to the [North American] “Review.” Many of the thoughts and reflections are good, but they want maturity and betray a young writer. The style, too, is a little ambitious, although not without occasional elegance. With more practice the author cannot fail to become a good writer; and perhaps my judgment in regard to this article would not agree with that of others whose opinion is to be respected; but, after all, you know, we editors have no other criterion than our own judgment. . . .

“The Quip Modest” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, *September 26, 1866*

MR. E. A. POLLARD,
104 WEST BALTIMORE ST.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR SIR: I return you my thanks for the compliment paid me by your proposition to write a history of my life. It is a hazardous undertaking to publish the life of any one while living, and there are but few who

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would desire to read a true history of themselves. Independently of the few national events with which mine has been connected, it presents little to interest the general reader, nor do I know where to refer you for the necessary materials. All my private, as well as public, records have been destroyed or lost, except what is to be found in published documents, and I know of nothing available for the purpose. Should you, therefore, determine to undertake the work, you must rely upon yourself, as my time is so fully occupied that I am unable to promise you any assistance.

Very respectfully,

R. E. LEE

“The Reply Churlish”



NEW-YORK, *June 18, 1804*

SIR,
I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, which, though apparently published some time ago, has but very recently come to my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favour to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

You must perceive, Sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper.

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient serv't,

A. BURR

GENERAL HAMILTON

“The Reproof Valiant”

“The Reproof Valiant”



NEW-YORK, *June 22, 1804*

SIR,

Your first letter, in a style too peremptory, made a demand, in my opinion, unprecedented and unwarrantable. My answer, pointing out the embarrassment, gave you an opportunity to take a less exceptionable course. You have not chosen to do it; but by your last letter received this day, containing expressions *indecorous* and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation intrinsically incident to the nature of your application.

If by a “definite reply,” you mean the direct avowal or disavowal required in your first letter, I have no other answer to give, than that which has already been given. If you mean anything different, admitting of greater latitude, it is requisite you should explain.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your obedient servant,

ALEX. HAMILTON

AARON BURR, ESQ.

“The Countercheck Quarrelsome”



PHILADELPHIA, *5 July, 1775*

MR. STRAHAN,

You are a member of Parliament, and one of that majority, which has doomed my country to destruction. You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people. Look upon your hands, they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am, yours

[BENJAMIN FRANKLIN]

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“The Lie Circumstantial”



NASHVILLE, *January 3d*, 1806

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON:— Sir, I was last evening informed by Mr. Dickinson that, when called on by Captain Ervin and himself at Mr. Winn’s tavern, on Saturday last, to say whether the notes offered by them, or either of them, at the time the forfeit was paid in the race between Truxton and Plow Boy, were the same received at the time of making the race, you acknowledged they were, and further asserted that whoever was the author of a report that you had stated them to be different, was a damned liar ! The harshness of this expression has deeply wounded my feelings ; it is language to which I am a stranger, which no man, acquainted with my character, would venture to apply to me, and which, should the information of Mr. Dickinson be correct, I shall be under the necessity of taking proper notice of. I shall be at Rutherford court before you will receive this, from whence I shall not return to Nashville before Thursday or Friday, at which time I shall expect an answer. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS SWANN

“The Lie Direct”



HERMITAGE, *January 7th*, 1806

THOMAS SWANN, ESQ.:— Sir, late last evening was handed me, among my returns from Haysborough, a letter from you, of the 3d inst., stating information from Dickinson, etc., etc., etc. Was it not for the attention due to a stranger, taking into view its tenor and style, I should not notice its receipt. Had the information, stated to have been received from Mr. Dickinson, stated a

“The Lie Direct”

direct application of harsh language to *you* — had you not known that the statement, as stated in your letter, was not correct — had it not taken place in the same house where you then were — had not Mr. Dickinson been applied to by me to bring you forward when your name was mentioned, and he declined — had I not the next morning had a conversation with you on the same subject, and, lastly, did not your letter hold forth a threat of “proper notice,” I should give your letter a direct answer. Let me, sir, observe one thing: that I never wantonly sport with the feelings of innocence, nor am I ever awed into measures. If incautiously I inflict a wound, I always hasten to remove it; if offense is taken where none is offered or intended, it gives me no pain. If a tale is listened to many days after the discourse should have taken place, when all parties are under the same roof, I always leave the person to judge of the motives that induced the information, and leave them to draw their own conclusions, and act accordingly. There are certain traits that always accompany the gentleman and man of truth. The moment he hears harsh expressions applied to a friend, he will immediately communicate it, that explanation may take place; *when the base poltroon and cowardly tale-bearer will always act in the background.* You can apply the latter to Mr. Dickinson, and see which best fits him. I write it for his eye, and the latter I emphatically intend for him. But, sir, it is for you to judge for yourself; draw your own conclusions, and, when your judgment is matured, act accordingly. When the conversation dropt between Mr. Dickinson and myself, I thought it was at an end. As he wishes to blow the coal, I am ready to light it to a blaze, that it may be consumed at once, and finally extinguished. Mr. Dickinson has given you the information, the subject of your letter. In return, and in justice to him, I request you to show him this. I

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set out this morning for South-West Point. I will return at a short day, and, at all times, be assured I hold myself answerable for any of my conduct, and should anything herein contained give Mr. Dickinson the spleen, I will furnish him with an anodine as soon as I return. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JACKSON

P.S. — There were no notes delivered at the time of making the race, as stated in your letter; nor was the meeting between me and Mr. Dickinson at Mr. Winn's tavern on that subject. The subject of the notes was introduced by Mr. Dickinson as an apology for his conduct, the subject of conversation.

XII

“QUIPS AND CRANKS”

Three whimsical views of the future estate ∞ ∞

WITH regard to future bliss, I cannot help imagining, that multitudes of the zealously orthodox of different sects, who at the last day may flock together in hopes of seeing each other damned, will be disappointed, and obliged to rest content with their own salvation.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I AM sure that one of the occupations of lost souls doomed to eternal punishment must be the copying of Jonathan Edwards' sermons forever and forever in just such handwriting as I am now joyfully inflicting on you. What a delightful torture it must be to the hopelessly lost to continually transcribe in this choice chirography the

Eleven in A, B, Ab

special causes, the general grounds, and the absolute justice of their damnation.

JAMES G. BLAINE

GOD bless these surgeons and dentists! May their good deeds be returned upon them a thousand fold! May they have the felicity, in the next world, to have successful operations performed upon them to all eternity!

WASHINGTON IRVING

David Fowler, an Indian convert, recounts his need
of a Rib ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

(To the Rev. Eleazer Wheelock)

I

ONEIDA, *June 24. 1765*

HON^D AND REV^D SIR.

I now write you a few Lines just to inform you that I am well at present, and have been so ever since I left your House. Blessed be God for his Goodness to me. I am well contented here as long as I am in such great Business. My Scholars learn very well. I have put eleven into a, b, ab, &c. I have three more that will advance to that place this Week, & some have got to the sixth page. It is ten thousand pities they can't keep together. They are often going about to get their Provision. One of the Chiefs in whose House I keep told me he believed some of the Indians would starve to Death this Summer. Some of them have almost consumed all their Corn already.

I came too late this Spring. I could not put any Thing into the Ground. I hope I shall next year. I believe I

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shall persuade all the Men in this Castle, at least the most of them to labour next Year. They begin to see now that they would live better if they cultivated their Lands than they do now by Hunting & Fishing. These Men are the laziest Crew I ever saw in all my Days. Their Women will get up early in the Morning, and be pounding Corn for Breakfast, and they (the men) be sleeping till the Victuals is almost ready, and as soon as the Breakfast is over, the Women take up their axes & Hoes & away to the Fields, and leave their Children with the Men to tend. You may see half a dozen walking about with Children upon their Backs — lazy and sordid Wretches — but they are to be pitied.

I have been miserably off for an Interpreter — I can say but very little to them. I hope by next spring I shall be my own Interpreter.

It is very hard to live here without the other Bone. I must be obliged to wash & mend my Clothes & cook all my Victuals, & wash all the Things I use, which is exceeding hard. I shan't be able to employ my Vacant hours in improving their Lands as I should do if I had a Cook here.

