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FIFTY YEARS
AMONG
AUTHORS, BOOKS
AND
PUBLISHERS

J. C. DERBY

1st ED.

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FIFTY YEARS
AMONG
AUTHORS,
BOOKS AND PUBLISHERS.

J. C. DERBY.

“—— all of which I saw,
And part of which I was.”



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ON the 10th of September, 1883, occurred the fiftieth anniversary of the day on which I was apprenticed to the bookselling business. Fifty years before, I had entered the bookstore of H. Ivison & Co., of Auburn, N. Y., to learn the business, for which I had a natural liking and in which I have been engaged to the present time.

It had been my purpose, at the suggestion of my children, to collect and place in order the numerous data and memoranda accumulated during my long and not uneventful life in the book world, that they would have what gratification and possible aid, my experience, through two busy generations might afford. My plan was to take advantage of the perfection attained in stenography and by the use of the type-writer give each of my children a copy of my reminiscences.

In the progress of my labor of love I submitted my manuscript to some of my most intimate friends, who insisted on a multiplication of copies beyond the province of the active type-writer. Added to this, my friend Carleton became so interested in the matter that he begged that he might publish the work in book form, and the

result is the issue of this volume of my Recollections and Experiences. Thus an old Publisher makes his maiden bow to the public as an Author!

Auburn, as I recollect it, was an incorporated village of about five thousand inhabitants, and the bookstores consequently were not on a very large scale. Our store was well appointed, with a fair assortment of miscellaneous books and stationery, to which was added a bookbindery in the rear.

Although it was originally intended that I should also learn the bookbinder's trade, my employer soon ascertained that I "couldn't bind worth a cent," but was better adapted to wait on customers in the store—to sell books rather than to bind them. About four months later he wrote my mother as follows :

"Auburn, Jan. 4th, 1834.

"To Mrs. DERBY :

"Your son James has been with us a sufficient length of time, for him to determine whether he will be satisfied with the book business, and whether he will be sufficiently fond of it to warrant him in pursuing it. We are of opinion that if a boy is attached to his business he will invariably succeed, provided he has health and opportunities; if he is indifferent he never will succeed. As far as I have conversed with James he appears to think that he will be satisfied, and I am happy in saying that I have no cause for complaint in relation to him. With exertions which he has it in his power to make, he bids fair to become a useful man. It remains for you to determine whether he will still continue with us. We can arrange hereafter in relation to the terms.*

"Respectfully,

"H. IVISON & Co."

* Fifty years later Mr. Ivison writes me as follows :

"12 West 48th Street, New York, Jan. 16, 1884.

"DEAR JAMES :

"I return the letters and papers much as you left them. You see I do not improve in my handwriting; that of yours is excellent. I wish you every success with your enterprise.

"Yours,

H. IVISON."

My mother called without delay and closed the contract with Mr. Ivison, which was that I should devote myself during business hours to their interests, and receive a salary of fifty dollars per annum, including board in my employer's family. Business hours in those days included all the hours from 7 A.M. until 9 o'clock in the evening.

The bookstores were the natural resorts for the intelligent class of the community, who usually met there to discuss the topics of the day or to learn of what was new in the book world, and among those who frequented our store were the professors and students of the Auburn Theological Seminary, who were good patrons as well. The books most in demand besides theological and school books were the then famous Waverly novels and the works of Fenimore Cooper and Washington Irving.

After four years' experience in the bookselling business Mr. Ivison associated with himself a partner, from Conn., who very soon made it anything but agreeable for me to remain with the new firm. My experience, however, soon gave me employment in the rival bookstore, then carried on by the Hon. Ulysses F. Doubleday, a prominent politician who had been twice elected to Congress from the Auburn district.

On leaving my first employer, I received the following :

“To all whom it may concern.

“The bearer of this letter, James C. Derby, has been in my employ as a clerk during the last four years and I can cheerfully recommend him as a young man, honest and industrious, of good moral character and habits and of sound principles. I have always found him trustworthy, and consider him as being possessed of fair business talents and as being a good salesman.

“H. IVISON, JR.

“Auburn, Nov. 23, 1837.”

I remained with Mr. Doubleday about one year, when Mr. Ivison invited me to return to my “first love,” he having severed his partnership with the gentleman from

Connecticut. My year with Mr. Doubleday was very pleasant, and, I believe, profitable to both parties. One of my daily companions was his son Abner, then preparing for the West Point Military Academy, from which he graduated with honor a few years later.*

On leaving Mr. Doubleday (who soon after retired from the bookselling business), he gave me the following letter :

“ Auburn, August 31, 1838.

“ This may certify that Mr. James C. Derby has been employed as a clerk in my bookstore for the past year, and by his activity, zeal and attention to my interests, has merited my highest approbation. He re-enters the employment of H. Ivison in consequence of my discontinuance of business.

“ U. F. DOUBLEDAY.”

After my re-engagement with Mr. Ivison, he placed me in full charge of the bookstore, he devoting a large portion of his time to the book bindery, now grown to large proportions. In the year 1838 I was deputed by my employer to visit the East to purchase fresh supplies of stock. This was no small undertaking, as the journey had to be made by stage coach, there being, in those days, no railroads. It took about three days to reach New York city, and having no experience whatever in this new undertaking Mr. Ivison placed me in charge of Edward Bright, then of the firm of Bennett & Bright, booksellers, Utica, N. Y., under whose guidance and in whose company I proceeded on this, my first visit to the Metropolis.

Mr. Bright subsequently retired from the book business, to enter the ministry. He removed soon after to New York,

* Captain Doubleday afterwards became famous as one of the heroic defenders of Fort Sumter, under Major Robert Anderson, and still later was promoted to the rank of major-general for bravely leading the Union column at Gettysburg after General Reynolds was killed and Generals Hancock and Sickles were wounded. General Doubleday published through Harper & Brothers, in 1876, his “Reminiscences of Fort Sumter in 1861.”

where he became the editor of the *Examiner*, a religious weekly of large influence, which position he has filled with ability and great credit to himself and honor to the influential religious denomination which his journal represents.

The following note is a reminder of half a century ago :

“New York, January 22, 1884.

“MY DEAR MR. DERBY:—I was in the book business in Utica as one of the firm of Bennett & Bright about ten years. I have a distinct recollection of our coming to New York together within those ten years, but I don't believe I have half so vivid a recollection of the incidents of the trip as you have. I know I thought you to be a very clever young man, and you have since proved in many ways that my impressions were right.

“Very truly yours,

“EDWARD BRIGHT.”

My trip to New York and Philadelphia was a memorable one to me. In those two cities I first met with most of the noted publishers of whom I speak further on.

I remained with Mr. Ivison as managing clerk until July 1840, when a good opening for another bookstore occurred at Auburn, and Mr. Ivison contributing sufficient capital as special partner, the firm of J. C. Derby & Co. was formed. I find among the letters written to my mother at that time the following, dated August 6th, 1840.

“I have at last succeeded in getting into business under the name and firm of J. C. Derby & Co., at the old stand of U. F. Doubleday, and have opened with an entire new stock purchased in New York in July. My partner is H. Ivison, Jr., and our partnership is to continue for five years and two months. I have gone into business there under very favorable auspices, yet, notwithstanding if brother Henry had arrived a month earlier I should have gone to Columbus, Ohio, and started there. I never knew before that there was so fine an opening for a store as there appears to be at the Ohio capital, and I only regret that I was not sooner apprised of the fact. I am tied here now, and there is nothing to be gained in complaining, and how uncharitable would I be, with my own good luck, to complain!”

My book business was successful from the start, and continued so until my removal to New York thirteen years later. My two brothers soon followed me in the same line, having been trained mostly by myself in the methods of buying and selling books.

The following letter, written by my mother in 1844, was published in one of the religious papers at the time.

A MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER CHILDREN—BOOKSELLERS—ON THE PURCHASING AND VENDING PERNICIOUS BOOKS.

“As you are soon going on your accustomed journey, I will ask you once more to consider my plea regarding the policy and character of some portion of your business. The selecting of books for a reading community is a peculiar responsibility; and if the matter therein contained be good in its wholesale and retail consequences, it will rise up *for* you, if bad, *against* you, even here in this partly Christianized America.

“You now stand upon the pivot of general improvement in almost everything, and it is your special province to go forward in this particular branch of progression, provided your religious principles, high moral character, and self-denial be such as should be worthy the patronage and confidence of the world, and more especially your own conscience.

“Consider now, I pray you, and take the choice whether you will be men who greatly improve and exalt the moral faculties and unsubdued hearts of this intelligent but inconsistent people, whose God and kingdom should not be of this world—or as one regardless, principally of all that is, has been, and will be said, but who is in favor of many good operations, and help to sustain and encourage orthodox institutions, yet at the same time are trafficking the disgusting, heart-sickening literature of moral corruption, which of its own inherent nature, undermines more or less the very ground-work of those blessed institutions, which you otherwise help and wish to have supported, and which are our own individual, as well as national safety, and the strength and hope of perpetual happiness—strange contradiction! And is this all for money? Can it be? Think of the impolicy and sin of an impure press and those who sustain it!

“I intend to be brief but plain, and how can I let you alone as

long as a mother's blood runs in my veins, and my heart is constrained by the love of Christ to act for the good of souls.

"The mind of man is a soil that God has made highly productive of greatness and goodness provided it is beneath the refreshing showers of healthful and exalting influences ; and it is your peculiar privilege to administer, in the books you put into their hands, such influences to fallen and rebellious man. I would, therefore, have you come out on the right and on the safe side, and to extend your usefulness, make your principles publicly known and your reasons for them; then your names may be written in letters of gold, as the first booksellers resolved to put nothing but that which is good and healthful upon your shelves and counters.

"Your affectionate mother,

"LEZETTA DERBY."

We were not unmindful of the advice of our mother, and I can confidently say that in the long and varied experience of my brothers and myself, not a single volume has ever been sold of a doubtful moral tendency.

Early in the year 1844, my first publication made its appearance in a small but neat volume bearing the title "Conference Hymns, with Tunes, adapted to Religious Meetings for Prayers." The authors were Rev. Josiah Hopkins, D. D., then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Auburn, and Henry Ivison, Jr., who about that time had removed to New York. Mr. Ivison was leader of the choir in the church of which Dr. Hopkins was pastor. A single copy of this book still remains in my possession.

In March, 1848, Norman C. Miller,* one of my trusted clerks, who understood very thoroughly all the details in the printing and binding of books, was made a partner in my business.

Up to the year 1853 inclusive, the firm of Derby &

* Mr. Miller is now connected with the extensive New York book-bindery of John A. Somerville, whose father, the late James Somerville, was one of my earliest and most valued friends.

Miller had printed and published more than one hundred different books, consisting of school and law publications, standard histories, biographies, and miscellaneous works of a popular nature, among them were the "Life of General Zachary Taylor," prepared for us by Henry Montgomery, editor of the Auburn Journal, soon after the General's nomination to the Presidency. The books were brought out in attractive styles, and met with very large sales.

It is an interesting fact that for forty years—through ten presidential elections,—I have published or had charge of the publications of the lives of one or more of the several candidates for the Presidency; the first, General Harrison in 1840, and the last, General Hancock in 1880.

Another successful venture was the publication of the "Lives of Mary and Martha Washington," by Margaret C. Conkling. This work was the first biographical account of the mother and wife of George Washington, published in book form, and was written in the graceful style, which that author inherits.

Miss Conkling was also the author of a novel, "Isabel, or Trials of the Heart," and a translation of Florian's "History of the Moors of Spain," both works having been published by Harper & Brothers, the latter being adopted into their School District Library Series. Miss Conkling resided near Auburn with her father, Hon. Alfred Conkling, at his beautiful residence, Melrose, overlooking the placid waters of Owasco Lake. He was at that time a judge of the United States District Court, a position which his grandson, Alfred Conkling Coxe, now holds. Soon after the succession of Millard Fillmore to the presidency, Judge Conkling was appointed United States Minister to Mexico. He was one of my earliest patrons, and a good adviser at the commencement of my business career. He was the author of the best Admiralty Practice known to the courts. His son, Roseoe Conkling, was then a youngster residing with his father, bidding fair at that

early day to become what he now is, an eminent statesman and famous lawyer.

Another successful book was Seward's "Life of John Quincy Adams," published soon after the death of Mr. Adams.

Among the other popular publications of Derby & Miller which reached the sale of forty thousand or more copies, may be mentioned Headley's "Life of the Empress Josephine" the "Life of Rev. Andoniram Judson," "Lives of the three Mrs. Judsons," "Jenkins' History of the War with Mexico"—and last, but not least, "Fern Leaves," by Fanny Fern, referred to elsewhere.

Of the "Life of George Washington, by Jared Sparks, LL. D.," a very large number were sold, so large that a complimentary letter was received by the publishers from that eminent historian.

Among the important law-books published, were the "New Clerks' Assistant, or Every Man his own Lawyer," by John S. Jenkins, of which more than thirty thousand copies were sold; "The General Statutes of New York with notes and references by Samuel Blatchford, Esq." The latter was a personal and political friend, then a practicing lawyer in Auburn. He removed his large legal business to New York a few years later.

Upon his subsequent advancement to his present eminent position, as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, I sent him a congratulatory note, to which he responded as follows :

"New York City, March 15th 1882.

"My dear friend Derby:

"Nothing could be more acceptable to me than your kind words. Old friends and old wine are not picked up in a day. You have known me and watched me for nearly forty years, and to have 'God speed' from you, is to have true gold.

"Very sincerely yours,

"SAMUEL BLATCHFORD."

The firm of Derby & Miller also published the first volume of "Blatchford's United States Circuit Court Reports"—the subsequent volumes of which have been published by Baker, Voorhis & Co. Another important law-book was "The New York Civil and Criminal Justice," edited by the late Christopher Morgan, and Clarence A. Seward, Esq., who, like Mr. Blatchford, subsequently removed to New York city.

Goodrich's "History of all Nations" an account of which is given elsewhere, was, I believe, the first subscription book published west of New York City.

In the year 1847, I was nominated by a Whig County Convention and elected—Treasurer of the county of Cayuga—the first Whig ever elected to that office in that county. On the same ballot,—one of which is now in my possession—are the names of John Young, for Governor, Hamilton Fish, for Lieutenant Governor, Millard Fillmore, for Comptroller, and Christopher Morgan, for Secretary of State. It was the latter's brother, Colonel Edwin B. Morgan, who rescued Charles Sumner from the cruel attack by Preston Brooks of South Carolina; Colonel Morgan was a member of Congress at the time and present when the assault was made.

Edwin B. Morgan was one of my most valued friends for nearly half a century. At the time of his death, he was one of the two largest owners of *The New York Times*, being one of its founders. Col. Morgan, in connection with the late William E. Dodge, caused to be erected a new library building for the Auburn Theological Seminary, each giving \$100,000 for that purpose.

Mr. Fish was subsequently elected Governor of New York, then U. S. Senator, and afterwards became Secretary of State under President Grant. He has thus been crowned with the highest honors in the gift of the people, save only that of President of the United States. Millard Fillmore was elected Vice President on the ticket with

General Taylor, the following year, and became President on the death of the latter in 1850.

Early in the year 1852 when the gold fever excitement was at its height in California, my brother George, then head of the firm of G. H. Derby & Co., in the book-selling business at Buffalo, N. Y., in connection with myself, at that time his partner, decided to start a branch book and stationery store in San Francisco, which had then just emerged from scarcely more than a Mexican settlement to a thriving young city. We believing, as the result finally proved, that it would be a profitable undertaking, it was decided to stock the store with about five thousand dollars worth of merchandise, and the goods were duly shipped, by a sailing vessel, around Cape Horn. At the same time our firm sent to San Francisco to take charge of the business two of their clerks, Hubert H. Bancroft and George L. Kenney, both of whom my brother had trained to the book business in Buffalo. Before the goods arrived in San Francisco, however, the young men, who were already there, received the sad news of the unexpected death of my brother, of cholera, in September of that year.* As it became necessary to settle up my brother's estate with dispatch, the administrator directed an immediate sale of the consignment, the avails of which were subsequently sent to Buffalo to my brother's family. Young Bancroft and his fellow clerk continued business in San Francisco, on their own account, in a modest way.

In 1855 my brother's widow determined to assist this enterprise and carry out her late husband's plan in regard to the founding of a book and stationery store in San Francisco. She therefore advanced a loan

* "He possessed all the requisite elements of character, both intellectual and moral, and was also a Christian gentleman, faithful in all the relations of life, and beloved by all who knew him. It is believed that the mother of the Derby Brothers is entitled to much credit for their success in business."—From Blake's "Biographical Dictionary."

of all her available funds,—about \$10,000—to her brother, Hubert H. Bancroft, for that purpose. He came east to Buffalo and brought with him to New York a letter of introduction from Mrs. Derby to her late husband's friend John C. Barnes, at that time of the firm of Ames, Herrick & Barnes, and brother of A. S. Barnes the well known publisher. Mr. Barnes took a lively interest in young Bancroft, introducing him to many of the old publishing houses of New York, who at once gave him all the business credit he desired. Thus the San Francisco house of H. H. Bancroft & Co. was started, an immense business was built up, and Mr. Bancroft, in a few years, found himself possessed of an ample fortune. The book and stationery store and publishing house of Bancroft & Co. is to day the most extensive establishment west of New York, and has a reputation and trade in the Old World which rivals that of the largest Eastern houses.

Giving place to his younger brother Albert L., to attend to the active business management of the concern, and leaving in the firm sufficient capital, Hubert H. Bancroft was enabled to satisfy a desire for foreign travel, intellectual culture and literary fame, the outgrowth of which was, after twenty years of persevering research and hard study, his elaborate "History of the Pacific States of North America," now in the course of publication.

Young Bancroft early saw the importance of preserving the pre-historical records of the Pacific States. He saw also how important it was to secure, as early as possible, the material for a history of this new Empire, as there were but few living witnesses who knew where the Mexican manuscripts were to be found. He began to purchase everything that could be found pertaining to the Pacific Slope, Mexico, and Central America. In this way he secured over ten thousand volumes, purchasing every book, map and manuscript printed or written in this territory or Empire relating to it, that could be found in Mexico, Central America, or in the Eastern States, even visiting

Europe several times in search of needed material. He also secured from the pioneers and settlers many interesting reminiscences.

Hubert H. Baneroff came to my brother in Buffalo a Buckeye boy of eighteen years, with no other capital than health, perseverance, industry and integrity; and although self-educated, he now ranks with the few famous historians of our day. He has erected a fire-proof building for his library of books and manuscripts pertaining to America, which consists of over 36,000 volumes, the building and books costing him over half a million dollars.

In the early part of my clerkship with H. Ivison & Co., I became seriously ill from a severe attack of fever, so ill, that it was deemed best that I should be removed to my mother's residence, in Moravia, a quiet village, about sixteen miles from Auburn. Although convalescent I was unable to sit upright, so I was taken in a close carriage, in charge of a young physician who conveyed me in safety to my mother's care, through whose careful nursing I soon recovered, and returned to business. A few years later that same physician removed to Buffalo, where, in 1852, he, in connection with Dr. Austin Flint, attended my brother George in his last illness—this young physician was Frank H. Hamilton, who afterwards with his celebrated collaborator, removed to New York City, where both became eminent in their profession.

The assassination of President Garfield, and his long attendant sufferings, brought this eminent surgeon prominently before the nation, and Frank Hastings Hamilton, the youthful doctor of my boyhood days, is now acknowledged one of the most celebrated surgeons in this country. He is the author of several valuable medical works, the most important of which is, a "Treatise on Fractures and Dislocations," which has also been translated and published in the French and German languages.

In the month of December, 1853, having disposed of my interest in the Auburn store, I established myself in

New York City as a publisher, at No. 8 Park Place, the late George P. Putnam occupying, at that time, an adjoining store.

I received a friendly welcome from the book trade and editorial fraternity, and soon had an abundant supply of manuscripts from authors in every department of literature. I early secured as a critical reader, the late George Ripley, then the literary editor of the *New York Tribune*, who was not only a good judge but a safe adviser as to the best kind of books to publish, and as the MSS. multiplied I engaged Thomas Bailey Aldrich, as an assistant reader.

In the year 1855, Edwin Jackson, who had been brought up to the book publishing business in the establishment of H. and E. Phinney of Cooperstown,—then famous as publishers of Quarto Bibles and school books—became my associate in business, and the firm of Derby & Jackson was established.

Derby & Jackson, had a prosperous career until 1861, when they discontinued business. Their list of publications at the time numbered more than three hundred volumes, most of them new and successful books, by American authors, who afterwards became famous, and of many of whom I give an account elsewhere. In addition to these original authors, we were the publishers of the works of Joseph Addison, Oliver Goldsmith, Henry Fielding, Tobias Smollett, Laurence Sterne, Dean Swift, Samuel Johnson, Daniel De Foe, Charles Lamb, William Hazlitt, Thomas Hood, Leigh Hunt, Captain Marryat, Jane Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Hannah More, Jane Porter, Ann Radcliffe, Francis Burney, Lord Chesterfield, Madam de Stael, Montaigne, La Fontainè, Chateaubriand, Pascal, Fenelon, and other standard classics, in all over two hundred volumes, issued in uniform library editions, in fine bindings, which soon became well known in the book world.

The most delightful occasion which I can recall in my publishing career is that of the complimentary fruit and flower festival, given to authors by the New York book

publishers, in September, 1855. The gathering took place at the Crystal Palace, which had been erected in Reservoir Square, under the direction of the American Institute, through whose courtesy the exceptional accommodations for the festival were secured. The whole scene itself was one of great splendor, and will linger long in the memory of those who participated. Such a gathering was unprecedented then, and has never been equaled since. With several of my contemporary publishers, I was one of the vice-presidents of the occasion.

Among the distinguished authors were the following :

Rev. William Adams, D. D., Thomas Bailey Aldrich, George Bancroft, William Cullen Bryant, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Catherine E. Beecher, Rev. Horace Bushell, D. D., Rev. J. L. Blake, D.D., Alice and Phœbe Cary, George William Curtis, Lydia Maria Childs, Henry C. Carey, James E. Cooley, Frederick S. Cozzens, T. R. Conrad, Rev. George B. Cheever, D. D., Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., Professor Charles Davies, Judge Charles P. Daly, Fanny Fern, Caroline Gilman, S. G. Goodrich, Richard Hildreth, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Fitz Greene Halleck, Washington Irving, Caroline M. Kirkland, James Russel Lowell, B. J. Lossing, J. P. Kennedy, Henry W. Longfellow, Prof. S. F. B. Morse, John L. Motley, Maria J. McIntosh, Rev. W. H. Milburn, Rev. Samuel Osgood, D. D., James Parton, T. Buchanan Read, Rev. Edward Robinson, D. D., Professor Benjamin Silliman, Frederick Saunders, Rev. Gardner Spring, D. D., Richard Henry Stoddard, Catherine M. Sedgwick, Rev. W. B. Sprague, D. D., Ann S. Stephens, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Seba Smith, H. R. Schoolcraft, H. T. Tuckerman, Rev. S. H. Tyng, D. D., Bayard Taylor, John G. Whittier, N. P. Willis, and Rev. Theodore D. Woolsey, D. D.

About six hundred invited guests were present, chiefly authors and booksellers. Mr. William H. Appleton, President of the Publishers' Association was made chairman, and in his opening address said :

“Under the guise of a light floral banquet, it is very possible that we may be inaugurating a new era in the history of that trade

which ministers to the intellectual wants of a great and powerful people. Our present social gathering of authors and publishers, may lead to unanticipated results. It can hardly fail to promote a good understanding among those who exert an important influence on the education of the national mind, to elevate their views, and give additional union and vigor to their efforts, in the great cause to which they are devoted.

“Sensible of the importance of the bookselling trade, considered simply as a branch of industry, and aware that many of its most important general concerns have hitherto been left to chance or the narrow views of private interests, a number of the booksellers of this city decided to form the present association, not to control or influence their brethren, but to accept the charge of such general interests as are usually confided to similar associations by other trades, guilds and professions. I am happy to announce to you that the effort on our part has met with a cordial response from our brethren throughout the country, who have promptly recognized the absolute necessity of such an association by furnishing material for its first operations in the great trade sale which is now just terminated. Hence the genial gathering of kindred spirits to which I now bid you welcome—an assemblage such as this country has never seen before, where genius sitting in its appropriate high place at the banquet, looks down with kind regard on the ministers of its power, and where female talent and beauty, hitherto excluded from such festivities, shed a holy and ennobling influence over the scene. In the name of the association, ladies and gentlemen, I bid you welcome.”

Mr. Appleton was followed by the secretary, the late George P. Putnam, who, in responding to the toast “*American Literature*,” opened an admirable address, as follows :

“We do not, in proposing the regular toasts, offer our respected guests choice Johannisberger or Imperial Tokay or sparkling Catawba, with which to pledge us, for we booksellers are law-abiding citizens. (Cheers.) But though we provide only such juice of the grape as is pure, beyond suspicion, and in its original packages, yet that we trust the flavor of the mocha—the celestial beverage—or the crystal Croton, or better than all, the inspiration of the sentiments themselves, and the presence of those who so emi-

nently illustrate them, will touch responsive chords in generous hearts, and prompt the eloquence of tongues of some whose names are as familiar in our mouths as household words. (Applause.)

“Eighteen years ago a gathering of authors and booksellers took place at the old City Hotel. Our recently-formed association came to the sensible conclusion that it was quite time to have another such a caucus, or rather mass meeting. The interests of writers, publishers and sellers of books are daily growing in magnitude and importance, and these interests are and should be mutual and identical. Friendly social intercourse between each other is one of the prominent objects of the association of publishers, and surely it is pleasant, proper, and profitable to extend and strengthen this intercourse between publishers and authors. (Cheers.) On the occasion referred to, in March, 1837, it was remarked by Mr. John Keese, speaking of the progress of American literature, that ‘our once infant intellect now walks with giant strides.’”

Mr. James T. Fields read an exceedingly humorous poem, adapted to the occasion.

Among the notable speeches made on that occasion one of them is still fresh in my memory—that of Rev. E. H. Chapin, responding to the toast: “*Editors of the Newspaper Press—Guardians of our Literature and sentinels on the watch-towers of our Liberties, they wield a power which might dethrone a monarch or elevate a people.*”

Dr. Chapin’s address, which occupied nearly an hour, electrified the audience, who were spell-bound, by his eloquence and the power of his speech, which was a masterpiece of oratory. He had not written a word on the morning of the day on which it was delivered. Before preparing it he went down to the office of Harper & Brothers to see a power-press and to gather inspiration by looking at the machinery. He was conducted over the establishment by one of the members of the firm, and the result proved the use which he made of the information thus obtained. By some mistake the same toast was sent to Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and to which he expected to respond. I recall now how unequal to his usual efforts Mr. Beecher’s address appeared at that time,—he said but little—and

that little was disappointing to such an audience. In a recent conversation with Mr. Beecher, referring to this event, he said: "Thirty years ago, Chapin and I were invited to speak at the booksellers' festival. By some mistake the toast to which we were expected to respond was sent to us both. He preceded me, and he made a speech that was like a fourth of July pyrotechnic exhibition. The whole heaven was full of rockets, it was a brilliant, magnificent speech. When I found he had had my toast, and used it all up, I saw it left me nothing, and the only thing for me to do was to get up, own the corn, and sit down again."

The celebrated author and orator Rev. W. H. Milburn, responded to the toast, "*The Clergy—Promoters of useful intelligence and Christian patriotism, their influence on the minds of men should entitle them to the gratitude of all sensible booksellers.*" In his response, the eloquent blind preacher said:

"Gentlemen booksellers, the leaves that you scatter are from the tree whose fruit is for the healing of the nations. Gentlemen publishers, the well-heads opened in your press-rooms may send forth streams to refresh and gladden the homes of a continent, so that the parched land shall become as a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water, and in the habitations of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with weeds and rushes.

"But if I magnify the office of a maker and seller of a book, how much more the authors. As Wolfe sadly and sweetly recited 'Gray's Elegy' upon the St. Lawrence the night before his glorious fall on the Plains of Abraham, he said, 'I would rather have the honor of writing that poem than taking Quebec to-morrow.'

"Were I to paraphrase his thought to my wish it would be thus: Could I have written the 'Sketch-Book' (turning to Mr. Irving), or could I have sung that ode commencing 'The groves were God's first temples' (turning to Mr. Bryant), cheerfully would I go through life, binding this badge of infirmity upon my brow, to wear it as a crown; or groping in the unbroken darkness, so were it the Father's will, for threescore years and ten of man's appointed time!"

Soon after the close of the festival I proposed to Mr. Milburn to publish a collection of his lectures, which had become very popular in all parts of the country. Among other topics of which they were composed, were those on "The Symbols of Early Western Character," "The Triumphs of Genius over Blindness," "An Hour's Talk about Women," and "Early Discoveries in the South West"—Mr. Milburn accepted the proposal, and Derby & Jackson published for him in 1859, a volume comprising these lectures under the general title of "The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-Bags." Two years later we published for him another volume of an autobiographical character, entitled "Ten Years of Preacher-Life," which was very entertaining, giving a graphic account of the early struggles of Methodist preachers in the far South-west. Another volume followed in 1860, with the title "Pioneers, Preachers, and People of the Mississippi Valley." All these volumes were well received by the critics and the public, and passed through several editions.

Mr. Milburn has recently been delivering a new course of lectures in some of the Southern States, where he has passed a great portion of his interesting ministerial life.

In referring to The Publisher's Festival, the late Morton McMichael, then the distinguished editor of the *Philadelphia North American*, gave the following account in that paper December 14, 1855:—

"The last time we had the pleasure of seeing Washington Irving was at the publisher's festival in New York, in the autumn of 1855. All who were present on that occasion will remember how fresh was his appearance, and how genial his manner, and with what a hearty welcome he greeted the friends, old and young, who gathered around him. Among the former was our townsman, Mr. Moses Thomas, and in reference to the interview between these gentlemen, the American Publisher's Circular said:—

"One of the interesting incidents at the recent festival was the meeting of Washington Irving with his old friend Moses Thomas, the veteran and much-respected ex-publisher of Philadelphia.

Mr. Irving, in his younger days, had been intimate with Mr. Thomas, and cherished for him the highest regard, but it so happened that they had not met for more than a quarter of a century. A month or two later Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to Mr. Thomas which we are tempted to reprint as at once showing his disinclination to public display, and his cordial recognition of the claims of private friendship:—

“Sunnyside, Dec. 14, 1855.

“MY DEAR THOMAS,

“I thank you heartily for your kind and hospitable invitation to your house, which I should be glad to accept did I propose attending the Godey complimentary dinner, but the annoyance I suffer at dinners of this kind in having to attempt speeches, or bear compliments in silence has made me abjure them altogether. The publishers' festival at which I had the great pleasure of meeting you was an exception to my rule, but only made on condition that I would not be molested by extra civilities. I regret that on that occasion we were separated from each other, and could not sit together and talk of old times. However, I trust we shall have a future opportunity of so doing. I wish when you visit New York you would take a run up to 'Sunnyside.' The cars will set you down within ten minutes walk of my house, where my 'woman kind' will receive you (figuratively speaking) with open arms, and my dogs will not dare to bark at you.

“ Yours, ever very truly,

“Moses Thomas, Esq.

WASHINGTON IRVING.”

During my winter in Washington in 1862, I saw much of the late Emmanuel Leutze, the famous historical artist, whose genial friendship I had enjoyed for many years in New York. He was at that time under contract with the government to paint his wonderful mural picture, “Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,” for which he was paid \$20,000.

One day while in his studio, the artist said to me: “Derby, I want your beard for one of my figures in the picture, and if you will sit for me, I will paint your portrait,” which proposition, on such flattering terms, I readily accepted. The portrait is now in the possession of my family, a copy of the beard he transferred to one of the

pioneers of the emigrant train. The painting itself adorns the walls of the Capitol at Washington, placed above the magnificent marble stairway at the north end of the west corridor of the House of Representatives.

About this time I occasionally met at Leutze's studio Nathaniel Hawthorne, while sitting for his portrait. He conceived as great a liking for the famous artist, as the painter did for the great romancer. In April, 1862, Hawthorne wrote his friend, James T. Fields, as follows :

"I stay here only while Leutze finishes a portrait which I think will be the best ever painted of the same unworthy subject. One charm it must needs have—an aspect of immortal jollity and well-to-doness; for Leutze, when the sitting begins, gives me a first-rate cigar, and when he sees me getting tired he brings out a bottle of splendid champagne, and we quaffed and smoked yesterday, in a blessed state of mutual good-will, for three hours and a half, during which the picture made a really miraculous progress. Leutze is the best of fellows."

On the 9th of October, 1865, I was appointed by the Government, United States General Agent of the Paris Exposition of 1867, and although not familiar with the duties which such a position devolved upon me, and Congress being very late in providing the necessary appropriation for the expenses attendant upon such an undertaking, the American display at the Exposition was very gratifying to the country, which had so recently emerged from an exhausting civil war.

The products of every State except one were on exhibition at Paris, and the American exhibitors carried off some of the most important prizes awarded in this competition of the best products of all nations. This satisfactory result was reached by the care taken, in surrounding myself with competent committees, specially qualified to advise in the selection of exhibits belonging to each group and class. Among my advisory committee were the fol-

lowing well known gentlemen, each of whom was chairman of one of the ten respective groups : William J. Hopkin, Charles A. Joy, Richard M. Hunt, Elliot C. Cowdin, Samuel B. Ruggles, Francisco W. Evans, Frederick Law Olmsted, William S. Carpenter, Thomas McElrath and Charles L. Bracc. For the success of the Paris Universal Exposition of 1867, much is also due to Hon. John Bigelow, at that time United States Minister at Paris, and to N. M. Beckwith, Esq., United States Commissioner General, without whose early, able and persistent efforts, the United States would have been without representation.

A complete account of the origin, progress and result of the Exposition has been published by the government, in six large volumes. At the close of the Exposition I received from the French Government, a gold medal and also one in bronze with the following inscription.

Napoleon III. Empereur.
Exposition Universelle de MDCCCLXVII à Paris.
J. C. Derby.
Pour Services Rendus.

In the year 1855, I was elected a member of the Century Association, or as it is more commonly called "The Century Club."

This association, which was organized in the year 1846, was originally composed of one hundred members, from whence it derives its name. The members as a rule are composed of artists, authors, publishers, scientists and other gentlemen of culture and literary taste. Its first president was the late Gulian C. Verplanck, who died in 1870, full of years and literary honors. His successor, the Hon. George Bancroft, resigned, soon after his appointment as United States Minister to Berlin. William Cullen Bryant was elected to fill the vacancy, remaining in that office until his death in 1879, when Daniel Huntington was elected to succeed him. Mr. Huntington

is also president of the National Academy of Design, of which institution I became a "Fellow" in the year 1860.

Mr. Huntington was one of the original founders of the Century, and with Mr. A. B. Durand, the venerable artist, Mr. John H. Gourlie, well known among men of letters, and Mr. W. J. Hoppin, who fills the post of "Chargé d' Affaires" of the United States Government at London with so much credit, alone survive. Since I was admitted to the Club one hundred and thirty members have died, all but eight of whom joined since my admission to membership. Among them I recall many well known in artistic, literary, scientific, legal and mercantile circles, most of whom were my valued and personal friends.

Of the many privileges of which during my business career, I have been a sharer, I look back to none fraught with more pleasure, profit and advantage, than my membership with the Century Association.

In the year 1864, while holding a confidential position under the Government, I was deputed by the Secretary of State to deliver to Commodore Vanderbilt, the following resolutions, which had been passed by Congress, and elegantly engrossed and mounted in a handsome frame :

**" A RESOLUTION PRESENTING THE THANKS OF CONGRESS
TO CORNELIUS VANDERBILT FOR A GIFT OF THE STEAM-
SHIP VANDERBILT.**

" Whereas Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, did, during the spring of eighteen hundred and sixty-two, make a free gift to his imperiled country of his new and stanch steamship 'Vanderbilt,' of five thousand tons burden, built by him with the greatest care, of the best materials, at a cost of eight hundred thousand dollars, which steamship has ever since been actively employed in the service of the Republic against the Rebel devastations of her com-

merce, and whereas the said Cornelius Vanderbilt has in no manner sought any requital of his munificent gift nor any official recognition thereof ;

“Therefore, Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress be presented to Cornelius Vanderbilt for his unique manifestation of a fervid and large-souled patriotism.