I received a letter from Mr Kirtland last Sabbath wherein he informs me that the Indians who accompanied him left him with all his heavy pack. He had the most fatiguing Journey this Time he ever had. He designs to come down to get Provision, and if he don't he will eat no Bread till Indian Harvest, and his Meat is merely rotten having no Salt.

May the Blessing of Heaven rest on you.

Your affectionate tho unworthy Pupil

DAVID FOWLER

Picking out a Rib

II

CANOWAROHARE, *May 13, 1766*

REVEREND SIR

I am very sorry I can't write you a Letter which can be seen abroad, because Mr Kirtland is so much hurried to get down: but he can give you a proper Idea of my School and my own Affairs. — I believe I may venter to write my secrets to you as I wont to do, since I have so often seen and felt your tender Care and Affections. I have wrote a large Letter to Hannah Pyamphcouh which will either spur her up or knock her in Head. — I therefore ask a Favour as a Child from kind Father or Benefactor, that this Letter may be sent to the Supperscrib'd Place as soon as you get it into your Hands. For I shall be down the 13 or 14 of June and in very great Hast. I must tarry at your House a Week or ten Days the longest to shed my skin, for I am almost naked now. I want all my Cloaths to be blue and that which is good: The Reason why I want this Letter to get down so soon is that she may have some time to think and dress herself up, & another which is the greatest that I may clear myself from those strong Bonds wherewith I bound myself to her and which could not let me rest Night and Day from the time I left her till I return'd to her again, what I mean about clearing myself is if she denies. If she won't let her Bones be join'd with mine I shall pick out my Rib from your House.

Sir, Dont be angry with me for write [ing] so bold and foolish. I hope you will not expose me — Give my Kind Regards Mrs. Wheelock and Sir Wheelock and to all the Family. Accept much Love and Duty from

Your unworthy Pupil

DAVID FOWLER

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Rufus Choate is guilty of contempt of court ∞ ∞

DEAR SIR, — The Court has lost its little wits. Please let me have — 1. Our brief, (for the law.) 2. The defendant's brief, (for the sophistry.) 3. The opinion, (for the foolishness,) and never say die.

R. C.

Lyman Beecher sends a telegram ∞ ∞ ∞

(Thomas K. Beecher to his brother)

DEAR CHARLEY, —
 . . . I remember an earnestness which used to betray father into a curious repetition whenever he would bend his energies to a profitable exhortation anent my waywardness: "This is the most important year of your life, my son; you have come to the turning-point of your history." The first time he told me so I was a lad just turned eleven years; and by many letters and words I was certified four times a year or oftener that I was at an "important," "critical," "decisive" turning-point in my career, until I became a teacher at Philadelphia. In 1846-7 father was sorely exercised by the severity of my work in Philadelphia. He feared a sudden break-down. His urgency could not abide the slowness of the mail; he must save me by telegraph — I suspect, his very first telegram. Aided by a daughter, he undertook his costly ten words to save a son thus:

"MY VERY DEAR SON, — I have worked more" —

Daughter. "Father, father, you can't write so much; don't say My very dear Son."

"DEAR SON, — Trust a father's experience, and let me tell you" —

Daughter. "No, no, father, skip all that. You can't make love by telegraph. Tom knows your love."

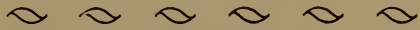
The Telegram Achieved

An hour was spent learning how to suppress his exuberant affection, till at last the message came into shape thus :

“Ease up. Rest — sleep — exercise. Cold water — rub. No tobacco. — FATHER”

Some books of health contain less than this telegram. . . .

A modest request



———, *March 24, 1877*

BAYARD TAYLOR: —

Dear Sir, — Hearing that you are a poet of some note as well as a good Oration writer I come to ask you this question and I would like very much to have an answer in one or two days as no doubt you can write a very good Oration if so Let me know your price and if you can not write an Oration please let me know of any one that can please do not do as others do but answer my letter as soon as you can and also state your price of writing one for me, in every case in writing directions give no of Box or Street.

Yours Very Truly



P.O. Box 98.

P.S. Give price and also subject which you would write on.

P.S. Please give me the directions of E. C. Stedman and W. H. Stoddard and much oblige Yours Truly,



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XIII

COURTESIES OF THE CRAFT

General Washington waxes facetious over a dinner invitation ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Dr. John Cochrane)

WEST-POINT, 16 *August*, 1779

DR. DOCTOR,

I have asked Mrs. Cochran & Mrs. Livingston to dine with me to-morrow; but am I not in honor bound to apprize them of their fare? As I hate deception, even where the imagination only is concerned; I will. It is needless to premise, that my table is large enough to hold the ladies. Of this they had ocular proof yesterday. To say how it is usually covered, is rather more essential; and this shall be the purport of my Letter.

Since our arrival at this happy spot, we have had a ham, (sometimes a shoulder) of Bacon, to grace the head of the Table; a piece of roast Beef adorns the foot; and a dish of beans, or greens, (almost imperceptible,) decorates the center. When the cook has a mind to cut a figure, (which I presume will be the case to-morrow,) we have two Beef-steak pyes, or dishes of crabs, in addition, one on each side the center dish, dividing the space & reducing the distance between dish & dish to about 6 feet which without them would be near 12 feet apart. Of late he has had the surprising sagacity to discover, that apples will make pyes; and its a question, if, in the violence of his efforts, we do not get one of apples, instead of having both of Beef-steaks. If the ladies can put up with such entertainment, and will submit

A Cautious Female

to partake of it on plates, once Tin but now Iron—(not become so by the labor of scouring), I shall be happy to see them; and am, dear Doctor, yours, &c. . . .

Aaron Burr regrets ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

NEW-YORK, *April* 18, 1804

YOUR vanity, if in any degree concerned, will be fully satisfied by the assurance that my heart, my wishes, and my thoughts will be with you. The mortal part of me is indispensably otherwise engaged. As you cannot fail to have admirers, you cannot fail to be amused. Knowing that you are happy, I shall be so by sympathy, though in a less degree, as reflected light is less potent than direct.

A. BURR

Dr. Holmes accepts ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

296 BEACON STREET, *February* 11, 1862

MY DEAR MR. FIELDS,—On Friday evening last I white-cravated myself, took a carriage, and found myself at your door at eight of the clock P.M.

A cautious female responded to my ring, and opened the chained portal about as far as a clam opens his shell to see what is going on in Cambridge Street, where he is waiting for a customer.

Her first glance impressed her with the conviction that I was a burglar. The mild address with which I accosted her removed that impression, and I rose in the moral scale to the comparatively elevated position of what the unfeeling world calls a “sneak-thief.”

By dint, however, of soft words, and that look of ingenuous simplicity by which I am so well known to you and

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all my friends, I coaxed her into the belief that I was nothing worse than a rejected contributor, an autograph collector, an author with a volume of poems to dispose of, or other disagreeable but not dangerous character.

She unfastened the chain, and I stood before her.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm
And told

me how you and Mrs. F. had gone to New York, and how she knew nothing of any literary debauch that was to come off under your roof, but would go and call another unprotected female who knew the past, present, and future, and could tell me why this was thus, that I had been lured from my fireside by the *ignis fatuus* of a deceptive invitation.

It was my turn to be afraid, alone in the house with two of the stronger sex; and I retired.

On reaching home, I read my note and found it was Friday the 16th, not the 9th, I was invited for. . . .

Dear Mr. Fields, I shall be very happy to come to your home on Friday evening, the 16th February, at eight o'clock, to meet yourself and Mrs. Fields, and hear Mr. James read his paper on Emerson. . . .

A dinner note from Daniel Webster ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Fletcher Webster)

DEAR CAROLINE, (Daughter Caroline — not wife Caroline).

I had made up my mind to enjoy the luxury of a dish of *baked beans* today — but am willing to dine with you, & shall do so with great pleasure, if you will *let me br'g my beans with me* — Therefore, look out for me & the beans, already cooked, at 2 O clock.

D. W.

Words of Wisdom

XIV

THE FINE ART OF LIVING

“These few precepts” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Thomas Jefferson to Thomas Jefferson Smith)

THIS letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered, be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

MONTICELLO, *February 21st*, 1825

From S. N. Randolph's "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," published by Harper & Brothers.

Benjamin Franklin shuffles the cards and begins another game ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(To Mrs. Mary Hewson, *May 6*, 1786)

. . . **I** HAVE found my family here in health, good circumstances, and well respected by their fellow citizens. The companions of my youth are indeed almost all departed, but I find an agreeable society among their children and grandchildren. I have public business enough

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to preserve me from *ennui*, and private amusement besides in conversation, books, my garden, and *cribbage*. Considering our well-furnished, plentiful market as the best of gardens, I am turning mine, in the midst of which my house stands, into grass plots and gravel walks, with trees and flowering shrubs. Cards we sometimes play here, in long winter evenings; but it is as they play at chess, not for money, but for honor, or the pleasure of beating one another. This will not be quite a novelty to you, as you may remember we played together in that manner during the winter at Passy.

I have indeed now and then a little compunction in reflecting that I spend time so idly; but another reflection comes to relieve me, whispering, "*You know that the soul is immortal; why then should you be such a niggard of a little time, when you have a whole eternity before you?*" So, being easily convinced, and, like other reasonable creatures, satisfied with a small reason, when it is in favor of doing what I have a mind to, I shuffle the cards again, and begin another game. . . .

The futility of mere feeling ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(William Ellery Channing to William Shaw)

MY DEAR FELLOW,— . . . My whole life has been a struggle with my feelings. Last winter I thought myself victorious. But earth-born Antæus has risen stronger than ever. I repeat it, my whole life has been a struggle with my feelings. Ask those with whom I have lived, and they will tell you that I am a stoic. I almost thought so myself. But I only smothered a fire which will one day consume me. I sigh for tranquil happiness. I have long wished that my days might flow along like a gentle stream which fertilizes its banks and reflects

A Pretty Sonnet

in its clear surface the face of heaven. But I can *only wish* it. I still continue sanguine, ardent, and inconstant. . . .

The other day, I handed to a lady a sonnet of Southey's, which had wrung tears from me. "It is pretty," said she, with a smile. "Pretty!" echoed I, as I looked at her; "Pretty!" I went home. As I grew composed, I could not help reflecting that the lady who had made this answer was universally esteemed for her benevolence. I knew that she was goodness itself. But still she wanted feeling. "And what is feeling?" said I to myself. I blushed when I thought more on the subject. I found that the mind was just as passive in that state which I called "feeling," as when it received any impressions of sense. One consequence immediately struck me, that there was no *moral merit* in possessing feeling. Of course there can be no crime in wanting it. "Well," continued I, "I have just been treating with contempt a woman of *active* benevolence, for not possessing what I must own it is no crime to want. Is this just?" I then went on to consider, whether there were not many persons who possessed this boasted feeling, but who were still deficient in *active* benevolence. A thousand instances occurred to me. I found myself among the number. "It is true," said I, "that I sit in my study and shed tears over human misery. I weep over a novel. I weep over a tale of human woe. But do I ever relieve the distressed? Have I ever lightened the load of affliction?" My cheeks reddened at the question; a cloud of error burst from my mind. I found that virtue did not consist in feeling, but in *acting from a sense of duty*. . . .

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Henry D. Thoreau advocates Work — Work — Work

CONCORD, *December 19, 1853*

MR. BLAKE, — My debt has accumulated so that I should have answered your last letter at once, if I had not been the subject of what is called a press of engagements, having a lecture to write for last Wednesday, and surveying more than usual besides. It has been a kind of running fight with me, — the enemy not always behind me I trust.

True, a man cannot lift himself by his own waistbands, because he cannot get out of himself; but he can expand himself (which is better, there being no up nor down in nature), and so split his waistbands, being already within himself.

You speak of doing and being, and the vanity, real or apparent, of much doing. The suckers — I think it is they — make nests in our river in the spring of more than a cart-load of small stones, amid which to deposit their ova. The other day I opened a muskrat's house. It was made of weeds, five feet broad at base, and three feet high, and far and low within it was a little cavity, only a foot in diameter, where the rat dwelt. It may seem trivial, this piling up of weeds, but so the race of muskrats is preserved. We must heap up a great pile of doing, for a small diameter of being. Is it not imperative on us that we *do* something, if we only work in a treadmill? And, indeed, some sort of revolving is necessary to produce a centre and nucleus of being. What exercise is to the body, employment is to the mind and morals. Consider what an amount of drudgery must be performed — how much humdrum and prosaic labor goes to any work of the least value. There are so many layers of mere white lime in every shell to that thin inner one so beautifully tinted.

The Discipline of Work

Let not the shellfish think to build his house of that alone; and pray, what are its tints to him? Is it not his smooth, close-fitting shirt merely, whose tints *are not* to him, being in the dark, but only when he is gone or dead, and his shell is heaved up to light, a wreck upon the beach, do they appear. With him, too, it is a Song of the Shirt, "Work, — work, — work!" And the work is not merely a police in the gross sense, but in the higher sense a discipline. If it is surely the means to the highest end we know, can any work be humble or disgusting? Will it not rather be elevating as a ladder, the means by which we are translated?

How admirably the artist is made to accomplish his self-culture by devotion to his art! The wood-sawyer, through his effort to do his work well, becomes not merely a better wood-sawyer, but measurably a better *man*. Few are the men that can work on their navels, — only some Brahmins that I have heard of. To the painter is given some paint and canvas instead; to the Irishman a hog, typical of himself. In a thousand apparently humble ways men busy themselves to make some right take the place of some wrong, — if it is only to make a better paste blacking, — and they are themselves *so much* the better morally for it.

You say that you do not succeed much. Does it concern you enough that you do not? Do you work hard enough at it? Do you get the benefit of discipline out of it? If so, persevere. Is it a more serious thing than to walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours? Do you get any corns by it? Do you ever think of hanging yourself on account of failure?

If you are going into that line, — going to besiege the city of God, — you must not only be strong in engines, but prepared with provisions to starve out the garrison. An

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Irishman came to see me to-day, who is endeavoring to get his family out to this New World. He rises at half past four, milks twenty-eight cows (which has swollen the joints of his fingers), and eats his breakfast, without any milk in his tea or coffee, before six; and so on, day after day, for six and a half dollars a month; and thus he keeps his virtue in him, if he does not add to it; and he regards me as a gentleman able to assist him; but if I ever get to be a gentleman, it will be by working after my fashion harder than he does. If my joints are not swollen, it must be because I deal with the teats of celestial cows before breakfast (and the milker in this case is always allowed some of the milk for his breakfast), to say nothing of the flocks and herds of Admetus afterward.

It is the art of mankind to polish the world, and every one who works is scrubbing in some part.

If the work is high and far,

You must not only aim aright,
But draw the bow with all your might.

You must qualify yourself to use a bow which no humbler archer can bend.

“Work, — work, — work!”

Who shall know it for a bow? It is not of yew tree. It is straighter than a ray of light; flexibility is not known for one of its qualities.

December 22

So far I had got when I was called off to survey. . . .

Those Brahmins “put it through.” They come off, or rather stand still, conquerors, with some withered arms or legs at least to show; and they are said to have cultivated the faculty of abstraction to a degree unknown to Europeans. If we cannot sing of faith and triumph, we will sing our despair. We will be that kind of bird. There

Go Ahead

are day owls, and there are night owls, and each is beautiful and even musical while about its business.

Might you not find some positive work to do with your back to Church and State, letting your back do all the rejection of them? Can you not *go* upon your pilgrimage, Peter, along the winding mountain path whither you face? A step more will make those funeral church bells over your shoulder sound far and sweet as a natural sound.

“Work, — work, — work.”

Why not make a *very large* mud pie and bake it in the sun! Only put no Church nor State into it, nor upset any other pepper-box that way. Dig out a woodchuck, — for that has nothing to do with rotting institutions. Go ahead. . . .

You said that you were writing on Immortality. I wish you would communicate to me what you know about that. You are sure to live while that is your theme.