“And, be it further Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause a gold medal to be struck, which shall fitly embody an attestation of the nation’s gratitude for this gift ; which medal shall be forwarded to Cornelius Vanderbilt ; a copy of it being made and deposited for preservation in the Library of Congress.

“Approved, January 28, 1864.

“ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

“ President.

“SCHUYLER COLFAX,

“ Speaker of the House of Representatives.

“H. HAMLIN,

“Vice-President of the United States and
President of the Senate.

“W. HUNTER,

“ Chief Clerk.

“Executed at the Department of State by Henry Westerland.”

In accordance with instructions, I conveyed the same, and after reading it carefully, the Commodore looked at me and said, in his well known decided manner : “ Congress be *damned!* I never gave that ship to Congress. When the Government was in great straits for a suitable vessel of war, I offered to give the ship if they did not care to buy it ; however, Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Wells think it was a gift, and I suppose I shall have to ‘let her go.’”

The medal referred to in the resolution was not ready for a long time afterwards ; it was subsequently delivered,

however, and was very elegant, bearing the following inscription :

A GRATEFUL COUNTRY TO HER GENEROUS SON,
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT. (*His profile.*)

Reverse side:

BIS DAT QUI TEMPORI DAT.

1865.

(SHIP,) (SLAVE,) (LIBERTY,) (EAGLE.)

The proffer of the vessel happened in this wise :

On the 14th of May, 1863, Commodore Vanderbilt wrote a letter to the late W. O. Bartlett, a gentleman of well known and wise diplomacy, father of the present Judge Willard Bartlett, in which he said that he had offered to dispose of the ocean steamer "Vanderbilt" to the Government, but had received no answer to his communication.

He further added :

"You are authorized to renew this proposition with such additions thereto as are hereinafter set forth. I feel a great desire that the government should have the steamer 'Vanderbilt,' as she is acknowledged to be as fine a ship as floats the ocean, and, in consequence of her great speed and capacity would, with a proper armament, be of more efficient service in keeping our coast clear of piratical vessels than any other ship. Therefore you are authorized to say, in my behalf, that the government can take this ship at a valuation to be determined by the Hon. Robert F. Stockton of New Jersey, the only ex-commodore in the navy, and any two commodores in the service to be selected by the government; and if this will not answer, will the government accept her as a present from their humble servant ?

"Yours very respectfully,

"C. VANDERBILT."

Owing to the fact that a portion of the "Vanderbilt's" machinery was above deck and would be exposed to the enemy's shot, the Navy Department was for a time unwill-

ling to accept this vessel, but afterwards, when better provided with long range cannon, which would enable her to use her own guns at a safe distance from those of the enemy, she was accepted by the Government, converted into a powerful man-of-war and sent upon a cruise in search of privateers.

The vessel did excellent service, and proved a most valuable acquisition to the navy. The gift was worth in money, not far from three-quarters of a million of dollars.

My acquaintance with the late William Orton began in 1850, when he was a clerk for my brother George, then a bookseller at Geneva, N. Y. When my brother removed to Buffalo he placed young Orton in charge of his Geneva store, and it was afterwards conducted by the firm of Prince, Orton & Miller. After the death of my brother in 1852, the business at Buffalo and Geneva was carried on under the style of Derby, Orton & Co., the firm consisting of William Orton, N. C. Miller and myself; Mr. Orton having taken charge of the Buffalo store. Subsequently the business was removed to New York, continuing under the style of Miller, Orton & Co., until 1857, when the firm went into liquidation.

Soon after this Mr. Orton became managing clerk for J. G. Gregory & Co., where he developed a marked and exquisite talent in the art of fine book-making, he was the embodiment of industry and cultivated taste and a thorough hater of all vicious literature.

Mr. Orton soon became active in politics; being a man of fine personal appearance and a good debater, he was elected to the Common Council of New York, where his first undertaking was the exposure of the many fraudulent practices of the city government.

He was appointed by President Lincoln collector of internal revenue for one of the New York districts, where he displayed a rare capability for finance which soon led to his appointment by President Lincoln, on the recommen-

dation of Secretary Chase, to the important position of United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Subsequently the Western Union Telegraph Co. offered him the position of vice-president, which he accepted, and filled with such entire satisfaction to the directors that he was soon elected president of that great company. From this time forth Mr. Orton became a recognized power in the great enterprises of the day. This was so evident to him that he had a profound sense of the trust and honor of his position; his devotion took on a new intensity, of which but very few fully knew or understood. His administration was energetic, brilliant and successful; no one could watch him closely without feeling that the brain which worked so intensely was in constant danger.

The over-worked man finally broke down, and the world lost by the death William Orton, a man of sterling character and Christian manhood, one that it could ill afford to spare.

In the year 1860 the firm of Derby & Jackson published a volume entitled "Five Years in China, with some account of The Great Rebellion under the insurgent chief Tai-Ping-Wong." The author of this book, Rev. Charles Taylor, M.D., was my schoolmate more than half a century ago, when his father, the Rev. Oliver S. Taylor, M.D.,—to whom the volume was dedicated—was a teacher in the Auburn Academy, and one of whose pupils a few years later was Frederick W. Seward, late Assistant Secretary of State.

Reverend Dr. Oliver S. Taylor, is still living in Auburn, in the *one hundredth year of his age*.* In recent letters received from him he says:—

"Although my health is good, yet my right arm and hand are much disabled, and on most occasions I am unable to write a legible hand. Though my mind and memory remain in a good state, as you know I have been long deaf,

* He was born in December, 1784.

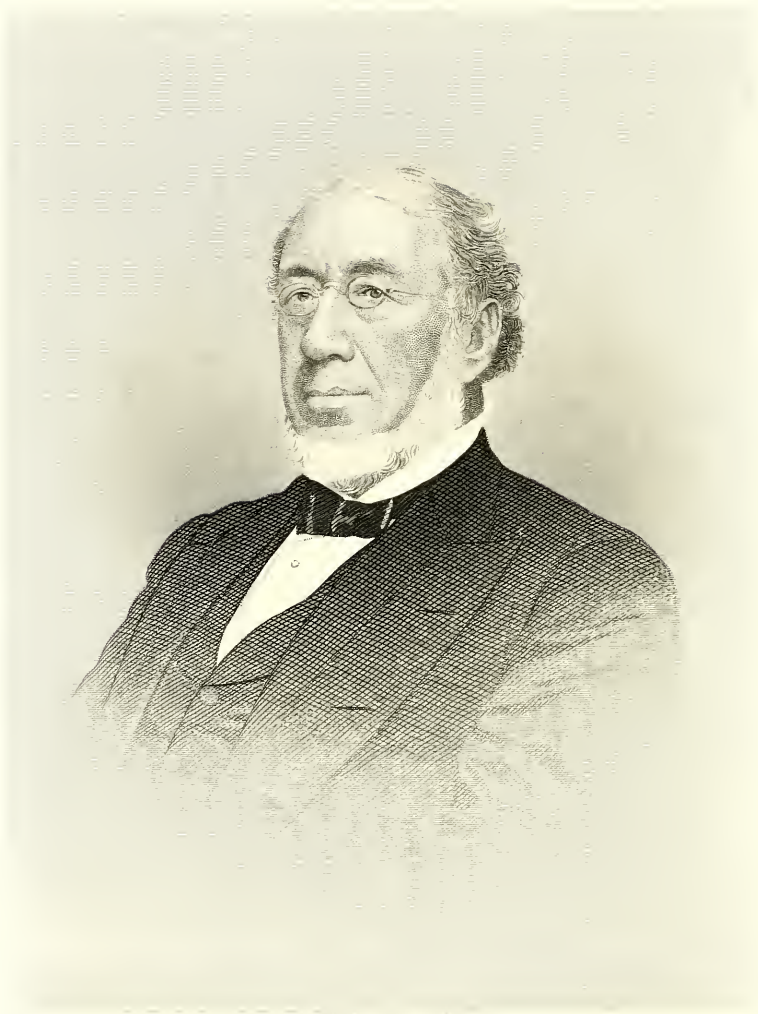
and now my eyes are failing very fast, so that I fear I shall be utterly blind." . . . "I've worked harder than any man I ever knew. I have never been sick but a day and a half in my life, and that was seventy-three years ago, and I want you to know that nine of us, five daughters and four sons, all were strictly temperate, total abstainers from alcohol and tobacco in every form. The ages of six of us average ninety years and ten months each."

Dr. Taylor graduated from Dartmouth College in 1808. His health still remains good. It is believed that he is the oldest inhabitant in the State of New York, and the oldest college graduate in America.

Both Mr. Carleton, and myself were at one time associated in a business way with the celebrated photographic artist Napoleon Sarony. The portrait on steel of Geo. W. Carleton, which graces this book from Sarony's photograph, I can vouch for as a "speaking likeness" of my Publisher, who has modestly consented to thus let his genial face be seen "as others see it." He alone is responsible for the introduction of the Author's portrait, also from a Sarony imperial, as a frontispiece.

I am greatly indebted to Mr. S. B. Noyes, the accomplished librarian of the Brooklyn Library, for his courtesy in furnishing me with valuable books of reference, and especially for that noble monument of his scholarly taste, the "Catalogue of the Brooklyn Library," which is so admirably classified by "Authors, Titles, Subjects and Classes," in a folio volume of over eleven hundred pages.

To Miss Mary F. Seymour,—the head of a large and well-equipped stenographic and type-writing bureau, well known as a skillful stenographer,—and also for her rare culture and correct literary taste, I am indebted for relief from many of the laborious details which the preparation of a work of this nature necessarily involves.



Henry Wilson

I.

HENRY IVISON.

Early apprenticeship to William Williams of Utica—Opens a book store in Auburn—S. Wells Williams—Ex-Gov. Throop, and the Albany Regency—President Van Buren on a fence—Mr. Seward and Washington Irving—Ivison removes to New York—Mark H. Newman & Co.—Newman & Ivison—Sad death of John C. Ivison—Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co.—The thirty day credit system—He astonishes Trubner & Co., London—Immense sales of school-books—Retires with an ample fortune.

HENRY IVISON recently retired with an ample fortune from the head of a firm, undoubtedly the largest school-book publishing house in the world. It is pleasant to write thus of him, who took me as an apprentice, when a youngster to learn the business of book-selling.

Mr. Ivison came to this country from Scotland in the year 1820, in company with his father's family, but they, returning soon to their native land, left their boy behind, to learn the trade of book-binding, apprenticing him for that purpose to William Williams, of Utica, then the largest book-seller west of Albany. It was with William Williams, that the late Thurlow Weed at one time worked as a journeyman printer.

Young Ivison was received into the family of his employer where he was treated as one of the children, Mr. Williams having conceived a fancy for him, because of his tender years, and from the fact of his being left alone, a young stranger in a strange country. He remained with his employer for nine years, and then, in the year 1829, after he had served his apprenticeship, he said to Mr. Williams, "Now I am out of my time, I hardly know what is the best thing for me to do." Mr. Williams replied, saying, "Henry, keep right on and remain with my family. I should be glad to have you continue in my employ."

About the year 1830, Mr. Williams had occasion to visit the western part of the state, and stopping at Auburn, he there met his old friend, the late James S. Seymour, then Cashier of the Bank of Auburn, a man of great worth and influence. Mr. Seymour asked, "Haven't you a young man you could send out here to start a book store?" There were stores already located there of that nature, but they were not satisfactory to the better class of people, especially to the professors and students of the Auburn Theological Seminary, in which Institution Mr. Seymour held an official position. Mr. Williams at once replied, "I think I have a person with me who would suit you—a young man just out of his time with me."

After the return of Mr. Williams to Utica, he called young Ivison into his office and said to him, "Henry, I think I have got an opportunity for you to go into business. A friend of mine at Auburn wants another book store there." Mr. Ivison replied, that he had no experience in a book store, although he did know how to bind books. "That is true," said Mr. Williams, "but you can soon learn. You can go right into my store to-morrow morning, and my head clerk will give you all the facilities you need to get acquainted with the details of the book-selling business."

Accordingly Mr. Ivison spent about six months at this new business, and then went with a letter of introduction

to Mr. Seymour at Auburn, who had agreed to furnish sixteen hundred dollars capital, the net profits to be divided equally between them. Mr. Williams purchased the first stock for the young book-seller, and with it sent his son Wells, who had experience in the book store. Mr. Ivison was about two years his senior. Rev. S. Wells Williams, D. D., subsequently went to China as missionary printer, becoming famous as the historian of that country, and useful as a diplomat in negotiations made from time to time between China and our own country. His work "The Middle Kingdom," has become the best authority on all that pertains to the Celestial Empire. His recent death while *President of the American Bible Society*, caused universal regret.

He remained with Mr. Ivison several months, leaving him then, to prosecute the venture alone. A large business was built up, not only in Auburn, but embracing surrounding territory. The store at Auburn had only one counter, but one side was completely filled with books. One morning, a green, country-looking young man walked in, and looked around among the books on the shelves, and was finally attracted by a copy of Thucydides. Calling for Mr. Ivison he asked, "Will you please tell me what kind of book is that Thuck-a-di-des!"

Mr. Ivison relates a good story of a visit of President Martin Van Buren to Willow Brook, the residence of Governor Throop, near Auburn. He was accompanied by what was called the Albany Regency, a syndicate of renowned politicians, consisting of Azariah C. Flagg, William L. Marcy, Silas Wright, and Edwin Croswell (editor of the *Albany Argus*). The Governor owned a large and well-cultivated farm on the banks of Owasco Lake, near Auburn, and was anxious to have the President view the beauties of the place. After walking half way around it, they all climbed a fence, and sat down on the top rail to rest. "Throop!" said the President, "have you a map of this place?" "I think I have at the house!" was the reply of

the Governor. "Well," continued the President, "If you have no objection I will look at the map for the rest of it. I have traveled quite far enough." The Regency then adjourned to the house for refreshments.

I remember one day, Mr. Seward, then Governor of the State, came into the store, accompanied by a fine-looking gentleman. The former asked Mr. Ivison if he had a copy of Washington Irving's latest work, receiving an answer in the affirmative, at the same time being furnished with a copy which he purchased, turned to his companion and said, "I want your autograph in the book." The gentleman then took a pen from Mr. Ivison's desk, and writing his name in the volumes, handed them to Mr. Seward. That was the first time I had ever seen Washington Irving.

After a moderately successful business of sixteen years, Mr. Ivison removed to New York. During one of his business trips to that city, he became acquainted with Mark H. Newman, then a successful school-book publisher. Mr. Ivison not only bought supplies from Mr. Newman, but books purchased at other houses were packed there.

Mr. Newman's health at that time was very poor. One day he saw Mr. Ivison carrying large parcels to be packed at his store, and stopping him said, "Ivison, I see you are not afraid to carry your own bundles. Now I want just such a good strong man as you are to come to New York, and help me, as my health is failing, and you have health, experience and capacity." Mr. Ivison replied that there were two obstacles to overcome before he could give a positive answer: One was, the necessity of consulting his wife, and the other, the question of capital. Mrs. Ivison favored the removal to New York. The next question was: What to do with the Auburn Store.

It was finally decided that Mr. Ivison's brother, John, should take charge of it, and continue the business. The latter was a young man at that time, about the same age as myself, and formerly a fellow clerk in his brother's

book store. He was very fond of hunting, and one day went alone to shoot ducks on one of the neighboring lakes. On the following day, his body was found near his boat, with his unloaded gun, evidently accidentally discharged. Thus a bright and promising young man was suddenly ushered into another world, leaving a fond young wife, and infant son; the latter, thirty years later, also became a bookseller in Auburn.

In the year 1846, Mr. Ivison removed with his family to New York, becoming a partner with Mr. Newman, contributing a moderate amount of capital—the style of the firm being Mark H. Newman & Co. The most important books published by them, were Saunders' Readers, the first consecutive set of readers published in this country, beginning with the primer and spelling-book, and then graded from that, up to five readers in the set. The sale of these books was very large at that time, and has steadily increased each year, until the sale of the series is enormous.

At the expiration of five years, a new partnership for three years was formed, under the firm name of Newman & Ivison, but before the end of the first year, the senior partner died, leaving the business entirely in Mr. Ivison's hands, who carried it on in accordance with the partnership articles, by the consent of Mr. Newman's executor. Mr. Ivison then bought out the entire interest of the concern, re-organizing the business, and admitting thereto, H. F. Phinney, of Cooperstown, N. Y., an experienced bookseller, and son-in-law of J. Fenimore Cooper. The firm of Ivison & Phinney is perhaps better known to-day, than any other with which Mr. Ivison has been associated.

Mr. Phinney's health failing, Mr. Birdsey Blakeman, Augustus C. Taylor and Mr. Ivison's oldest son, David B., the latter having been born at Auburn when I was a clerk for his father and member of the household, were admitted as partners in the year 1866, the firm being known as Ivison, Phinney, Blakeman & Co. One of the first acts of the new concern was to reduce the length of credits to

wholesale buyers. Instead of allowing the usual six months' credit on purchases, the time was reduced to thirty days, a change which has proved of great benefit both to buyer and seller, bringing all transactions so much nearer to a cash basis, large sums having been previously lost by too extended credits.

Their example in this respect has been generally followed by the school-book publishers.

When Mr. Ivison visited London, in the year 1866, soon after the close of the civil war, he called upon Messrs. Trubner & Co., from whom his firm had purchased large quantities of paper, and owing to the great scarcity of rags in America, saved thereby from ten to fifteen per cent. On giving a large order for further supplies, Mr. Trubner said :

“ What on the face of the earth do you do with all the paper you buy of us ? ”

“ We make it into school-books,” answered Mr. Ivison.

Said Mr. Trubner: “ I should think that you had school-books enough to furnish the whole world.”

Messrs. Trubner & Co. themselves were publishers of a series of school-books in use largely throughout Great Britain, and Mr. Trubner told Mr. Ivison that their firm published more school-books than any one else in London or elsewhere.

Mr. Ivison told him in return, that of Saunders' Pictorial Primer, they never put on the press at one time less than 100,000. Saunders' readers have had a phenomenal sale ; perhaps the largest of any series ever published.

The present firm of Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. publish more than three hundred different school-books, among them Webster's School Dictionary, Dana's Geology, Gray's Botany, Robinson's Mathematics, Fasquelle's French Course, Wells' Scientific Series, and the famous Spencerian copy-books, and last but not least, Swinton's series of School Readers, the sales of which have reached a magni-

tude that would astonish my readers, were I permitted to give them.

Mr. Swinton is the author of several interesting volumes on the late Civil War, which have been received with marked favor in military circles. He was military editor and army correspondent of the *N. Y. Times*, and was present at many of the battles which he vividly describes.

Successful school-book publishing represents immense capital, sagacity and enterprise. Mr. Ivison attributes the success of his firm, under the blessing of Providence, to steady industry, economy, strict adherence to the one line of publication undertaken, without turning to the right hand or to the left, to the avoidance of all speculations, liberal and judicious advertising, well-organized agency plans and thoughtful treatment of their patrons.

Mr. Ivison being no longer in active business life, resides part of his time at his elegant residence in New York, and during the summer at his charming home at Stockbridge, Mass. In closing this sketch of one I have known so well for more than half a century, I will add what is fittingly said of him in the language of another:

“Among the characteristics of Mr. Ivison’s business life, the finest qualities of head and heart were ever conspicuous. To his partners and employees he was like the head of a family, and his sunny influence pervaded every department of the concern. It is said that he never had a harsh word with a partner; that he never sued or was sued in his life; and that no piece of his business paper ever passed maturity. Those who succeed him will still have the benefit of his counsel and experience. Mr. Ivison will carry with him into his retirement the cordial wishes for many years of health and happiness of the trade and of hosts of people who have received instruction from some one or more of the text-books which have borne his name.”

II.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

Early recollections of Mr. Seward—He meets General Lafayette and Washington Irving—Elected Governor of New York—Fails to be nominated President—Seward, Weed and Greely—Receives John Quincy Adams—General Taylor advised—Solomon Northrup kidnapped—Murder of the Van Nest family—Eloquent defense of William Freeman—Gladstone's compliment—Irrepressible conflict and higher law—Anecdotes—J. G. Whittier's poetical tribute—Author appointed U. S. dispatch agent—Attempted assassination of Mr. Seward—Dr. Verdi's thrilling account—Interesting anecdotes—Wonderful journey around the world—Mr. Seward's Death—His Monument in Madison Square.

SHOULD I dwell longer on this record of my recollections of William H. Seward, than, perhaps, that of any other person of whom I may write, it is because I knew him so well in my boyhood days, my early manhood and later years. He was my life-long friend and patron, and I do not hesitate to say that I owe more to his kindness and friendship than to any other man I ever knew.

In the year in which I was apprenticed to Mr. Ivison, Mr. Seward had formed a partnership in law with Nelson Beardsley, under the firm name of Seward & Beardsley. At that time I was but fifteen years of age. I well remember the little white building, with green blinds, on South Street, where they had their law office. It was only one story in height, without any attempt at ornament or dis-

play. Wood stoves were used to heat the building, as in those days the use of coal and steam for heating purposes was unknown in that locality.

Mr. Beardsley retired from the practice of law many years since, in order to devote himself to his large financial interests, and his duties at the Cayuga County National Bank, of which he has been president for more than forty years. Mr. Beardsley was at one time a special partner of mine in connection with Dr. Sylvester Willard of the same city. They are still living at Auburn, two of the wealthiest and most respected of its citizens. They have been my steadfast friends for more than half a century.

Mr. Seward, although a young man, had just served a term as State Senator at Albany, and returned to Auburn, where he resumed his practice. It was about this time that he delivered an eloquent eulogy on General Lafayette, whom he had met the year previous in Paris.

In his autobiography Mr. Seward speaks of his last interview with Lafayette, which occurred in 1833, as follows :

“I took my leave of the General and his family that night at ten o'clock, preparatory to a departure at six the next morning. I was surprised while taking my coffee before daylight, by a summons to his bedroom, where I found him in a white flannel underdress, engaged with his correspondence, of which he showed me a letter which he had just received from Madame Malibran. I said to him, ‘We constantly cherish a hope that you will come back to the United States.’

“‘My dear Sir,’ said Lafayette, ‘it would make me very sad to think I should never see America again, but you know how it is. I am confined to France for two or three years by my office as a member of the House of Deputies; and in that time what may happen only God knows!’ With these words he threw his arms around me, and kissing me affectionately, bade me good-bye. He died during the next year.”

Auburn about this time was but a village of some 5,000 inhabitants and the book store was generally the resort of cultivated men of the stamp of Mr. Seward. As a clerk there I often waited upon him, especially when any new or important book was received and appeared for sale.

Cooper's novels, especially the "Last of the Mohicans" and "The Spy," the Waverly novels and the new volumes by Washington Irving, were the books most sought after among the current literature of the day. Mr. Seward's purchases, however, were of books of the more solid kind—the classics, history and law books. The young men who were interested in politics gathered around him with much devotion as their leader. In those days parties were classified as Whigs and Loco-Focos. Mr. Seward had received the nomination for Governor in the year 1834; he was defeated, however, by William L. Marcy. He was nominated again for the same office in 1838, and elected over Governor Marcy by a majority of over 10,000. The election was a very exciting one, and as we had no railroads or telegraphs, it was some days before the result could be positively ascertained.

Although not of age, and consequently not a voter myself, I was nevertheless very much interested in the success of the Whigs. On the Friday night succeeding the three days' election which began on Tuesday, myself with other of Mr. Seward's neighbors and friends, was with him in the office of the *Auburn Journal*, the Whig organ of the county. All were waiting with much anxiety for the returns from the counties in western New York, or, as the phrase went, "the returns from over Cayuga bridge." They were at last received by special messenger, assuring Mr. Seward's election as Governor beyond all doubt. I can well recall the expression Mr. Seward used as he read the message, "God bless Thurlow Weed! I owe this result to him."

The Whig paper issued an extra headed: "Go ring the bells and fire the guns and fling the starry banner out,

the Empire State is redeemed." A procession of the friends of the then newly elected Governor called upon him at his residence. A hundred guns were fired on successive days as the returns from different parts of the State increased his majority, and thus William H. Seward became Governor of the Empire State at the early age of thirty-seven, being the youngest Governor ever elected in the State.

Mr. Seward was again elected Governor in 1840, at the time General Harrison was elected President. I had just become a voter, and, like many young Whigs, was instrumental in organizing glee clubs, where campaign songs were sung. The most popular of these, which was sung at all the Whig conventions, was the following :

“What has caused this great Commotion,
Motion, motion ?
Our country through ?
It is the ball a-rolling on—

CHORUS:

“For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too.
And with them we'll beat little Van,
Van, Van, Van is a used-up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van.”

“Who shall we have for our Governor,
Governor, Governor ?
Who, tell me, who ?
Let's have Bill Seward, for he's a team.

“For Tippecanoe and Tyler, too, etc.”

At the close of Mr. Seward's term as Governor, he again resumed his law practice in Auburn.

In the year 1843, the Venerable John Quincy Adams, who had been President of the United States before Andrew

Jackson, came to Auburn to visit Mr. Seward. On his arrival he was escorted to the Seward residence by a large gathering of the people, including those from neighboring towns. The speech of welcome as delivered by Mr. Seward, which I remember, was a most eloquent one, Mr. Adams being evidently much affected by the reception tendered him and the feeling of affection manifested by those around him.

As is well known John Quincy Adams, although an Ex-President of the United States, was again elected to Congress. While serving in that office he was suddenly stricken down in the very act of rising in debate. He died shortly after, his last words being: "This is the last of earth. I am content."

Mr. Seward was invited by the Legislature of the State of New York to deliver a Eulogy on the deceased Ex-President before that body. He accepted the invitation and delivered his oration in the State Capitol at Albany. It is a singular circumstance—indeed a striking coincidence—that a quarter of a century later, Charles Francis Adams, the son of John Quincy Adams, was also invited by the Legislature of the State of New York to deliver a Eulogy on the death of Mr. Seward, to which eloquent address, it was my privilege to listen.

Soon after the death of Mr. Adams, I proposed to Mr. Seward to write for publication, a life of John Quincy Adams. Although much engrossed in legal business he accepted my offer and undertook the work. He was greatly assisted in its production by the Rev. John M. Austin, a writer of several popular books, and in whom Mr. Seward had the utmost confidence. The work reached a sale of over 40,000 copies. This was one of my earlier successes as a publisher of that class of books.

Booksellers throughout the State of New York became very much interested in the passage by the Legislature of a measure, in the year 1841, relative to libraries for the public schools, which had been recommended by Governor Seward.

The sum of \$55,000 was to be annually appropriated for five years, provided each school district where the appropriation was allowed, raised an amount equal to that apportioned to them by the State.

The act was passed, and became a rich harvest for Messrs. Harper and Bros., then, as now, the leading publishers in this country. They issued from their press with great rapidity, over two hundred volumes, in the various departments of science, history, biography and travels, especially designed for school libraries. As an equal sum was raised by each school district, the amount disbursed was an interesting item to booksellers in those days.

During Mr. Seward's administration as Governor, the legislature also enacted a law on his recommendation to establish a depository for the preservation of specimens illustrative of the natural history of the State.

The Geological Survey which was made in accordance with the provisions of this law, saved the people, Mr. Seward said, millions of dollars in proving that there were no coal regions in New York State, thus preventing expensive explorations and useless mining.

Another result of the Geological Survey was the publication of thirteen large quarto volumes to which Mr. Seward prepared an elaborate introduction which he called "Notes on New York," somewhat after the plan of Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia." This historical essay is written in a style of admirable clearness and abounds in valuable information.* He was greatly aided in the preparation of this State paper by his private Secretaries, Samuel Blatchford, then of Albany, and Henry Underwood of Auburn. The former was afterwards Mr. Seward's law-partner, and at present an associate justice of the United States Supreme Court at Washington.

In the years 1847-8 the whole country was electrified by

* See Seward's Works, lately published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in 5 vols.

the brilliant war victories achieved by General Taylor, over the Mexican forces. He became immensely popular with the people, and was early considered the most available Whig candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Seward favoring his nomination. He was elected over General Cass, the Democratic candidate for the same honor. At that time, Mr. Seward represented New York State in the United States Senate, and became the chief adviser of the new President. Immediately after the termination of the Mexican war, my firm engaged the services of Henry Montgomery, then editor of the *Auburn Morning Journal*, to write a biography of General Zachary Taylor, or "Old Rough and Ready," as he was called by his admirers. This book, which was a stirring account of the General's brave achievements, became very popular, and had an extensive sale, receiving the approval of the latter and friends. Soon after the inauguration of General Taylor, it was my good fortune to have the pleasure of his acquaintance, through the kindness of Mr. Seward, who presented me to the President one day at the White House. I was also most fortunate in this visit to Washington in seeing and hearing for the last time, those great men, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and Daniel Webster. Mr. Calhoun died a year after, and the other two illustrious statesmen two years later.

While Mr. Seward was Governor of the State of New York, a law was enacted on his recommendation for the recovery of colored citizens of the State, kidnapped into slavery. It was under the provisions of this act, that in January, 1853, H. B. Northrup, of Washington County, N. Y., procured the liberty of Solomon, a colored man, formerly living as a member of his family, who twelve years previous had been inveigled to the City of Washington and there kidnapped and sold into slavery.

Although a freeman, Solomon was sold under the hammer by slave-traders and taken south as far as Louisiana. His whereabouts were providentially discovered and

immediate measures were taken to restore him to freedom. On his return north, by the aid of his former employer, he prepared a narrative, relating to his twelve years of captivity, under the title of "Twelve Years a Slave," by Solomon Northrup.

This book was brought out by my firm, and Solomon's thrilling experiences caused quite a sensation among the reading community, the book meeting with a rapid and large sale.

Another important book published by Derby & Miller about that time was entitled—"The Trial of William Freeman, reported and edited by Hon. B. F. Hall."

It will be pertinent to my subject to mention this trial, giving a brief synopsis of the facts in the case, which will show to my readers how strongly the character of William H. Seward partook of those higher qualities of true manhood which are seldom found among men.

William Freeman at one time, previous to the perpetration of the horrible deed described below, had been committed to jail, charged with horse-theft, and being convicted, was sentenced to the State prison for the term of five years, although it was subsequently proved he was entirely innocent of the act. The boy, knowing his innocence, and smarting under his unjust incarceration, was not a willing prisoner, and consequently was frequently punished for his disobedience. It was on one of these occasions that he was brutally struck on the head with a piece of board in the hands of one of the keepers. This cruel treatment evidently affected his reason to some extent, or, to use his own description, "knocked all the hearing off, so it never came back again." That blow, no doubt, was the indirect cause of the horrible butchery of the Van Nest family, which occurred a short time after the prisoner's discharge from the State prison.

As soon as his term of imprisonment expired, he was permitted to go at large. Some time afterwards he visited the home of the Van Nests, asking them for pay for five years'

work. Having had nothing to do with his imprisonment, and not owing him the money, they naturally refused to accede to his strange demand. He departed much incensed at their refusal. That same day he sharpened a large carving-knife, and fastening it to the end of a long pole, returned at night to the Van Nest farm-house, just as the family were about preparing to retire. Meeting them one by one as he entered the dwelling, he stabbed five in turn to death, and then fled the county, escaping on one of the horses, which he took from the stable. He was found in Oswego County, about forty miles distant, and conveyed back to Auburn, where he was met by a mob that had assembled to mete out summary vengeance upon the perpetrator of such diabolical work. Being at that time a personal friend of the sheriff, I assisted him in arranging for the safety of the colored boy, by taking him, by a back entrance, into the County Jail. The prisoner thus, by a ruse, escaped death at the hands of the infuriated throng, though I was necessarily locked up with him. To my question why he had committed the dreadful deeds, he simply replied, "I wanted my pay." After the mob had dispersed, the sheriff released me from my voluntary imprisonment. The trial of this negro was conducted by John Van Buren, Attorney-General of the State, for the prosecution, and William H. Seward appeared for the defense, without fee or reward, thus consuming his valuable time, as it then seemed, to no purpose.

Mr. Seward early became satisfied that Freeman was an irresponsible person, and notwithstanding the indignation which the people would and did visit upon him, he decided to act as was natural to him—on the side of humanity. This determination on his part caused the utmost excitement. He was denounced publicly and privately, and his friends, including Thurlow Weed, remonstrated with him, saying that to attempt the defense was but to incur public odium. But all in vain; he was deter-

mined to do his duty. In a letter to Thurlow Weed, dated Auburn, May 29, 1846, he says :

“There is a busy war around me, to drive me from defending and securing a fair trial for the negro Freeman. People now rejoice that they did not lynch him, but they have all things prepared for an *auto-da-fé*, with the solemnities of a mock trial. No priest (except one Universalist*) no Levite, no lawyer, no man, no woman, has visited him. He is deaf, deserted, ignorant, and his conduct is unexplainable on any principle of *sanity*. It is natural that he should turn to me to defend him. If he does, I shall do so. This will raise a storm of prejudice and passion, which will try the fortitude of my friends. But I shall do my duty. I care not whether I am ever to be forgiven for it or not.”

Mr. Seward, actuated by the highest motives governing humanity, closed his most remarkable defense by an address to the jury, which, as a specimen of forensic eloquence has seldom if ever been surpassed.

Soon after Charles Sumner's return from Europe in 1849, at a gathering of some of his friends in Boston, he spoke of William E. Gladstone, then the coming man in Great Britain, as the most accomplished orator in Europe. Mr. Sumner said he heard Mr. Gladstone give his opinion of Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman defense as follows: “Mr. Seward's argument in the Freeman case is the greatest forensic effort in the English language.” An English gentleman present replied: “The greatest? Mr. Gladstone, you forget Erskine.” “No,” replied Gladstone, “I do not forget Mr. Erskine. I repeat, Mr. Seward's argument is the greatest forensic effort in the English language.”

The following extracts are from Mr. Seward's defense of William Freeman:

“For William Freeman as a murderer I have no commission to speak. If he had silver and gold accumulated with the frugality of Cræsus, and should pour it at all my feet, I would not stand an hour

* Rev. John M. Austin.

between him and the avenger. But for the innocent it is my right, my duty to speak. If this sea of blood was innocently shed, then it is my duty to stand beside him until his steps lose their hold upon the scaffold.

* * * * *

“I should be guilty of murder if in my present relation I saw the executioner waiting for an insane man, and failed to say, or failed to do in his behalf all that my ability allowed. I think it has been proved of the prisoner at the bar, that during all this long and tedious trial he has had no sleepless nights, and that even in the day-time when he retires from these halls to his lonely cell, he sinks to rest like a wearied child on the stone floor, and quietly slumbers till roused by the constable with his staff, to appear again before the jury. His counsel enjoy no such repose. Their thoughts by day and their dreams by night are filled with oppressive apprehension that through their inability or neglect he may be condemned. I am arraigned before you for undue manifestations of zeal and excitement. My answer to all such charges shall be brief. When this cause shall have been committed to you I shall be happy indeed if it shall appear that my only error has been that I have felt too much, thought too intensely or acted too faithfully.

* * * * *

“I plead not for a murderer. I have no inducement, no motive to do so. I have addressed my fellow citizens in many various relations when rewards of wealth and fame awaited me. I have been cheered on other occasions by manifestations of popular approbation and sympathy, and where there was no such encouragement I had at least the gratitude of him whose cause I defended. But I speak now in the hearing of a people who have prejudged the prisoner, and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or emotion. My child with an affectionate smile, disarms my careworn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street obliges me to give, because he says—‘God bless you,’ as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I fill his manger. But what reward, what gratitude, what sympathy can I expect here? There the prisoner sits. Look at him. Look at the assemblage around you. Listen to their ill suppressed censures and their excited fears and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow-men, where even in his heart, I can expect to find the sentiment, the thought, not to say of reward or of acknowledgment, but even of recognition. I sat here two weeks during the preliminary trial. I stood here between the prisoner and the jury nine hours, and pleaded for the wretch that he was insane and did not

even know he was on trial, and when all was done, the jury thought,—at least eleven of them thought,—that I had been deceiving them or was self-deceived. They read signs of intelligence in his idiotic smile and of cunning and malice in his stolid insensibility. They read a verdict that he was sane enough to be tried—a contemptible compromise verdict in a capital case, and then they looked on, with what emotions God and they only know, upon his arraignment. The District Attorney, speaking in his adder ear, bade him rise, and reading to him one indictment asked him whether he wanted a trial, and the poor fool answered: ‘No.’ Have you counsel? ‘No.’ And they went through the same mockery, the prisoner giving the same answers, until a third indictment was thundered in his ears, and he stood before the court silent, motionless and bewildered. Gentlemen, you may think of this evidence what you please, bring in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before Heaven and you that to the best of my knowledge and belief, the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my shadow falls on you instead of his own.”