Thus I write on some text which a sentence of your letters may have furnished.

I think of coming to see you as soon as I get a new coat, if I have money enough left. I will write to you again about it. . . .

Erreur bien douloureuse



(Edwin Lawrence Godkin to Miss Tuckerman)

NEW YORK, Oct. 13, 1897

MY DEAR EMILY: —

I have sent the extract for publication, and it will appear on Saturday. But I hesitate to promise a blood-curdling editorial so soon.

I wish, I must confess that you were more interested in men and less in trees. As far as I can see, the great interests of civilization in this country are being left pretty

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much to women. The men have thrown themselves pretty much into simple money-making. You have no idea how they shirk everything which interferes with this, how cowardly they have grown about everything which threatens pecuniary loss. It is the women who are caring for the things which most distinguish civilized men from savages. But the best women are leaving no descendants. They train no men. The best I know do not marry, so that society gets but little from them. I know a dozen who will pass away leaving nothing but gracious memories. You are one of them. You think apparently that you are serving the State sufficiently by attention to forests and infant schools. *Erreur, erreur bien douloureuse!* I do not know what the future of our modern civilization is to be. But I stumble where I firmly trod. I do not think things are going well with us in spite of our railroads and bridges. Among the male sex something is wanting, something tremendous. . . .

“The hour of peaceful rest” ~ ~ ~ ~

(Theodore Parker to Miss Hunt)

BOSTON, *Saturday Night*, Oct. 31, 1857

MY DEAR LITTLE MITE O' SARAH, away off at Florence,—It is All Saints' Eve to-night, and my sermon has been long since ended, the last word added at the end, and I have had a little time to gather up my soul for the coming Sunday. I don't like to rush from a week of hard work into the prayers and hymns of the Sunday without a little breathing time of devotion, so I walk about the study, and hum over bits of hymns, or recall various little tender emotions, and feel the beating of that great Heart of the Universe which warms us all with the life that never dies. I don't know that these are not the richest

Prisms and Rainbows

hours of my life; certainly they have always been the happiest. . . .

An antidote for age ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Lydia Maria Child to Mrs. S. B. Shaw. 1868)

. . . I READ only "chipper" books. I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows; I gaze at all the bright pictures in shop windows; I cultivate the gayest flowers; I seek cheerfulness in every possible way. This is my "necessity in being old."

"In the half way house" ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(From Mrs. Caroline C. Briggs)

June 24, 1883

. . . I THINK of you very often, and wish that you could get out more freely into the beautiful world, so full of bloom and fragrance. Perhaps it never seemed to me so full of charm. I think my little trouble, which has shut me out from some other things because I have not been very strong, has left my heart very free for all the beauty of nature. Every morning when I open my eyes to the gladsomeness of it all, when the birds are so joyful, and all is so dewy and fresh, I have a feeling of thanksgiving. The days pass quickly,—not much work done, nor even the desire for it. After dinner a lying off, half undressed, with a book of some sort; late in the afternoon a charming drive with my friend, with dear old Dom, with his patient recognition of all one's moods, and always offering for acceptance the best that is in him in his meek fashion. The whole world is clothed in blossoms and full of song and sweetness; beautiful butterflies, yellow and black, of the richest browns, or black and blue;

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dragon-flies, bees, chirping crickets, brooks that babble in the meadows or sing softly in the woods ; fields all sprinkled with daisies and buttercups ; the roadsides a tangle of tenderest green and sweet vines ; all and everything in the full tide of beauty ; life for all and to spare ; the cows and calves ; goats with their little kids ; stealthy, graceful cats stealing through the grass ; blossoming clover, and the pretty spring flowers creeping away till the sight of one is a variety.

One is so grateful for it all, so thankful that it comes to them so joyfully, — age, care, pain, and regret banished, — so has it come to me, and I have accepted it almost as my right. What do I accomplish for my fellow-creatures? Nothing ; yet I am content in a strange way which I don't half understand. It is not quite self-indulgence, but it is like sitting in the twilight with the day's work done, with folded hands, listening to the psalm which is going up from the whole world, and looking at the beautiful vision of earth, sky, and pictured water, all rejoicing in the smile of the eternal. I feel myself in a strange mood, almost like another person, but I do not struggle. While I trust the day will come for me for more and better work, somehow it seems meet to rest now, and I rest and am thankful. . . .

The dominant will ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Charles Godfrey Leland to Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell)

HOTEL VICTORIA, FLORENCE, *Dec. 11th, 1897*

. . . I NEVER knew nor heard of any human being who lives so secluded as I do. I am in love with — absorbed and buried in work. I am, if anything, rather better or stronger than I was a year ago, and keep

In Love with Work

perfectly well. I attribute this to cultivating the *Will*, or maintained *mental resolution*, which has opened to me during the past year a new life. Thus it is really true that, in all my life, I never could write or work so many hours in succession — in fact I never tire, though I work all my waking minutes — as *now*. This is absolutely due to the habit formed of every night resolving and repeating, with all my *Will*, that I will work *con amore* all day long to-morrow. I have also found that if we resolve to be vigorous of body and of mind, calm, collected, cheerful, etc., that we can effect marvels, for it is certainly true that after a while the *Spirit* or will does haunt us unconsciously and marvellously. I have, I believe, half changed my nature under this discipline. I *will* continually to be free from folly, envy, irritability, and vanity, to forgive and forget — and I have found, by *willing* and often recurring to it, that, while I am far from being exempt from fault, I have eliminated a vast mass of it from my mind. Such things do not involuntarily occur *now* without prompt correction, — when they come and I think of old wrongs, troubles, etc., I at once say, “Ah, there you are — begone!” If I had begun this by hypnotizing myself long ago, I should, to judge from recent experience, have attained to the miraculous. I begin to realize in very fact that there are tremendous powers, quite unknown to us, in the mind, and that we can perhaps by long continued steady *will* awake abilities of which we never dreamed. Thus you can by repetition will yourself to notice hundreds of things which used to escape you, and this soon begins to appear to be miraculous. You must will and think the things over and over as if learning a lesson, saying or rather *thinking* to yourself intently, “I will that all day to-morrow I shall notice every little thing.” And though *you forget* all about it, it will not forget itself, and it will haunt you, and

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you *will* notice all kinds of things. After doing this a dozen times you will have a new faculty awakened. It is certainly true that, as Kant wrote to Hufeland, many diseases can be cured by *resolving* them away—he thought the gout could be. But it cannot be done all at once—it needs long and continued effort to bring this to pass with confident faith. I certainly think that I have improved *my* health by it. . . .

XV

“THE CLOUD ON THE WAY”

“After the curfew” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~
(Thomas Jefferson to John Adams)

MONTICELLO, *June 1st*, 1822

. . . IT is very long, my dear Sir, since I have written to you. My dislocated wrist is now become so stiff that I write slowly and with pain, and therefore write as little as I can. Yet it is due to mutual friendship to ask once in a while how we do. The papers tell us that General Stark is off at the age of 93. Charles Thompson still lives at about the same age—cheerful, slender as a grasshopper, and so much without memory that he scarcely recognizes the members of his household. An intimate friend of his called on him not long since; it was difficult to make him recollect who he was, and, sitting one hour, he told him the same story four times over. Is this life—

“with lab’ring step
To tread our former footsteps?—pace the round
Eternal?—to beat and beat
The beaten track?—to see what we have seen,
To taste the tasted?—o’er our palates to decant
Another vintage?”

Is Death an Evil?

It is at most but the life of a cabbage; surely not worth a wish. When all our faculties have left, or are leaving us, one by one — sight, hearing, memory — every avenue of pleasing sensation is closed, and athumy, debility, and malaise left in their places — when friends of our youth are all gone, and a generation is risen around us whom we know not, is death an evil?

“ When one by one our ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
When man is left alone to mourn,
Oh! then how sweet it is to die!
When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films slow gathering dim the sight,
When clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's kindest boon to die!”


I really think so. I have ever dreaded a dotting old age; and my health has been generally so good, and is now so good, that I dread it still. The rapid decline of my strength during the last winter has made me hope sometimes that I see land. During summer I enjoy its temperature; but I shudder at the approach of winter, and wish I could sleep through it with the dormouse, and only wake with him in spring, if ever. They say that Stark could walk about his room. I am told you walk well and firmly. I can only reach my garden, and that with sensible fatigue. I ride, however, daily. But reading is my delight. I should wish never to put pen to paper; and the more because of the treacherous practice some people have of publishing one's letters without leave. Lord Mansfield declared it a breach of trust, and punishable at law. I think it should be a penitentiary felony; yet you will have seen that they have drawn me out into the arena of the newspapers. Although I know it is too late for me to

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buckle on the armor of youth, yet my indignation would not permit me passively to receive the kick of an ass.

To turn to the news of the day, it seems that the cannibals of Europe are going to eating one another again. A war between Russia and Turkey is like the battle of the kite and snake. Whichever destroys the other leaves a destroyer the less for the world. This pugnacious humor of mankind seems to be the law of his nature, one of the obstacles to too great multiplication provided in the mechanism of the universe. The cocks of the hen-yard kill one another. Bears, bulls, rams, do the same. And the horse, in his wild state, kills all the young males, until, worn down with age and war, some vigorous youth kills him, and takes to himself the harem of females. I hope we shall prove how much happier for man the Quaker policy is, and that the life of the feeder is better than that of the fighter; and it is some consolation that the desolation by these maniacs of one part of the earth is the means of improving it in other parts. Let the latter be our office, and let us milk the cow, while the Russian holds her by the horns, and the Turk by the tail. God bless you, and give you health, strength, and good spirits, and as much of life as you think worth having. . . .

From S. N. Randolph's "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," published by Harper & Brothers.

Ralph Waldo Emerson brings his mother home 
(To his wife)

NEW YORK, *Thursday, May 12, 1836*

DEAR LIDIAN, — Yesterday afternoon we attended Charles's ¹ funeral. Mother and Elizabeth heard the prayers, but did not go out. Mother is very well, and

¹ His brother.

An Upper Chamber

bears her sorrow like one made to bear it and to comfort others. Elizabeth is well, and the strength and truth of her character appear under this bitter calamity. William and Susan are well and thoroughly kind to us, as they have been tenderly faithful to Charles. I have told mother I think it best, on every account, she should return immediately with me, and end her painful visit to New York, whither she came to spend a month of happiness in the new household of her son. It has been seven or eight months of much sickness, anxiety, and death. She will return with me and Elizabeth, and we take the boat tomorrow afternoon. Now, my dear wife, shall I find you in Boston or in Concord? Do what you think best. You may think it necessary to go home on Friday, to make ready and receive us, or perhaps you can send sufficient word and go with us on Saturday. It is not of much importance any way. Trifles all. Only I wish mother to sit down as gently and wontedly in her chamber in your house as if she had never been in any other.

. . . And so, Lidian, I can never bring you back my noble friend, who was my ornament, my wisdom, and my pride. A soul is gone, so costly and so rare that few persons were capable of knowing its price, and I shall have my sorrow to myself; for if I speak of him I shall be thought a fond exaggerator. He had the fourfold perfection of good sense, of genius, of grace, and of virtue as I have never seen them combined. I determined to live in Concord, as you know, because he was there; and now that the immense promise of his maturity is destroyed, I feel not only unfastened there and adrift, but a sort of shame at living at all. I am thankful, dear Lidian, that you have seen and known him to that degree you have. I should not have known how to forgive you an ignorance of him, had he been out of your sight. Thanks, thanks

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for your kindest sympathy and appreciation of him. And you must be content henceforth with only a piece of your husband; for the best of his strength lay in the soul with which he must no more on earth take counsel. How much I saw through his eyes! I feel as if my own were very dim.

Yours affectionately,

WALDO E.

The philosophy of compensation avails not to comfort
one who mourns his son dead in his beauty ∞

(Ralph Waldo Emerson to Margaret Fuller)

CONCORD, *January 30, 1844*

WHEN, last Saturday night, Lidian said, "It is two years to-day," I only heard the bell-stroke again. I have had no experience, no progress, to put me into better intelligence with my calamity than when it was new. I read lately, in Drummond of Hawthornden, Ben Jonson's narrative to him of the death of his son, who died of the plague in London. Ben Jonson was at the time in the country, and saw the boy in a vision; "of a manly shape, and of that growth, he thinks, he shall be at the resurrection." That same preternatural maturity did my beautiful statue assume the day after death; and so it often comes to me, to tax the world with frivolity. But the inarticulateness of the Supreme Power how can we insatiate hearers, perceivers, and thinkers ever reconcile ourselves unto? It deals all too lightly with us low-levelled and weaponed men. Does the Power labor as men do with the impossibility of perfect application, that always the hurt is of one kind and the compensation of another? My divine temple, which all angels seemed to love to build, and which was shattered in a night, I can never rebuild: and

Patience and Patience

is the facility of entertainment from thought, or friendship, or affairs an amends? Rather it seems like a cup of Somnus or of Momus. Yet the nature of things, against all appearances and specialties whatever, assures us of eternal benefit. But these affirmations are tacit and secular; if spoken, they have a hollow and canting sound. And thus all our being, dear friend, is ever more adjourned. Patience, and patience, and patience! I will try, since you ask it, to copy my rude dirges to my darling, and send them to you. . . .

“Immortal away from me” ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(James Russell Lowell to Charles F. Briggs)

ELMWOOD, *Nov.* 25, 1853

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your letter came while I was sadly sealing up and filing away my old letters, for I feel now for the first time old, and as if I had a past—something, I mean, quite alien to my present life, and from which I am now exiled. How beautiful that past was and how I cannot see it clearly yet for my tears I need not tell you. I can only hope and pray that the sweet influences of thirteen years spent with one like her may be seen and felt in my daily life henceforth. At present I only feel that there *is* a chamber whose name is Peace, and which opens towards the sunrising, and that I am not in it. I keep repeating to myself “by and by,” “by and by,” till that trivial phrase has acquired an intense meaning. I know very well that this sunset-glow, even of a life like hers, will fade by degrees; that the brisk, busy day will return with its bills and notes and beef and beer, intrusive, distracting—but in the meantime I pray. I do abhor sentimentality from the bottom of my soul, and cannot wear my grief upon my sleeves, but yet I look

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forward with agony to the time when she may become a memory instead of a constant presence. She promised to be with me if that were possible, but it demands all the energy of the soul to believe without sight, and all the unmetaphysical simplicity of faith to distinguish between fact and fancy. I know that the little transparent film which covers the pupil of my eye is the only wall between her world and mine, but that hair-breadth is as effectual as the space between us and the sun. I cannot see her, I cannot feel when I come home that she comes to the door to welcome me as she always did. I can only hope that when I go through the last door that opens for all of us I may hear her coming step upon the other side. That her death was so beautiful and calm and full of faith as it was gives me no consolation, for it was only that rare texture of her life continuing to the very end, and makes me feel all the more what I had and what I have not.

I began this upon a great sheet because it reminded me of the dear old times that are dead and buried now. But I cannot write much more. I keep myself employed most of the time — in something mechanical as much as possible — and in walking. . . .

You say something of coming to Boston. I wish I could see you. It would be a great comfort. . . .

I am glad for your friendly sake that my article was a popular one, but the news of it only pained me. It came too late to please the only human being to please whom I greatly cared and whose satisfaction was to me prosperity and fame. But her poem — how beautiful it was, and how fitting for the last! . . .

So God bless you, and think of me always as your more loving friend,

J. R. L.

From "Letters of James Russell Lowell," edited by Charles Eliot Norton.
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The Mission of Pain

“The same old baffling questions” ~ ~ ~

I

(William Ellery Channing to Mrs. E. L. Follen)

... I N regard to the evils of life, they trouble me less and less. I see pain and death everywhere. All animated nature suffers and dies. Life begins and ends in pain. Then pain has a great work to do. Then there is a vast good before us, to outweigh and annihilate it. Its universality reconciles me to it. I do not ask to be exempted from the common lot. In this, as in all things, I wish to go with my race. I pretend not to explain things, but I do see glorious issues of suffering, and these are enough. Once, had I been called upon to create the earth, I should have done as the many would now, — I should have laid it out in pleasure-grounds, and given man Milton's occupation of tending flowers, &c., &c. But I am now satisfied with this wild earth, its awful mountains and depths, steeps and torrents. I am not sorry to learn that God's end is a virtue far higher than I should have prescribed. . . .