The prisoner, however, notwithstanding the efforts of his eloquent defender, was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Subsequently, the former judgment having been set aside by the Supreme Court, a new trial was granted, and Mr. Seward was to have appeared for the prisoner again, but before the new trial had been commenced Freeman was visited by the Circuit Judge who tried him, and examined with reference to his mental condition, in order to determine the propriety of a second trial before the court.

The prisoner was found to be in a gradual decline of health and strength, and as unconcerned regarding his fate as when upon trial for his life. The judge then declined to re-open the case; the prisoner was never retried, and died shortly after.

After his death a post-mortem examination was called for by the whole community, as those who believed in his guilt as a responsible being were anxious to know the real truth of the case, which medical science alone could reveal. Dr. A. Brigham, the State Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Utica, being summoned after the autopsy, gave

an elaborate opinion, of which the following is a brief extract :

“ His appearance since his trial has been that of a person nearly bereft of his intellect. I saw him the last week in June, and found him more demented than he was the year previous. During the trial he was almost totally deaf and speechless, and apparently affected by general paralysis. Never scarcely have I seen such a mere fragment of humanity, so far as mind was concerned. At the time of the trial of Freeman, I was confident that he was insane and that the heinous crime he committed was the consequence of mental derangement. I can now have no rational doubt of the correctness of that opinion.”

Dr. Blanchard Fosgate, of Auburn, himself an author and a writer of a volume on the Philosophy of the Mind, well says in a letter :

“ How much the cause of justice and philosophy is indebted to the unwearied perseverance of the eminent advocate, who withstood the tide of popular indignation in conducting the prisoner's defense, is left for other hands to register ; but true it is, that over prejudice and error, science has gloriously triumphed, saving in this instance by its generous application, the life of an unaccountable agent from sacrifice.”

Two of Mr. Seward's most famous expressions are those known as “ The Irrepressible Conflict ” and “ The Higher Law.” One contained in a speech delivered before the United States Senate in the year 1850 ; the other in an address at Rochester, N. Y., 1858.

It has been asserted that both these sentiments had been used on some previous occasion, and were therefore not original with Mr. Seward ; but it is not generally known that he uttered the same expressions in speeches made, one at Cleveland, Ohio, October 26th, 1848, in which he says :

“ There are two antagonistical elements of society in America—freedom and slavery. Freedom is in harmony with our system of government and with the spirit of the age, and is, therefore, passive and quiescent. Slavery is in conflict with that system, with justice and with humanity, and is, therefore, organized, defensive, active, and perpetually aggressive.”

Although this speech was delivered during the campaign of 1848, while General Taylor was running for the Presidency, the bitter attacks on the sentiments as quoted were not made until he delivered his Rochester speech in 1858, when the Democratic papers attacked him bitterly.

Again, in a letter written from Albany, March, 1840, he asks: "Why should an American hate foreigners?" Then says: "For myself, so far from hating any of my fellow citizens, I should shrink from myself if I did not recognize them all as worthy of my constant solicitude, to promote their welfare and entitled of right by the Constitution and laws and by the *higher law* of God himself to equal rights, equal privileges, and equal political favor as citizens of the State with myself."

The famous so-called "Higher Law Speech" was made by Mr. Seward, March 11, 1850, on the admission of California to the Union. Although the same sentiment was expressed in 1840, it then attracted but little attention, as the question of slavery had not been agitated. The following are the words which produced such a sensation throughout the country, and for which Mr. Seward was condemned by all the pro-slavery journals and politicians. "But there is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purpose." The anti-slavery people, more especially among the Methodist churches, sustained Mr. Seward. The Rev. Wm. Hosmer, editor of the Northern Christian Advocate, was the author of a volume entitled, "The Higher Law," in which he sustains the position taken by Mr. Seward. The volume was well received, especially among the denomination to which Mr. Hosmer belonged.

Mr. John W. Forney, in his Anecdotes of Public Men, says: "I heard an anecdote of Mr. Seward's patient temperament a few days ago, that deserves mentioning. In June of 1856, after Preston S. Brooks committed his brutal assault on Charles Sumner, Mrs. Seward was exceedingly anxious for the safety of her husband, and ad-

vised him to protect himself. "Well, my dear," was the answer, "what shall I do? I am a man of peace; I never reply to personal attacks. How am I to defend myself? Shall I go to the Senate with a musket or rifle on my shoulder? If I use pistols, I am sure you will not ask me to shoot anybody without notice. You say no. Well then, it will be my duty, if I carry revolvers, to lay them on my Senatorial desk so that all men may see that I am ready to kill anybody at a moment's notice. I think this is my best weapon," he said, as he closed the interview and picked up a whip he carried as a metaphorical help to the old horse that carried him to the Capitol.

Ex-Senator Gwin, of California, tells the following anecdote of Mr. Seward, which illustrates his power at the dinner-table :

"When Seward came into the Senate, I also entered there. It was about the year 1850. He was re-elected, and so was I. He was very much disliked in the Senate, when I found him there, as an Abolitionist.

"Seward said to me one day when we were trying to get through some measures for the development of California, 'Mr. Gwin, I want you to invite me to dinner at your house with your leading Southern senators.'

"I said, 'Seward, I'm afraid they won't come.'

"'Oh yes,' said he, 'they will if you invite them. When we get at your table, I will manage them.'

"I went to Butler, of South Carolina, and to other Senators and said, 'I want you to come to my house to dinner, and Seward is going to be there too.'

"They came, and it was wonderful to see how that little fellow Seward managed that table. I never saw his equal at a dinner-table."

"He could tell tales that would make everybody laugh, and a good many of them were about himself. He would reflect on himself. In point of fact, Seward was a wonderful man, both as a table companion and as a student."

As soon as Mr. Lincoln had been formally notified of **his**

election as President of the United States, he offered to Mr. Seward the chief position in his Cabinet, that of Secretary of State, which was accepted. At the Chicago Convention which nominated Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward received the largest number of votes on the first ballot. Mr. Lincoln was finally nominated and subsequently elected.

Hon. William M. Evarts, chairman of the New York delegation, made on that occasion the following eloquent address, which well represented the feelings of the Republicans of the Empire State :

“The State of New York by a full delegation with complete unanimity of purpose at home, came to this convention and presented to its choice, one of its citizens who had served the state from boyhood up, who had labored for and loved it. We came from a great state with as we thought, a great statesman, and our love of the great republic from which we are all delegates, the great American Union, and our love of the great Republican party of the Union and our love of our statesman and candidate, made us think that we did our duty to the country and the whole country in expressing our preference for him. For it was from Gov. Seward that most of us learned to love republican principles, and the Republican party. His fidelity to the country, the constitution and the laws, his fidelity to the party and the principle that the majority govern, his interest in the advancement of our party to its victory, that our country may rise to its true glory, induces me to assume to speak his sentiments as I do indeed the opinion of our whole delegation when I move you as I do now that the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, as the Republican candidate for the suffrages of the whole country for the office of Chief Magistrate of the American Union, be made unanimous.”

The disappointment of Mr. Seward's friends was even greater than his, in the failure of a nomination, so confidently expected by all. The following is a brief response to my letter to him :

“Auburn, May 27th, 1860.

“MY DEAR DERBY :

“The kindness of my friends overwhelms me. You are one of the earliest and most constant and among the most esteemed.

“Faithfully,

“WILLIAM H. SEWARD.”

There is little doubt that the active opposition of Horace Greeley caused Mr. Seward's defeat. The former had grievances, which were set forth in his famous letter dissolving the firm.

Mr. Julius J. Wood, an old and devoted friend of Mr. Seward's, has recently told me that the latter related to him the occasion of the receipt of the celebrated document known as the Seward, Weed and Greeley letter. He said that Mr. Seward, after reading it, told his wife that Mr. Greeley was in a pet; that he was dissatisfied and angry, but that he would get over it, saying which he threw the letter into the waste-basket; but Mrs. Seward's quiet intelligence saw that it meant more than he thought and she carefully put it away for future possible reference.

Mr. Weed first saw the letter in the *New York Times*, where it was published by Mr. Raymond, who had called on his return from the Chicago Convention and made a copy of the celebrated epistle, so carefully preserved by Mrs. Seward.

On January 12, preceding the inauguration, Mr. Seward, still Senator of the United States, and being, as supposed, the mouth-piece of the incoming administration, made that memorable speech in the Senate "On the state of the Union," which created a profound impression throughout the country.

He commenced as follows: "I avow my adherence to the Union, with its integrity and with all its parts, with my friends, with my party, with my State, with my country, or without either, as they may determine, in every event, whether of peace or of war, with every consequence of honor or dishonor, of life or death." The speech closed with these words: "I certainly shall never, directly or indirectly, give my vote to establish or sanction slavery in the common territories of the United States, or anywhere else in the world."

A writer in one of the N. Y. papers describes the scene as follows:

“Mr. Seward’s speech was the event of the week, and is the topic of discussion in all political circles. The scene before and during the delivery of the speech was almost unparalleled in the Senate. By ten o’clock every seat in the galleries was filled, and by eleven the cloak-rooms and all the passages were choked up and a thousand men and women stood outside of the doors waiting to catch the words of the speaker when he should commence. Several hundred gentlemen came on from Baltimore to hear it, and the curiosity among all the Southern men here, to listen to it was intense. The southern Senators and Representatives paid the utmost attention and the galleries were as quiet as their suffocating condition would warrant. It was the fullest house of the session and by far the most respectful one. During the delivery of portions of the speech, Senators were in tears, when the sad picture of the country divided into two confederacies was presented, Mr. Crittenden, Senator from Kentucky, who sat immediately before the Orator was completely overcome by his emotion and bowed his white head and wept.”

The following glowing tribute by Whittier, indicates the enthusiasm which this speech created among the friends of liberty, throughout the country :—

TO WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

“Statesman, I thank thee !—and if yet dissent
 Mingles, reluctant, with my large content,
 I cannot censure, what was nobly meant.
 But, while constrained to hold even Union less,
 Than Liberty and Truth and Righteousness,
 I thank thee in the sweet and holy name
 Of peace, for wise calm words that put to shame
 Passion and party. Courage may be shown
 Not in defiance of the wrong alone ;
 He may be bravest who, unweaponed, bears
 The olive branch, and strong in justice, spares
 The rash wrong-doer, giving widest scope
 To Christian charity and generous hope,
 If, without damage to the sacred cause
 Of freedom and the safe-guard of its laws—
 If without yielding that for which alone
 We prize the Union, thou canst save it now
 From a baptism of blood, upon thy brow
 A wreath whose flowers no earthly soil has known,
 Woven of the beatitudes, shall rest ;
 And the peace-maker be forever blest !”

During the summer of 1861, I was appointed by Mr. Seward, Librarian of the Department of State at Washington, which brought me into confidential relations with the Secretary. While filling this office, he frequently intrusted me with important despatches to our ministers abroad, which I was to submit to Mr. Lincoln for his approval, before they were forwarded to their respective destinations.

I usually called on the President for this purpose about noon, his hour for luncheon, and was at such times struck at the simple repast of a sandwich and a cup of tea, with which that great man refreshed himself, while looking over the despatches. This was generally done in a cursory manner. Once he remarked that "Mr. Seward knew what was the right thing to say, and how to say it."

In the month of November, 1861, Captain Wilkes, of the U. S. steamer, *San Jacinto*, intercepted the British mail packet boat, *Trent*, arresting James M. Mason, of Va., and John Slidell, of La., late U. S. senators from their respective states, but at the time of their arrest, ambassadors from the Confederate States to England and France. The captives were sent to Fort Warren, near Boston, where political prisoners were confined. When the arrest became known by the British Government preparations for war were at once made. The Secretary of the Navy, Gideon Welles, publicly applauded the action of Wilkes, and even the House of Representatives did the same. The whole country was elated at what was deemed an important capture. Mr. Seward, on the contrary, said that a great blunder had been committed, and resolved that the captives should be returned to the protection of the British flag.

President Lincoln and Charles Sumner, then chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, both concurred in this resolution of Mr. Seward. I first learned of the decision of the Government on being sent for by the Secretary to read with him, for verification, a copy of his letter to Lord Lyons, then British ambassador to this country.

Much surprised at the nature of the despatch, I quickly saw the wisdom of the course Mr. Seward intended to pursue.

The moneyed interest of the country having become alarmed at the prospect of a war with Great Britain, gold had reached a fabulous figure.

The news soon spread to Wall Street. "Bull Run Russell," as the correspondent of the London *Times* was called, telegraphed to a friend in New York, "Act as though you heard good news." Mr. Russell was known to be on intimate terms with Lord Lyons, and, as a natural consequence, received the earliest information concerning the amicable settlement of, perhaps, the most formidable question arising with any foreign government during the period of the civil war.

On the 7th day of April, 1865, I was appointed by Mr. Seward U. S. Despatch Agent at New York, the most valuable appointment within the gift of the Secretary of State. As few are aware of the duties of such an office, the following extracts from the letter of instructions accompanying my appointment may be interesting.

"Department of State, Washington, April 7th, 1865.

"JAMES C. DERBY, Esq.,
U. S. Despatch Agent,
New York.

"SIR:—

"You are hereby appointed despatch agent of the department at New York. . . . The following is a statement of the principal duties pertaining to your office and of the instructions by which you will be governed in its administration. You will receive from Europe, the East and from South America all despatches or other packages directed to this department and *transmit* them with all possible despatch by mail, or through one of the express lines, and will attend to the transmission of all despatches and other matter from this department to the legations, consuls and commercial agents of the United States abroad. . . . It will be necessary that you should make an arrangement with the post-office in New York, by which all despatches directed to your care may be delivered to you immediately after their arrival, that no loss of opportunity may occur

for their speedy transmission to the points to which they are addressed, and to enable you to be punctual in the discharge of this particular duty it will be necessary for you to keep yourself advised of all anticipated departures of vessels, so that advantage may be taken of the earliest opportunities. You will keep a tabular statement of all matter sent to you from this department, noting the date and mode of transmission and take monthly returns of them in book form. In case of detention of the steamers or packets at quarantine, the despatches are to be sent for at the expense of the department. The despatches from the department consist principally of communications and newspapers to the Ministers, Consuls and Commercial Agents of the United States abroad. . . . It is highly important that the department should receive the despatches, as early as practicable, after their arrival, and you will adopt such means as will enable you to obtain them at least as early as private letters are obtained. . . . You are to consider your duties confidential and keep all despatches remaining over, in your possession. That you may receive all practicable facilities, a letter has been addressed to the Post-Master of your City, and one is hereby inclosed to the Collector of Customs at New York, asking such aid on the part of their respective offices, as may be necessary for the prompt discharge of your duties.

I am sir,

Your obedient servant,

(Signed)

F. W. SEWARD,

Assistant Secretary.

Among the earliest despatches forwarded by me to London was the following to Minister Adams, *via* Portland, the only steamer leaving on that day—which the New York papers published at the time.

“Washington, April 15th. The sad duty devolves upon me to announce the assassination of the President at Ford’s Theatre last night, by a pistol shot, from a person who entered the box for the purpose. The assassin escaped, but it is supposed has been arrested. The President died at 7:30 o’clock this morning. Vice-President Johnson has assumed the functions of President, having been sworn in by the Chief Justice. About the same time an attempt was made by (it is believed) a different person to assassinate Mr. Seward, but the murderer only succeeded in inflicting painful and severe wounds principally upon his face.”

“Mr. F. W. Seward was beaten over the head with a heavy weapon in the hands of the person who attacked his father, and grievously hurt. His brother was also wounded by the dagger of the assassin, as was Mr. Hansell, a messenger of the department who was with the secretary and the male nurse in attendance.”

(Signed)

WILLIAM HUNTER,

Acting Secretary of State.

A short time previous to this attempted assassination Mr. Seward was violently thrown from his carriage, striking on his face and breaking his jaw-bone ; his son, F. W. Seward, then became acting Secretary of State, and sent the following despatch to Minister Adams :

Department of State, Washington, April 10th, 1865.

SIR :—I regret to state that a serious accident has occurred to the Secretary of State and that his injuries are so severe as to render it impossible for the present, that he should give any attention to matters of official business. It is hoped that in a few days he will so far have recovered from its effects as to be able to resume in some degree his official duties. Your recent despatches will then be submitted to him. Until that time their consideration is necessarily deferred.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

F. W. SEWARD, Acting Secretary.

Dr. Verdi, the family physician had just returned from dressing the fearful wound when he was again suddenly summoned to a more dreadful sight. The following is

DR. VERDI'S ACCOUNT OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF MR. SEWARD AND SONS.

* * * * *

“When I reached the door of Mr. Seward, I ascended quickly and when I got up stairs I met the blanched face of Mrs. Seward, who, in an agonized tone, said—“Look to Mr. Seward !” Mr. Seward lay on his bed with pallid face and half closed eyes, he looked like an exsanguinated corpse. In approaching him my feet went deep in blood. Blood was streaming from an extensive gash in the swollen cheek, the cheek was now laid open and the flap hung loose on his neck. With prompt applications of ice-water I checked the hemorrhage and then examined the extent of the wound. The gash

commenced from the high cheek-bone down to the neck in a semi-circular form towards the mouth, it was probably five inches long and two inches deep. It was a frightful wound. It seemed as if the jugular vein or the carotid artery must be wounded, so great was the loss of blood. I was greatly relieved to find that they were not. Mrs. Seward and her daughter almost paralyzed, were waiting and watching for my first word. Relieved to see that the secretary had so miraculously escaped the severing of those two vital vessels, I said: "Mr. Seward, even in your misfortune I must congratulate you, the assassin has failed and your life is not in danger." He could not speak, but he made a sign with the hand for his wife and daughter to approach, took hold of their hands, and his eyes only spoke and bid them hope. I had hardly sponged his face from the bloody stains and replaced the flap, when Mrs. Seward, with an intense look called me to her. "Come and see Frederick," said she. Somewhat surprised, I said, "What is the matter with Frederick?" In a painful whisper she muttered, "He is badly wounded, I fear." Without adding another word I followed her to the next room, where I found Frederick bleeding profusely from the head. He had a ghastly appearance, was unable to articulate, gave me a smile of recognition and pointed to his head. There I found a large wound a little above the forehead and somewhat on the left of the median line, and another further back on the same side. The cranium had been crushed in, in both places, and the brain was exposed. The wounds were bleeding profusely, but the application of cold water pledgets soon stopped the hemorrhage. I feared these wounds would prove fatal. Mrs. Seward was again haunting me with that intense look of silent anxiety. I gave her words of encouragement. I feared they were unmeaning words. Again she drew me to her with that look I had seen in the other room. As I approached almost bewildered she said, "Come and see Augustus." "For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Seward, what does this mean?" I followed her in another room on the same floor and there found Augustus with two cuts on his forehead and one on his right hand. They were superficial. As I turned to Mrs. Seward to give her a word of comfort she said, "Come and see Mr. Robinson." I ceased wondering, my mind became as if paralyzed; mechanically I followed her and examined Mr. Robinson. He had four or five cuts on his shoulders. They were superficial. Again I turned to Mrs. Seward as if asking, "Any more?" yet unbelieving that any more could be wounded. She answered my look. "Yes, one more." In another room I found Mr. Hansell, piteously groaning on the bed. He said he was wounded in the back. I stripped him, and found a deep gash just above the small of the back, near the spine. I thrust my finger in the wound

evidently made by a large bladed knife, and found that it followed a rib, but had not penetrated the viscera. Here was another miraculous escape. . . . Let us now recur to some of the chief incidents of the attempted assassination. At or about ten o'clock of the evening of the 14th of April, thirty minutes after I had left Mr. Seward, the bell of his house gave a ring. William Wells, a colored lad, who usually attended the door, answered that ring. A man holding a little package in his hands, presented himself, saying, I must go up to Mr. Seward, to deliver him the medicine and a message from Dr. Verdi. The lad tells him he cannot go up, but would deliver both medicine and message himself. No, the stranger cannot trust the important message, he must go up himself. In vain the lad remonstrates. In his testimony before the court he states, "I told him he could not go up it, was against my orders. That if he would give me the medicine I would tell Mr. Seward how to take it." That would not do, he started to go up. Finding that he would go up, I stepped past him and went up the steps before him. Then thinking that such might be the orders of Dr. Verdi and that I was interfering, I begged him to excuse me. I became afraid he might tell Mr. Seward and the doctor of my interference. He answered, "All right." As he stepped heavily, I told him to walk lightly so as not to disturb the secretary. In the adjacent room to Mr. Seward's Frederick is lying on the sofa, resting. He hears steps and voices ascending, he comes out on the landing and there meets the stranger. Frederick inquires, "What do you want?" "I want to see Mr. Seward, I have medicine and a message to deliver from Dr. Verdi." "My father is asleep, give me the medicine and the directions, I will take them to him." "No, I must see him, I must see him," he repeats in a determined manner. "You cannot see him; you cannot see him. I am the proprietor here. I am Mr. Seward's son. If you cannot leave them with me you cannot leave them at all." The man still insists. Frederick still refuses. The determined tone of Frederick causes the man to hesitate, he even turns to go down stairs, the lad preceding, telling him to walk lightly. He descends four or five steps, when suddenly he turns back and springs upon Frederick, giving him a blow—doubtless with the heavy pistol, on the head, that fells him to the ground. The lad seeing the brutal assault runs down crying "Murder! Murder!" He flies to the corner—Genl. Augur's headquarters. He finds no guard. In the meanwhile, Robinson, the nurse in attendance on Mr. Seward, hearing the unusual noise, opens the door and sees the stranger and Frederick thrown on his hands and bleeding; before he has time for thought the assassin is on him, striking him to the ground, he quickly rises but before he can clinch with him, the assassin is on Mr. Seward, who having awakened and

comprehending the scene at once had risen in his bed. The assassin plunges an immense knife in Mr. Seward's face, he attempts another strike at his neck, but Robinson is upon him and the knife is partially arrested. He tries to disengage himself from Robinson by striking him with the knife over the shoulders.

The daughter, who, too, is watching in the dimly lighted room, screams "help" and "murder!" . . . Lewis Payne is arrested under suspicious circumstances. William Wells, the colored lad, was sent for; being shown to a room containing several people, he is asked if he recognizes the assassin among them? No, he does not see him. Several other people are then brought in, when suddenly he walks towards Lewis Payne, and in an excited manner exclaims, "There he is! I knew I could never forget that lip." The recognition was complete. Mr. Seward lay prostrate, his wounded cheek had tumified and inflamed. His nervous system had received such a shock that even without that excessive loss of blood, had diminished the natural resources for action. His sleep was restless and interrupted by terrible dreams. We feared that even his strong constitution would finally yield. But no—his power of existence was truly extraordinary it was principally due to his mental strength. This man, so foully dealt with, would struggle and conquer in adversity. He treated his case from a high standpoint of philosophy. He spoke of it as of an historical fact, avoiding individualism, and treated it as another instance of the madness that overcomes weak minds in great national convulsions. It was sublime to hear this stricken-down man with jaws screwed together by surgical art, speaking through a hole made in the apparatus that held his mouth fast, not a word for himself but the words of a sound philosopher who will not despise human nature for the act of a madman. With nothing but misery, suffering agony, and with death staring him in the face, he was calm, submissive, even forbearing. All his solicitude was about his son. Of the calamity to Mr. Lincoln, his fellow-co-laborer, he knew nothing for several days. The wounds of Frederiek excited the greatest solitude. The brain was exposed in both places, in the anterior one fully a square inch of the membranes of the brain were exposed to view. A lacerated vessel on the interior surface of the cranium would from time to time bleed so profusely as to put his life in imminent jeopardy, and yet it could not be reached for a ligature. We were constantly kept in fearful apprehension of these hemorrhages. With noble fortitude did that family bear the anxieties and the fatigues of this long and sad period; Mrs. Seward, so delicate in frame, so feeble in health, unceasingly supervising all the nursing that required such fine judgment and unremitting care.

Human endurance, however, has its limits, and Mrs. Seward finally

succumbed. The little flame that lighted that body expired on the 21st of June. Like her life, her death was the calmness of a heaven-born spirit. Overcome by these multiplied trials her daughter at length sank into a nervous fever that consumed her. Her body could not bear whatever soul had borne, and in a year's time she added one more to the number of victims to the terrible plot of Booth, Surratt and Payne."

Mr. Seward's only allusion to "casualties" which deprived the department of the services of both secretary and assistant secretary of state for several weeks, was drawn out by way of an excuse for an omission to fully acknowledge the manifold expressions which were transmitted to the department from governments, public authorities, civic, ecclesiastical, educational corporations and associations as well as from public assemblies of citizens, and from individual citizens, of their feeling of sympathy and condolence which the government and the people of the United States in the calamity which they had suffered in the lamented death of the late president, Abraham Lincoln. "Owing," says Mr. Seward, "to some peculiar casualties, the efficiency of the department was impaired at the time the despatches were received, and they obtained only a simple and formal acknowledgment from the presiding secretary."

Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, the well-known publisher, always a great admirer of Mr. Seward's statesmanship, addressed to him, on several occasions, well-turned sonnets.

The following appropriate poetic tribute was at the close of his long term of service as Secretary of State :

W. H. S.

"Eight years of service, such as greatest kings
Might seek, yet be unable to perform ;
Thou hast rode out from first to last the storm
That shook the Nation. Now the day that brings
To all the land the crowning act of Peace
Takes off thy burden, gives thee glad release.
How through these years in silence has thou borne,
The cruel doubt, the slanders of debate—
The assassin's knife, and keener blade of scorn

Wielded by party in its narrow hate,
 How couldst thou pause each step to vindicate
 Of thy surpassing work? Lo! it is done,
 Freedom enshrined in our regenerate state,
 And they who were divided made as one."

March 4th, 1869.

Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, in a letter to the *N. Y. Independent*, describing a visit to Mr. Seward, in July, 1870, thus vividly pictures the latter's residence at Auburn:

"South Street a brick house of the style of forty or fifty years ago, painted yellow, large, roomy, most hospitable looking, situated in the midst of some three acres of lawn and shubbery, a row of Lombardy poplars like grim sentinels bordering the street in front of the house, couchant lions in stone crowning the solid columns which support the iron gates, a broad carriage-way, and stone stables in the rear—such were the outward appearance and surroundings of the home of Ex-Secretary Seward.

"The 'gates' to this delightful retreat seemed ever 'ajar.' Distinguished strangers, friends and neighbors were constantly calling to pay their respects to the venerable statesman, who, at the age of seventy, bore so remarkably the years and cares of his eventful life.

"The house is a museum of curiosities. Relics, mementoes, testimonials, innumerable works of art abounded everywhere. In the reception-room are the family portraits. Those of Mr. Seward's father and mother at once attract the visitor, not alone on account of the quaint costumes and the striking resemblance disclosed between father and son, but for the remarkable character and sweetness of expression embodied in the countenance of Mr. Seward's mother. It was one of the faces that always arrest attention—a face sure to linger long afterward in the memory."

Notwithstanding the injuries received at the time of his attempted assassination in 1865 (from the effects of which he still suffered), his infirmities and his advanced age, Mr. Seward started on a journey around the world in the year 1870, which he completed the following year, then returning to Auburn, where he passed the remaining days of his long and patriotic life.

The reception tendered him all along the route of his

travels was remarkable. In almost every clime he was greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations by the people generally, and was the recipient of many affecting marks of individual esteem. By sovereigns and ministers he was universally welcomed as one with whom they had been in friendly intercourse; and not only was every courtesy extended to him by his own countrymen whom he met abroad, but the various nations through which he journeyed seemed to vie with each other in doing him honor.

Once in 1871, during Mr. Seward's remarkable journey, he said: "Passing through the great library of an English nobleman with Sir Henry Holland, we came upon an alcove, where an author sat surrounded by a pile of tomes. 'There,' said Sir Henry, 'is an illustration of the methods of the human intellect. That is the way books are made—out of books. Here are 800,000 volumes on these shelves, slowly and laboriously reproduced out of each other during successive centuries. And they will continue for centuries to come, evolving others in which an original thought or fact will be the exception, while the great mass of their ideas will be selected, copied and rearranged with more or less skill from their predecessors.'

"'And that,' he added, 'induces me to think that the destruction of the Alexandrian library, that the world laments, was, perhaps, no great calamity after all. Probably nearly every valuable thought in it has reappeared since somewhere else.'"

At another time he said: "In Guadalaxara, Mexico, there is a great treasure, which the world passes by unnoticed and unknown. The convents and colleges there were two centuries accumulating libraries containing all manner of rare and valuable books and manuscripts, in various languages and on all subjects. When the revolution took place these institutions were broken up, their property confiscated and their libraries became the property of the several States. So the State of Jalisco found itself the possessor of a vast accumulation of books, containing

a multitude of duplicates. These duplicates it would gladly sell or exchange and still retain a library such as few European capitals can boast. But Guadalaxara is so remote, so cut off from communication with the literary world, that the great treasure still rests there, in the dim and dusty seclusion of the upper rooms of the university."

After finishing his wonderful sight-seeing abroad, he decided to write an account of his travels, in response to an evident popular desire for the same. Seward's *Travels Around the World*, edited by his adopted daughter, Olive Risley Seward, was the result of this conclusion; they were published in 1873, by D. Appleton & Co., at which time I was connected with that house. It had an immense sale, yielding the estate a copyright of more than fifty thousand dollars.

In the year 1871, I received a letter from Mr. Seward, an extract from which is given below.

"I am clearing away from my table an accumulated business and correspondence, with a view, if I can find the necessary aid, to prepare an account, not of my life and times, but of my own particular part in the transactions and events of the period in which I have lived."

He soon after began his autobiography and told the story of his life down to his 34th year. It was his intention to complete the work, but his death left it unfinished. This autobiography is incorporated with a memoir of Mr. Seward's life by his son Frederick W. Seward, published by D. Appleton & Co., in the year 1877. The second volume, completing this most interesting biography, we may hope soon to see from the pen of this worthy and accomplished son, who was associated so long with his father as assistant Secretary of State, and which position he subsequently filled under the Hon. William M. Evarts, with great credit to himself and satisfaction to the public.

The death of Mr. Seward, occurred on the 10th of October, 1872. His funeral was attended by a large concourse of his neighbors and distinguished friends from all

parts of the States. The tomb in which his remains rest, in Fort Hill Cemetery, at Auburn, is of white marble, supporting a cross upon which rests a wreath of oak and laurel. At the head is a cinerary urn of classic design, around which is entwined a vine of ivy.

On the face of the tomb is simply inscribed :

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

BORN MAY 16TH, 1801. DIED OCTOBER 10TH, 1872.

On the base of the urn is the inscription which he desired :

“ He was faithful.”

Passing up Broadway, to Madison Square Park, one of the first objects of interest to attract the attention is the fine bronze statue erected to the memory of Mr. Seward by prominent citizens of New York.

The commission to produce this monument was given to Mr. Randolph Rogers, a personal friend of the subject of his model ; and of his work, the *London Art Journal* says :

“ The sculptor has executed a life-like portrait statue of the late eminent American Statesman, Mr. Seward. The statue is in every way naturalistic, there has been no attempt to make it anything but a portrait of the man, and this it may fairly lay claim to. He is seated in an attitude of meditation, and in a costume, such as in all probability, he was daily accustomed to wear.”

The statue was completed and formally presented to the city the 28th of September, 1876, before assembled thousands, who witnessed the unveiling. Hon. John Bigelow, making the formal presentation of the statue on the part of the citizens, the Mayor, Hon. W. H. Wickham, accepting the same in the name of the city. The orator of the day was Hon. William M. Evarts. The inscriptions are of the simplest nature. On the upper tablet is inscribed the name, William H. Seward, on the larger tablet beneath—Governor—United States Senator—Secretary of State.

III.

HARPER & BROTHERS.

First call on Harper & Brothers—Their early business hours—Anecdotes of their early home—James Harper's fund of Humor—Elected Mayor—His lesson to hackmen—Accident causing his death—John Harper's fondness for horses—Will not work on Sunday—Honored life and peaceful death—Wesley Harper the beloved brother—First visit to a theatre—Fletcher Harper's great achievement—Thurlow Weed's shrewdness—Fletcher Harper's noted Monday dinners—His death greatly mourned—The present firm—Traditions of the founders.

MY acquaintance with the house of Harper & Brothers began in the year 1838, when I was a clerk for Mr. Henry Ivison, who at that time was a bookseller and book-binder in the village of Auburn, N. Y., and who probably never dreamed that he would eventually become the head of the largest school-book house in the world. In the year mentioned, Mr. Ivison sent me to New York, having confidence in my knowledge of the trade, to lay in a stock for his book-store, and gave me a letter of introduction to the Harpers. At that time they were doing business at 82 Cliff Street. I shall never forget the feeling of awe with which I entered their door and presented my letter, nor the kindness and cordiality with which they welcomed the youngster on his first visit to the great city, put him at his ease, and made him feel at home. The impression made upon me at that moment will never be effaced from my



James Harper

memory ; and I recall now, as though it were but yesterday, the pleasant smile and courteous manner with which I was greeted by each of the four brothers. The acquaintance and friendship thus begun suffered no interruption during the lifetime of the brothers, and have continued on in the most pleasant and cordial relations with their successors.

In the year 1840 I began business on my own account in Auburn, and had occasion to visit New York twice a year for the purchase of supplies. Of course, no bookseller's stock was complete without the publications of Harper & Brothers, and for many years I was one of their constant customers. However early in the morning I might call, I rarely failed to find each member of the firm at his post. This habit of business punctuality clung to them through life ; and thinking of it reminds me of an incident of his clerkship in the house, told me, not long since, by a member of the present firm. In common with his cousins, he was not quite so rigid as were his father and uncles in observing the homely old proverb that inculcates the advantages of being early at business. Sauntering into the counting-room about nine o'clock one morning, smoking a cigar, he was thus greeted by his uncle John : " When your father and I were of your age, Joe, we used to be at the office at half-past seven, and remain until six." " All right, Uncle John," replied the young scion ; " you did it so that we might not be obliged to do it when it came our turn." " Yes," said Uncle James, " and I suppose, Colonel, the boy will make it up by leaving earlier." The Colonel evidently felt that the point was against him, and, with a comical look of reproof at the incorrigible over his glasses, he resumed the reading of his *Courier & Enquirer*.

The four brothers, to whom I was thus pleasantly introduced nearly half a century ago, were the children of Joseph Harper, the eldest son of James Harper, a native of England, who came to this country about the middle of the last century, and settled as a schoolmaster at Newtown,

Long Island, where he married. His body rests beneath the pulpit of the Sands Street M. E. Church, in Brooklyn, which, in all its mutations, has preserved the plainness and simplicity of the good old-fashioned Methodist Meeting-house. Joseph, who was born in 1766, was a sort of universal genius. He was a house carpenter by trade, cultivated a small farm, and, for the convenience of his neighbors, kept a small retail store in one room of his house. In his absence the store was tended by his wife. The old homestead, somewhat altered, is still standing at Middle Village, and the farm forms part of the Lutheran Cemetery in that town.

The carpenter's trade was not very lucrative, but incidentally it helped Joseph Harper to what was better than a fortune, an excellent wife. While engaged in building a house for a well-to-do Dutch farmer of the vicinage, the young man fell in love with his employer's daughter, a comely young damsel. Her father, a sturdy Lutheran, objected to the match on religious grounds, there being a strong prejudice against the followers of Wesley among the Dutch burghers at that time. But the young man's affection was returned; the father at length yielded, and in April, 1792, Elizabeth Kolyer became Mrs. Joseph Harper. Soon after her marriage she joined the Methodist communion; and to the day of her death she continued to exemplify the beauty and sweetness of a pure, simple and devout Christian character.

Their house was always open to the visits of Methodist preachers, who were welcomed with open-handed hospitality. The best room was reserved for them, and it was called "the Preacher's bed-room." In it stood a high-post bedstead; a snow-white counterpane, fragrant with the odor of lavender, covered the bed, and the room was pervaded with an air of simplicity and comfort. Every quarter-day, the presiding elder was made at home in their house, and treated with as much reverence and respect as if he had been the Archbishop of Canterbury; indeed, he was a sort

of pope in those days, and wielded an authority, which has become a matter of tradition. As a rule, the preachers were men of fine physique, earnest, genial, and kindly, delightful guests and not insensible to the charms of hospitable entertainment.

The following incident will serve to illustrate Mr. Harper's strength of character. One day he was remonstrating kindly with a neighbor who was given to indulgence to strong drink, when the latter, looking him full in the face, interrupted him with: "Neighbor Harper, you don't like the taste of liquor, but you are as much a slave to tobacco as I am to rum, and you couldn't break off that habit any more than I could break off drinking." Mr. Harper made no immediate reply, but the retort made a deep impression on his mind. He thought the matter over, and determined that no self-indulgence on his part should be an excuse to his neighbor. That very day he put his pipes and tobacco away on the topmost shelf of the closet above the old-fashioned kitchen fire-place; and from that time to the day of his death, nearly thirty years after, he eschewed the use of tobacco. The self-denial, as every one who has been addicted to the habit knows, was a severe test of resolution. Mr. Harper said nothing about it, but quietly and conscientiously carried out the idea long afterwards expressed by Emerson:

"Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

Of the four brothers the first to quit the paternal roof was James, the eldest. He chose to become a printer, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to Messrs. Paul and Thomas, whose place of business was at the corner of Burling Slip and Water Street, New York. His next brother, John, soon followed him, and was apprenticed to a printer by the name of Jonathan Seymour. Both the brothers, being young men of great energy, capacity, and courage,

and possessing a noble ambition to excel in everything which they undertook, soon became accomplished workmen. James was acknowledged to be the best and quickest pressman in New York. at a time when steam had not been applied to machinery. One of his fellow apprentices was Thurlow Weed, and the young men formed a warm friendship, which was broken only by death. Late in life Mr. Weed, speaking of these early days, said of James Harper : "It was the rule of his life to study not how little he could work, but how much. Often, after a good day's work, he would say to me, 'Thurlow, let's break the back of another token [250 impressions]—just break its back.' I would generally consent reluctantly 'just to break the back' of the token ; but James would beguile me, or laugh at my complaints, and never let me off until the token was completed, fair and square. It was a custom with us in summer to do a fair half-day's work before the other boys and men got their breakfast. James and I would meet by appointment in the gray of the morning, and go down to the printing-room. A pressman who could do twenty, or even ten per cent. more work than usual was always sure of a position. James Harper, Tom Kennedy (long since dead), and I, made the largest bills in the city. We often earned as much as fourteen dollars each per week—liberal wages when you remember that good board could then be obtained for ten dollars per month."

James Harper possessed an inexhaustible fund of humor, was very fond of harmless jokes, and, like President Lincoln, was a genius in the art of telling a good story or apt anecdote. He would keep the counting-room in a roar with his shrewd and witty sayings. It used to be playfully said of him that although he was a strict "teetotaler," he was hardly ever known to be "sober." It was characteristic of him to approach a person, whether friend or stranger, in an odd and eccentric, but always genial way.

James Harper was elected Mayor of New York in 1844,

and many stories are current that illustrate his humorous eccentricities. There was an ordinance then in force, or rather on the books, for it was constantly disregarded, that hackmen should not board the River or Sound boats as they came to their wharves. Rival hackmen, in their eagerness to capture a fare, were accustomed to board the steamers with the ferocity of an old-time press-gang, seize their victims and carry them by main force to their hacks. One morning James Harper arrived in New York by the Albany boat. The hackmen sprang on board, shouting, "Carriage, sir! carriage, sir!" thrusting their cards into the very faces of the passengers. James engaged seven or eight carriages. "Yes, my son," he replied to their importunities, "certainly, give me your card;" and as he beamed benevolently upon them through his spectacles, they thought they had captured a most affable old gentleman, who was taking carriages for a large party. On reaching the dock, he got into the last carriage, and ordered the driver to take him to the City Hall. There he gave the cards to his clerk, imposed a fine on each of the hackmen, and directed that their licenses should be revoked.

I will give one more instance of the sly humor in which James Harper delighted to indulge: One day it fell to him to entertain a visitor at the office, who had come in with no object save to satisfy his curiosity; one of those dull-witted "bores" to whom the parody of Ben Jonson's famous line might be aptly applied:

"He was not for a time, *but for all day.*"

After a great many questions about the business and the part taken by the several brothers, the visitor remarked: "You say, Mr. Harper, that your brother John sees to the accounts, that your brother Wesley superintends the correspondence, and that your brother Fletcher keeps the business moving; but you haven't told me what you do."

"Oh," replied Mr. James Harper, "they leave me an

enormous amount of work. I have more to do than all of them put together."

"Indeed! That is very curious. Allow me to ask what it is?"

"Why, my dear sir, between you and me, they leave me to entertain the bores."

The obtuse visitor appeared to consider this a most capital joke, and was the only one who heard it without perceiving its application.

James Harper was tall and athletic, and to the last noted for his great physical strength. His kindly humor, his generosity, and affability endeared him greatly to all with whom he came in contact. It was his daily custom to pass from one department to another of the business establishment, chatting and jesting with the men, women, and children at their work, and having a pleasant word for each. He knew by name the persons employed in the various departments, interested himself in their family histories, and won their confidence.

On the 25th of March, 1869, Mr. James Harper went to his place of business in his usual health and spirits. He had almost completed his seventy-fourth year, but he was as erect of figure and as buoyant of spirit as a boy. After making his usual visit to the departments, he took his leave, as it proved, forever. On his way up town he sat for his photograph, the best and most characteristic ever taken of him. Then having dined, he drove out with his daughter. When at Forty-fourth street, and nearing Central Park, the pole of the carriage suddenly broke, and the horses, though docile and well-trained, were frightened, and at once were beyond control. Mr. Harper was thrown violently to the pavement, and was taken up insensible. He was so seriously injured that he was carried into St. Luke's Hospital, where he died two days after the accident, without having regained consciousness. It was remarked that for some time previous to this sad occurrence Mr. Harper had omitted at family prayers the petition to be

delivered from sudden death, and when asked for an explanation he had replied, "The Lord knows best."

The death of Mr. James Harper was deeply lamented, and his funeral drew together a very large attendance; but the most touching tribute to his memory was paid by the poor men and women whose affections had been won by his sympathy and charities, and who bent to kiss his calm, benignant face as he lay in his coffin.

John Harper, or "the Colonel," as he was familiarly called, attended to the finances of the firm. This would have been of itself business enough for any ordinary man; but the Colonel also took in, as a sort of by-play, the purchase of the large supplies of printing paper and other materials used in the manufacture of books. While an apprentice he had acquired the reputation of being an excellent compositor and accurate proof-reader. "At an early age," says one who knew him well, "he developed that intuitive taste in typography which was so marked that as long as he remained in active life at the office a specimen page of every important book issued by Harper & Brothers was always submitted to him for examination. He was quick to detect a typographical error. If there was but a single mistake in a page, were it nothing but a turned letter, his keen eye was almost sure to catch it. He was especially critical in the matter of title-pages; and it was characteristic of him that whenever one was submitted to his inspection he always felt in his waistcoat-pocket for his pencil before looking at it. Not infrequently a title-page was revised a dozen times before it received his *imprimatur*."

The striking habit of his mind was that of quick decision. He never hesitated, and with him to plan was to execute. A remarkable instance of this quickness of purpose was his action immediately after the great fire of 1853. It so happened that on the day of this disaster I was sitting in the counting-room of Harper & Brothers, negotiating for the use of some of their stereotype plates. The four brothers were present, with several of the sons. Suddenly

everyone was startled by the cry of "Fire;" and in an instant the whole building seemed to be in a blaze. It was soon evident that little could be saved; and having satisfied themselves that everyone employed in the establishment was safe, the four brothers joined the excited throng in the street, and calmly watched the heroic but futile efforts of the firemen to quench the flames.

John Harper was the first to break the silence, as they stood together. Drawing out his watch, he remarked, in as cool a voice as if he were sitting in his parlor, that it was time to go to dinner, and that it would be well for the firm to meet at his house in the evening for consultation. At this conference it was decided that, although there was an ample competency on which they could retire, the business was too valuable to be given up, especially as they all had sons to follow in their footsteps. "We must show them that we are not old fogies," said Mr. John Harper.

Temporary arrangements were made at once to carry on the business; and the erection of the large buildings now occupied by the firm was immediately begun. The plans were designed by Mr. John Harper, and the buildings were constructed under his personal supervision. It is said that he went over the whole establishment only once after its completion.

I find in the *Booksellers' Advertiser* of January, 1834, the following statement:—

We have ascertained that the number of works printed and published by Harper and Bros., is 234, making 413 volumes, a single set of which cost, at trade price, \$252.38. Of Harper's, 192 volumes, from 18mo to 8vo are stereotyped, and the stereotype plates alone, exclusive of copyright, paper, printing, and binding, could not have cost less than \$75,000.

Ten years ago these brothers worked the press with their own hands, and it is within that time that they have commenced publishing, now they give constant employment to nearly 200 persons, and, indirectly, to many more. They

are diffusing knowledge to millions, and their names are familiar wherever the English language is spoken. So much for industry, enterprise, and perseverance. Let not other worthy, but less successful publishers be forgotten, as honest Dogberry says, "Comparisons are odorous."

Twenty years later the number of publications published by Harper and Bros., had reached fully two thousand. These were all destroyed by the fire. Thirty years later from the latter date (January, 1884), the list of books published by them numbered fully five thousand different works. By a singular coincidence the last book published by the original firm of Harper and Bros., was "Seneca's Morals," with notes by Bishops Hurst and Whiting. This was May 26, 1877, Fletcher Harper dying on the 29th of May, 1877. It will be remembered that "Seneca's Morals" was the first book published by J. & J. Harper.

Mr. John Harper was very fond of horses, and his familiar figure was seen almost every afternoon as he took his daily drive through Central Park and in the roads beyond. He was one of the earliest owners of a fast team in New York, and often entered into a friendly trial of speed with Robert Bonner or the late Commodore Vanderbilt.

Neither he nor his brothers ever worked on Sunday, even during their apprenticeship. It is told of him that one Saturday afternoon, when he was a journeyman printer in the employment of Jonathan Seymour, he was informed that he was expected to work the next day on the catalogue of an auction sale; which was to be held on the following Monday. "That I will not do," was the sturdy, though respectful reply. "I will forfeit my papers, but I will not work on Sunday." When the clock struck twelve that night, John Harper laid down his composing stick, and went home, regardless of a threat to discharge him. On Monday morning Mr. Seymour, who admired the pluck and moral courage displayed by the young man, apologized for having spoken harshly to him, and made him foreman

of a department. When in business for himself Mr. Harper never allowed any work to be done in the establishment on Sunday; and this has uninterruptedly continued to be the rule of the office.

One Saturday afternoon the Colonel, then in the mellow autumn of his life, and his two sons were enjoying their after-dinner cigars together, when the old gentleman inquired whether they were going to attend church all day on the morrow. "Well," said the elder son, "I think I shall go to church in the morning, and in the afternoon take a 'constitutional' in the Park." "Tut, tut!" replied the Colonel, "when I was a young man of your age I worked fourteen hours every week day. After all that, on Sundays I went to Sunday-school in the morning at nine o'clock, and to church at half-past ten. I came home to an early dinner, and again attended Sunday-school and church in the afternoon; and, very likely, I went to church in the evening. What do you think of that, young gentlemen?" "Well, father," answered the younger son, "I dare say we shall be saying the same thing to our children one of these days." "You impudent young heathen," replied the Colonel with an amused smile, "I have the truth on my side."

George William Curtis says, in the "Editor's Easy Chair," that when James Harper met with his fatal accident, "John's self-command withheld all excessive expression or loud lamentation, but those who knew the intensity of his nature and the closeness of the life-long affection, and the undisturbed harmony of their common interests and purposes for more than fifty years, knew also the cruelty of the blow, and watched painfully the result. From that moment his active interest in business declined. He continued, indeed, to appear for a little time at the office, but one day in returning home he had a slight attack, which seemed to him possibly to indicate some failure of his powers, and nothing in all his life was more characteristic than the injunction which he then laid upon his part-

ners that he was never again to be consulted upon the conduct of the business. During the leisure of his last years he found enjoyment in driving, until a severe stroke of paralysis deprived him even of that pleasure and finally rendered him helpless. He lived, however, to be nearly eighty years old, when he met a peaceful death."

At a meeting of the book trade association, held on Saturday, April 24, 1875, Mr. A. D. F. Randolph, in his eloquent eulogy upon the life of Mr. Harper, said, "To prosecute successfully, as he did, the details of his business, required conspicuous ability and untiring industry; nay, he must have possessed absolute genius. He lived to see mighty results as the fruit of his arduous labors. He lived to see the business of a small upper room in Dover Street grow into the magnificent proportions of that in Franklin Square. Throughout his entire business career he has maintained the integrity of his name and the noble simplicity of his character, and deservedly reaped the reward which he labored for, by seeing completed the house of which he had laid the foundation. It seemed a beautiful picture to see this man, after enduring and overcoming many trials and disasters, sitting in the twilight of life waiting for the opening of the gateway through which he was to pass to meet his Maker."

Joseph Wesley Harper, the third of the four brothers, was of slighter physique than the rest. It is told that when he was a child an old Presiding Elder said to his mother, "Sister Harper, why don't you give one of your boys to the Lord, to be a preacher?" "Why," said she, "that is just what I expected to do, and I have already selected one of them." "Which one have you selected?" inquired the gratified Elder. "I have selected Wesley," was the reply. "And why Wesley rather than James, or John, or Fletcher!" "Oh well," replied Mrs. Harper, "Wesley seems to be the most feeble and delicate in health, and he is rather lazy—" Then, perceiving from the Elder's perplexed and rather mortified look that he had put a wrong interpreta-

tion on her motives, she hastened to add : " I thought that if I gave Wesley to the Lord, he would take him and make him over again, so that he would be all right."

Gentle, refined, and affectionate in spirit, Wesley possessed a natural inclination to the literary culture which distinguished him in after life. His mind was quick, subtle, and at the same time broad and catholic. He had an intimate acquaintance with the productions of the best authors, and few men were better read in the current literature of the day. As his part of the business, he for many years managed the literary department, receiving authors' manuscripts, and frequently reading them himself. His manner was invariably courteous and affable, and no one could be long in his presence without feeling at home. The most sensitive author found in him a sympathetic friend and adviser. If a MS. was to be declined, the declination was always made in the kindest manner, and the disappointment softened, not infrequently, with suggestions and advice that gave the unsuccessful applicant fresh heart and hope. Wesley also attended to the literary correspondence of the house, in which position he was succeeded by his son, Joseph W. Harper, Jun., one of the senior members of the present firm.

For several years previous to his death Wesley was in feeble health. One afternoon his three brothers paid him a visit at his house. What took place during that interview has never been told. It was the last meeting of the four on earth. The next day James met with the fatal accident already described. Wesley, deeply affected by the break in the harmonious circle of brotherhood, predicted that he would be the next to go. The heart trouble, from which he had long suffered, became rapidly worse ; and on the 14th of February, 1870, the " best beloved " of the four brothers passed quietly away. A little after sunrise he asked that the window should be opened ; then, after taking a slight refreshment, he thanked his attendants with his usual courtesy, lay back on the pillow, closed his

eyes and died. Four of the pall-bearers at his funeral were men who had been for many years in the employment of the firm.

The late Dr. George Ripley, who was for a long time a reader of manuscripts for the Harpers, was brought into intimate personal relations with Wesley ; and I take pleasure in transferring to these pages the following just and heartfelt tribute from the pen of one who knew him so well. Writing to Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jun., from Catania, Sicily, in March, 1870, Dr. Ripley says : “ One of the last visits which I made before leaving New York was to the sick chamber of the invalid. I did not bid him a formal farewell, for he appeared so full of cheerfulness and courage, that I could not bring myself to believe that he would not recover strength and remain with us a few years more. My hope was strong that I should yet look upon his kindly face again. But now that he has gone from us forever, I look back upon that visit with peculiar gratification. It left an impression on my mind which I shall always love to cherish. It blends graciously with the recollections that remain after the twenty years during which I felt myself honored with his intimacy. He was constantly the same to me from the first to the last of our acquaintance. I never heard a passionate or inconsiderate word from his lips. Without any formal demonstrations, his manners were of the very essence of kindness. His conversation never failed to be pleasant and instructive, in harmony with his candid and affectionate bearing, and enlivened with quiet humor that sprang from the gentleness and goodness of his nature. It is a great consolation, in the loss which we suffer in common, that this whole earthly course has left so serene and pure an image in the memory.”

As a young man Wesley Harper visited a theatre but once, and his experience, as described by himself in later life, was anything but agreeable. “ One evening,” he said, “ some of the boys persuaded me to go to the theatre with

them. We went together and took our seats in the pit. The performance had not begun. The people were assembling, and my companions sat joking and laughing ; but I could not enter into their fun. A dreadful feeling came over me. It seemed as though all the prayers of my mother, all the instructions of my father, rushed across my mind at once. I felt as though I was at the very mouth of perdition, and that I could hardly hope to escape alive. At length, I could endure it no longer, and, remembering that the hour of family prayer was approaching, I seized my hat and fled from the house." He did not enter a theatre again till many years afterward. His children say, that while this story of his boyhood illustrates the reverent simplicity and filial devotion which never left him, yet he really possessed a thorough acquaintance with the best plays and a keen appreciation of the highest dramatic representation.

In the simple Methodist Church in Sands Street, Brooklyn, where, beneath the pulpit, lie the remains of his sturdy English ancestor, James Harper, and where six generations of the family have worshipped, there is a mural tablet with this inscription :

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER,

BORN DEC. 25, 1801.

DIED FEB. 14, 1870.

"Everybody who knew him loved him ; everybody, that is, who loved modesty and generosity and honor."

These words were written by a great master of fiction, in affectionately describing his hero—one of the sweetest ideals in English literature. And who shall say that Colonel Newcome, in his manliness, simplicity, and reverence, does

not represent to us many noble souls who have departed this life in God's faith and fear ?

Fletcher Harper, the youngest member of the firm, was the last to go. His death occurred on the 29th of May, 1877. The first break in the family of brothers had deeply affected the remaining three ; the death of Wesley was a peculiarly personal loss to Fletcher, the affection between them having been very strong ; and after the Colonel had passed away, Fletcher appeared to lose interest in his life-long business. He rarely visited the office after that bereavement. I last saw him in the summer of 1876, playing croquet with his grandchildren at his beautiful summer residence at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. I had known him nearly forty years, and during all that time he was to me a wise counsellor and a good friend.

Fletcher Harper possessed great administrative abilities. His judgment was quick, decisive, and rarely at fault. Writing soon after his death, Mr. George William Curtis said of him : " In all his business relations, Fletcher Harper showed the quality of a great administrator. He was a man of the truest modesty, and gayly said that he was a ' passable ' man of business ; but he would have been distinguished in any chief public trust demanding immense energy, sagacity, quick and unerring judgment, and easy and efficient mastery of men. He had the instinct of a leader. He knew at once what was to be done, and his shrewd estimate of men enabled him to choose his instruments. . . . Fletcher Harper was always quiet, and appeared always to be at leisure ; but his electrical energy, his controlling will, made him seem, for all that, the organizing force of the huge factory that swarmed and hummed around him. . . . Like all such masterful men, he abhorred ruts and routine, and was constantly and quietly testing the readiness and intelligence of those around him. He dropped a pregnant hint. The hearer saw the scope and purpose, made thorough and ample preparation, supposing the thing was to be done. Mr. Harper

came, saw with satisfaction that a hint could be correctly taken, but announced that the thing would not be done. What he wanted were the habit and faculty of readiness, and thus he surrounded himself with minute-men."

When John C. Spencer was Secretary of State at Albany, in 1839, it became his duty to supervise the selection of books for the School District libraries. The alert mind of Fletcher Harper saw the opportunity for an important stroke of business, and, going to his brother James, he said, "Boss, give me a letter to your friend Thurlow Weed, and ask him to introduce me to Mr. Spencer." Armed with this letter, the "boy," as James called him, took the next boat for Albany, and on arriving there put up at the old Eagle Tavern. He then sauntered out to find Mr. Weed, who was then editor of the *Albany Journal*, and a man of very great influence. Mr. Weed received him in the kindest manner, and having read James Harper's letter, said :

"Well, Fletcher, I shall be very glad to do what I can for you for your own sake, as well as on account of my dear friend, your brother. Now, Mr. Spencer is a very difficult man to approach. He is very sensitive and always suspicious of possible jobs ; he requires to be approached with some delicacy and caution." He then added, suddenly, "Why ! he is coming to my house to-night. The Governor will be there, and the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mr. Spencer and some senators and assemblymen."

Said Fletcher, impulsively, "That is the very time I can meet him."

Mr. Weed shook his head and said, "Now, don't be in such a hurry, my boy ; don't be in such a hurry. I will manage that. I don't think it would answer for you to meet him at my house. Let me arrange it for you."

Accordingly, during the evening, and in the presence of a number of friends, but not directly to Secretary Spencer, Mr. Weed casually remarked that he had had a pleasant interview that day with a young man from New York,

a hard-working, intelligent, industrious, straightforward young printer, and that he was the youngest brother of his old friend and fellow-pressman, James Harper. Mr. Spencer, overhearing Mr. Weed's remarks about the young man—as he intended he should—turned to Mr. Weed and said :

“Who is this wonderful young man, this young printer? Where is he, and why didn't you have him here to-night?”

Said Mr. Weed, “Why, Mr. Spencer, he is very sensitive. He has come to Albany expressly to see you on business.”

“Then, why not have him here to-night?” asked Mr. Spencer.

“Because,” said Mr. Weed, “he is not that kind of a man, and he is too proud to avail himself of a social occasion for business purposes.”

The secretary immediately said, “Well, you make me very desirous of seeing him. We must see him early to-morrow. Bring him up; where is he?”

“He is down at the Eagle Tavern,” said Mr. Weed. “I will bring him up to-morrow; but mind, he is very proud and very sensitive.”

Accordingly, the next day, Mr. Weed presented him to Secretary Spencer. The Secretary was very favorably disposed towards him. He said, “I understand, my young friend, that you want to furnish the State with the school district library books.”

Fletcher replied, “Yes, that is what I have come for, Mr. Secretary.”

“How do you propose to do it?” asked Mr. Spencer.

“I propose to do it under your direction,” said Fletcher.

“You haven't all the books,” said Mr. Spencer.

“We will buy them, then,” replied Fletcher.

“But suppose you cannot buy them?” said Mr. Spencer.

“We will make arrangements about it of some kind,” said Fletcher.

“How about the price?” asked Mr. Spencer.

“That,” said Fletcher, looking the Secretary squarely in the face, “you shall decide. Whatever arrangements you may make will be satisfactory to my brothers and to me. We shall put ourselves in your hands.”

The result of this interview was that Mr. Spencer gave the house the making and supplying of what soon became known in every household in New York State as “Harper’s School District Library.”

“Many of the elements that make a good diplomatist,” says a writer that knew Fletcher Harper, “entered into his mental composition. On one occasion, early in our civil war, the publication of *Harper’s Weekly* was suspended by order of Secretary Stanton, on account of the printing of some views of our works before Yorktown, which McClellan was then besieging. Following the order was a telegram from the Secretary, stating that the firm had been guilty of ‘giving aid and comfort to the enemy’ (an offense punishable with death), and requesting that some member of the firm should immediately proceed to Washington—whether to suffer that extreme penalty being left in doubt. The delicate mission devolved upon Fletcher Harper. He found the Secretary of War in a very belligerent mood; but before five words had been exchanged he contrived to put Mr. Stanton on the defensive, on a matter entirely foreign to the object of his visit. Before leaving the War office he secured the revocation of the order of suspension, and received the Secretary’s thanks for the support which the *Weekly* was rendering the country and the government.”

Harper’s Weekly was the creation of Fletcher Harper. It was essentially his enterprise, and until within a few months of his death the best energies of his controlling mind were devoted to its management. The first editor of the *Weekly* was the late Mr. Theodore Sedgwick. Early in the war, Mr. George William Curtis became the political editor of the paper, a position which he continues to hold with com-

manding ability. About fourteen years ago Mr. S. S. Conant succeeded Mr. Henry M. Alden as its "executive" editor, on the transfer of the latter to the editorship of the *Magazine*.

The idea of the *Magazine* originated with James Harper, but the management of this most successful and widely circulated periodical was by common consent left in the hands of Fletcher Harper, as later was that of the *Weekly* and the *Bazar*. As a political journal the *Weekly* has been a strong advocate of the principles and course of the Republican party; but it has always maintained the character of an independent observer of politics, and refused to be bound by party trammels, or to be considered a party "organ."

One of the most touching tributes to the memory of Fletcher Harper was from the pen of Mr. Curtis, in the "Easy Chair;" and I cannot forbear quoting a portion of it:

"The tributes to him on all sides agreed in the recognition of his remarkable power and strength of nature—a noble manliness made sweet and mild by the freshest affection and the most tender sympathy. His modesty, like all his qualities, partook of a native greatness. He resolutely, but with entire unostentation, pursued his way. He never held an office or wished for one. He was not seen on public meetings or on great occasions; and no man of equal mark in the city more instinctively avoided every kind of notoriety. His home, thronged with affectionate kindred, was happy beyond the common lot; and at his hospitable table sat friends from far and near, to whom his sweet and sunny welcome was a benediction like the summer air. Time passed; his brothers—the cheery James, the indomitable John, the gracious Wesley—died. The famous brotherhood was dissolved, and Fletcher stood alone amid his memories and younger men. Too strong to despond, with a high and keen relish for life, he yet could not but feel,

‘The old order changeth, giving place to new.’”

The tie between him and Wesley had been peculiarly tender ; and as Fletcher sometimes sat in the office, where for a long life they had been so intimately associated, and gazed out of the window, with musing and melancholy eyes, his strong face seemingly steeped in infinite tenderness of feeling, one who had known them long and knew his heart who remained, could but interpret his looks in the words of Henry Vaughn :

‘They are all gone in the world of light
And I alone sit lingering here :
Their very memory is fair and bright
And my sad thought doth clear.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days—
My days which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.’”

I have dwelt thus long on my recollections of these well-known gentlemen, not merely because they were my fast friends, but because the story of their career is instructive in many ways. They cared not so much about business success, or the accumulation of wealth, as of leading happy and useful lives. Success and wealth came to them, but neither was the chief object of their ambition. The present firm name was adopted in 1833. It is a singular fact that the “American Cyclopædia,” which contains more than twenty-three thousand titles of subjects, gives but one title of a business firm, and that reads “Harper and Brothers.” The reason for this exception is probably the fact that the four brothers acted as a unit in all their business transactions. They were known, individually, as exemplary Christian gentlemen ; but, collectively, the brothers were inseparable. Their firm name was probably more widely-known among English-speaking people than that of any other business house in existence. Their business was conducted on the basis of absolute trust and confidence in each

other. There was no system of checks between them, and no necessity for one. So close, indeed, was the intimacy, and so unbounded the common confidence, that for many years no accounts were kept between the brothers. Each one took what he needed for himself, and the others neither knew nor cared to know how much each one drew out for his own use. This state of affairs continued till within ten years of the death of James Harper.

No enterprise was ever undertaken which any one of them disapproved. Of this, the establishment of the *Bazar* is a notable illustration. The project originated, as already mentioned, with Fletcher Harper; the others were at first indifferent to it. At length, he said he was so sure of its success, that, if the others were willing, he would undertake it alone. But John Harper said, "No; we have never done anything separately; we won't make this an exception. I think brother Fletcher shall have his way, and we will start the *Bazar*." It was sometimes asked, "Which is *the* Mr. Harper, and who are the brothers?" and the invariable answer was, "Either one is Harper and the rest are the brothers." As Mr. Curtis aptly said: "With them honors were easy, and it was hard to say where James ended, and John, Wesley, and Fletcher began." The division of labor, by which each superintended certain departments of the establishment, was one that grew naturally out of their individual tastes.

The four brothers were lifelong and consistent members of the Methodist Episcopal Church; but they were men of broad, catholic minds, and their predilections for their own form of religious worship did not prejudice them against other forms. Their ardent veneration for Wesley descended to their children, several of whom, I may add, have displayed, perhaps, an even closer conformity to the example and the spirit of his ecclesiastical teaching, by adhering to the church in whose communion the great reformer lived and died. They all shared the happy faculty of leaving business behind them when they left the office. There was

no trace of asceticism in their character. For many years Fletcher Harper's informal Monday dinners drew around his hospitable board many of the literary men of the day. Clergymen were frequent guests at these pleasant entertainments. Among them were the Rev. Dr. Prime, of the New York *Observer* (who succeeded Lewis Gaylord Clark as editor of the "Drawer" in Harper's *Magazine*); the Rev. Dr. M'Clintock, the eminent Methodist divine and scholar; the Rev. Dr. Samuel Osgood; the Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind preacher; the Rev. Father Cumming, of St. Stephen's, and many others, whose anecdotes of books and authors were a delight to hear.

The attachment of the four brothers to the persons in their employment was remarked by every one who was at all familiar with their establishment; and, in turn, they were served with a fidelity and zeal that spring from reciprocal good-will and confidence alone. Many men and women have been for years in their employment, and have been followed by their children and grandchildren. I remember being in the office one day when old Mr. Farrington, still hale, despite the weight of years, came in to remind Mr. Fletcher Harper that it was just fifty years since he had entered the service of J. & J. Harper.

It is a pleasant thing for me to say of the present firm* that the friends of the four brothers are also their own. It is enough that a man enjoyed the friendship and esteem of the founders of the house to establish like relations with their successors. I may mention, as an illustration, the case of Mr. Sampson Low, the venerable English publisher, who became the London agent of the house in 1845, and whose personal as well as business relations with the four brothers were always most friendly and confidential. More than once, since the death of Fletcher Harper, Mr.

* The firm at present consists of PHILIP J. A., FLETCHER, JR., JOSEPH WESLEY, JR., JOHN WESLEY, and JOSEPH ABNER HARPER, all sons of the founders of the firm, and J. HENRY HARPER, the latter a grandson of FLETCHER HARPER.

Low has asked to be relieved from his agency ; but the present firm invariably replied that they were unwilling to sever the relations so long ago established, and maintained with mutual regard and confidence. They sent him, when he had reached the ripe age of eighty-three, an assistant, to relieve him of the hard work of the position, but declined to accept his resignation. I am also permitted to mention having seen a letter from Mr. William C. Prime to Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jun., in which the writer, after alluding in feeling terms to his long friendship with the brothers and the present firm, expresses his regret that he has no sons to continue that friendship with the coming generation.

Thus pleasantly do the present members of the firm maintain the traditions of its founders. The atmosphere of kindly sentiment remains unchanged ; and in concluding these desultory recollections I cannot do better than quote the lines written by Mr. Curtis, which are inscribed above the fireplace of the private office in Franklin Square, and which seem to me to express, in the most felicitous manner, the traditional spirit of the house :

“ My flame expires ; but let true hands pass on
An unextinguished torch from sire to son.”

IV.

S. G. GOODRICH—F. B. GOODRICH.

Peter Parley's celebrated stories for children—Mr. Goodrich's first experience as a publisher—Is sold himself instead of the book McFingal—Early aid to Nathaniel Hawthorne—How his Twice Told Tales were published—A child thinks Peter Parley a humbug—Older heads disenchanted—His Natural History and Prof. Agassiz—Drinks wine with Walter Scott—Lockhart's opinion of Cooper's novels—Wonderful circulation of Peter Parley's Tales—Mr. Goodrich's sudden death.

FORTY years ago "Peter Parley's Tales, or Stories for Children," were the best known and most popular books for young people published at that time.

The author, whose real name was Samuel G. Goodrich, was at one time a publisher and bookseller himself. In the year 1820 he published an edition of *The Poetical Works of Jno. Trumbull, LL.D.*, which contained the famous epic of *McFingal*.

It is stated in the memoir, which prefaces the edition, that it was first published at Hartford before the close of the year 1782, and as no author at that period was entitled by law to the copyright of his productions, the work soon became the prey of every printer and bookseller.

Among more than thirty different editions, one only at any subsequent time was published with the permission or even the knowledge of the writer, and the poem remained the property of newsmongers, hawkers, peddlers and petty shopmen. For this Mr. Goodrich paid the author one

thousand dollars and one hundred copies of the work for the copyright.

Booksellers advised him against the venture, but he secured subscriptions enough, as he supposed, to indemnify himself against any loss ; but when the book was published fully one-half of the subscribers declined to take the work.

It has been frequently said, especially among writers themselves, that publishers always profit by the productions of authors, while the latter generally receive little, if any, compensation for their literary efforts. So thought Col. Trumbull, the poet, who surmised he had sold the copyright for his poems too cheap and that his publisher had made too good a bargain ; but the result proved that Mr. Goodrich was sold instead of the books, there being no demand for the poems.

To Mr. Goodrich belongs the credit of first introducing Nathaniel Hawthorne to the public in book form. He tells how this was accomplished in his interesting "Recollections of a Lifetime," as follows :

"I had seen some anonymous publications which seemed to me to indicate extraordinary powers. I inquired of the publishers as to the writer and through them a correspondence ensued between me and 'N. Hawthorne.' This name I considered a disguise, and it was not till after many letters had passed, that I met the author, and found it to be a true title, representing a very substantial personage. At this period he was unsettled as to his views ; he had tried his hand in literature, and considered himself to have met with a fatal rebuff from the reading world. His mind vacillated between various projects, verging, I think, toward a mercantile profession. I combated his despondence, and assured him of triumph, if he would persevere in a literary career. He wrote numerous articles, which appeared in the *Token* (an annual edited by Mr. Goodrich); occasionally an astute critic seemed to see through them, and to discover the soul that was in them; but in general they passed without notice.

"Such articles as 'Sights from a Steeple,' 'Sketches beneath an Umbrella,' 'The Wives of the Dead,' 'The Prophetic Pictures,' now universally acknowledged to be productions of extraordinary depth, meaning and power, extorted hardly a word of either praise or blame, while columns were given to pieces since totally forgotten. I felt

annoyed, almost angry, indeed, at this. I wrote several articles in the papers, directing attention to these productions, and finding no echo of my views, I recollect to have asked John Pickering to read some of them, and give me his opinion of them. He did as I requested; his answer was that they displayed a wonderful beauty of style, with a kind of double vision, a sort of second sight, which revealed, beyond the outward forms of life and being, a sort of Spirit World, somewhat as a lake reflects the earth around it and the sky above it. He was right no doubt at that period, but ere long a large portion of the reading world obtained a new sense—how or where, or whence, is not easily determined—which led them to study the mystical, to dive beneath and beyond the senses, and to discern, gather and cherish gems and pearls of price in the hidden depths of the soul.

“Hawthorne was in fact, a kind of Wordsworth in prose: less kindly, less genial toward mankind, but deeper and more philosophical. His fate was similar: at first he was neglected, at last he had worshippers.

“In 1837, I recommended Mr. Hawthorne to publish a volume comprising his various pieces, which had appeared in the *Token* and elsewhere. He consented, but as I had ceased to be a publisher, it was difficult to find anyone who would undertake to bring out the work. I applied to the agent of the Stationers' Company, but he refused, until at last I relinquished my copyright on such of the tales as I had published, to Mr. Hawthorne, and joined a friend of his in a bond to indemnify them against loss, and thus the work was published by the Stationers' Company under the title of ‘*Twice Told Tales*,’ and for the author's benefit. It was deemed a failure for more than a year, when a breeze seemed to rise and fill its sails, and with it, the author was carried on to fame and fortune.”

The following letter from Hawthorne to Mr. Goodrich, the original of which is lying before me, and a copy of which is given on another page, refers to the offer of the first of his productions published in the *Token*. The “*Provincial Tales*,” to which Hawthorne refers, are undoubtedly the “*Twice Told Tales*” above mentioned, only they appeared six years later than their author hoped, and under another and far better title.

“ Salem, May 6th, 1830.

DEAR SIR :—

“ I send you the two pieces for the token. They were ready some days ago, but I kept them in expectation of hearing from you. I have complied with your wishes in regard to brevity. You can insert them (if you think them worthy a place in your publication) as by the author of ‘ Provincial Tales ’—such being the title I propose to give my volume. I can conceive no objection to your designating them in this manner, even if my tales should not be published as soon as the Token, or, indeed, if they never see the light at all. An unpublished book is not more obscure than many that creep into the world, and your readers will suppose that the ‘ Provincial Tales ’ are among the latter.

I am, etc.,
NATH. HAWTHORNE.”

“ S. G. GOODRICH, Esq.”

During the seven years which elapsed between the date of this letter and the appearance of “ Twice Told Tales,” it would seem that Mr. Goodrich procured considerable literary work for Hawthorne, which was not all to his taste, which he looked upon as drudgery—as well he might—and in which, in consequence, he did not succeed.