II

(Oliver Wendell Holmes to Harriet Beecher Stowe)

March 3, 1876

MY DEAR MRS. STOWE, — How could you have given me greater pleasure than by asking me to copy the verses which I enclose? I shall set this request by the side of a reminiscence very dear to me. A cousin of my wife — Miss Sally Gardiner, — older than myself, unmarried, fastidious, a lover of Emerson's writings, a good and delicately organized woman, on whose grave-stone I read “She loved much,” once said to me or one

The Friendly Craft

of my friends that there was a poem of mine she often read the last thing at night, — as children say “Now I lay me.” This was “The Chambered Nautilus.” You have given me the one memory to store with that. How grateful we ought to be for our better moments, that lift firmer natures, for the time at least, to the level of those whom they admire and reverence !

Your letters always touch me, but I hardly know how to answer them without following their own suggestions. And this last falls in remarkably with many of my own thoughts during the past year. Out of our Saturday Club we have lost Sumner and Howe. I paid my small tribute to both, — that to Howe will be in the April *Atlantic*. Last summer, as I may have told you, I was in daily relations for some weeks with Motley, who is still in the valley of the shadow of death, the death of one whose life was dearer to him than his own. He himself was in shattered and precarious health, and to be with him was to read very deep into the human soul in its sincerest realities. What yearning there is in tender natures, knitted in with the life of others, often nobler and purer than themselves, for that unquestioning, child-like belief which is so largely a divine gift, and for which many pray without ever reaching it ! If God will make such good women as he does every day, he must not quarrel with his poor creatures for making too much of his earthly manifestations. The Catholics idealize and idolize a bambino, a virgin, a saint ; and is not a living fellow-creature, full of all that we conceive makes an angelic, one might say divine, character, more naturally and easily made an idol — *eidolon* — image, to a common imagination, than a stuffed doll, or a picture, or an abstraction ? Father, mother, wife, sister, daughter, — if these do not furnish me the elements out of which I put together my poor limited working conception of the

The Mystery of Suffering

Divine, I know not where to look for them. It is not by a parcel of adjectives without nouns, multiplied by the sign of infinity, that I can get at the conception, for which I am to keep all my respect and affection.

I have only stammered out in my own way what you have said in simpler phrase in your letter. All that you say of the Infinite love and pity is the very substance of such belief as I cherish in the midst of the doubts and difficulties around us, all which imperatively demand new forms for that universal and undying sentiment, without which life is the pitiful melodrama which would make us ashamed of its author for making anything above a vegetable, — anything with possibilities of suffering. To you, I suppose, sin is the mystery, — to me suffering is. I trust Love will prove the solution of both. At any rate no atomic philosophy can prevent my hoping that it will prove so. . . .

Educational suffering I can to a certain extent understand. But the great solid mass of daily anguish which the sun looks upon — and looks away from, as if he could not bear it, — antedating man, including everything that has a nerve in it, — that I can do nothing with. “Sin,” or the failure of an imperfectly made and imperfectly guided being to keep a perfect law, seems to me to be given in the mere statement of the conditions of humanity, and could not be a surprise or a disappointment to a Creator with reasoning powers no greater than those of a human being of ordinary wisdom. But I must not weary, perhaps worry, you with my theological or anti-theological notions — say rather, convictions. Some time I may have the chance to talk about these with you. . . .

You will read this letter charitably, I know; it is carelessly worded, and only hints many things I could talk better. I rarely have the patience to write so much as this, and it takes a woman to write a real letter. . . .

The Friendly Craft

The unendurable pain ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Celia Thaxter to Adaline Hepworth, from Appledore,
Sept. 15, 1890)

. . . I HAVE moved down to my mother's room from the lonesome cottage. The little garden is splendid with flowers now, and draped to the eaves with thick vines. To-day the rain falls steadily, the slow, autumn rain. There is no sound, except the falling drops, — of wind, or sea, or bird, or human creature; it seems like the end of life, so still and so motionless. I think I must go over to Portsmouth early this year. The silence weighs on me. I am tired after all the long summer.

The griefs God sends, if one only stops to think, after all are easy to bear, *because* God sends them. It is only the pain one brings on one's self that cannot so patiently be borne. . . .

“ Good night, sweet Prince ”¹ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Thomas Bailey Aldrich to William Winter)

PONKAPOG, MASS., *June* 12, 1893

DEAR WILL: We reached Mount Auburn a few minutes before sunset. Just as Edwin [Booth] was laid in the grave, among the fragrant pine-boughs which lined it, and softened its cruelty, the sun went down. I never saw anything of such heart-breaking loveliness as this scene. There in the tender afterglow two or three hundred men and women stood silent with bowed heads. A single bird, in a nest hidden somewhere near by twittered from time to time. The soft June air, blowing across the upland, brought with it the scent of syringa

¹ See page 212.

A Gentle Soul

blossoms from the slope below. Overhead and among the trees the twilight was gathering. "Good night, sweet Prince!" I said, under my breath, remembering your quotation. Then I thought of the years and years that had been made rich with his presence, and of the years that were to come,—for us not many, surely,—and if there had not been a crowd of people, I would have buried my face in the greensward and wept, as men may not do, and women may. And thus we left him.

Some day, when I come to New York, we must get together in a corner at The Players, and talk about him—his sorrows and his genius, and his gentle soul.

Ever affectionately,

TOM

Lest we grieve the dead ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(From Charles Godfrey Leland)

HOMBURG-LES-BAINS, *July* 23d, 1890

DEAR MISS OWEN,—It is truly with grief I learn that a great loss has befallen you. As regards terrible bereavements there is but one thing to do wisely—to draw nearer to those who remain or whatever is near and dear to us in life, and love them the more, and become gentler and better ourselves, making more of what is left. There are people who wail and grieve incessantly and neglect the living to extravagance. It seems always as if they attracted further losses and deeper miseries. Weak and simple minds grieve most,—melancholy becomes a kind of painful indulgence, and finally a deadly habit. Work is the great remedy. I think a great deal of the old Northern belief that if we lament too much for the dead, they cannot rest in their graves and are tormented by our

The Friendly Craft

tears. It is a pity that the number of our years is not written on our foreheads when we are born. . . .

Keep up your heart, work hard, live in hope, write books, make a name, study — there is a great deal in you. As in China — we ennoble the dead by ennobling ourselves. . . .

Ralph Waldo Emerson exhorts Thomas Carlyle to be strong and endure



CONCORD, 16 *May*, 1866

MY DEAR CARLYLE, — I have just been shown a private letter from Moncure Conway to one of his friends here, giving some tidings of your sad return to an empty home. We had the first news last week. And so it is. The stroke long threatened has fallen at last, in the mildest form to its victim, and relieved to you by long and repeated reprieves. I must think her fortunate also in this gentle departure, as she had been in her serene and honored career. We would not for ourselves count covetously the descending steps after we have passed the top of the mount, or grudge to spare some of the days of decay. And you will have the peace of knowing her safe, and no longer a victim. I have found myself recalling an old verse which one utters to the parting soul, —

“For thou hast passed all change of human life,
And not again to thee shall beauty die.”

It is thirty-three years in July, I believe, since I first saw her, and her conversation and faultless manners gave assurance of a good and happy future. As I have not witnessed any decline, I can hardly believe in any, and still recall vividly the youthful wife, and her blithe account of her letters and homages from Goethe, and the details she gave of her intended visit to Weimar, and its disappoint-

The Awful Oracles

ment. Her goodness to me and to my friends was ever perfect, and all Americans have agreed in her praise. Elizabeth Hoar remembers her with entire sympathy and regard.