In certain publications of late date, language is attributed to Hawthorne at this period, which, for the honor of literature, it would have been better to suppress. Hawthorne complains that he is under-paid, half-paid, and, in some cases, unpaid, and speaks slightly of the one man out of two, who gave him an opportunity with the public, and who at this very time was doing all in his power to hasten the appearance of Hawthorne’s collected works.

The following letter from Commodore Horatio Bridge,* Hawthorne’s classmate and lifelong friend, to Mr. Frank B. Goodrich, should set this scandalous battle at rest forever :

* Ex Paymaster United States Navy.

“ Hamilton House,
 “ Washington, Feb. 2nd, 1884.

“ F. B. GOODRICH, Esq.,
 New York.

“ DEAR SIR :—

“ I have received yours of the 31st ultimo, and am able to give you what I think very correct information about the publication of the first series of ‘ Twice Told Tales.’ It seems to me that any reflection cast upon the prices paid by your father to Mr. Hawthorne for his writings would be unfair, for they were doubtless what he, at that time, felt justified in giving. . . .

“ The time came when it seemed desirable that these tales and some new matter which Mr. Hawthorne had ready should be published in a volume, and he told me that he had applied to your father to publish such a work, which plan he seemed to entertain favorably. But the delay was so great that Mr. Hawthorne became a good deal depressed. From my intimacy with him since boyhood I felt that this discouragement would have an unfavorable influence upon his future, and I determined, without his knowledge, to ascertain the true cause of the delay. Accordingly I wrote to Mr. Goodrich on the subject. The enclosed is a copy of his reply, by which you will see that the want of a guaranty against loss was the obstacle to the publication. The necessary guaranty I at once gave, only requiring that it should be kept secret from Mr. Hawthorne for a time, as his sensitiveness to pecuniary obligation was such that I feared he would refuse to have the book published under such conditions. It was only after the success of the volume was sufficient to show that no one in any way connected with it had lost money, that Hawthorne learned how the publication had been secured. These circumstances may account for any seeming discrepancies in Mr. Hawthorne’s expressions of his obligation to your father.

“ If you have ‘ The Snow Image ’ at hand, you will see what the relations of Mr. Hawthorne and myself were, and that they justified me in doing everything in my power to hasten the fulfillment of my boyish prophecy. As you may suppose, my action was prompted much more by a desire to give Hawthorne reputation, than to secure for him the small profit he would derive from the percentage.

“ I have written you very frankly, for I thought you would like to know exactly how matters stood.

“ Very truly yours, &c., &c.

H. BRIDGE.”

The following is the reply by Mr. Goodrich to Mr. Bridge's letter in reference to the delay spoken of above :

“ Boston, Oct. 20th, 1836.

“ DEAR SIR :—

“ I received your letter in regard to our friend Hawthorne. It will cost about \$450 to print 1,000 volumes in good style. I have seen a publisher and he agrees to publish it if he can be guaranteed \$250 as an ultimate resort against loss. If you will find that guarantee, the thing shall be put immediately in hand. I am not now a publisher, but I shall take great interest in this work and I do not think there is any probability that you will ever be called upon for a farthing. The generous spirit of your letter is a reference.

“ I only wish to know if you will take the above risk. The publication will be solely for the benefit of Hawthorne, he receiving 10 per cent. on the retail price—the usual terms.

“ I am yours resp'y,

S. G. GOODRICH.

“ HORATIO BRIDGE, Esq.,
Augusta, Maine.”

It is difficult to conceive what could have been the motive for the printing of some of Hawthorne's petty complaints during the period which preceded the appearance of this book.

After retiring from the publishing business Mr. Goodrich devoted his time to authorship, becoming the most voluminous of any American author, the series of Peter Parley's juvenile books alone embracing more than 100 volumes, comprising histories, travels, geographies, and illustrating the arts and sciences. In addition to these there are fully as large a number in the various departments of educational literature.

The first volume of Peter Parley's series was entitled Tales of Peter Parley about America, published in 1827. It was quickly followed by Tales of Peter Parley about Europe, Parley's Winter Evening Tales, Parley's Asia, Parley's Africa, Parley's Sun, Moon and Stars, and many others.

Their great popularity in this country led to their pub-

lication on the other side. Mr. Tegg, a London publisher, undertook their re-publication and paid Mr. Goodrich a moderate sum for the sale of the same ; this soon ceased, however, as Tegg found it easy to have volumes prepared by other writers using the name and fame of Peter Parley, to create a large circulation. Mr. Goodrich also published school histories of the United States, England, France, Greece and Rome, the sale of which has been as large as 50,000 volumes annually, the copyrights received remaining for many years a source of income to his family.

In a little volume entitled *Peter Parley's Geography for Children*, is a picture representing him sitting in a chair, with his lame foot bound up, and a crutch at his side, while he is saying to the boys around, "Take care, don't touch my gouty toe ; if you do, I won't tell you any more stories." Of this work more than 2,000,000 copies were sold, and, of course, Peter Parley and his crutch were pretty generally associated together in the minds of children.

To represent what an impression this picture produced in the minds of young people, it will be well to give Peter Parley's own words :

"On another occasion," he says, "I think at Savannah, a gentleman called upon me, introducing his two grandchildren who were anxious to see Peter Parley. The girl rushed up to me, and gave me a ringing kiss at once. We were immediately the best friends in the world. The boy on the contrary held himself aloof and ran his eye over me up and down, from top to toe. He then walked around surveying me with the most scrutinizing gaze. After this he sat down, and during the interview took no further notice of me. At parting he gave me a keen look but said not a word. The next day the gentleman called and told me that his grandson, as they were on their way home, said to him :—'Grandfather, I wouldn't have anything to do with that man ; he ain't Peter Parley.' 'How do you know that ?' said the grandfather. 'Because,' said the boy, 'he hasn't got his foot bound up, and he don't walk with a crutch !'"

Indeed the impression of the little boy was shared by

others than himself, and some, even among older persons, think still of Peter Parley as lame, with a gouty toe and crutch.*

In the year 1850, Mr. Goodrich completed a work on an extensive scale, entitled: "A History of All Nations," the publication of which, in two large octavo volumes, profusely illustrated, had been undertaken by the firm of Wilkins, Carter & Co., now Rice, Kendall, & Co., a large paper house in Boston. But one volume of the work was published, when the author was appointed by President Fillmore, United States Consul in Paris. Mr. Goodrich, before leaving the country to fill his official position, met me in New York, and completed negotiations with me to undertake the publication of this work, as it was out of the line of business of the then publishers, who desired the change as much as he did. In consequence, the transfer was then made.

This was the first subscription book published by my firm, Derby & Miller, and the price, although placed at a high figure, did not prevent the sale of tens of thousands of copies. It was a good work, well illustrated, and gave satisfaction to purchasers.

In 1859, after my removal to New York, the firm of

* Mr. Augustus Gaylord, an old and valued friend, writes me under date of Oct. 18th, 1883:—"A disillusion of childhood—which to this day I scarcely recall without a sigh—hangs around the old Nassau street office—in this wise: An early boyhood's book lies vividly before me now as then, 'Peter Parley's Tales,' in which hour after hour my youthful soul delighted, with its frontispiece—a long-haired, quaker-hatted venerable old man, crutch at his side, bandaged foot extended on a chair, with the added warning to a group of eager children, 'Don't hurt my sore toe or I'll not tell you another story.' Tender sympathy for the old gentleman had filled my heart all the way to manhood, until meeting him by engagement at your office, on his return from Europe, I was introduced by you to the Parisian dressed and hatted S. G. Goodrich, with his neatly dressed and curly wig—as the veritable Peter Parley. The shock was severe, but it never dethroned my ideal—and when later, after pleasant acquaintance we had a laugh over my disillusion, I told him I had thereby the pleasure of the two friends—but always separate and distinct."

Derby & Jackson became his publishers, issuing from our press the last two of Peter Parley's Tales ever written by him, entitled, "The Balloon Travels of Robert Merry and his Young Friends over various Countries of Europe" and "Gilbert Goahead's Adventures and Travels in Foreign Parts." These were soon followed by a more pretentious volume, the descriptive title of which was as follows :—

"Peter Parley's Thousand and One Stories of Fact and Fancy, Wit and Humor, Rhyme, Reason and Romance. Edited by S. G. Goodrich. The intention of this book is to bring whole libraries into a single volume—to furnish a mental meal for every day, every hour,—for every taste, humor, age, caprice—a book of books for the grave and gay, the old and young ; therefore we have Science and Philosophy, Rhyme and Reason, Wit and Wisdom, Fact and Fancy, which put together as they come, produce a sort of intellectual plum pudding, inasmuch as the whole is peppered and spiced with puns, conundrums, drolleries, and other ' Milledulcia ' to say nothing of a garnish of three hundred engravings."

The very last book ever written by Mr. Goodrich, as well as the most important and extensive, was entitled : "Illustrated Natural History of the Animal Kingdom ; being a Systematic and Popular Description of the Habits, Structure, and Classification of Animals, from the highest to the lowest forms, with their relation to Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, and the Arts, by S. G. Goodrich (Peter Parley), with 1,500 engravings."

This work, which was sold by subscription only, reached the sale of many thousand copies, was dedicated to Professor Louis Agassiz—himself, perhaps, at that time the greatest authority on natural history. He was then a professor in Harvard University. I took a copy of this book with a note of introduction from Mr. Goodrich to Professor Agassiz, who seemed greatly pleased with the popular arrangement of the work, and admired the attractive appearance of its mechanical execution as well as the pertinent illustrations. He gave me a strong letter of indorsement, commending

the work to the patronage of the public. This was the first and only time I met this distinguished scholar.

Mr. Goodrich was a good and racy talker, and related many anecdotes of distinguished people he had met.

Among others was his first meeting with Sir Walter Scott. At that time the author of "Waverley" was clerk of a court consisting of three judges, who were themselves distinguished in literature. On one occasion he dined with J. G. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. Among the guests were Sir Walter and William Blackwood, the founder of *Blackwood's Magazine*. After dinner both Lockhart and Blackwood told stories, thus passing a pleasant half-hour. The wine at last was rather low, and, Mr. Goodrich says, the host ordered the servant to bring more, but Sir Walter said :

"No, no, Lokert"—such was his pronunciation of his son-in-law's name—"we have had enough ; let us go and see the ladies." And so they went into the parlor.

On another occasion Mr. Goodrich related to me a conversation he had with the same parties on the merits of J. Fenimore Cooper, who was then just publishing his famous novels. Mr. Goodrich gives the following interesting account of this talk in his "Recollections," before referred to, as follows :—

Mr. Lockhart said :—"I have lately been reading an exceedingly clever American novel, entitled 'The Pioneers' by Cooper. His descriptive power is very great, and I think he has opened a new field of romance, especially in the hunters along the frontier, who in their intercourse with savages have become half savages themselves. This border life is full of incident, adventure and poetry, while the character of Leather-stocking is original and striking."

"I have not seen 'The Pioneers,'" said Scott, "but I have read 'The Pilot,' by the same author, which has just been published. It is very clever, and I think it will turn out that his strength lies in depicting sea life and adventures. We really have no good sea tales, and here is a wide field open to a man of true genius."

In the year 1859, Mr. Goodrich decided to retire from active work in authorship. He had a competence which he derived from his copyrights, and therefore made up his mind that he would enjoy, as far as his health would permit, the fruits of his literary work. He arranged with me for a desk in our publishing office on Broadway. "Just to have a place," as he said, "where I can meet friends and write occasional letters," his residence being then on Ninth Street.

On the 9th day of May, 1860, he bade us good-bye according to his usual custom, as he left the store for home. The next morning I was startled to read of his sudden death, which occurred early in the evening from heart disease.

During one of our conversations, he had informed me that in early life he had been troubled with an organic affection of his heart. In the spring of 1832, he traveled in Europe consulting the most eminent specialists of London, Paris and Edinburgh, in diseases of the heart. He was informed by Baron Louis and others that with care he might live twenty years longer. He did live nearly thirty years longer.

From a collection of old letters placed at my disposal, I derive some interesting details of Mr. Goodrich's early life. It seems that when, at the age of twenty-nine years, he made a voyage to England, he went armed with very flattering credentials for so young a man. Oliver Wolcott, Governor of Connecticut, spoke of him as "a gentleman of good habits and perfect integrity," and again as "possessing unusual industry and perseverance, and being of accomplished manners and address." John Quincy Adams sent him three letters. Dewitt Clinton presented him to John Jacob Astor; Timothy Pitkin to Richard Rush; Benjamin Silliman spoke of his family as "having been long distinguished for worth and respectability." At a later period, Daniel Webster, in an autograph letter of four pages, introduced him to Lord Ashley, as "the author of

the various publications which have appeared under the name of Peter Parley."

From the same album I take the following letters and fragments of letters, addressed to Mr. Goodrich :

"CLAPTON, June 20th, '47.

"DEAR SIR:—

"We are very much pleased to be made aware that you are now in town. We are extremely busy people, as you will believe, and yet are always glad to make the acquaintance of the good and the great, and can manage to find time for that. We like our friends to come to us in the evening. Can you come on Sunday? We are very old-fashioned folks, and on Sundays take tea at six o'clock. Your coming will delight and amaze the children. They have seen so many pictures of Peter Parley and know him so well by idea.

"I am, dear sir,

Yours truly,

MARY HOWITT."

"Gore House, Sept. 30th, 1842.

"DEAR SIR:—

"I cannot consign to your care a parcel and letter for Mr. Sigourney without thanking you for the charming little volume you were so obliging as to send me. I have perused it with great pleasure, as I have every word from your gifted pen, and hope you will do me the favor of calling on me again, that I may repeat to you in person, the satisfaction we have all had in making your acquaintance. Count d'Orsay and Miss Power unite with me in kind regards, and I remain,

Dear sir,

Very truly yours,

M. BLESSINGTON."

Among the letters connected with Mr. Goodrich's editorship of the *Token* I find one from G. W. Doane (then rector of Trinity, in Boston, and afterwards Bishop of New Jersey), speaking of the *Token* for that year as an "exquisite volume," but deploring a typographical error in a poem contributed by him; one from Bryant declining, for want of time, a "liberal offer" to illustrate an engraving by Hatch from a design by Inman, but stating that he would rather write for the *Token* than any other annual; one

from John Quincy Adams offering a fable ; one from Hannah F. Gould sending eight articles, from which the editor was to choose one ; another from Jared Sparks proposing a sketch of a scene on the North River, to be engraved on steel, &c. &c.

Rufus W. Griswold says in his *Poets and Poetry of America*:—

“Mr. Goodrich has been a liberal patron of American authors and artists; and it is questionable whether any other person has done as much to improve the style of the book manufacture, or to promote the arts of engraving. It is believed that he has put in circulation more than two millions of volumes of his own productions; all of which inculcate pure morality and cheerful views of life. His style is simple and unaffected; the flow of his verse, melodious; and his subjects generally, such as he is capable of treating most successfully.”

The experience of Mr. Goodrich as an author was, in one respect, remarkable, I may say, altogether exceptional. Some two hundred Parley books, more or less fraudulent, have been published in this country and in England, including annuals, gifts, almanacs, visits, peeps, and rosebuds.

An edition of one of these in sheets, was sent from London to New York, where it was intended to bind them, and then throw them upon the market. They were seized and held, however, and the English pirates compelled to pay a round sum to get their property back. The principal foreign offender in this respect was Thomas Tegg (as has been mentioned), as publisher, and one George Mogridge, better known as “Old Humphrey,” as author. A spurious and mutilated edition of “*Recollections of a Lifetime*” appeared in New York a quarter of a century after Mr. Goodrich’s death, with a new and deceptive title-page. The Parley books have been translated into, and published in, nearly every foreign language, including modern Greek and Persian. A New York firm occasionally sends a few hundred copies of one of them to Japan.

Blind asylums print, from time to time, a few hundred copies of the same book in raised characters, free of copyright.

Of the genuine issue not far from eleven millions of volumes have been sold up to the present time.

FRANK B. GOODRICH.

Dick Tinto and New York Times—The Court of Napoleon—Beauties, Wits and Heroines—Women of Beauty—Magnificent Tribute Book—Literary talents inherited.

SOON after the establishment of the *New York Daily Times*, its readers became interested in the bright and sparkling letters from its Paris correspondent, which were signed Dick Tinto, the nom-de-plume of Frank B. Goodrich, the only son of Samuel G. Goodrich (Peter Parley). These letters created sufficient interest in the public mind to warrant their publication by the Harpers.

Mr. Goodrich returned to New York the following year, when my firm engaged him to prepare for publication a work to be entitled "The Court of Napoleon," somewhat after the plan of Griswold's "Republican Court of Washington."

The Emperor Louis Napoleon, during Mr. Goodrich's stay in Paris, was in the height of his popularity, the Second Empire being then the glory of every Frenchman.

John S. C. Abbott had written for the Harpers his famous Life of the Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte, which, my bookselling readers will remember, met with an enormous sale. This was in the year 1856, and it being a prosperous year, it was thought a good time to undertake the publication of the following :

THE COURT OF NAPOLEON;

OR,

SOCIETY UNDER THE FIRST EMPIRE.

WITH

SIXTEEN PORTRAITS OF ITS BEAUTIES, WITS AND
HEROINES.

The plan of this work is to present in one view the passage of French society from the confusion into which it was thrown by the Revolution, to a regular and normal situation, under the dictatorship of Napoleon. The various periods treated of are illustrated by their remarkable women—the Reign of Terror by its heroines—the directory by its celebrated beauties—the Consulate and Empire by the wits and belles of the Imperial Era.

- (1.) CHARLOTTE CORDAY,
- (2.) MADAME ROLAND,
- (3.) MADAME TALLIEN,
- (4.) MADAME RÉCAMIER, whose love was sought by Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte, Bernadotte, Murat, Junot, the Montmorencies (father and son), Augustus, Prince of Prussia, and Lord Wellington, and “whose beauty threw at her feet every man who had once looked upon her.”
- (5.) PAULINE BONAPARTE, the most beautiful princess in Europe, and whose fantastic and uncontrollable caprices gave her brother constant annoyance.
- (6.) CAROLINE BONAPARTE, wife of Murat and Queen of Naples.
- (7.) JOSEPHINE, }
- (8.) MARIE LOUISE, } the two Empresses.
- (9.) HORTENSE DE BEAUHARNAIS, daughter of Josephine and mother of Louis Napoleon and the Count de Morny.
- (10.) GRACE INGERSOLL, the Belle of New Haven, transferred by marriage to France, and subsequently one of the beauties who frequented the Court of the Tuileries.

- (11.) M'LE DU COLOMBIER, Napoleon's first love, with whom he used to eat cherries at six in the morning.
- (12.) MADAME REGNAULT DE ST. JEAN D'ANGELY, a peerless beauty, one of whose replies to Napoleon has become historical. Napoleon said to her at a ball, "Do you know, Madame Regnault, that you are looking much older?" She answered at once, and in the hearing of an hundred ladies and gentlemen, "The observation which you have done me the honor to make, sire, might possibly have given me pain, had I arrived at a period when youth is regretted." She was twenty-eight years old.
- (13.) MADAME JUNOT, DUCHESS D'ABRANTES. This lady refused Napoleon's brother in marriage; her brother would not accept Napoleon's sister, Pauline, and her mother, Madame de Permon, refused Napoleon himself. The first daughter, Josephine Junot, was Napoleon's first god-child.
- (14.) MADAME DE STAËL, the first literary woman of the age.
- (15.) M'LE LENORMAND, the sibyl of the 19th century, and the intimate confidant of Josephine; of whom it was said that "she contrived to obtain credence in an age which neither believed in God and his angels, nor the devil and his imps."
- 16.) M'LE GEORGES, the tragic actress and the protégée of Napoleon.

The book is printed on a new font of pica type, cast purposely for it, upon extra-sized and calendered paper, made to order, and bound in real Turkey antique, with original designs by Somerville. The illustrations, from original portraits in the galleries of the Luxembourg and Versailles, sixteen in number, are executed by M. Jules Champagne, the most celebrated artist, in his line, in Paris, and as will be seen by the extract from a letter just received from him, are each one colored by hand:

From the Engraver's Letter to the Author.

"The filling of your order of 6,000 copies—96,000 faces to be colored by hand—requires, as you must suppose, immense labor, and no little time. Still I hope to be able to execute your commands by the date specified.

"It is not the pecuniary advantage which I may derive from this

work which led me to undertake it ; it was the hope that, with your aid, I may create for myself an honorable artistic reputation in your country
Signed, JULES CHAMPAGNE."

From a Letter from Dr. Wm. E. Johnson, a distinguished American physician, resident at Paris, to the Author.

"I saw the first proofs of your engravings to-day. They are truly exquisite. I have never seen anything more perfect. On the whole, and with the finest engravings of Paris daily before my eyes for comparison, I find myself able to say that M. Champagne has perfectly succeeded in producing an exceptional work."

Mr. Goodrich performed his part in the most creditable manner, and the paper-makers, printers and binders united in their efforts to make *The Court of Napoleon* the most superb illustrated volume yet produced in America.

Three years later, Mr. Goodrich prepared for my firm a companion volume, uniform in size and price, entitled, *Women of Beauty and Heroism, from Semiramis to Eugénie*, a portrait gallery of female loveliness, achievement and influence. It was illustrated with nineteen superb steel engravings.

In 1865 the same author prepared a volume entitled *The Tribute Book*, of which an extended account is given in the sketch of Mr. George Jones of the *Times*.

Mr. Goodrich inherits much of the talent of his celebrated father—a pleasant and genial gentleman, who is always welcome where he most delights to be, amidst literary circles and in the homes of culture and refinement.

I may add, that, among other literary enterprises with which Mr. Goodrich has been identified, was a translation into English of the writings of the celebrated French author *Honore de Balzac*, which G. W. Carleton & Co. undertook, in 1860, to introduce to American readers. The enterprise, however, not proving successful, was relinquished after five novels were published.

V.

HORACE GREELEY—THOMAS MCELRATH.

Horace Greeley's New Yorker—Founder of the New York Tribune—Meets Thomas McElrath—Writes Author about Loco-Focos—Solon Robinson's Hot Corn—His American Conflict—Recollections of a Busy Life—Home at Chappaqua—Phæbe Cary Visits Him—His Opinion of Thurlow Weed—Robert Bonner Captures Horace Greeley—How Greeley and McElrath crossed a Ferry—Closing Incidents of His Life—Death of Horace Greeley—Banker Poet Stedman's Tribute to his Memory.

NEARLY fifty years ago, I became a subscriber to the *New Yorker*, a weekly newspaper, edited and published by Horace Greeley. Ten years later, while a bookseller at Auburn, I became a correspondent of Mr. Greeley's and the agent to obtain subscribers to his paper in that section.

Mr. Parton, in his biography of Horace Greeley, says the *New Yorker* was incomparably the best newspaper of its kind ever published in this country," in which opinion I fully coincide. It seemed to fill a void for the tastes of a class of readers who were inclined to well-written original articles, and literary matter selected with such great taste and care, while the current news of the day was sufficient to meet the wants of the general readers of the paper.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Greeley commenced in 1841, the year in which the *New Yorker* was discontinued, and our friendly relations continued uninterrupted to the day of his death.

The *New Yorker* was published on the credit system, which was the rule with nearly all newspapers in those days, the present cash in advance system not being so vigorously adhered to as at present, and if I remember rightly, was then unknown. The large losses occurring from non-paying subscribers caused the collapse of a good newspaper, which had become a general favorite throughout the country.

In the same year of the failure of the *New Yorker*, Mr. Greeley founded the *New York Tribune*, which soon became the favorite newspaper of the booksellers, and especially the publishers of books.

In the month of July of the same year, he associated himself with Thomas McElrath, who had been a book-publisher under the firm name of McElrath & Bangs. As both Mr. Greeley and Mr. McElrath became authors of books, as well as publishers of newspapers, and the name of the firm was soon familiar to the public, their articles of agreement may be of sufficient interest to give to my readers.

“The undersigned has great pleasure in announcing to his friends and the public, that he has formed a co-partnership with Thomas McElrath, and that the *Tribune* will hereafter be published by himself and Mr. M. under the firm of Greeley & McElrath. The principal editorial charges of the paper will still rest with the subscriber; while the entire business management of the concern henceforth devolves upon his partner.

“This arrangement, while it relieves the undersigned from a large portion of the labors and cares which have pressed heavily upon him for the last four months, assures to the paper efficiency and strength in a department where they have hitherto been needed; and I cannot be mistaken in the trust that the accession to its conduct of a gentleman who has twice been honored with their suffrages for an important station, will strengthen the *Tribune* in the confidence and affections of the Whigs of New York.

“Respectfully,

HORACE GREELEY.

“July 31st, 1841.”

Mr. McElrath was as thorough a business man as his partner was a journalist, and their firm continued publishers of the *Tribune* until it was merged into the Tribune Association, when Mr. Charles A. Dana became the managing editor, and a brilliant staff of other writers was added to the corps of editors, Mr. McElrath retiring from the paper.

During my residence at Auburn, I was an occasional correspondent of the Editor of the *Tribune*, having identified myself actively with the Whig party and with Mr. Greeley, a warm admirer of Henry Clay. The following is one of Mr. Greeley's characteristic letters, of which I have the original in his familiar chirography.

“New York, Oct. 3, 1846.

“J. C. DERBY:

“DEAR SIR :—We have not quite got things in shape yet, but we shall do so by the close of next week. Our nominations are generally good, and things are working well. But we must calculate on 4,000 against us in the city on account of Nativeism and the clamor against “niggers.” If we get off with that number we shall have done well, but I do not despair of doing still better. We have a report to-day that the Natives have induced a prominent Loco-Foco to accept their nomination for Governor. I hope this is so. They have been trying Ogden Edwards, but I rather guess he is *off*. Let me hear how matters shape, when the Locos make their nomination and whether the old Hunkers go in for Wright generally. I am afraid you won't make the best nomination for Senator, but hope for the best. Give us the best you can do this fall.

Yours,

(Signed) HORACE GREELEY.

“P. S.—I have at last noticed your Seward's eloquent defense of William Freeman, and mean to say more about it, if I ever find room.”

The above was doubtless more easily deciphered than that referred to in the following amusing anecdote :

The editor of the *Tribune* was once invited to lecture in

Sandwich, Illinois. In reply to the invitation, he is reported to have said :

“DEAR SIR—I am overworked and growing old I shall be sixty next February 3. On the whole it seems I must decline to lecture henceforth, except in this immediate vicinity, if I do at all. I cannot promise to visit Illinois on that errand—certainly not now.

“Yours,

HORACE GREELEY.

M. B. CASTLE,
Sandwich, Ills.

This letter, though intelligible enough in print, seemed hieroglyphics to the lecture committee of the town of Sandwich. They finally succeeded, as the story runs, with the aid of several experts, in deciphering its contents, to their evident satisfaction, as the annexed reply will show:

“Sandwich, Ill., May 12.

“HORACE GREELEY.

DEAR SIR:—Your acceptance to lecturc before our association next winter came to hand this morning. Your penmanship not being the plainest, it took some time to translate it, but we succeeded, and would say your time, 3d of February, and terms, \$60, are entirely satisfactory. As you suggest, we may be able to get you engagements in this immediate vicinity ; if so, we will advise you.

“Yours respectfully,

M. B. CASTLE.

In the year 1853 Solon Robinson, agricultural editor of the *New York Tribune*, and subsequent author of an important agricultural work, entitled *Facts for Farmers*, wrote occasional sketches in the city editor's department.

One of these sketches, *Hot Corn*, struck a popular chord and became famous, and it proved to be the nucleus of a book of city sketches, originally published in the *Tribune*, comprising stories of city life among the poorer classes, written in a style that touched the hearts of the people.

The book was published under the title, *Hot Corn ; or, Life Scenes in New York*, and reached in six months the phenomenal sale, for such a book, of more than fifty thousand copies.

Mr. Greeley was the author of several books. His first volume, *Hints toward Reform*, was published in 1850, by Harper & Bros., they agreeing to pay the author ten cents per copy, provided the latter paid for the stereotype plates. The sale of the book brought him a sufficient sum to reimburse him for his outlay.

His next book, entitled *Glances at Europe*, was made up from his letters to the *Tribune* while traveling abroad. He was paid about five hundred dollars copyright on that volume, without incurring any pecuniary risk. Mr. Greeley very naively says : " Had the work been profounder and less deserving, I presume it would not have sold so well."

Mr. Greeley also prepared an enlarged edition of *Epes Sargeat's Life of Henry Clay*, which my firm published in 1852. Although the sale was not large, the book gave satisfaction to the friends of Mr. Clay, who died during the same year.

The most important and valuable book written by Mr. Greeley was entitled *The American Conflict*. It was published in two octavo volumes, and although the price was ten dollars, reached a sale exceeding one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the first volume, it having been issued before its author went upon the bail-bond of Jefferson Davis, an act which caused the loss of the sale of many thousand volumes, as many of the subscribers having become incensed at Mr. Greeley's action, refused to take the second volume. The firm of Derby and Miller had the agency and management for the sale of the work in New York and adjoining states, therefore, I speak from experience of the great popularity of the work when it first appeared.

Mr. Greeley accepted an offer from the publishers to write the book without consulting any of his friends ; the consequence was that he agreed to prepare the work in too

short a time, receiving but a very moderate royalty on the sales, probably not one-quarter of the sum which he could have received from responsible publishers.

I saw much of Mr. Greeley in those days and remember very well how greatly he was taxed by the exacting clamor of the publishers for copy. The writing of this book was a great strain on his already overtaxed brain.

In the summer of 1864 Mr. Greeley was attacked with severe illness, something akin to brain fever; the slow progress of the war and great loss of life in the sanguinary battles, had made a deep impression upon him and temporarily laid him up from active work.

While confined at his residence at Chappaqua by this illness, I was invited by the late Phœbe Cary (who, with her sister Alice, were his devoted friends) to go with her to see the sick editor at his home. Arriving there we first saw his wife in the approaches of the house; Mrs. Greeley informed us that her husband could not be seen; however, through a little persuasion on the part of Miss Cary, she relented, and we were directed how and where to find the invalid. We found him seated beside a little stream near by, without coat or hat, with rod and line—fishing. He seemed pleased to see us and invited us to dinner. After spending a pleasant day, he said he felt well enough to return to the city with us, which he did, the same afternoon, the receipt of good news from the seat of war having greatly cheered him.

During the year 1868, an inducement of a peculiar kind was advertised in the *Tribune*. In spite of the protestation of Mr. Greeley, the offer was made of a portrait of the chief editor of the paper, on the following conditions:

“The publishers of the New York *Tribune* having received many inquiries from time to time for a good likeness of the editor, have made an arrangement with Messrs. Derby & Miller to furnish copies of Ritchie’s engraving, from a photograph by Brady, which will be sent to such subscribers of the *Tribune* as wish it, on the

conditions below. This is much the best likeness of Mr. Greeley that has been engraved. The print sells for one dollar. Each subscriber who sends us ten dollars for the *Daily*, four dollars for the *Semi-Weekly*, or two dollars for the *Weekly Tribune*, the paper to be sent by mail, and who requests the engraving at the time of subscribing, will have a copy carefully mailed, post-paid, to his address. One will likewise be sent to any person who forwards a club of ten or more semi-weeklies at our club rates and asks for the portrait at the time of remitting. We do not propose this as a premium, but to gratify the many friends of the *Tribune*, who feel a desire to possess a good likeness of its founder."

It was a most excellent portrait of the most famous Editor living and greatly prized by the *Tribune* subscribers.

In one of the chapters of Mr. Greeley's book, "Recollections of a Busy Life," which series of sketches he said he wrote because Mr. Bonner urged and paid him to do so, he described his former friend, the late Thurlow Weed, as tall, robust, dark-featured, shrewd, resolute and *not over scrupulous*. Mr. Bonner informs me that Mr. Greeley originally wrote *unscrupulous*, and that he returned it to have the expression omitted or modified. The latter at first hesitated to make any change whatever in his text, but subsequently wrote it as now printed.

I know, that notwithstanding Mr. Greeley's unkind feelings towards Mr. Weed, in the later years of his life, they were not reciprocated by the latter; on the contrary, Mr. Weed always spoke of him in the kindest and most friendly manner. But death buries all political animosities. Mr. Weed acted as one of the pall-bearers at Mr. Greeley's funeral.

These "Recollections of a Busy Life" were first published in the *Ledger*, for which Mr. Greeley received a liberal sum. They were subsequently published in book form, yielding their author an additional copyright on all that were sold.

When Robert Bonner wanted Mr. Greeley to write these Recollections for the *Ledger*, he was well aware that the

latter nearly always needed money, and made him an offer of a certain sum. Greeley said he would think about it. Bonner knew that if the latter talked with his friends, they would tell him that it ought to go in the *Tribune*, as it would increase its circulation very much. Bonner saw this, but Greeley did not; so, having invited the latter to breakfast the next morning, Bonner drew up a check for the whole sum he had offered him and laid it on Greeley's plate so that he would see it when he sat down. Greeley found the check there, and the temptation of receiving all of that ready money was too great for him to resist, and thus Bonner carried his point, as usual.

Mr. Beecher once told me a characteristic anecdote about Greeley; he said, "I at one time chanced to be traveling in the same direction with Horace Greeley. As we were passing through some little town, he looked out of the window and said, 'I lectured in this town once and I had very good success.' Said I, 'Mr. Greeley, what do you call success in a lecture?' 'Well,' said he, 'where more folks stay in than go out.'"

I have excellent authority for the authenticity of the following incident. Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath, once stopped at the hotel in Columbia, a village on the Delaware River, some distance below the Water Gap.

Mr. Greeley talked and wrote all night and tradition saith he got one subscriber. While they were waiting at Stroudsburg, after arriving at the river bank they signaled for a boatman to bring them over, and a man in his shirt-sleeves responded. While crossing, Greeley said, "Ferryman, you don't know that you have the honor of carrying Mr. McElrath, of the New York *Tribune*," and Mr. McElrath responded, "and you have also the higher honor of crossing with Horace Greeley." The boatman said, "Gentlemen, perhaps you don't know that you have the honor of being ferried over by Judge Ribble," which was a fact.

Greeley, as we know, was at one time a great admirer of Mr. Seward, as well as of Mr. Weed, and before the dis-

solution by him of the firm of Seward, Weed & Greeley, he wrote, under date of February 8th, 1855, to his friend Mr. George E. Baker, then a member of the assembly at Albany, as follows :—

“Weed is a giant. I went up to Albany to see if I could be of any use, but I could not. I could do more good here. Weed loves those who never seem to oppose his will, but he is after all the greatest man we have left, Seward not excepted.”

In August, 1872, I visited Auburn to show Mr. Seward the first proof pages of his *Travels around the World*, the completion of which he did not live to see. One evening, while sitting with him looking out at a procession going to the Greeley Ratification Meeting, Mr. Seward became very thoughtful and said but little; which was to the effect that never in his life had he put any obstacle in Mr. Greeley's way and certainly should not begin now. He died the following month and Mr. Greeley two months later.

Hon. F. W. Seward states in his recent interesting biography of his father, that—

“Mr. Weed in the year 1839, while Seward was Governor, during his frequent visits at the Governor's mansion, brought with him a slender light-haired young man, stooping and near-sighted, rather unmindful of forms and social usages, yet singularly clear, original and decided in his political views and theories—this was Horace Greeley. He had been brought to Albany by Mr. Weed to conduct a new campaign paper called *The Jeffersonian*, which was published at the State Capital, while *The New Yorker* continued to be published at New York, with Mr. Greeley as editor of both papers, making his trips to and from the two cities twice a week.

Among Mr. Greeley's eccentricities, was one on the subject of agriculture, which he believed, much to the amusement of his friends, he was quite a proficient in; and his book, “What I know about Farming,” published by G. W. Carleton, in 1872, caused considerable comment among his readers.

Mr. Greeley, in his “*Recollections of a Busy Life*”

closes the chapter on the founding of the *Tribune*, as follows :—

“Fame is a vapor; popularity an accident; riches take wings; the only earthly certainty is oblivion; no man can foresee what a day may bring forth, while those who cheer to-day will curse to-morrow; and yet I cherish the hope that the journal I projected and established, will live and flourish long after I shall have moldered into forgotten dust, being guided by a larger wisdom, a more unerring sagacity to discern the right, though not by a more unfaltering readiness to embrace and defend it at whatever personal cost; and that the stone which covers my ashes may bear to future eyes, the still intelligible inscription, ‘Founder of the *New York Tribune*.’”

The inscription thus desired by the eminent editor is not only the motto of the paper he founded, but the tall and massive building of the Tribune Association, erected by his successor, is a noble monument to its illustrious founder.

On the evening of the 20th of November, 1872, the life of Horace Greeley ceased, and with his death a great journalist passed away. His funeral was the most imposing ever witnessed in New York, the services being held at Rev. Dr. E. H. Chapin’s church, of which he was a member; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher assisted Dr. Chapin in the funeral addresses. Among the distinguished mourners were President Grant, Vice-President Wilson, Chief Justice Chase, the Governors of several States, and a number of senators and members of Congress.

Mary Clemmer, in one of her interesting letters to the *New York Independent*, after Mr. Greeley’s death, pays the following beautiful tribute to his memory :—

“There were years, and these the ones in which his toils pressed heaviest, when, through stress of circumstances, Mr. Greeley scarcely had a home. Some of his books were written amid discouragements and in discomfort which would have appalled and paralyzed any man less a Cato in his mold. Many

homes, bright, genial, full of gentle hearts, opened to him; but they were not his own.

“Women gifted, good, and beautiful trusted him, cared for him, and ministered in many ways to his weary life. No man could have felt more exquisitely than he, the ministries of such souls. No woman ever was his personal friend, trusting him, caring for him who was not helped by every word and deed of his companionship toward the truest and noblest womanhood. No praise higher than this can woman offer to the memory of man. His friendships were catholic, comprehensive and abiding. They held within their steadfast range some of the most illustrious as well as some of the most purely and sweetly domestic women of his time. Amid these, while his wife afar vainly pursued the mirage of health, he stood in fact a homeless and solitary man. But he never faltered in his work. He never swerved in his allegiance. He loved one woman, was true to her. She was the wife of his youth and the mother of his children. When her last struggle came, as he said, ‘in the darkest hour’; when for thirty sleepless nights and days he watched the last earthly light go out in the lustrous eyes which had enchanted and enchained his heart for more than thirty years, he felt his own life wane with it; and when it had gone he knew had gone also, both his power and his desire to live.”

The following interesting reminiscences, addressed to the *Tribune* by Bayard Taylor, long one of the editors, and at the time of Mr. Greeley's death residing abroad, are extracts from the memorial volume published by the *Tribune* Association.

“I first saw Mr. Greeley in June, 1844, when I was a boy of nineteen. I applied to him for an engagement to write letters to the *Tribune* from Germany. His reply was terse enough. ‘No descriptive letters!’ he said, ‘I am sick of them. When you have been there long enough to know something, send to me, and if there is anything in your letters, I will publish them.’ I waited nearly a year and then sent seventeen letters which were published. They were shallow enough I suspect; but what might they not have been without warning? Toward the end of 1847, while I was engaged in the unfortunate enterprise of trying to establish a weekly paper in Phoenixville, Penn., I wrote to him—foreseeing

the failure of my hopes—asking his assistance in procuring literary work in New York. He advised me (as I suspect he had advised thousands of young men) to stay in the country. But I *had* stayed in the country, and a year too long ; so another month found me in New York in his office with my story of disappointment and my repeated request for his favorable influence. “I think you are mistaken,” he said, “but I will bear you in mind, if I hear of any chance.” Six weeks afterward, to my great surprise (for I supposed he had quite forgotten me), he sent me and offered me a place on the *Tribune*. I worked hard and incessantly during the summer of 1848, hearing never a word of commendation or encouragement ; but one day in October, he suddenly came to my desk, laid his hand upon my shoulder and said, ‘You have been faithful; but now you need rest. Take a week’s holiday and go into New England.’ I obeyed, and found on my return, that he had ordered my salary to be increased. I think none of his associates at that time ever wrote a line which he did not critically read. His comments sometimes seemed rough, but they were always wholesome and almost invariably just. Once he called me to his room, pointed to a poem of mine which had just appeared in a literary magazine, and abruptly asked: ‘Why did you publish that gassy stuff?’ My indignation was even greater than my astonishment. I retorted fiercely: ‘Mr. Greeley, I should feel hurt by your question, if I had any respect whatever for your judgment in regard to poetry!’ He smiled a sad, forgiving smile and said nothing. Years afterward, I saw that he was right; the poem was only a piece of sounding rhetoric, for which ‘gassy’ was perhaps a coarse, but certainly not an inappropriate epithet.”

The following poetical tribute from the banker-poet, E. C. Stedman, who was at one time on the editorial staff of the *Tribune* is a fitting conclusion to my recollections of Horace Greeley.

“Earth, let thy softest mantle rest,
 This wearied child to thee returning,
 Whose youth was nurtured at thy breath
 Who loved thee with much tender yearning !

He knew thy fields and woodland ways,
 And deemed thy humblest son his brother ;
 Asleep, beyond our blame or praise,
 We yield him back, O, gentle Mother !

“ Of praise, of blame, he drank his fill ;
 Who has not read the lifelong story ?
 And dear we hold his fame, but still
 The man was dearer than his glory.
 And now to us are left alone,
 The closet where his shadow lingers,
 The vacant chair—that was a throne—
 The pen, just fallen from his fingers.

“ Wrath changed to kindness on that pen ;
 Though dipped in gall it flowed with honey ;
 One flash from out the cloud, and then
 The skies with smile and jest were sunny.
 Of hate he surely lacked the art,
 Who made his enemy his lover ;
 O, reverend head and Christian heart !
 Where now their like the whole world over ?

“ He saw the goodness, not the taint,
 In many a poor do-nothing creature,
 And gave to sinner and to saint,
 But kept his faith in human nature ;
 Perchance he was not worldly-wise,
 Yet he who noted, standing nearer,
 The shrewd, kind twinkle in his eyes,
 For every weakness held him dearer.

“ Alas ! that unto him who gave
 So much, so little should be given !
 Himself alone, he might not save
 Of all for whom his hands had striven.
 Place, freedom, fame, his work bestowed ;
 Men took, and passed, and left him lonely ;
 What marvel, if beneath his load,
 At times he craved for justice only !

“ Yet thanklessness, the serpent’s tooth,
 His lofty purpose could not alter ;
 Toil had no power to bend his youth,
 Or make his lusty manhood falter ;
 From envy’s sling, from slander’s dart,
 That armored soul the body shielded,
 Till one dark sorrow chilled his heart,
 And then he bowed his head and yielded.

“ Now, now we measure at its worth
 The gracious presence gone forever ;
 The wrinkled East, that gave him birth,
 Laments with every laboring river ;
 Wild moan the free winds of the West,
 For him who gathered to her prairies
 The sons of men, and make each crest
 The haunt of happy household fairies.

“ And anguish sits upon the mouth
 Of her who came to know him latest ;
 His heart was ever there, O, South !
 He was thy truest friend and greatest !
 He shunned thee in thy splendid sham,
 He stayed thee in thy voiceless sorrow ;
 The day thou shalt forget his name,
 Fair South, can have no sadder morrow.

“ The tears that fall from eyes unused—
 The hands above his grave united—
 The words of men whose lips he loosed,
 Whose cross he bore, whose wrongs he righted—
 Could he but know, and rest with this !
 Yet stay, through death’s low-lying hollow,
 His one last foe’s insatiate hiss
 On that benignant shade would follow !

“ Peace ! while we shroud this man of men
 Let no unhallowed word be spoken !
 He will not answer thee again,
 His mouth is sealed, his wand is broken.

Some holier cause, some vaster trust
 Beyond the veil, he doth inherit,
 O, gently, Earth, receive his dust,
 And Heaven soothe his troubled Spirit !”

THOMAS McELRATH.

McElrath and Bangs—First American reader of “Don Juan”—Studies Law with Judge Daly—Enters Methodist Book Concern—Partnership with Horace Greeley—Great Success of the Tribune—Prominent Seward Whig—Tribune Building Destroyed by Fire—Escape of R. M. Strebergh—McElrath as an Author—President of Nassau Bank—Official Positions—Anecdote of Greeley—Preparing Reminiscences.

MORE than fifty years ago, the firm of McElrath & Bangs were publishers of school and religious books in the city of New York. It is nearly half a century since I knew them as a firm, and became a purchaser of their publications. I have heard Mr. McElrath say that he was the first person in the United States who read the 11th, 12th, and 13th cantos of Lord Byron’s “Don Juan.” Carey & Lea received an advance copy, which, before cutting the leaves, was sent to the then famous printing office of William Brown, in Philadelphia, where it was immediately given out to thirty or forty compositors, and within thirty-six hours an American edition was on sale at the book-stores. This was in 1823, and Mr. McElrath, then a lad in the office, *read the proofs.*

Later on, young McElrath moved to New York, where he was employed in the large printing-offices of the Methodist Book Concern, chiefly as proof-reader. He afterwards learned the bookselling business, becoming head salesman in the same large establishment.

In the year 1828 he entered into partnership with Lemuel Bangs, as general booksellers and publishers of religious and school books. Mr. Bangs afterwards became well-known to the bookselling fraternity by his connection with the book trade-sales of New York.

After the dissolution of the firm, Mr McElrath continued the book publishing business on his own account, until a fire destroyed the building he occupied in Ann Street, by which he lost his entire stock. He then resolved to abandon the book business and devote himself to the practice of law, for which he had already prepared himself, both in Pennsylvania and New York. One of his first law partners was Charles P. Daly, now Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

Mr. McElrath early became identified with the Whig party, having united his political fortunes with his lifelong friend, the late William H. Seward. He was elected to the Legislature in 1838, the same year that Mr. Seward was elected Governor of the State, and I believe he is now the only survivor of the thirteen members representing with him the city of New York in the Assembly of 1839.

It will thus be seen that by experience in printing, in publishing, and in politics, Mr. McElrath entered upon the task of establishing the New York Daily *Tribune* on a business basis not lightly prepared to assume that duty. The famous firm of Greeley & McElrath was established in 1841, as publishers of the New York *Tribune*, their partnership continuing for the period of sixteen years.

On assuming charge as publisher, Mr. McElrath made public the following card :

“The undersigned, in connecting himself with the conduct of a public journal, invokes a continuance of that courtesy and good feeling which has been extended to him by his fellow citizens. Having heretofore received evidence of kindness and regard from the conductors of the Whig press of this city, and rejoicing in the friendship of most of them, it will be his aim in his new vocation to justify the kindness and strengthen and increase those friend-

ships. His hearty concurrence in the principles, political and moral, on which the *Tribune* has thus far been conducted, has been a principal incitement to the connection here announced, and the statement of this fact will preclude the necessity of any special declaration of opinions. With gratitude for past favors, and an anxious desire to merit a continuance of regard, he remains, the public's humble servant,

THOMAS McELRATH."

On Saturday morning, July 31, the notice of copartnership appeared editorially in the *Tribune*, and the partnership thus consummated lasted over sixteen years. Mr. McElrath was an excellent business man; prompt, energetic, methodical, and the business affairs of the *Tribune* were soon reduced to clearness and order.

In Mr. Greeley's autobiography he pays a warm tribute to the business abilities of his partner. "He was," says Mr. Greeley, "so safe and judicious, that the business never gave me any trouble and scarcely required of me a thought during that long era of all but unclouded prosperity."

Hudson, in his "History of Journalism," in giving a history of the New York *Tribune*, says:

"The *Tribune*, like some of its predecessors, survived assaults and persecutions; but as we have said, it lacked a business manager to aid its editor in perfecting his plans and to reap the advantages of surrounding circumstances. Thomas McElrath was the needed man. Educated a lawyer, and having been a book publisher, active and intelligent, he took hold of the business details of the establishment with energy. It is but justice to Mr. McElrath to say that a large portion of the success of the *Tribune* was due to his skill."

Mr. Parton, also, in his interesting Life of Greeley, says of Mr. McElrath:

"A strict disciplinarian, a close calculator, a man of method and order, experienced in business, Mr. McElrath possessed in an

eminent degree the very qualities in which the editor of the *Tribune* was most deficient. Roll Horace Greeley and Thomas McElrath into one, and the result would be a very respectable approximation to a perfect man. The two, united in partnership, have been able to produce a very respectable approximation to a perfect newspaper. As Damon and Pythias are the types of perfect friendship, so may Greeley and McElrath be a perfect partnership; and one may say with a sigh at the many discordant unions the world presents, 'Oh! that every Greeley could find his McElrath, and blessed is the McElrath that finds his Greeley!'

Mr. Greeley himself, in a published letter, said:

"But I was not made for a publisher; indeed, no man was ever qualified to edit and publish a daily paper, such as it must be, to live in these times; and it was not until Mr. Thomas McElrath, whom I had barely known as a member of the publishing firm over whose store I first set type in this city, but who, now a lawyer in good standing and practice—made me a voluntary and wholly unexpected proffer of partnership in my still struggling but hopeful enterprise, that it might be considered fairly on its feet. He offered to invest two thousand dollars as an equivalent to whatever I had in the business, and to devote his time and energy to its management, on the basis of perfect equality in ownership and in sharing the proceeds. This I very gladly accepted; and from that hour my load was palpably lightened."

And again, in 1845 he pays the following tribute to Mr. McElrath:

"In the fall of 1841 a kind Providence impelled Mr. Thomas McElrath, formerly a bookseller, then a lawyer and Master in Chancery, to call on me and suggest the idea of partnership. I gladly closed with him on any terms, and from that day to this not another hair has been worn off my head by the aching puzzle of studying out the means of paying off to-morrow's note."

The *Sacramento Bee* celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary on the evening of February 6, 1882. In the course of his speech on the occasion, the veteran editor, James McClutchy, said:

“It is the financial hand that wins and smooths the road to prosperity. I said to Horace Greeley, when he was here many years ago: ‘Mr. Greeley, you have established a great journal.’ ‘No, sir,’ he answered, ‘not I, but my business partner, Mr. McElrath has. To him is due the honor. I merely write for it.’”

On February 5th, 1845, the *Tribune* building was entirely destroyed by fire. Mr. Robert M. Strebeigh, a nephew of Mr. McElrath, was at that time a clerk in the *Tribune* office, and now well known in business and social circles in this city. He once gave me the following interesting account of that catastrophe:

He said the fire occurred about 4 o'clock, just after the morning edition of the paper had been worked off, so that the subscribers were served on that day, and through the enterprise of Thomas McElrath the paper appeared as usual on the following morning. As soon as he knew of the fire he secured type and paper at 30 Ann Street, and by good management there was no interruption of publication. Nothing was saved except the books and papers that were locked in the safe.

The fire originated through the carelessness of a boy, who had built a fire in the stove of the publication office. He allowed loose papers that had been used for kindling to remain by the stove. They became ignited and communicated with other inflammable material of the office. The stove was located at the foot of a private stairway that led up to a bedroom in the second story, which was occupied by William H. Graham, New York agent for *Graham's Magazine*, and himself.

They were aroused by the crackling of the fire as it entered their room. There was no means of escape but by a leap from the window. They both sprang from the window in their night clothes into the snow that had been heaped in the yard. They walked through the basement from the back yard to the front of the building, and by the time they reached the sidewalk the blaze was issuing from every window of the front of the building.

There was a heavy fall of snow the day before, and through the snow about eighteen inches deep, these young gentlemen walked, all accoutred as they were, Graham to the Merchants' Hotel in Courtland St., and Strebeigh to his uncle McElrath's, who then resided in Church St., College Green. The iron gate, about ten feet high, in front of the residence, was locked, and Strebeigh, being in a hurry, instead of ringing the bell was obliged to climb over the gate. He afterwards wondered how he did it, and well he may. He certainly could not accomplish such a feat now.

From an account of the fire, which appeared in a New York paper some time after its occurrence, written I was informed by Mr. Augustus Maverick, author of "Raymond and New York Journalism," the following extract is given :

"The building was now only a heap of ruins. At eight o'clock, looking on from the brink of the fiery chasm whence smoke and steam still ascended, I saw Greeley trudging through two or three feet of snow, his partner Thomas McElrath, to whom Greeley has repeatedly attributed his success of the *Tribune*, just at that moment coming up, and the two advanced to the end of the gap which held all that was left of the *Tribune* establishment, and I standing by the side of Greeley, put to him this question :

" ' Well, Mr. Greeley, what are you going to do ? Will the *Tribune* be published again ?

" Greeley replied, with that curious corrugation of the brow which always indicated any perturbation in his mind, and in that old falsetto tone which gave such ear-piercing expression to any one that may afflict him: ' I-do-o-nt-know.' Just then he turned to McElrath with a woebegone expression, and said :

" ' Well, Mr. McElrath, this is a pretty clean smash ! What shall we do ?' The former replied, ' Get out the paper to-morrow morning as usual !' It was done. The indomitable energy of Mr. McElrath caused the paper to appear at the regular time the next morning, and the event proved the best kind of advertisement, for it brought the *Tribune* literally a thousand compliments, and gave its manager a lasting reputation for energy and enterprise."

The following is from Mr. Greeley's humorous reflections over the fire appeared in the columns of the *Tribune* on the morning after the catastrophe :

“ We would not indulge in unnecessary sentiment, but even the old desk at which we sat, the ponderous inkstand, the familiar faces of files of correspondence, the choice collection of pamphlets, the unfinished essay, the charts by which we steered—can they all have vanished, never more to be seen ? Truly, your fire makes clean work, and is, of all executive officers, super-eminent. Perhaps the last choice batch of letters may be somewhere on the file ; we are almost tempted to cry, ‘ Devil ! find it up ! ’ Poh ! it is a mere cinder now ; some

“ ‘ Fathoms deep my letter lies ;
Of its lines is tinder made.’ ”

“ No Arabian tale can cradle a wilder fiction, or show better how altogether illusory life is. Those solid walls of brick ; those five decent stories ; those steep and difficult stairs ; the swing doors ; the sanctum, scene of many a deep political drama, of many a pathetic tale, utterly whiffed out, as one summarily snuffs out a spermaceti on retiring for the night.”

Mr. McElrath was elected president of the Nassau Bank at its organization in 1853—the year in which I established myself in New York. This bank was largely represented by the book and paper trade, counting among that fraternity, as directors, the President, the Vice-President Augustine Smith, of the large paper warehouse of John Campbell & Co., later Campbell, Hall & Co., and now Augustine Smith & Co.*

Among other directors were Lemuel Bangs, Mr. McElrath's former partner, J. S. Redfield, a well known publisher of some of the most popular books of the day, and

* Mr. Smith is still, thirty years later, holding the same position, and it is more than probable that no one in the book or paper business has had greater experience or more knowledge of the business resources of all merchants engaged in those trades.

W. E. Dean, an extensive printer and publisher of books for more than half a century, who died in the year 1879 at the advanced age of 91 years. He was one of the most noted veterans of the trade.

Mr. McElrath has filled many positions of responsibility and honor. He has been a member of the Common Council of New York, a member of the Board of Education, United States General Appraiser of the District of New York, appointed by Abraham Lincoln. He was also one of the commissioners of the Paris Exposition in 1867, for which I became United States agent by appointment of William H. Seward, then Secretary of State. He was also a United States commissioner to the Vienna Exposition of 1873, where he greatly distinguished himself by his valuable assistance to the United States exhibitors. In the year 1834 he was elected a trustee of the Public School Society of New York, his first colleagues being the Hon. William Beach Lawrence, editor of Wheaton's International Law, and Ex-Governor Hamilton Fish; he was appointed by Governor Fish State Director of the old Bank of America; was elected Corresponding Secretary of the American Institute; was appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, Chief United States Appraiser for the Port of New York, holding that office under the administrations of Presidents Johnson and Grant, and organized the Appraisers' Department substantially as it exists at the present time; by President Grant he was appointed to act with the Hon. John Jay as special commissioner to adjust and superintend the American Department of the famous Vienna Exposition; and in 1876 was the Secretary and Executive officer of the New York State Commission at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia.

Mr. McElrath is also an author—his Dictionary of Commerce, a large octavo volume, having been published in 1871. It was well received by the commercial community, and although an expensive volume, a second edition

was quickly called for. It is regarded as authority on commercial questions in all the courts.

Mr. George Ripley in his notice of this work in *The Tribune*, says :

“No single volume that we are acquainted with comprises within the same compass so great a variety of facts in the range of its specialty, or so amply rewards the inquirer for the trouble of consulting its pages. The prominent features of the work are originality, clearness and brevity. . . . The definitions, in general, are remarkable for their precision and neatness.”

It is intimated and may be expected that Mr. McElrath will yet put on record in detail as known only to himself the history of the great journal to whose foundation and early fortunes he devoted his prime. This will be but doing late justice to himself, and I do not doubt that the public will be much interested in a narrative unfolding the primal origin and development of a newspaper foremost in its class and of such world-wide renown as the *New York Tribune*.

Cornelius Matthews, in an article published in the *Manhattan Magazine*, incidentally introduces the name of Mr. McElrath, and says :

“Ever honored, the ex president of the Nassau Bank still lives among us to celebrate his golden wedding and to look upon a career of honor, as bookseller, lawyer, politician, financier and journalist without a stain.”

Mr. McElrath is at present connected with the National Park Bank of this city. His long career as a business man is one of unblemished record. I have known him intimately in a business and social way for nearly half a century, and count it an honor to be numbered among the many friends who respect and esteem him.

VI.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The foremost American citizen—Grand reception at the State Capitol—Visits Governor Tilden—Habits of daily life—City and country—Never knew a sick day—His Autobiography—History of the United States—Library of Poetry and Song—Picturesque America—President of Century Club—Grand testimonial by its members—Opinion of Tilden and Hayes—Probably voted for Tilden—Thanatopsis—"A Pagan Poem"—The Waterfowl—Relations with Weed and Greeley—Statue of Mazzini—Delivers his last Oration—Fatal Accident to Mr. Bryant—His Death—Impressive Funeral Services—Feeling Address by his Pastor, Rev. Dr. Bellows—Commemorative Services.

AMONG my treasured memories are the years of my acquaintance with William Cullen Bryant, whose friendship I greatly valued. He was, in my opinion, not only one of the foremost Americans, but, at the time of his death, at the very front. No other private citizen has ever before received the honors shown him at the State Capitol in 1874, while a guest of his life-long friend, Governor Tilden. Mr. Bryant accepted an invitation to visit the Legislature, then in session. As he entered the Senate Chamber, the Senators rose in a body to receive him, Senator Robertson, now Collector of the Port of New York speaking as follows :

“ Mr. PRESIDENT—I have the honor to present to you the most distinguished citizen of our State—I might say of our country—William Cullen Bryant.

Lieutenant-Governor Dorsheimer, who presided, then invited Mr. Bryant to a seat on his right, and when all were again seated, said:

“SENATORS !

“You have sought for this opportunity to pay a signal tribute of respect to one of your fellow-citizens. Honors like this have hitherto been reserved for those who have risen to eminence in the public service ; nor do I recall an instance in the history of any State in which our language is spoken, where they have been conferred upon a man of letters. But henceforth it will be known that New York, recognizing that States are governed not by statutes alone and still less by the sword, gives her highest honors to the poet as well as the law-giver and the soldier. I need not recall to you the career of your guest. Every American knows the incidents of that long and honorable life. Still less need I impress upon you the merits of his writings. You remember the glowing words with which in his youth he taught the love of nature and the Christian’s faith. You have all seen him seated among the lengthening shadows of evening, and heard him repeat in English as pure as the English of Addison and Goldsmith, Homer’s undying song. I know I utter your heartfelt wishes when I express the hope the blessings which have been so abundantly given to him may be continued, and that his life may still be spared to the country whose institutions he has defended, whose liberties he has widened and whose glories he has increased. Senators, I present to you William Cullen Bryant.”

A portion of Mr. Bryant’s eloquent response was as follows :

“MR. DORSHEIMER, and Gentlemen of the Senate:—You will pardon me, if, on rising, I say a few words in acknowledgment of the honor conferred upon me, I find myself somewhat embarrassed on account of the novelty of the occasion. I see before me the representatives of the different parts of our great, powerful and populous State. I see men who come from our rich and beautiful valleys, from the grand and picturesque mountain regions of the north of the State, from the banks of our glorious rivers, from the borders of our immense lakes, from populous towns and

pleasant villages ; towns that are seats of trade and industry ; cities noisy with the bustle of business and commerce, or resounding with the clash of looms, or the blows of ponderous hammers in our manufacturing establishments. You come, gentlemen, as representatives of the arts, of the wealth and industry of this great State. On my part I have nothing to offset against this great array except what you see before you, and that is an object certainly disproportionately small compared with this imposing ceremony. I have nothing to say, therefore, except to return my thanks for the great honor you have done me, and to add my wishes for your future career."

On entering the Assembly Chamber, the Speaker addressed Mr. Bryant as one, "who as poet, journalist, sage, statesman and man, had written his name in ineffaceable letters on the annals of his country and in the hearts of his countrymen," to which the latter feelingly responded.

One day, in conversation with the venerable and highly-honored poet, concerning the public reception tendered him by the representatives of the Empire State, he expressed his gratification in his usual quiet manner of speech, to which I ventured to reply, that his friends were equally pleased, as the honors shown him were reciprocal.

In the year 1877, having read a paragraph in one of the daily papers referring to Mr. Bryant's health, remarkable for one so advanced in life—he being at that time nearly eighty years old, and none of his friends having ever known of his being sick for a single day—I determined to, and did, write him in relation to the habits of his daily life, the following letter, although not aware at the time of his having written to any one else on the same subject :—

" June 8th, 1877.

"MY DEAR MR. BRYANT,—

"The enclosed cutting, which is going the rounds of the Press, brings up the question so often from my older and younger boys, children and grandchildren, who have been taught to love and revere your name, why it is that one of your advanced years is so

greatly favored with health and long life, when that life has been one of toil and study. My reply to them in brief, is that Mr. Bryant has taken care of his bodily health by regular and temperate habits. Would it be asking too much, my dear friend, for a brief letter from you, in reply to the suggestions which are thus made? Such a letter would be invaluable to present and future youth and young men.

“Yours faithfully,

J. C. DERBY.”

To the letter the following replies were received:—

“Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., July 11th, 1877.

“DEAR MR. DERBY,—

“I wrote some time since the kind of letter which you suggest, concerning my habits of life. It was addressed to Mr. Joseph Richards, and published at the time in the *Journal of Health*. I would have answered your note earlier and sent you a copy of my letter, if I could have laid my hands on it, but I have not yet found it. I do not care to write another, lest it should seem like thrusting myself before the public. I shall look further for the letter.

Yours truly,

W. C. BRYANT.”

“Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., July 11th, 1877.

“DEAR MR. DERBY,—

“I can find but one copy of my letter to Mr. Richards, and that I wish to keep, though I have a suspicion that there are others among my papers somewhere. I have copied the letter for you, and send it with this that you may do what seems to you good, with the copy.

Yours truly,

W. C. BRYANT.”

The following is the letter referred to :

“New York, March 30, 1871.

“DEAR SIR:—I promised some time since to give you some account of my habits of life, so far, at least, as regards diet, exercise and occupation. I am not sure that it will be of any use to

you, although the system, which I have for many years observed, seems to answer my purpose very well. I have reached a pretty advanced period of life without the usual infirmities of old age, and with my strength, activity and bodily faculties generally in pretty good preservation. How far this may be the effect of my way of life, adopted long ago and steadily adhered to, is perhaps uncertain. I rise early : at this time of the year, about half-past five; in summer, half or even an hour earlier. Immediately, with very little encumbrance of clothing, I begin a series of exercise, for the most part designed to expand the chest and at the same time call into action all the muscles and articulations of the body. These are performed with dumb-bells—the very lightest—covered with flannel, with a pole, a horizontal bar and a light chair swung round my head. After a full hour, and sometimes more, passed in this manner, I bathe from head to foot. When at my place in the country. I sometimes shorten my exercise in the chamber, and going out, occupy myself for half an hour or more in some work which requires brisk motion. After my bath, if breakfast be not ready, I sit down to my studies till I am called. My breakfast is a simple one—hominy and milk, or, in place of hominy, brown bread or oatmeal or wheaten grits, and, in season, baked sweet apples ; but animal food I never take at breakfast. Tea and coffee I never touch at any time. Sometimes I take a cup of chocolate, which has no narcotic effect and agrees with me very well. At breakfast I often take fruit, either in its natural state or freshly stewed. After breakfast I occupy myself for a time with my studies, and then, when in town, I walk down to the office of the *Evening Post*, nearly three miles distant, and after about three hours, return, always walking, whatever be the state of the weather. In the country I am engaged in literary tasks until a feeling of weariness drives me out in the open air, and I go upon my farm or into the garden and prune the trees or perform some other work about them which they need, and then go back to my books. I do not often drive out, preferring to walk. In the country I dine early, and it is only at that meal that I take either meat or fish, and of these but a moderate quantity, making my dinner mostly of vegetables. At the meal which is called tea, I only take a little bread and butter, with fruit, if it be on the table. In town, where I dine later, I take but two meals a day. Fruit makes a considerable part of my diet, and I eat it at almost any hour of the day without inconvenience. My drink is water ; yet

I sometimes, though rarely, take a glass of wine. I never meddle with tobacco, except to quarrel with its use. That I may rise early, I go to bed early ; in town as early as ten ; in the country somewhat earlier. For many years I have avoided in the evening every kind of literary occupation which tasks the faculties, such as composition, even to the writing of letters, for the reason that it excites the nervous system and prevents sound sleep. My brother told me not long since that he had seen in a Chicago newspaper a paragraph in which it was said that I was in the habit of taking quinine as a stimulant, that I have depended upon the excitement which it caused in writing my verses, and that in consequence of using it in that way I had become as deaf as a post. As to my deafness, you know that to be false, and the remainder of the story is equally so. I abominate all drugs and narcotics and have always carefully avoided everything which spurs nature to exertions that it would not otherwise make. Even with my food I do not take the usual condiments, such as pepper and the like.

“ I am, sir, truly yours,

“ W. C. BRYANT.”

Hon. John Bigelow, at one time associated with Mr. Bryant as one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, meeting him not long before his death after a prolonged separation, questioned him particularly concerning his health. The latter replied : “ It is so perfect I hardly dare to speak of it, and I am not conscious from one week to another of any physical sensation I would have different.”

Although Mr. Bryant was a great reader and especially of the trying Greek language, he always read with the naked eye, never during his long life having used eyeglasses of any kind whatever.

The power of endurance and vitality exhibited by so aged a man, seem not only remarkable, but truly wonderful, when we take into consideration his close application to literary pursuits of a nature which would affect the constitution of a robust person of even younger years.

It was the invariable custom of Mr. Bryant to walk to and from his house in Sixteenth Street to his office down town, a distance of some six miles. Every day, no matter

what the weather was, through a blinding snow-storm, a gale of wind, the pouring rain, or under a hot summer sun he might be seen cheerfully plodding along in the direction of his office or his home. One windy, disagreeable day in March, on one of these journeys, he stopped in to see me, and as he entered the office door, the wind playing havoc with his white beard, he quoted these lines of Gray :

“ Loose his beard and hoary hair,
Streamed like a meteor in the troubled air.”

I suggested that Halleck's “ Winds of March ” were very appropriate for the occasion. He at once quoted the opening lines of the verses as follows :—

“ The winds of March are humming
Their parting song, their parting song,
And summer skies are coming,
And days grow long, and days grow long.”

I said to him that the *Home Journal* in the days of Morris and Willis quoted the poem with every advent of March. He replied it would be a good thing for the *Post* to do, and he would attend to it.

During one of my conversations with Mr. Bryant, I tried to impress upon him the importance of a record of his eventful life, which could not fail to be of great interest, not alone to all of his friends, but to the public generally; in other words, it would be a most desirable thing to do if he would prepare an autobiography, even though it be published posthumously. A few days subsequently the following letter came to me :—

“ Cumington, Mass., August 7th, 1874.

“ MY DEAR MR. DERBY:

“ I have thought of what you suggested to me. I find that in what I shall have to tell I do not remember what relates to others with whom I have been thrown into contact, so minutely and accurately as I could wish. I shall be almost confined to my own

adventures and affairs, and of these a good deal that is peculiar and characteristic is rubbed off by the lapse of time. I see that the writing of my biography will make a mere egotist of me, and I cannot consent to appear in that character in my lifetime. If I write anything of the kind it must appear after I have disappeared, provided that anybody shall then think worth while to publish it.

I am, Sir, truly yours,

W. C. BRYANT."

In the years 1874-5 Mr. Bryant commenced to write an autobiography, but after completing a few pages of his early life, he ceased, and it was never continued.*

Bryant's History of the United States, although purporting to have been written by him, was in reality the work of another excellent writer, in whose ability Mr. Bryant reposed the utmost confidence. The latter agreed in his contract to write a general introduction, and to read the proof of all the pages, which he very carefully attended to up to the time of his death, at which time I believe but two of the four volumes had been published. He wrote to his friend, Miss Dewey :

"I suppose you see that I am to be responsible for a popular History of the United States, written by Mr. Sidney Howard Gay. It is to be illustrated and to fill three or four octavo volumes."

Another volume, known as Bryant's Library of Poetry and Song, was a collection made from favorite poets, but the selection was not made by him. He did, however, write an introduction for the work, for which he was paid but a moderate price. The book has had a very large sale. A small royalty on all copies sold—and it was Mr. Bryant's name which gave it its popularity—would have yielded him a handsome sum in copyright.

The name of Mr. Bryant was frequently sought for by authors and publishers to introduce literary undertakings ;

* Parke Godwin's "Life of Bryant," vol. I., pp. 1-37.

and he was ever ready to give its influence to aid authors, especially young writers of merit in both prose and poetry.

The most important publication for which Mr. Bryant unhesitatingly stood sponsor, was the superbly illustrated *Picturesque America*, published by D. Appleton & Co. This elegant work, which cost to produce over \$100,000, was projected by the late George S. Appleton and Oliver B. Bunce, both gentlemen of fine artistic taste. The latter, however, did most of the literary work, for which Mr. Bryant gives due credit in the introductory pages. The only literary work done on this publication by the latter was the writing of the introduction and the reading of the proof-sheets, according to agreement with the publishers.

Among the names of the founders of the Century Club organized in 1846, will be found that of William Cullen Bryant, who, at the time of his death, was its President. On the occasion of his seventieth birthday, in 1864, his fellow-members resolved to give him a testimonial to which the principal literary and artistic circles were invited. In response to this invitation, a large gathering of several hundred ladies and gentleman assembled to offer congratulations to the "Patriarch Among Poets."

At the gathering Hon. George Bancroft, then President of the Century, happily stated in addressing the assembly, that "the object of the meeting was primarily the career of their guest as a poet that we celebrate; while the mountains and the ocean side ring with the tramp of cavalry, and the din of cannon, we take a respite in the serene regions of ideal pursuits." He also spoke of Mr. Bryant's love of nature, of his personal life, which had been one continuous record of patriotism and integrity. Among the poetical tributes received were those from Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George H. Boker, Richard H. Stoddard, Julia Ward Howe, John Greenleaf Whittier. A characteristic address was delivered by Ralph Waldo Emerson. Letters of regret were received from Richard H. Dana, Edward Everett, Henry W. Longfellow, John Pierpont, Gulian C. Verplanck

(First President Century Club), Fitz Greene Halleck, Charles Sprague and James Russell Lowell, whose spirited poem was read on the occasion.

In the year 1876 the candidates for the Presidency of the United States were Samuel J. Tilden and Rutherford B. Hayes. Until the formation of the Republican party Mr. Bryant and Mr. Tilden acted together in the Democratic party, and notwithstanding their subsequent separation in politics they continued their intimate personal relations. *The New York Evening Post* was, at that time, considered the Republican organ, being extensively read by that class of voters who usually supported the nominees of that party. As late in the Presidential Campaign as August of that year *The Post* had given to its readers no indications of its preference for either candidate. This was a matter of comment among many of Mr. Bryant's friends, and as he was then absent at his residence at Cummington, Massachusetts, I ventured to write him on the subject, intimating that the readers of *The Evening Post*, who were generally guided in their political actions by its teachings, had as yet failed to see that it had taken any stand on such an important question as the Presidency, and suggesting that a letter from him on the subject would be most timely.

Mr. Bryant's reply was as follows :—

“Cummington, Mass., Aug. 28th, 1876.

“To J. C. DERBY, Esq.

“DEAR SIR :

“I do not wonder that many thoughtful persons are undecided as to which candidate they shall support in the coming election of President. Both parties profess to aim at the same ends. Which has the best candidate, and which can be most depended upon to adopt and enforce the necessary measures? are the questions which people are asking. If you look only to the candidate, Mr. Tilden is the best—the most of a statesman, the soundest and most enlarged in opinions, and, I think, of the finest character. If you look at the parties by which the candidates are brought

forward, the Republican party is most to be relied on, although both parties, judged by the proceedings of their representatives in Congress, are greatly degenerate, and whichever of them obtains the ascendancy, those who look for a complete, radical, thorough reform, will be disappointed. Some changes will doubtless be made for the better, but those who expect all abuses in the administration of the government to be done away, will find their mistake.