I could heartily wish to see you for an hour in these lonely days. Your friends, I know, will approach you as tenderly as friends can; and I can believe that labor — all whose precious secrets you know — will prove a consoler, — though it cannot quite avail, for she was the rest that rewarded labor. It is good that you are strong, and built for endurance. Nor will you shun to consult the awful oracles which in these hours of tenderness are sometimes vouchsafed. If to any, to you.

I rejoice that she stayed to enjoy the knowledge of your good day at Edinburgh, which is a leaf we would not spare from your book of life. It was a right manly speech to be so made, and is a voucher of unbroken strength, — and the surroundings, as I learn, were all the happiest, — with no hint of change.

I pray you bear in mind your own counsels. Long years you must still achieve, and, I hope, neither grief nor weariness will let you “join the dim choir of the bards that have been,” until you have written the book I wish and wait for, — the sincerest confessions of your best hours.

My wife prays to be remembered to you with sympathy and affection.

Ever yours faithfully,

R. W. EMERSON

The Friendly Craft

XVI

THE UNCONQUERABLE HOPE

Judging from the past, Benjamin Franklin anticipates the future with rational assurance ~ ~ ~

I

(To the Rev. George Whitefield; *June 19, 1764*)

. . . **Y**OUR frequently repeated wishes for my eternal, as well as my temporal happiness, are very obliging, and I can only thank you for them and offer you mine in return. I have myself no doubt, that I shall enjoy as much of both as is proper for me. That Being, who gave me existence, and through almost threescore years has been continually showering his favors upon me, whose very chastisements have been blessings to me; can I doubt that he loves me? And, if he loves me, can I doubt that he will go on to take care of me, not only here but hereafter? This to some may seem presumption; to me it appears the best grounded hope; hope of the future built on experience of the past. . . .

II

(To Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, *Feb. 24, 1786*)

. . . **T**HE course of nature must soon put a period to my present mode of existence. This I shall submit to with the less regret, as, having seen during a long life a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other; and can cheerfully, with filial confidence, resign my spirit to the conduct of that great and good Parent of mankind, who created it, and who has so graciously protected and prospered me from my birth to the present hour. . . .

The Only Reality

Ralph Waldo Emerson expounds his creed ~ ~

CONCORD, *July 3, 1841*

. . . I AM very much moved by the earnestness of your appeal, but very much humbled by it; for in attributing to me that attainment and that rest which I well know are not mine it accuses my shortcomings. I am, like you, a seeker of the perfect and admirable Good. My creed is very simple that Goodness is the only Reality, that to Goodness alone can we trust, to that we may trust all and always; beautiful and blessed and blessing is it, even though it should seem to slay me.

Beyond this I have no knowledge, no intelligence of methods; I know no steps, no degrees, no favorite means, no detached rules. Itself is gate and road and leader and march. Only trust it, be of it, be it, and it shall be well with us forever. It will be and govern in its own transcendent way, and not in ways that arithmetic and mortal experience can measure. I can surely give no account of the origin and growth of my trust, but this only, that the trust accompanies the incoming of that which is trusted. Blessed be that! Happy am I when I am a trust; unhappy and so far dead if it should ebb from me. If I, if all should deny it, there not the less would it be and prevail and create.

We are poor, but it is rich: as every wave crests itself with foam, so this can incarnate itself everywhere with armies of ministers, inorganic, organic plant, brute, man, angel, to execute its will. What have we to do but to cry unto it All-Hail, Good Spirit; it is enough for us that we take form for thy needs: Thou art in us; Thou art us. Shall we not learn to look at our bodies with a religious joy, and empty every object of its meanness by seeing how it came to be?

The Friendly Craft

But the same Goodness in which we believe, or rather which always believes on itself, as soon as we cease to consider duties, and consider persons, becomes Love, imperious Love, that great Prophet and Poet, that Comforter, that Omnipotency in the heart. Its eye falls on some mortal form, but it rests not a moment there; but, as every leaf represents to us all vegetable nature, so love looks through that spotted, blighted form to the vast spiritual element of which it was created and which it represents. We demand of those we love that they shall be excellent in countenance, in speech, in behavior, in power, in will. They are not so; we are grieved, but we were in the right to ask it. If they do not share the Deity that dictated to our thought this immense wish, they will quickly pass away, but the demand will not die, but will go on accumulating as the supply accumulates, and the virtues of the soul in the remotest ages will only begin to fulfil the first craving of our poor heart.

I count you happy that your soul suggests to you such affectionate and noble errands to other spirits as the wish to give them your happiness and your freedom. That the Good Heart, which is the heart of us all, may still enrich you with new and larger impulses of joy and power is the wish of your affectionate servant,

R. WALDO EMERSON

James Freeman Clarke compresses his into four words

(To Samuel May, Secretary of the class of '29, Harvard)

JAMAICA PLAIN, *February 6, 1874*

DEAR SAM,— It is very good of you to speak of me as you do; but I seem to myself to have been a very poor sort of a worker, and I can almost take to myself Wordsworth's lines,

The Constant Ideal

“ But he is weak, both man and boy, —
Hath been an idler in the land,
Contented if he can enjoy
The things which others understand.”

The things I most wished to do, I have never done; the things I have done best, I have only half done. I have lived “*au jour le jour*,” and merely tried to do the nearest duty. The first sermon I ever preached had for its text (it was preached in the school) what I meant for the motto of my life, “Whatever thy hand finds to do, do it with thy might.” I have kept this ideal before me, though I have never fulfilled it, — whatever my hand found to do, the thing which lay at hand; not what the heart desired, not what the ambition aspired to, not what the will chose, but what the hand found. I have always believed in Providence, and so have never desponded; I have always trusted in the essential good-will of my fellow-men, and have not been deceived. This life I have held to be sweet, and the next life at least as good as this. Cheerfulness and contentment have kept me well, so far as I have kept well, both in body and mind. I have come nearer to God every year, finding in Him love which is always law, and law which is always love. My creed has grown shorter every year, until I now put it into four words, “From God, for man.” . . .

Some day, when I am taken from you, in outward presence, but not in heart, — for wherever in God’s universe I may be, I shall think of our dear class still, — you will perhaps read to them this note, kept in your book till then, and so they will hear me once more speaking to them, and telling them to believe that we shall come together somewhere in the vast beyond.

Truly yours,

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

The Friendly Craft

The passionate protest ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Celia Thaxter to Sophie Eichberg, *Feb.* 6, 1893)

. . . YOUR dear little note just came, and it makes my heart ache for you, and for myself, and all of us. It is so hard, my darling Sophie, so cruel hard, not to see him again here, nor with these eyes, in the old familiar places, in the old way. Oh, I feel it so deeply myself, so deeply and so sadly, and what must you feel! I know it all, all the ache and sorrow of it. If death, that change we call death, meant the end of life, then indeed might despair settle upon us, but it is only change and separation for the time being; desperately hard and sad, but not forever. Oh no, no, *no!* a thousand times *no!* At our longest, we stay here so little while, and then seek our dear ones in that selfsame road they have traveled: who shall doubt that we find them, with all their love for us, again! . . .

The privilege of covenanting with God ~ ~

(To Jonathan Edwards)

PRINCETON, *Nov.* 2, 1757

HONoured SIR,

Your most affectionate, comforting letter, by my brother, was exceedingly refreshing to me, although I was somewhat damped that I should not see you until spring. But it is my comfort in this disappointment, as well as under all my afflictions, that God knows what is best for me and for his own glory. Perhaps I depended too much on the company and conversation of such a near, and dear, and affectionate father and guide. I cannot doubt but all is for the best, and I am satisfied that God should order the affair of your removal as shall be for his glory, whatever

All for the Best

comes of me. Since I wrote my mother's letter, God has carried me through new trials, and given me new supports. My little son ¹ has been sick with the slow fever ever since my brother left us, and has been brought to the brink of the grave. But I hope, in mercy, God is bringing him up again. I was enabled to resign the child (after a severe struggle with nature) with the greatest freedom. God showed me that the child was not my own, but his, and that he had a right to recall what he had lent whenever he thought fit; and I had no reason to complain, or say God dealt hard with me. This silenced me. But how good is God! He hath not only kept me from complaining, but comforted me, by enabling me to offer up the child by faith. I think, if ever I acted faith, I saw the fulness there was in Christ for little infants, and his willingness to accept of such as were offered to him. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God," were comforting words. God also showed me, in such a lively manner, the fulness that was in himself of all spiritual blessings, that I said, "Although all streams were cut off, yet, so long as my God lives, I have enough." He enabled me to say — "Although thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." In this time of trial I was led to enter into a renewed and explicit covenant with God, in a more solemn manner than ever before, and with the greatest freedom and delight. After much self-examination and prayer, I did give up myself and children to God with my whole heart. Never, until now, had I a sense of the privilege we are allowed in covenanting with God! This act of my soul left my mind in a quiet and steady trust in God. A few days after this, one evening, in talking of the glorious state my dear departed [husband] must be in, my soul was carried out in such

¹ Aaron Burr, then about twenty months old.