“As to the hard-money question, it seems to me that it is safest with the republicans. The democratic party of the west are deeply infected with the inflation heresy. It is now smothered temporarily, but as soon as the election is over it will break out again with violence. The republican party is most free from its influence.

“As to the Civil Service reform, which both parties profess to desire, Mr. Tilden has not pledged himself to abstain from the vicious practice of turning out indiscriminately all whom he shall find in office, in case he is elected. He only promises to look carefully into their characters and qualifications.

“I infer that all whom he finds in office must go out. Who will answer for him that all whom he appoints will be worthy of their places? Thousands and tens of thousands will flock to Washington for these places, all of them good democrats, and it will be absolutely astonishing if a large number of those who are appointed do not turn out to be rogues. Hayes, who only promised to send adrift the unworthy, will have an easier task and leisure to exercise a just discrimination.

“As to the revenue laws, which are, without doubt, one cause of the hard times, neither Mr. Tilden or Mr. Hayes have spoken of any reform to be made. Perhaps the chance of an enlightened revision of these laws is best in case the democrats obtain the ascendancy, but how slight the prospect of such a revision is, I leave to be inferred from the late proceedings of the democratic House of Representatives.

“You see, therefore, that when we come to compare the prospect of reform under one of the two parties with that under the other, a man who is slow in forming conclusions might be forgiven for hesitating. Yet the greater number of those dissatisfied republicans who came to the Fifth Avenue Conference, including most of the wisest heads among them, have acquiesced in the nomination of Hayes. The Cincinnati Convention did not give them all they

wanted, but came so near to it that they thought it was the wisest course to be content, and not to separate from the party with which they had hitherto acted. I thought the same thing in regard to *The Evening Post*—namely, that it would not be well to detach itself from the party which had carried the country through the civil war until it was forced to do so by signs of degeneracy.

“There may have been some things in the *Post* which I have not agreed with altogether, being at so great a distance from it that I could not be expected to influence it in everything, but in the main it has treated Mr. Tilden with marked respect.

“Yours truly,

“W. C. BRYANT.”

A few days later Mr. Bryant addressed to me another letter on the same subject as follows :

“Cummington, September 4th.

“I did not write my previous letter for publication, and beg that you will not let the press get hold of it. I have a fear also that I may have done injustice to Mr. Tilden in regard to the reformation of the civil service. If so, his letter of acceptance was the cause. I looked it over, for some condemnation of the practice, so long followed, of turning out of office all the men of the beaten party after an election. I found no such condemnation, and inferred that he meant to leave himself at liberty to follow the practice. I have since learned that he has, in many instances, appointed men of the republican party to offices in his gift, solely on account of their competency and character. This was nobly done, but he will have great difficulty in resisting the pressure which will be brought to bear upon him in order to force him to make a clean sweep of the public offices, and fill them with men of his own party. I am willing, however, to take what I have heard as a proof of Mr. Tilden’s present disposition, and hope that it will not be overcome by the force which will assuredly be brought against it.”

These letters were shown to a few of our mutual friends, but agreeably to Mr. Bryant’s request were not made public through the press. Mr. Parke Godwin, in his most

interesting biography of Mr. Bryant, states that it was not known for which candidate Mr. Bryant cast his ballot. My own private opinion is that he voted for the candidate who was elected.

Mr. Godwin also informs me that Mr. Bryant asked him for three electoral ballots with the Democratic electors; one he wanted for Mr. Kline and the other for another neighbor. Mr. Godwin afterward asked Mr. Kline how he voted. He said he voted the ticket Mr. Bryant handed him. Mr. Godwin subsequently asked Mr. Bryant if he voted the ticket he had handed him. Mr. Bryant replied "Oh! you know the ballot is a secret institution."

I have in my possession copies of both *Thanatopsis* and *The Waterfowl* in the handwriting of Mr. Bryant. Undoubtedly of all his poems *Thanatopsis*, or a *View of Death*, is the best known. It has been a favorite of mine from my earliest years. Speaking with Mr. Bryant concerning the effect the reading of his poem had upon myself and family, he said he regarded it as but a youthful effort—he being at the time but eighteen years old—and he gave you the impression that he did not consider it equal to some of his more mature productions.

The well-known poet, Richard H. Stoddard, in his article on the death of Mr. Bryant, written for the *New York Evening Post*, speaks of the poem as follows :

“ ‘*Thanatopsis*’ is to me the most remarkable poem that was ever written by a young man. I know of nothing like it in English literature; nothing that is at once so grave, so sustained, so mature and so universal. The feeling which pervades it, the solemn reflection which inspires it, belongs to all humanity and to all time, and is apart from and beyond all religions. The truthful lesson of the nothingness of life is the silent teaching of nature. It could not have been written in the Old World, where the conception of the poet would have been limited by circumscribed areas of burial and known periods of time. It demanded a New World of vast dimensions and unknown antiquity, a primeval wilderness that was once populous with forgotten races of men.

Such a world stretched from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific at the beginning of the present century, and waited for a poet to grasp the secret of its solitude."

Some critics have condemned it because of the absence of any recognition of the Deity. Henry Ward Beecher denounced it from Plymouth pulpit, calling it, if my memory serves me correctly, "A Pagan Poem," because there is no mention of the immortality of the soul or recognition of the Christian religion; but then Mr. Beecher, although a great preacher, is not a poet, and Mr. Bryant was, and perhaps availed himself of what is called a poetical license.

Mr. George William Curtis summarizes his idea of Mr. Bryant's meaning as follows:

"I linger upon it, because it was the first adequate poetic voice of the solemn New England spirit; and in the grandeur of the hills, in the heroic Puritan tradition of sacrifice and endurance in the daily life, saddened by imperious and awful theological dogma, in the hard circumstance of the pioneer household, the contest with the wilderness, the grim legends of Indians and war, have we not some outward clue to the strain of Thanatopsis, the depthless and entrancing sadness, as of inexorable fate, that murmurs like the autumn wind through the forest, in the melancholy cadences of this hymn to Death?"

Rev. Dr. Prime of the New York *Observer*, recently told me that Mr. Bryant read the manuscript of Rev. Dr. Joseph Alden's Evangelical treatise on "The Religious Life," and at the latter's request wrote the following introduction to the book, which Dr. Prime says was never excelled in the same number of lines by any uninspired man:

"This character, of which Christ was a perfect model, is, in itself, so attractive, so altogether lovely, that I cannot describe in language the admiration with which I regard it; nor can I express the gratitude I feel for the dispensation which bestowed that example on mankind; for the truths which he taught and the sufferings he endured for our sakes. I tremble to think what the

world would be without him. Take away the blessing of the advent of his life and the blessings purchased by his death, in what an abyss of guilt would man have been left ! It would seem to be blotting the sun out of the heavens—to leave our system of worlds in chaos, frost and darkness.

“In my view of the life, the teachings, the labors and the sufferings of the blessed Jesus, there can be no admiration too profound; no love of which the human heart is capable too warm; no gratitude too earnest and deep of which he is justly the object. It is with sorrow that my love for him is so cold and my gratitude so inadequate. It is with sorrow that I see any attempt to put aside His teachings as a delusion to turn men’s eyes from His example, to meet with doubt and denial the story of His life.

“For my part, if I thought that the religion of skepticism were to gather strength and prevail, and become the dominant view of mankind, I should despair of the fate of mankind in the years that are yet to come.”

“The Waterfowl,” which is here inserted, is regarded by critics as ranking next to “Thanatopsis” in poetical merit.

TO A WATERFOWL.

“Whither, ’midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

“Vainly the fowler’s eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As darkly seen against the crimson sky
Thy figure floats along.

“Seek’st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lakes, or marge of river wide;
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side ?

“There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—

The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

“ All day thy wings have fanned
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not weary to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

“ And soon that evil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

“ Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

“ He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight—
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.”

There were some changes made in both “*Thanatopsis*” and “*The Waterfowl*” by their author, as explained by him in the following letter to Richard H. Dana :—

“ You are quite right in regard to the alteration of the word ‘*pierce*’ to the word ‘*traverse*’ in my poem of ‘*Thanatopsis*.’ I must have the original word restored. But in regard to the change made in the ‘*Waterfowl*,’ in which the line now stands:— ‘*As darkly seen against the crimson sky,*’ instead of ‘*As darkly painted on the crimson sky,*’ please read what I have to say in excuse. I was never satisfied with the word ‘*painted*,’ because the next line is— ‘*Thy figure floats along.*’ Now, from a very early period—I am not sure that it was not from the very time I wrote the poem—there seemed to me an incongruity between the idea of a figure painted on the sky and a figure moving, ‘*floating*’ across its face. If the figure were painted, then it would be fixed. The incongruity distressed me and I could not be easy until I had made the change. I preferred a plain, prosaic expression to a

picturesque one, which seemed to me false. 'Painted' expresses well the depth and strength of color which fixed my attention when I saw the bird—for the scene was founded on a real incident—but it contradicted the motion of the winds and the progress of the bird through the air. So you have my defense."

It is a curious and strange fact that the three most famous of American journalists were not on speaking terms with each other up to the time of their deaths. As a matter of course, reference is made to William Cullen Bryant, Thurlow Weed, and Horace Greeley. Of these three, Mr. Weed was the last to go. Of the first two named, neither had ever spoken to the other. Mr. Bryant told me once that Mr. Weed had been pointed out to him, and that was the only time he ever remembered seeing him. It was a matter of much regret among the friends of these great men, that they should entertain such feelings towards each other. They had been early arrayed against each other politically, and their methods in politics were at variance, one of them being much more of a partisan than the other. Introducing the matter to Mr. Bryant one day, I said that the friends of both felt as though the time had arrived for them to at least recognize each other, although differing so greatly in political methods. I said I happened to know that Mr. Weed was anxious to become on friendly terms with all his former political adversaries, and mentioned the fact of his being a pall-bearer at the funeral of Horace Greeley, notwithstanding the animosity of the latter towards him during his political life. I further said I should be glad to be the medium of bringing about an interview between him and Mr. Weed. Mr. Bryant listened to me in silence, then slowly raising his clear grey eyes to mine said, "Blessed are the Peacemakers"—he paused for a moment or two, when I said "Well?" "for they shall see"—he stopped again and suddenly arising from his seat, left me saying, "Not yet; not yet!"

Referring to the matter again one evening at the Cen-

tury Club, he said to me, "I suppose if Mr. Weed should call upon me, I would have to see him." My reply was, "I do not think Mr. Weed would call, unless I could bear to him a message that you would be glad to see him if he did call." Just then our attention being attracted in another direction, our conversation was interrupted and I never had another opportunity to speak with him again upon the subject.

The last time I saw Mr. Bryant alive, was the fatal day on which he was overcome with exhaustion after his oration on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue of Mazzini at the Central Park. Having walked from his residence to his office in the Evening Post Building, on that excessively hot day in the month of June, returning on his way home he called to see me about his contract with the publishers of the History of the United States, which he had left with me two days previous for inspection, some changes having been made as regards terms in the original contract. He looked even then exhausted and seemed in haste to get to his home. I made some suggestions concerning the contract, which, after thanking me, he said he would attend to on the morrow. But alas! To him the morrow never came.

In Mr. Parke Godwin's biography, the following account is given of the accident which befell him.

"Mr. Bryant partook of a slight luncheon at mid-day, and soon after was driven in his own carriage to Central Park, where a statue was to be raised to Mazzini, the Italian author and patriot. A great crowd was already gathered. The day was warm and the sun shone so brightly when he advanced to make his address, that a friend insisted upon holding an umbrella over him. He spoke feebly at first, but with more animation as he began the impassioned paragraph with which he closed with the following apostrophe to the impersonation of Civil and Religious Liberty.

"Image of the illustrious champion of civil and religious liberty, cast in enduring bronze to typify the unperishable renown of thy original! Remain for ages yet to come where we place

thee, on this resort of millions. Remain till the day shall dawn—far distant though it may be—when the rights and duties of human brotherhood shall be acknowledged by all the races of mankind.’

“These were the last words he was destined to address to his fellow men. In speaking them he stepped forth and stood with his uncovered head exposed to the full glare of the sunlight. When he ceased speaking, it was observed by a great many persons present, that he seemed weak and exhausted, and he should have been allowed to depart for his home at once. But a gentleman with whom he had a slight acquaintance, Mr. James Grant Wilson, invited him to go to his house, at a considerable distance across the Park. He accepted the invitation, and it is said that as he walked along he conversed about the statues, the birds, the trees, and other objects in a chatty way, particularly with a little girl, a daughter of Mr. Wilson, whom he questioned as to her knowledge of the names of birds and trees. Going up the steps of the house, Mr. Wilson went forward to open the door, but he had scarcely done so when Mr. Bryant fell directly backward, and struck his head with some degree of violence upon the stone of the steps. A gentleman who was passing on the streets, saw the accident and hastened to offer his services; at the same time the servants of the house appeared and Mr. Bryant was carried into the parlor and laid on a sofa in a state of insensibility. Mrs. Wilson had some ice-water brought with which she bathed his head. The sufferer murmured ‘Don’t,’ but exhibited no signs of consciousness. He at last recovered enough to sit up, and a glass of iced sherry was offered him, which he drank. This seemed to revive him a good deal, and he put his hand to his head, moaning, ‘My head! my poor head! I don’t feel well.’ Mr. Wilson suggested his going up-stairs to bed, and asked where his medical adviser could be found; but all offers of assistance were declined. The one thought that seemed to possess his mind was that of getting home.”

Dr. Gray, his family physician, was of the opinion that Mr. Bryant’s fall caused an injury of the brain from which he at no time expected his patient to recover. This injury was such that a younger and a stronger man could scarcely have survived it. The swoon preceding the fall

was caused by a diminution or interruption of the heart or respiratory organs.

Mr. Bryant lingered for fourteen days in this twilight state between life and death, when, at half-past five, on the morning of June 12th, 1878, he fell asleep and passed away. The report of his death produced a general expression of sorrow. All classes of the people seemed to feel spontaneously, that they had lost one who was as he had often been called "the first citizen of the Republic."

On the 12th of November, 1878, the members of the Century Club had a meeting to commemorate the death of their late President. The rooms were adorned with several portraits of Mr. Bryant and paintings by members, illustrating some of his poems. Original poems written for the occasion were read by Bayard Taylor, R. H. Stoddard, E. C. Stedman and a most eloquent oration delivered by Hon. John Bigelow.

The funeral of Mr. Bryant took place on the morning of June 14th, 1878, at All Souls' Church in New York city. The church was crowded by his hosts of neighbors and friends, who knew the poet so well while living.

The funeral address was delivered by his pastor and life-long friend, the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D., who closed his remarks with these appropriate words :

"We are about to bear his remains to their quiet and green resting place, by the side of his beloved wife and the good angel of his life, in Roslyn, L. I. Let me read in conclusion the warrant for this step in his own poem, June, which I am persuaded you will feel to be a fitting conclusion to these memorial services:

' I gazed upon the glorious sky,
 And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
 At rest within the ground,
'Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When rooks send up a cheerful tune,
 And groves a cheerful sound,

The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain turf should break.

- ' A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempest beat—
Away !—I will not think of these;
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.
- ' There through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-talk close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.
- ' And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come from the village sent;
Or song of maids, beneath the moon,
With fairy laughter blent ?
And what if in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument ?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight or sound.
- ' I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show;
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom,
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

‘ These to their softened hearts should bear
 The thought of what has been,
 And speak of one who cannot share
 The gladness of the scene;
 Whose part in all the pomp that fills
 The circuit of the summer hills,
 So that his grave is green;
 And deeply would their hearts rejoice,
 To hear again his living voice.’ ”

George William Curtis, the graceful orator, in his commemorative address at the Academy of Music, before the New York Historical Society, December 30th 1883, speaks thus eloquently of his cherished friend :

“ This great and distinguished assembly is in itself an imposing tribute to the memory of an illustrious man. But even more impressive than this presence of genius and distinction of character and intelligence is the absence of one citizen—that venerable figure which had come to represent in this community all the civic graces and virtues and from whose temperate lips on every occasion of literary and patriotic commemoration of political emergency or of public appeal, we have been accustomed to hear the fitting words of counsel, of encouragement, of consolation. When Cooper died, the restless city paused to hear Bryant’s words of praise and friendship. When Irving followed Cooper, all hearts turned to Bryant and it was before this society, and in this place that he told the story of Irving’s life. Now Bryant has followed Cooper and Irving the last of that early triumvirate of American literature, not less renowned than the great triumvirate of American politics, and he whose life began before the century, leaves behind but one of his early literary contemporaries, the venerable poet, Dana, friend of Bryant’s youth, at an age prolonged beyond fourscore and ten.

‘ An old age serene and bright,
 And lovely as a Lapland night.

“ The editor who published *Thanatopsis* sixty-one years ago, has seen its author ‘ join the innumerable caravan, and lie down to pleasant dreams.’ But a thousand eloquent and reverent voices of the press and the pulpit, of the college and club, of orator and

poet, from the sea-coast to the prairies have spoken for him who spoke for all. There was no eminent American upon whom the judgment of his countrymen would be more immediate and unanimous. The broad and simple outline of his character and career had become universally familiar, like a mountain or the sea, and in speaking of him, I but repeat the thought of every American, and register a judgment already pronounced. A patriarch of our literature, and in a permanent sense the oldest of our poets, a scholar familiar with many languages and literatures, finely sensitive to the influence of nature and familiar with trees and birds and flowers, he was especially fitted, it might be thought, for scholarly seclusion and the delights of the strict literary life. But he who melodiously marked the solitary way of the waterfowl through the rosy depth of the glowing heaven, and on the lonely New England hills,

‘Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,’

saw in the river and valley, forest and ocean, only the solemn decoration of man’s tomb, the serious musing country boy felt also the magic of human sympathy, the impulse of his country, the political genius of his race, and the poet became distinctively an American and a public political leader.”

The late George Ripley’s estimate of Mr. Bryant is well expressed in the following draft of an epitaph which was found among the former’s papers after his death :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
W. C. B.
IN ORDER OF TIME AND EXCELLENCE OF GENIUS
ONE OF THE FATHERS OF AMERICAN POETRY;
A WRITER OF CONSUMMATE ENGLISH PROSE; BY HIS
WISDOM AND INSIGHT A JOURNALIST OF
MASTERLY POWER ;
THOUGH HOLDING NO PUBLIC OFFICE, A STATESMAN
OF INCORRUPTIBLE INTEGRITY, OF LOFTY PATRIOT-
ISM, AND OF SUPREME DEVOTION TO THE
HIGHEST INTERESTS OF HIS COUNTRY.
AS A MAN, AUSTERE, RELIGIOUS, SELF-CONTAINED ;
HIS LIFE WAS AN EXPRESSION OF HIS POETRY,
HIS DEATH AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE
SPIRIT OF “ THANATOPSIS.”
B. Nov. 3, 1794.



Daniel Appleton

VII.

D. APPLETON & CO.

The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little—Daniel Appleton and Jonathan Leavitt—A Sailor calls for a Peck of Gospel Seeds—William H. Appleton's Two Voyages to Europe—Interesting Anecdotes—Timely Advice of a Friend—A Cordial Appleton Embrace—Daniel Appleton goes to Europe—Astonishes John Bull—Secures great Bargains in Paris—Author's first Call on the Appletons—Publication of Picturesque America—The American Cyclopaedia—Cost over Half a Million Dollars—Enormous Sales—Pusey and Darwin raise a Storm—Warning from Bishop Whittingham—Immense Sale of Seward's Travels—General Sherman and Book Canvassers—Beaconsfield's Lothair Secured by Cable—Professor Younan's Scientific Enterprise—John A. Appleton's business Habits and Christian Character—Generous Church Contributions—"John was the best of All of us"—His peaceful Death.

“THE infinitely great and the infinitely little” characterize two of the publications of this great publishing house. I refer, of course, to the American Cyclopaedia and their first publication, Daily Crumbs.

The house of D. Appleton & Co. stands without a rival in America and probably in the world, in the variety and entirety of its publications. Other houses may have a larger list of miscellaneous and standard publications, and

two at least have as large a list of school-books, but the publications of the house of D. Appleton & Co. represent the whole range of literature, from a spelling-book of which a million copies are annually sold, to the monumental cyclopedia of which a million dollars' worth are sold each year. In costly and elegantly illustrated books and comprehensive lists of scientific works, they stand without a peer. Having known the venerable founder as well as the other senior members of the house nearly half a century, I can write understandingly, especially as I was connected with them in an important department for more than ten years.

Daniel Appleton, unlike the founders of Harper & Bros.' establishment, was not trained, as they were, from the start, in the publishing and printing business. He was for several years a dry-goods merchant in Boston; from thence he removed to and established himself in business in New York in the year 1825. He first located at No. 16 Exchange place, then opposite the post-office, and the Exchange building, now the Custom House. In those days this was a fashionable quarter of the city for retail trade. On his arrival there he induced his brother-in-law, Jonathan Leavitt, then a bookbinder at Andover, Mass., to join him, he furnishing the capital and becoming a special partner in the book-selling business. The store in Exchange place was divided in two parts, and as business prospered, a few years later Mr. Appleton's eldest son, William, then a minor, but now the present senior of the firm, took charge as a clerk of the bookselling department.

The term of partnership of five years having expired, Mr. Leavitt thought he could carry on the business without any further aid of capital from Mr. Appleton, and it was agreed that the stock should be divided equally between them according to the quantity. After the division was made, Mr. Leavitt continued the bookselling business on his own account, corner of Broadway and John Street, securing the services of the late George P. Putnam, then a

youngster of about sixteen years, who afterwards became so famous in the world of letters and books. Mr. Leavitt was the father of George A. Leavitt, formerly of the well known publishing firm of Leavitt & Allen, but now—as he has been for many years—at the head of the book trade-sale firm of George A. Leavitt & Co. Daniel Appleton afterwards removed with his stock to what was then known as Clinton Hall, in Beekman street, where he established himself as a bookseller.

He had been successful in his undertaking thus far and decided to make a venture in the book publishing business. His first publication bears the imprint of 1831, a little miniature volume, entitled *Crumbs from the Master's Table*. It was but three inches square and half an inch thick and contained one hundred and ninety-two pages. The book has been long out of print. A copy was obtained, however, a few years since, by an advertising paragraph, stating that the firm would give a copy of the largest book they published in exchange for a copy of the first. The paragraph attracted the attention of an old lady in Maryland, who sent the book, and the firm sent her in return a volume twenty times the size. Mr. William H. Appleton had this precious relic handsomely rebound and fitted to a velvet-lined silver box and keeps it carefully guarded at his house.

The next publication was a similar sized volume of the same nature, entitled *Gospel Seeds*. A little anecdote is connected with the issue of this book. A government vessel had arrived in port and the sailors had been paid off. Their direct course toward Broadway was up Beekman street. One of them, who was pretty well intoxicated, while passing the store saw the little placard "*Gospel Seeds for sale here.*" The sailor reeled into the store and wanted to know how much they were a peck.

The third book published was entitled *Refuge in Time of Plague and Pestilence*. This was in 1832, the year that the Asiatic cholera raged so fearfully throughout the coun-

try. The little volume had an immense sale, many mistaking it, no doubt, for a treatise on that terrible disease, when in truth it was a devotional volume, pointing out Christ as the refuge. These three tiny volumes were very appropriate in those times. But little more was done in publication of books for some time thereafter, Mr. Appleton confining himself to the importation of European publications and jobbing American books.

William H. Appleton, the present senior member, once told me that about that time, and, indeed, for some time previous, he had been very anxious to go to Europe, and his father promised him that when he was twenty-one years of age he should go. That time had arrived, and his father kept his word faithfully. He soon after embarked for Liverpool in a sailing vessel. She made the remarkable passage of eighteen days, all the sails having been set until the ship arrived. Young Appleton had no letters, but went on his own account. On his arrival in London he called to see, among others, the senior Mr. Longman, who was then quite an old man. The house had been in existence nearly one hundred and fifty years. Mr. Appleton says that he can well remember the senior Longman's surprise, when he had presented his card and learned his business. It seemed so strange to him that one so young had come so far to transact business, without having had any European experience whatever. He was very cordial, however, and introduced him to his son, William Longman, with whom he became very intimate. At that time they used to have dinners over their place in Paternoster Row. Young Appleton was invited to dine any day and made it a point to go at least once a week. He there met quite a number of authors from time to time, and, among others, Tom Moore, with whom he frequently conversed. He also met the original John Murray, Lord Byron's publisher, but the former was not specially cordial.

While in London, the "Book of Beauty" had just been published, and in time for Christmas sales. It was an

expensive book, and many of my bookselling readers will remember the favor with which the beautiful volume was received. Mr. Appleton had no authority to buy books, but he induced the publisher to sell him one thousand copies on time, notwithstanding his father had no credit with them. He wrote his father what he had done and that he must carry out his undertaking. His father was very much alarmed, because the amount was considerable for the house to carry at that time. On the arrival of the *Book of Beauty* in New York, they were immediately disposed of to the booksellers.

Mr. Appleton was so much pleased with the venture that he wrote his son that he might travel on the continent for three months, where he soon went, first visiting Leipzig, becoming acquainted with Tauchnitz, publisher of the Hebrew Bible and the long series of Greek and Latin classics. He formed quite intimate relations with the old gentleman. The latter had one peculiar eccentricity—he was always smoking his white clay pipes, and after smoking one a little while he would lay it down anywhere he happened to be, on a desk, chair, or window-sill. He never used them but once, and the store and his house were literally strewn with pipes. After travelling through the continent Mr. Appleton returned home.

A year later he was sent over to Europe again to buy books with sufficient letters of credit. On his voyage he became acquainted with Mr. George B. Blake, of Boston, a large dry-goods merchant. On their arrival in London, they lodged at a hotel on Ludgate Hill. Mr. Blake was a man of wide experience and a large buyer. After learning the state of affairs in the business world, Mr. Blake advised Mr. Appleton not to buy anything at present, and acting under his advice, he made no purchases, but soon returned with Mr. Blake in a sailing vessel. In order to expend no money unnecessarily he took with him but two pounds for incidental expenses, after having paid his passage.

After he got on board ship he found the vessel filled

with representatives of mercantile houses in New York and Boston.

To pass the time away they used to play *vingt-et-un*, or some simple game, and his two pounds did not last long, so he was obliged to use little I. O. U's. The wagers were from ten to twenty cents. His paper issues were very considerable in number, but very small in sum total. His fellow passengers were very agreeable, lively and full of hope. One morning about sunrise, as they were nearing the coast, some young men bantered him upon the large amount of paper he had out. Mr. Appleton said to them he would wager that as soon as they landed they would learn that there were not more than two of the great houses they represented who had not failed. Mr. Appleton further said that there were two houses that he knew had not: one was his father's, and the other that of his room-mate, George B. Blake, as neither house owed anything, having bought nothing.

The *New York Courier and Enquirer*, then the leading commercial paper, controlled by the late James Watson Webb, had sent out his dispatch boat to get the news. The vessel had made a long trip—some forty-five days. When the reporter got on board, he told the captain that there was a terrible state of things on shore. All the banks were broken! Mr. Blake, hearing the conversation, jumped from his berth and said, "Did you say all the banks had failed? Surely not the Boston Banks." "Yes," replied the reporter; "they were the first to fail." "Then, said Mr. Blake, "it is indeed dreadful, *they* did not fail during the late war." This was in 1837, the time of the great financial disaster. As soon as they got hold of the city papers they found that all the houses represented by these returning buyers except those of Mr. Appleton and Mr. Blake had failed disastrously.

At that time it was customary to land in small boats at Whitehall street. Appleton walked from there up Broadway. As he approached his father's store, then on

Broadway, near John street, he saw him waiting for him to come up. His father, instead of holding out his hand to greet him, as he expected said, "William, have you bought anything?" The latter replied, "Not a penny's worth." His father then quickly said, "Come to my arms! Come to my arms!" A quite unexpected and unusual greeting, my readers who knew him will say, for one of so stern a mould and so noted for reserve as Daniel Appleton. Young Appleton gained great credit for his foresight, for he says it would have gone very hard with their house had he gone into debt at that time.

Soon after Mr. Appleton's return from Europe he said to his father, "Now the business is good and your affairs are in pretty snug shape, I think you ought to go to Europe and take mother and sister with you." They finally consented to go. This sister was married while abroad in Wales to James E. Cooley, well known to booksellers as the head of the book trade-sale firm of Cooley & Bangs, afterwards Cooley, Keese & Hill. Mr. Cooley was the author of a book published by the Appletons: *The American in Egypt*. He was also elected New York State Senator. He died during the past year in Florence, Italy, where he had resided for many years. He was the father-in-law of George A. Leavitt before referred to.

One day while in London Mr. Daniel Appleton called upon a Mr. Duncan, then a book-publisher of some renown, doing business in Paternoster Row. He was a publisher of an edition of the Hebrew Bible, of which Mr. Appleton wanted several hundred copies, but desired a credit of three or four months. Mr. Duncan declined to sell on time, telling Mr. Appleton that he had made up his mind not to give a credit to any Americans again, as he had lost too much money by them already. Mr. Appleton replied, "Do you say you have lost a great deal of money by American booksellers?" Duncan then said, "Yes I do!" "Well," said Mr. Appleton, "if you will make out your account against any or all the American booksellers by whom you

have lost money, limited as my available means are at present, I will give you a draft for the whole amount at once." Mr. Duncan, with much surprise, then said, "What do you mean? The amount due from them is too large. You could not possibly pay it." Mr. Appleton said, "Let me have the accounts and I will pay them at once." Mr. Duncan then presented the names and the amounts due from the American debtors. After Mr. Appleton had looked over the list, he said, "These are not Americans! Every one of them are Englishmen who are brought up here in Paternoster Row, and sent to America to act as your agents for the sale of your books. I don't propose to pay for *them*! I want the accounts against the American booksellers! Mr. Duncan, thus brought to bay, said, "Mr. Appleton, you have got me this time; there is a difference, and you shall have all the books and credit desired!"

Mr. Appleton, while in London, established an agency at 16 Little Britain for the house, which has continued to be the London branch of D. Appleton & Co. until this day. He afterwards went to Paris. While there he saw on the Quai Voltaire, on the river, a large collection of books exposed for sale in the open air. Among others there was a large collection of illuminated manuscripts and missals made by the priests in the monasteries, and without knowing anything special about them, except that they were regarded as very rare, bought enough to fill several cases of them and sent them to America. He wrote his son to be sure and not give them away cheap, because they were very scarce and there were no such collections in America. When received, they were opened and exposed to view a few at a time. They were eagerly purchased, and the profit on those few books paid all the expenses of Mr. Appleton and family in their trip to Europe.

In the year 1838, Mr. William H. Appleton became a partner with his father, the firm then becoming D. Appleton & Co. About this time I first met these two gentlemen at their then well-equipped wholesale bookstore, hav-

ing called to purchase a bill of books for H. Ivison & Co., for whom I was then a clerk at Auburn, N. Y. The kindly face of Daniel Appleton is fresh in my memory as I presented my credentials. William H. Appleton was then twenty-four years old, and very politely introduced me to his brother John, then a clerk and head salesman.

The firm at that time had but a moderate list of their own publications, but were jobbers in domestic and imported books. I can remember very well the patience and persuasiveness with which the head salesman wrote down my orders.

Before his clerkship it seems Mr. John Appleton wanted to get away from home and strike out for himself, and had gone with his father's permission to seek his fortune in the wilds of Michigan, and at that early day he once told me found more wild-cat banks and fever and ague than lucrative business. After he had been absent some time, his father said to his brother William, "How in the world can I get John back? I don't like to have him so far away in that distant western country." William said to his father, "I will tell you what to do! Don't pay his next draft." He did not. John came back quick enough, and soon afterward entered the store as leading clerk.

Ten years later Mr. Daniel Appleton retired from business. He had seen the house which he had founded and which had grown rich and prosperous under his management, established on a solid basis. He desired that his name should be retained in the firm as long as it lasted. At his request his son William promised never to sign a check or a note without the name "Daniel Appleton" written in full, and that promise has been faithfully kept up to the present time.

The firm was re-organized the same year with William H. Appleton at its head, and his brothers John A. and Daniel Sidney associated with him as partners. Mr. D. Sidney Appleton first represented the house in Europe, giving much satisfaction to the firm by his intelligent manage-

ment of the firm's interests abroad for several years. On his return he took charge of the manufacturing department after they established their own printing-house and bindery. The year following Daniel Appleton died, deeply lamented by all who had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. He did not live to see the colossal proportions of the present firm, now so widely known both in Europe and America.

One summer afternoon, in the year 1857, I was riding towards home on the Hudson River Railroad. Mr. William H. Appleton, who was a fellow-passenger and resident of the same town, showed me the first printed pages of the first volume of a new Cyclopedia which his house proposed to publish in sixteen large octavo volumes. As so great an enterprise required a good deal of money, I suggested to Mr. Appleton that this was a pretty big undertaking for the times, as we were then in what was called the panic year. Mr. Appleton thought they could stand it, blue as the outlook was for business, and stand it they did, and stood it they have without a day's interruption in their prosperous career, although in that year many banks and large business houses failed. Mr. George Ripley and Mr. Charles A. Dana were to be the editors, and the New American Cyclopedia was completed in sixteen volumes in about six years, notwithstanding the interruption of business by the great Civil War. Of this Cyclopedia tens of thousands of sets were sold. Fifteen years later, the firm decided, in consequence of the great changes made by the wars of Europe and America in geographical boundaries and political conditions, as well as of the great advances made in the scientific world, to re-issue the cyclopedia with the modified title of the "American Cyclopedia," which, like the old cyclopedia, was to be completed in sixteen volumes, under the same editorship, but, unlike that edition, fully illustrated with over six thousand engravings and maps.

The same year, 1872, I became manager of the bound

book subscription department of the firm. Mr. William H. Appleton, who may be called the literary father of the "American Cyclopedia," said to me one day, "Derby, we're going to publish a new edition of the cyclopedia, as you are already aware, which will cost probably not less than half a million. Do you think you can swing it in your department?" I told him I thought I could. He said he doubted it, but that I might try. And try I did, and succeeded, I believe, to the satisfaction of the firm as well as myself. The work was published in bi-monthly volumes and completed in 1876. Each volume cost the publishers more than thirty thousand dollars, and the completed work over half a million dollars, not counting the manufacture of the books. Of course no house, except one of large resources, could carry out such an undertaking and wait long for the return of the investment on so large an outlay.

This revised edition of Appleton's American Cyclopedia has already reached a sale of more than a million and a half of volumes. The average price being six dollars per volume. A valuable analytic index supplements the work, which is spoken of elsewhere.

The "American Annual Cyclopedia" was begun in the year 1861, and has been continued ever since, under the editorship of the late Judge William J. Tenney, who died the past year. This work is uniform in size and price with the American Cyclopedia, and is a complete record of the important events occurring throughout the world each year. Neither this work nor that of the American Cyclopedia could be undertaken without a loss to the publishers if they depended on their sale in the book-stores. It was absolutely necessary to make the sales strictly by subscription through canvassing agents, and even then, in order to realize a handsome profit, the installment system was adopted.

In the year 1865, Mr. George S. Appleton, another brother, who had been a publisher and bookseller in Philadelphia, was admitted into the firm. He was an educated

gentleman of fine artistic taste, to whom the world is indebted for those magnificent works published by the firm—*Picturesque America*, *Picturesque Europe*, and *Picturesque Palestine*. Each of these works required an investment of about a quarter of a million of dollars. *Picturesque America* was edited by William Cullen Bryant and Oliver B. Bunce, the latter having full charge of the artistic and literary department of the work. *Picturesque Europe* was edited by Bayard Taylor, who also wrote some of the descriptive letterpress. All these works continue to sell largely and by subscription only. Mr. W. W. Appleton, the senior member's oldest son, became a partner in 1868. He is now the recognized manager of the firm's large business.

Mr. George S. Appleton died in 1878 at the age of fifty-seven, and in his death I lost a good and valued friend. William H. Seward's *Travels around the World*, which was secured by me for publication by D. Appleton & Co., had I believe the largest sale of any book of travels ever published in the United States and perhaps in Europe. The publishers have paid the estate of Mr. Seward more than \$50,000 of copyright on the sales of this book.