The Friendly Craft

longing desires after this glorious state, that I was forced to retire from the family to conceal my joy. When alone, I was so transported, and my soul carried out in such eager desires after perfection, and the full enjoyment of God, and to serve him uninterruptedly, that I think my nature would not have borne much more. I think I had that night a foretaste of Heaven. This frame continued, in some good degree, the whole night. I slept but little; and when I did, my dreams were all of heavenly and divine things. Frequently since I have felt the same in kind, though not in degree. Thus a kind and gracious God has been with me in six troubles, and in seven. But, oh! sir, what cause of deep humiliation and abasement of soul have I, on account of remaining corruption which I see working, especially pride! Oh, how many shapes does pride cloak itself in! Satan is also busy shooting his darts; but, blessed be God, those temptations of his that used to overthrow me, as yet, have not touched me. Oh to be delivered from the power of Satan as well as sin! I cannot help hoping the time is near. God is certainly fitting me for himself; and when I think it will be soon that I shall be called hence, the thought is transporting.

Your dutiful and affectionate daughter,

ESTHER BURR

“Within the gate”



(To Mr. and Mrs. James T. Fields)

Monday Night [May, 1864]

BELOVED; When I see that I deserved nothing, and that my Father gave me the richest destiny for so many years of time to which eternity is to be added, I am struck dumb with an ecstasy of gratitude, and let go my

A Transporting Thought

mortal hold with an awful submission, and without a murmur. I stand hushed into an ineffable peace which I cannot measure nor understand. It therefore must be that peace which "passeth all understanding." I feel that his joy is such as "the heart of man cannot conceive," and shall I not then rejoice, who loved him so far beyond myself? If I did not at once share his beatitude, should I be one with him now in essential essence? Ah, thanks be to God who gives me this proof—beyond all possible doubt—that we are not and never can be divided!

If my faith bear this test, is it not "beyond the utmost scope and vision of calamity!" Need I ever fear again any possible dispensation if I can stand serene when that presence is reft from me which I believed I must instantly die to lose? Where, O God, is that supporting, inspiring, protecting, entrancing presence which surrounded me with safety and supreme content?

"It is with you, my child, saith the Lord, and *seemeth* only to be gone." "Yes, my Father, I know I have not lost it, because I still live." "I will be glad." "Thy will be done." From a child I have truly believed that God was all good and all wise, and felt assured that no event could shake my belief. To-day I *know it*.

This is the whole. No more can be asked of God. There can be no death nor loss for me for evermore. I stand so far within the veil that the light from God's countenance can never be hidden from me for one moment of the eternal day, now nor then. God gave me the rose of time; the blossom of the ages to call my own for twenty-five years of human life.

God has satisfied wholly my insatiable heart with a perfect love that transcends my dreams. He has decreed this earthly life a mere court of "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, yes, dear heavenly

The Friendly Craft

Father! "I will be glad," that my darling has suddenly escaped from the rude jars and hurts of this outer court, and when I was not aware that an angel gently drew him within the palace-door that turned on noiseless golden hinges, drew him in, because he was weary.

God gave to his beloved sleep. And then an awaking which will require no more restoring slumber.

As the dew-drop holds the day, so my heart holds the presence of the glorified freed spirit. He was so beautiful here, that he will not need much change to become a "shining one"! How easily I shall know him when my children have done with me, and perhaps the angel will draw me gently also within the palace-door, if I do not faint, but truly live, "Thy will be done."

At that festival of life that we all celebrated last Monday, did not those myriad little white lily-bells ring in for him the eternal year of peace, as they clustered and hung around the majestic temple, in which he once lived with God? They rang out, too, that lordly incense that can come only from a lily, large or small. What lovely ivory sculpture round the edge. I saw it all, even at that breathless moment, when I knew that all that was visible was about to be shut out from me for my future mortal life. I saw all the beauty, and the tropical gorgeousness of odor that enriched the air from your peerless wreath steeped me in Paradise. We were the new Adam and the new Eve again, and walked in the garden in the cool of the day, and there was not yet death, only the voice of the Lord. But indeed it seems to me that now again there is no death. His life has swallowed it up.

Do not fear for me "dark hours." I think there is nothing dark for me henceforth. I have to do only with the present, and the present is light and rest. Has not the everlasting

Hope and Joy for All

“Morning spread
Over me her rich surprise?”

I have no more to ask, but that I may be able to comfort all who mourn as I am comforted. If I could bear all sorrow I would be glad, because God has turned for me the silver lining; and for me the darkest cloud has broken into ten thousand singing birds — as I saw in my dream that I told you. So in another dream, long ago, God showed me a gold thread passing through each mesh of a black pall that seemed to shut out the sun. I comprehend all now, before I did not doubt. Now God says in soft thunders, — “Even so!”

Your faithful friend,
SOPHIA HAWTHORNE

A Christmas letter ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

(Lucy Larcom to John G. Whittier)

627 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON, *December 25, 1881*

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Alone in my room this evening, I feel just like writing a Christmas letter to you, and I follow the impulse.

This day always brings back old times and old friends to memory, but never with sadness to me, because the one idea of the day is hope and joy for all souls, the possibilities of infinite help, unending progress. Whenever I enter deeply into the thought of Christ, whenever I feel Him the one Reality inseparable from my own being, then I feel that I have my friends safe, and that they are to be my friends forever. To me, He is the one Divine Friend in whom human friendships can alone be real and permanent, because He draws us into sympathy with what is best,


The Friendly Craft

with what is eternal, the love of goodness, the consciousness of God in us and around us, and the solemn gladness of a human life into which God has entered, and where He still is.

God with us still, the Spiritual Presence of One who is more real than any other person can be to us, through whom indeed we receive our personality, — this idea, so grand as at times to seem almost impossible, grows more definite and clear to me. It is the “So I am with you always” of Christ. And with this idea, that of those whom we love unseen, our friends who have disappeared from sight, becomes more definite also.

Sometimes I can say undoubtingly, “I *know* I shall find them again, where He is.” But though the light flickers and dims sometimes, what if it does? There the light is, and every year a larger space is redeemed from darkness.

Oh, my dear friend! life is a gift blessed as it is awful. To think how close we are to one another for good or evil, do what we will! We cannot be apart from our fellow-beings; the pulses of this life we have in common throb, upward or downward, through us forever. Death is not to me half so solemn as life: but then death is no reality — a circumstance of our external life only. . . .

The “sole ground of hope” — 

(John G. Whittier to Harriet M. Pitman)

. . . I AM greatly pained to hear of the illness of our old friend Garrison. For how many years he has been an important part of our world! Much of my own life was shaped by him. It is very sad to think I shall see him no more. The next mail may bring tidings of his death. I have been thinking over my life, and the survey has not been encouraging. Alas! if I have been a servant at all I have been an unprofitable one, and yet I

Holy and Pure Ideals

have loved goodness, and longed to bring my imaginative poetic temperament into true subjection. I stand ashamed and almost despairing before holy and pure ideals. As I read the New Testament I feel how weak, irresolute, and frail I am, and how little I can rely on anything save our God's mercy and infinite compassion, which I reverently and thankfully own have followed me through life, and the assurance of which is my sole ground of hope for myself, and for those I love and pray for. . . .

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