General Sherman's *Memoirs* written by himself reached a sale of 60,000 copies, notwithstanding the General would not allow it sold except in the bookstores. I personally undertook to explain to him the probable increased sale of the work if sold by canvassers only, but the General said he had a horror of book agents, and would neither patronize them nor have his book sold by them. I have no doubt the sale would have been doubled at least had it been sold by subscription only. I fear the General was never cut out for a subscription book-publisher.

Webster's spelling-book published by this house has probably had a larger sale than any other book ever published except the Bible. More than fifty million copies have been sold, and the sale even now is fully a million copies per year. They are distributed mostly in the Southern States. This

book is fitted to the comprehension of the freedmen in the south who are probably attracted a good deal by the blue covers, possibly reminding them of the boys in blue who freed them.

In works of fiction I believe that D. Appleton & Co. have never published an American novel which has made what is called a decided hit—in other words, where the sale has reached tens of thousands.

The two most popular novels published by them were *Lothair* by Disraeli, and Mme. Muhlbach's "*Joseph II. and His Court.*" The contract for *Lothair* was made by cable at an expense of £250, the author sending an advance copy which thus forestalled competing publishers. The firm hesitated whether to print one or two thousand copies. They finally settled upon printing two thousand, and what was their surprise when orders came pouring in until the sale had reached 80,000 copies. Disraeli was greatly pleased with the success and wrote a letter of thanks to the publishers for the successful way it was brought before the American public.

Mme. Muhlbach's novels had been offered to almost every publisher in New York and refused. The year the civil war closed, Mr. W. W. Appleton, while travelling in the south, purchased a copy of *Joseph II. and His Court.* It was translated by Mme. A. de Chaudron, a resident of Mobile. The book had been printed and published there on wretched straw paper, and copyrighted in the Confederate States. Mr. Appleton was greatly interested in reading the book, and on returning home recommended the firm to publish it. It proved to be a great commercial success, and was followed up by succeeding volumes by the same author, all of which were immensely popular.

There were two marked events in the history of the publications of D. Appleton & Co. The first occurred about the year 1840, when that firm began to publish books of what was called the Tractarian School. They first issued Tract No. 90, by Rev. Dr. Pusey. This was followed

by a large number of volumes by Rev. Drs. Newman, Manning, Maurice, Palmer and others. The publication of these books produced great excitement in the religious world. The firm were induced to publish them by Rev. Dr. Whittingham, then professor in the Theological Seminary in this city. They were fiercely condemned by leading influential Protestants for publishing such books, believing that they had a tendency to proselyte to the Church of Rome, which, indeed, was true in many cases. The Rev. Dr. Manning, among others, became a Roman Catholic, and is now an English cardinal; while others, influenced by these writers, were turned from the Presbyterian and other orthodox churches to the Episcopal Church, which really was the object of Dr. Whittingham in recommending their publication.

The other event referred to was the publication of books in another direction, viz.: the works of Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Tyndall and others of that class, which began to attract much attention from the Christian world. The religious press especially warned the public against them. Mr. William H. Appleton informed me that many well-meaning, influential Christian gentlemen came to him personally and entreated him not to publish these works. A letter was addressed to him by Dr. Whittingham, who had become bishop of Maryland, warning him that for publishing the works of Darwin and others he would be punished in this world and in the world to come. Mr. Appleton wrote him in reply, asking him if he was also to be held responsible for the effect of the Pusey books, which were published under his (the bishop's) influence, and which had turned to Rome some Protestants, both clergymen and laymen, in the Episcopal Church in our own country as well as in Europe. Mr. Appleton took the ground, and very properly, I think, that a publisher's imprint is not an indorsement of the contents of the book, any more than the editor of an influential paper is responsible for the opinion of a correspondent. The duty of a publisher of books

clearly involves proper watchfulness that nothing immoral, improper or irreligious should appear in the books published, and there the responsibility ends. Even Darwin, who gave the name to the Darwinian theory, was eulogized at his death by most of the clergy, and was buried by the English Church in Westminster Abbey, where his remains now lie. And yet, strange as it may now appear, the firm suffered for years from the stigma cast upon them for having published Darwin's works.

It was through Professor E. L. Youmans, so well known in the scientific world, that the house of D. Appleton & Co. became the publishers of the works of Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Lecky, and other advanced thinkers who have become so popular in this country. In the absence of an international copyright law the works of these authors had become the ready prey of any American publisher who thought he could cover expenses and make a slight profit by their publication. While other foreign writers were paid enormous prices for books, many of which had no merit except their transient popularity, these valuable and enduring works, involving the toil of years, were stolen with perfect impunity. Indignant at this injustice, and confident that these works if properly presented before the public would have a ready sale, Mr. Youmans, having secured the promise of D. Appleton & Co. to pay for them the same that American authors received, if their sale would justify it, at once entered into a correspondence with some of the most eminent foreign scientific writers to secure their books for publication here. In carrying out these negotiations he made no less than six trips to Europe at his own expense, and in order to make these works known and facilitate their sale he devoted much time to the writing of critical reviews. The success which attended his efforts is well known to the literary world. The publication of the works of Herbert Spencer and other scientists by the Appletons gave rise to a feeling of alarm among some of the Evangelical people as to their skeptical tendency, and some

distinguished writers and preachers expostulated with the firm as has already been stated for lending their imprint to such supposed infidel books. Although the members of the house were very strong church people they felt that they were not injuring the cause of Christianity by letting the world know what these scientific thinkers had to say. Prof. Draper's History of the Conflict of Science and Religion enjoys the distinction of having been anathematized by the Pope and translated into nearly every language on the face of the earth.

Professor Youmans has always been an enthusiastic supporter of any efforts to popularize science, and with this end in view, was instrumental in establishing Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, which is well known as a journal devoted to scientific information for the people. Of this periodical Mr. Youmans has continued to be the editor, assisted by his brother Dr. W. J. Youmans; from its formation to the present day it has been a great commercial success. Professor Youmans has still farther earned the gratitude of learned writers by his success in organizing the International Scientific Series, which by voluntary agreements secures payment to authors from all countries who thus reap the advantages of an international copyright law.

The latest literary success is McMaster's History of the People of the United States. A short time since, I said to Mr. Appleton that I had heard that the book had been rejected and afterwards accepted. He replied, "The author sent the book to us for examination and it was given to our readers who did not report favorably, but expressed grave doubts of its success if published. It passed through several hands, as we had some doubts about undertaking a new history of the United States, being already the publishers of Bancroft's. We at last gave it to a very distinguished litterateur and he denounced it, writing an unfavorable criticism on it. After this, the matter was discussed somewhat earnestly all around and I proposed to take

the manuscript up to my house in the country. It so happened that on the evening when I took it home with me, all of the family and several visitors, ladies and gentlemen, were engaged in reading. After reading a portion of the MS. I said, 'I should like very much if you would let me read some of the passages from this book; I would like your opinion of them.' Mrs. Appleton said, 'Now don't do any such thing; we are all interested in our books and don't want to hear you read from a manuscript.' Said I, 'Permit me for one moment. If I can't hold your attention I'll give up.' They all assented, the family especially. I began to read and kept on reading; not a voice was heard but my own. I read on for over two hours, when it was necessary for me to call for water to clear my throat. They all pronounced it the most remarkable and most interesting book they had ever listened to. I continued on after that, and in the morning put it under my arm, brought it down to the city and said to the firm, 'We will publish the book. Find out where the author is.' He appeared in a few days, and proved to be a Professor of Engineering at Princeton. The book was finally published and a large sale was almost immediate. I recollect asking Mr. Charles A. Dana if he had read the book, as I had not seen any notice of it in his paper. 'Read it! why, I have read nothing else since I began it!'

Space will not allow me to speak of the large number of valuable school-books published by this firm. The mammoth factory in Williamsburg, where all their books are manufactured, employs over six hundred hands.

William Matthews, who has been for so many years at the head of the bindery, is the author of the interesting article on "Book-binding" in the American Cyclopaedia. His reputation as master binder of books is universal. When booksellers advertise elegant and costly books and state that they are "bound by Matthews" it means with them the perfection of book-binding.

Soon after the close of the war, when Rev'd J. W.

Beckwith became Bishop of Georgia, Mr. William H. Appleton (who had been his personal friend for many years) suggested to the Bishop that he would like to commemorate his going to Georgia by building for him an Orphan Home to cost ten thousand dollars. Afterwards, however, Mr. Appleton, with the Bishop's hearty concurrence, determined to build a Church Home for orphan girls, daughters of Confederate soldiers. It was to be built wherever the Bishop fixed his episcopal residence, which was finally located at Macon, Georgia. The contribution towards the building was \$12,500, with a subsequent endowment of \$10,000, the interest of which goes towards the support of the school. The young orphans are taught all kinds of house-work, and are given a plain English education. The House is in charge of deaconesses of the Order of St. Katherine, so named in memory of Mr. Appleton's eldest daughter, who had recently died in China. Over the front entrance is the inscription "The Appleton Church Home."

Mr. Daniel Appleton was admitted as a partner in 1880* —his father, John A. Appleton, died on the 13th day of July, 1881. I had known him for forty-three years of his business life, and during his later years, I might say intimately. His influence upon me was certainly greater than that of any other man then living, and in his death I lost my truest friend. He was revered for his unostentatious piety, and noted for his sterling integrity of character. In speaking of him after his death, his brother William said to me, "John was the best of all of us in religion and morality; he could not help being a Christian." One who knew him well writes: "There were several points in Mr. Appleton's character which deserve to be noted. He was first of all, a devout, consistent Christian, one who was neither ashamed nor afraid to acknowledge his faith and

* His brother Edward C. Appleton was also admitted Jan. 1st, 1884.

trust in his Saviour, and one who strove to remember always that he was a steward of God, placed in charge of large means and opportunities for promoting the spread of the Gospel and the happiness of his fellow men. And he continued steadfast in this faith, and, when the summons came, he laid down the burden of life with firm, unwavering confidence in the mercy of our Heavenly Father in and through Christ Jesus our Lord." He was for many years senior warden of St. John's Church Clifton, and was one of its largest benefactors. It may, indeed, be called his monument. A mural tablet has been erected in the church of his affections, commemorating his quiet life of faith and service as a Christian. It was given by the members of the church, his friends, and the employees in his business.

In admirable keeping with this inner life of faith Mr. Appleton always proved himself to be a *gentleman* of the truest type. He was uniformly courteous and considerate toward others, never wounding the feelings of any one, however obscure or lowly his lot, and always ready with a pleasant word and kindly act. Though of a rather nervous temperament, and disliking everything of the nature of parade or show, he was fond of congenial society, and took delight in dispensing cordial and unostentatious hospitality at his beautiful residence on Staten Island. He was a lover of home and home pleasures, and, as he had been specially favored and happy in his marriage, he made his home the central point of quiet and peaceful enjoyment.

As a business man Mr. Appleton was deservedly esteemed, and an honor to the name. He took his full share in upholding the high reputation which the house of D. Appleton & Co. has always sustained for integrity and fairness in their vast business transactions.

In the costly and beautiful church edifice which I have mentioned the following inscription is recorded :

THIS TABLET
IS ERECTED CONJOINTLY BY THE MEMBERS OF
ST. JOHN'S CHURCH AND THE FRIENDS, ATTACHES,
AND EMPLOYES OF THE FIRM OF
D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK,
TO COMMEMORATE
AND KEEP IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE
THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF
JOHN ADAMS APPLETON
FOR MANY YEARS A WARDEN OF THIS CHURCH
AND AN UNTIRING FRIEND AND
PATRON OF EVERY GOOD AND RIGHTEOUS CAUSE.
HE WAS BORN AT BOSTON, MASS., JAN. 9TH, 1817,
DIED AT HIS COUNTRY SEAT, RAVENNA, STATEN ISLAND,
JULY 13TH, 1881.

*“Mark the perfect man and observe the upright for the end of that
man is peace.”*

VIII.

GEORGE RIPLEY AND CHARLES A. DANA.

Mr. Dana suggests a new Cyclopedia—Becomes, with George Ripley, Editor in chief—"A walking Cyclopedia"—The American Cyclopedia illustrated—Quarter of a million dollars copyright—Literary Editor of the Tribune—Death of Mr. Ripley—Only Poem ever written by him—Mr. Dana Assistant Secretary of War—Return to Journalism—Purchases the New York Sun—Dana's Household Book of Poetry—"The Sun which shines for all."

THE greatest literary enterprise ever undertaken and accomplished in America, is undoubtedly the American Cyclopedia, which is referred to in a sketch of the publishers elsewhere. Rev. O. B. Frothingham, in his "Life of George Ripley," says, "That the project of such a work was conceived by the late Rev. Dr. Hawks." This is incorrect, as shown by the supplementary volume of the Cyclopedia published since Dr. Ripley's death. The New American Cyclopedia in fact, was first suggested to Mr. William H. Appleton by Charles A. Dana while they were attending the celebration of the opening of the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad in the year 1855.

Five large steamboats were filled by prominent capitalists and other excursionists on that occasion. The event was considered sufficiently important for Mr. Appleton to propose to Mr. Dana to write a full account of the affair for publication, with suitable illustrations.

Mr. Dana then said to Mr. Appleton, "The best thing

for you to do, is to publish instead a Cyclopaedia, as 'Dr. Francis Lieber's Encyclopedia Americana' is out of date, and there is a great need of a good American Cyclopaedia to be completed in fifteen or sixteen volumes." Mr. Appleton told Mr. Dana he would consider the matter, but nothing more came of it until the year following, when Mr. Dana called on Mr. Appleton and repeated what he had said before, adding, that he was ready to undertake the editorship of such a work.

The firm of D. Appleton & Co., then concluded an arrangement with Mr. Dana, by which they agreed to pay him a royalty of twelve and one-half cents on each volume or two dollars the set, in consideration of his editing the work. After this agreement was consummated Mr. Dana went to Mr. George Ripley, who at that time was an associate editor on *The New York Tribune*, and proposed that he should unite as co-editor and share with him equally the labors and profits of the enterprise.

Dr. Ripley very readily accepted this proposition, and thus was formed the partnership of the editors in chief of the New American Cyclopaedia. They immediately associated with them the ablest assistants in every department of literature obtainable.

Mr. Ripley applied himself more diligently, perhaps, in directing the progress of the work, in consideration of which, he was paid an additional sum by the publishers. Mr. Dana, however, probably wrote more articles than his coadjutor.

Both were ripe scholars, familiar with several languages and all cyclopedias. Probably there could not have been selected two men so eminently fitted for the work. Their corps of associate and assistant editors were men of mark in the various departments of literature. Among others may be named the late Robert Carter, also Michael Heilprin, J. R. G. Hassard and Francis A. Teall.

Horace Greeley once said that the article "United States," written by Robert Carter for the Cyclopaedia, was

the ablest presentation of that subject he had ever read. Mr. Heilprin was called the "Walking Cyclopedic" of the staff; his erudition in matters relating to history, geography and philosophy was astonishing, even to the minutest details. He is probably to-day one of the best Hebrew scholars in the world. He is at home as well in other Oriental tongues, writing and speaking no less than twelve of these languages.

Francis A. Teall is another remarkable man. He is a practical proof-reader and a grammarian who well understands the proper construction of sentences as well as an adept in orthography. Think of one man reading every page, indeed every line in both editions of the cyclopedic, even to the punctuation! Mr. Hassard is and has been connected with the New York *Tribune* ever since the cyclopedic was projected and wrote perhaps as large a number of articles as any other contributor, on subjects on which he was well informed.

In 1872 a revised edition of the cyclopedic was commenced by the same editors, the title being modified by omitting the word "New." The American Cyclopedic was completed in 1876. Among the revisers were Willard Bartlett, recently elected judge of Supreme Court, Edward L. Burlingame, now connected with C. Scribner's Sons, Hon. T. M. Cooley, LL.D., Prof. John C. Dalton, Eaton S. Drone, Prof. Austin Flint, Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, Prof. Chas. A. Joy, Prof. J. A. Spencer, Richard A. Proctor, Alfred H. Guernsey, John G. Shea, LL.D., I. D. Veitelle, A.M., Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., Prof. T. J. Conant, who subsequently prepared a complete index to the sixteen volumes, and John D. Champlin, Jr., who had the editorship of over six thousand maps and illustrations, which appeared for the first time in this edition.

To Prof. Conant, the eminent Hebrew scholar, was submitted all the articles on theology and the different religions for verification.

The publishers have already paid a royalty of more than

one hundred thousand dollars each to Mr. Dana and Mr. Ripley and the latter's estate.

Mr. Ripley was first prominently known in the literary world by the publication of "Specimens of Foreign Literature," in fourteen volumes. They were known to booksellers in 1840 as "Ripley's Foreign Classics."

I first became acquainted with Dr. Ripley soon after his connection with the New York *Tribune* in the capacity of literary critic, in the year 1849, a department in journalism created by him and which post he held with such consummate ability to the day of his death.

Soon after my removal to New York, in 1853, I engaged Dr. Ripley, on a stipulated salary, to become a reader of MSS. submitted to me for publication. His critical judgment was most excellent, and I generally accepted for publication such books as he recommended. Curious enough, the amount paid him was the same that he received annually from the *Tribune* for services five years previous. The following verses, which appeared in the *Christian Examiner* in May, 1847, are the only lines, so far as is known, he ever wrote :

" THE ANGELS OF THE PAST."

- " My buried days!—in bitter tears
I sit beside your tomb,
And ghostly forms of vanished years
Flit through my spirit's gloom.
- " In throngs around my soul they press,
They fill my dreamy sight
With visions of past loveliness,
And shapes of lost delight.
- " Like Angels of the Lord they move
Each on his mystic way,—
These blessed messengers of love,
These heralds of the day.

“ And as they pass, the conscious air
Is stirred to music round,
And verily a murmur of harmonious prayer
Is breathed along the ground.

“ And sorrow dies from out my heart,
In exhalations sweet,
And the bands of life which she did part
In blessed union meet.

“ The past and future o'er my head
Their sacred grasp entwine,
And the eyes of all the holy dead
Around, before me shine.

“ And I rise to life and duty,
From nights of fear and death,
With a deeper sense of beauty,
And fuller strength of faith.”

The following, which were found among his papers, copied in his own handwriting, will illustrate the nature and character of the man :

“ My days among the dead are past;
Around me I behold
Where e'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old.
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

“ My hopes are with the dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust.”

After Mr. Dana left the *Tribune* he became for two years the Assistant Secretary of War under Secretary Stanton, where he did good and effective service in his official capa-

city while with the advance lines of the army, securing thereby the approbation of President Lincoln and the War Department.

After the close of the war he returned to journalism, and, assisted by some prominent capitalists, purchased the New York *Sun*, for the sum of one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. The paper at that time was not in a flourishing condition. Mr. Dana's scholarship and great administrative capacity, in conjunction with Mr. I. W. England's well known executive ability, has made this journal, with a daily circulation of considerably over one hundred thousand, not only a power among the people, but a source of great profit to the editor-in-chief, whose last achievement, recently announced in his paper, is the engagement of each of the foremost writers of fiction, Henry James, W. D. Howells and Bret Harte, to write a novelette, soon to appear in the Sunday edition of the *Sun*, in which paper Mr. Dana makes a specialty of literary matters.

The elaborate reviews of Mr. M. W. Hazeltine in that issue are of such marked ability that they have recently been published in book form by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In 1856, Mr. Dana collected and edited a volume of "Household Poetry," which has passed through numerous editions. It is highly commended by Mr. Bryant and Mr. Whittier, both of whom have edited similar volumes of Anthology. The following preface indicates the scope and character of the book.

"The purpose of this book is to comprise within the bounds of a single volume, whatever is truly beautiful and admirable among the minor poems of the English language. In executing this design, it has been the constant endeavor of the editor to exercise a catholic as well as severe taste, and to judge every piece by its poetical merit only, without regard to name, nationality or epoch of its author. Especial care has also been taken to give every poem entire and un mutilated, as well as in the most authentic form which could be procured; although the earliest edition of an

author has sometimes been preferred to a later one in which the alterations have not always seemed to be improvements.

“The arrangement of the book will be seen to be somewhat novel, but it is hoped that it may be found convenient to the reader and not altogether devoid of æsthetic congruity. The editor flatters himself that in classifying so many immortal productions of genius according to their own ideas and motives, rather than according to their chronology, the nativity and sex of their authors or any other merely external order, he has exhibited the incomparable richness of our language in this department of literature, quite as successfully as if he had followed a method more usual in such collections.

That every reader should find in these pages, every one of his favorite poems, is, perhaps too much to expect ; but it is believed that of those on which the unanimous verdict of the intelligent has set the seal of indisputable greatness, none, whether of English, Scotch, Irish or American origin, will be found wanting. At the same time, careful and prolonged research, especially among the writers of the seventeenth century and in the current receptacles of fugitive poetry, has developed a considerable store of treasures hitherto less known to the general public than to scholars and limited circles. Of these a due use has been made in the confident belief that they will not be deemed unworthy of a place with their more illustrious companions in a book which aspires to become the familiar friend and companion of every household.”

John G. Whittier, in his “Songs of Three Centuries” says, “Dana’s Household Book of Poetry is no misnomer,” and in his opinion able critics coincide.

Mr. Dana has the ability, but neither time nor taste to write books ; he much prefers to illuminate the minds of the people through the medium of the “Sun which shines for all.”

IX.

ROBERT BONNER.

Founding the Ledger—A Million Dollars Paid for Advertising—His Country Seat for Sale, Mosquitos, Fever and Ague included—His Pluck and Persistency Captures Fanny Fern—Brilliant List of Contributors—Pays Henry Ward Beecher \$30,000 for writing "Norwood"—Fanny Ferns' Child and Grandchild Contributors—Bonner's Liberality to Authors—His Novel Way of Advertising—The Ledger Captures Fletcher Harper's Children—Bonner's Two Mottoes—His Test of Authors by their MS.—Why he Drives Fast Horses—Generous Aid to Mr. Beecher.

IN the year 1851, Mr. Robert Bonner became owner of the *Merchants' Ledger*, a paper mostly devoted to commercial interests, a portion, however, being made up of stories and poetry for the family. It had not, at that time, a large circulation, but was supported mainly by advertising patronage. On Mr. Bonner's assuming control of the paper, his ingenious method of advertising, which was entirely novel in those days, immediately began to attract attention, but notwithstanding this faculty of his, he soon decided to make it exclusively a family story paper under the name of the *New York Ledger*, and gave notice to each advertiser as his contract expired of his intended purpose. I was one of the last to go, and wondered at the time, how he could expect to make money without the advertising



Engraved by Geo. E. Peck, New York

Robert Porter

patronage which is usually necessary to sustain any paper ; but Robert Bonner knew what he was about. From the first issue of the *New York Ledger*, March 1856, until the present time, Mr. Bonner has never admitted to its columns a single advertisement of any kind, although he became the most famous advertiser in America. The display of advertisements in the different periodicals became the wonder of thousands of readers, and made the *Ledger* the best known paper published. He has paid alone to the Newspaper Advertising Agency of S. M. Pettingill & Company, about a million of dollars for advertising the *New York Ledger*.

In stating that Mr. Bonner admitted no advertisements in the columns of the *New York Ledger*, I should, perhaps, make an exception of the following, taken from the *New York Sun*, of September 18, 1877, which was also copied in the *Ledger*. It attracted a great deal of attention at the time, it being strikingly characteristic of the honesty and quiet humor of its author :

“ AN HONEST ADVERTISEMENT.

“The Board of Health have just divulged the following advertisement of Mr. Bonner’s country place in Westchester County, prepared by him and intended to be published last autumn, but withheld at the solicitation of his neighbors, who were afraid it might injure the value of property there. It was elicited by the Board of Health, in their official investigation of the ice-pond matter at West Morrisania, and is a part of the evidence in that case :

“A COUNTRY SEAT FOR SALE WHERE THERE IS FEVER AND AGUE.—I hereby offer for sale, my country residence, at West Morrisania, near Melrose Station, where I have lived for the past three summers, but do not think I could live much longer. I have heard that people looking for a place to purchase, could never find one where they have chills and fever—they always have it about a mile, a mile and a half or two miles off, but never right there, at the place that is for sale. Now I offer for sale a curiosity, something rare, the precise, exact spot where the fever and ague is. I will warrant it to be there. Three of my children have it; my gardener has it; my groom has the sure premonitory symptoms

and I have a sufficient inkling of it myself. Any doctor, with a large family, who has a specific for fever and ague, would find this a most eligible situation; the neighborhood is full of the disease, and if he could keep it out of his own family, it would give him a reputation which would insure his fortune. Besides the fever and ague, the estate consists of a fine double house, with all modern conveniences and improvements, such as hot and cold water, furnace, range, &c., and about two acres of land, with a pretty fair barn and some good box stalls for good horses. It is really a beautiful place. The grounds are handsomely laid out, and covered with trees and shrubbery of the choicest kind. These trees afford not only a delightful shade, but a nice harbor for mosquitoes. The mosquitoes thus far have not been so much affected by the fever and ague as to prevent their biting. In fact it is a good place for mosquitoes. I bought it to please my wife, and shall leave it to please my whole family. Terms: cash. I am afraid any security on it would get the fever and ague, and become shaky. Those wishing to purchase will please apply immediately. I want to get away from it as fast as Dexter can carry me.

“ROBERT BONNER.

“*Ledger* Office, 90 Beekman Street, Sept. 18, 1877.

“P. S.—The town authorities have begun to make alterations in the street adjoining, and if they drain the place as well as they do the pockets of the landholders, it may become healthy.”

The Editor of the *Sun* in printing the preceding says: “We usually charge a pretty handsome price for the insertion of advertisements; but if Mr. Bonner has any more like this we will agree to pay full *Ledger* rates for the privilege of publishing them.”

Derby & Miller had recently published a very popular volume by Fanny Fern entitled *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio*. This book as I have said elsewhere, became immensely popular and was all the rage among the book-buying public. Mr. Bonner decided to secure a story from that popular authoress, if possible. His first offer to her was twenty-five dollars a column for a story. She declined this offer, when he made a second offer of fifty dollars a column. This offer failed to tempt her. He was still undaunted, and proposed seventy-five dollars a column, but

with the same results; the last offer was increased, and Fanny Fern, greatly admiring the pluck and persistency of the proprietor of the *Ledger*, finally concluded to write for him.

Mr. Bonner without having read a line of the story, which was entitled, "Fanny Ford," and made a little over ten columns, handed the authoress a check for one thousand dollars. This sum was a greater amount to him at that time than one hundred thousand dollars would have been a few years later. The *Ledger* soon became famous; Fanny Fern was secured as a regular contributor, and up to the day of her death, her weekly contributions were eagerly looked for by thousands of readers throughout the civilized world.

Mr. Bonner soon secured as contributors to the columns of the *Ledger*, many of the most famous writers of the day. Among others, may be mentioned Edward Everett, to whom he paid ten thousand dollars for the Mount Vernon papers; George Bancroft, Horace Greeley, William Cullen Bryant, George D. Prentice, Alice and Phœbe Cary, John G. Saxe, Henry W. Longfellow, Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickens, N. P. Willis, James Parton and the presidents of the twelve leading colleges in this country. The prices Mr. Bonner has paid for the contributions accepted by him have been liberal in the extreme. The largest amount paid to any writer was the sum of thirty thousand dollars, which Henry Ward Beecher received for his novel of "Norwood." He also paid Charles Dickens the sum of five thousand dollars for the story "Hunted Down," which the latter wrote expressly for the *New York Ledger*, and which was completed in three numbers of that paper.

Harriet Beecher Stowe has contributed fifteen sketches to the *Ledger* to which her name does not appear, but for which she was paid liberally. Fanny Fern's daughter, Grace, who married Mortimer Thompson, generally known as the author of "Doesticks," was a contributor to the *Ledger* for some time before her death, and now her

daughter, a young lady of twenty years of age (Fanny Fern's grandchild), is a regular contributor to the same paper. Thus three generations of this talented family have contributed to the *New York Ledger*.

Mr. Bonner has always displayed a whole-souled liberality in dealing with authors, as well as a "happy faculty" as Alice Cary once said, "of gathering together not only the best writers in the varied departments of literature, but of holding them together as one family."

The success of the *New York Ledger* is undoubtedly due to the far-sighted sagacity of its projector and proprietor, his untiring energy and his novel method of advertising. He would sometimes secure a whole page or more in our leading daily papers on which nothing was printed except three or four lines, recommending the public to read Mrs. Southworth's new story, or that of some other writer whose story was to begin in the *Ledger*. He was also the founder of the now quite common plan of publishing as an advertisement, several chapters of some story which ended abruptly by the statement that the rest of the story could be found in a certain number of the *New York Ledger*, which of course the interested reader had to buy and continue to buy until the story was finished.

The late Fletcher Harper, at whose instance *Harper's Weekly* was established, once told Sinclair Tousey, now the President of the American News Company, that he had to bring the *Ledger* home to keep peace in the family—the beginning of one of these continued stories having been inserted as an advertisement in the very first number of *Harper's Weekly*.

Mr. Bonner is a self-made man in every sense of the word. He began life as an apprentice to the printer's trade in the office of the *Hartford Courant*, from whence he removed to New York in 1844, to accept a position as assistant foreman and proof-reader on *The New York Evening Mirror*. The earnings which he managed to save while thus employed and as a correspondent were expended

in buying *The Merchants' Ledger*, which became finally *The New York Ledger*.

The self-reliance and honesty which characterized him in his early years, has been strictly adhered to throughout his long and useful career. He has never given an obligation for money and never borrowed or owed a dollar. He has two mottoes, which have guided him in his business life; one of which is from St. Paul, "Owe no man anything." The other, from John Randolph, "Pay as you go."

Mr. Bonner was at one time the New York correspondent of *The Hartford Courant*, and his letters attracted much attention by their crisp statements of facts and lively discussions of the topics of the times. Nothing appears in the editorial columns of *The Ledger* which does not receive his watchful attention. His ready, and in most instances, correct judgment as to the merits of an author, are well known. In a recent conversation with him, in which I spoke of the advisability of using type-writing for the copy of authors' manuscripts, he said to me, "Oh, pshaw, I don't like type-writing; I would rather see the hand-writing of the author, as I judge by that, as well as the construction of the sentences, whether the author has any brains or not."

"Well, what about Horace Greeley's hand-writing, how would you judge him?" said I. He replied, "Brains."

Mr. Bonner is a liberal contributor to the church, subscribing at one time towards the erection of Rev. Dr. John Hall's church the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

It is pretty generally known that Mr. Bonner has the largest and most valuable collection of trotting horses of any individual in this country. Among those best known are the horses Dexter, Rarns, Edwin Forest and the mare Pocahontas. The question has often been asked, why Mr. Bonner has invested so much money in horse-flesh. As I happen to know, he originally did so by thy advice of his physician, who recommended driving as a cure for his

over-worked body and brain. Mr. Bonner, being naturally a great lover of horses, readily took his physician's advice, and once in the harness, so to speak, his ambition to excel in the speed of his horses was only equalled by that which he had displayed in making the most successful family paper known.

His first purchase happened in this wise: The Hon. Alexander H. Rice, then Mayor of Boston, afterwards member of Congress and Governor of Massachusetts, during a business call on Mr. Bonner at his office in New York, mentioned the fact of a span of horses which were considered the fastest then known in New England. Mr. Bonner's ambition was at once aroused and he authorized Mr. Rice to purchase the team for him. This was the beginning of the formation of his famous stud. By a subsequent purchase, he secured the horses Lantern and Light, behind which I had the pleasure of a drive with their owner one day to a dinner given to some friends at Yonkers by the author of Sparrowgrass Papers. The distance of fifteen miles was done in less than one hour without much effort on a heavy road.

Mr. Bonner now has a large number of horses which he values at not less than a quarter of a million of dollars. He paid for Dexter thirty-five thousand dollars, for Rarus thirty-six thousand dollars, and for Pocahontas forty thousand dollars.

The time made by Rarus in the year 1878, wiped out all previous records of trotting horses, first horse two minutes thirteen seconds and a quarter. Mr. Bonner has to-day three times as many horses that can trot in two minutes and thirty seconds as there were in the whole country twenty-five years ago. He takes no stock in horse-racing; and it is to his infinite credit, that his horses have never been allowed to run for any kind of stake. He derives great pleasure in showing his elegant stables to his friends, as well as in driving his fast flyers.

In the year 1859 I learned incidentally from Mrs.

Beecher, that her husband was sorely perplexed about a mortgage of ten thousand dollars on his house in Brooklyn long past due. It seemed strange to me that there were not rich men enough in Plymouth Church to relieve their pastor of his burden. I mentioned this circumstance to Robert Bonner, who was surprised, and said it was a shame that a man of Mr. Beecher's greatness should thus be trammelled by debt. *Bonner like*, he said, with his usual prompt decision that he would pay off the mortgage, and the only condition was secrecy. He drew a check for the amount, but as that could not be kept a secret, he canceled it, and handed me the currency, which I deposited with John E. Williams, then president of the Metropolitan Bank. He was the only custodian of the secret except Mrs. Beecher, and this generous act of Mr. Bonner is now first made public. When I carried the tidings to Mr. Beecher, he was overcome by emotion. I can never forget Mr. Beecher's few words of grateful recognition as he pressed my hand.

The circulation of the New York *Ledger* has reached as high as three hundred and fifty thousand copies per week and still continues to be a source of great profit to its owner, who now, in the enjoyment of excellent health and the society of his friends, is taking all the comfort his well earned millions can bring.

NOTE.—Mr. Bonner has recently purchased the famous trotter, *Maud S.*, from William H. Vanderbilt, for the princely sum of forty thousand dollars. In a letter to George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, declining to permit *Maud S.* to be exhibited at the Fair of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, Mr. Bonner, in speaking of the propriety of allowing speedy horses to show their natural powers, said: "I once put the following questions to your friend and my friend, Dr. McCosh: 'What did the Almighty endow swift trotting-horses with extraordinary speed for, if it was wrong to let them indulge in their natural gait? Did He ever make anything for the use of man of which man is bound to use a mean specimen, when he can honestly afford to use a good one? If so,' I added, 'then all you clergymen ought to be confined to broken-down, spavined, and foundered horses.' The great metaphysician, with a smile, replied: 'Those are questions for theologians, like Dr. Hodge,' the doctor happening to be standing by his side."

X.

FANNY FERN—JAMES PARTON.

Fanny Fern's bright and pungent Sketches—Witty, tender and touching—Living in Destitution in Boston—A Proposition which surprises her—Oliver Dyer, the Friend in Need—How Derby & Miller became her Publishers—Why she called herself Fanny Fern—Great success of her first Book—Soliloquy to her old Inkstand—Fanny Fern sends Burglars after Bonner—Visits Beecher's early Home—Beecher's Recollections of Fanny Fern's School Days—Letters to her Publisher—Supposed Portrait of her Brother, N. P. Willis—"I like you and your writings."

DURING the years 1852-3 nearly all of the newspapers in the country were printing short, bright and pungent paragraphs; some of them witty, others very tender and touching, but all of them written by some unknown person under the *nom de plume* of "Fanny Fern."

As a publisher I had occasion to look over the newspaper exchanges quite frequently, and it occurred to me that these sketches gathered together and published in book form, could not fail to meet with a popular demand. I therefore wrote to the then unknown author, addressing her as "Fanny Fern," and directing my letter to the care of the Boston *True Flag*, for which she was a contributor. She was at that time a myth to the public, so far as her real name was concerned. In this letter I proposed the publication of a volume of the sketches to be collected by her. My proposition was to pay a royalty of ten cents per

copy for all sold or one thousand dollars for the copyright. This proposal was a great surprise to her. A year before she had been living in destitution, her only income for the support of herself and child consisting of the small pittance of six dollars per week, the combined amounts received by her from the two papers, the Boston *Olive Branch* and the Boston *True Flag*, to each of which she was a weekly contributor.

The offer as proposed by me was entertained by her, after consulting with her good friend, Oliver Dyer, then publisher of the New York *Musical World and Times*, a weekly paper, edited by Fanny Fern's brother, Richard Storrs Willis.

Mr. Dyer had previously called the attention of Mr. Willis to these popular sketches, but neither of those gentlemen were then aware that they came from the pen of the gifted sister of Mr. Willis. The secret was finally discovered through a correspondence revealing the true state of affairs regarding her needy condition and the small amount she was earning. Mr. Dyer without delay offered to double the amount she was receiving, if she would write exclusively for the *Musical World and Times*, the matter to be contributed not to exceed one production each week of her short sketches, while her contract with the two Boston papers referred to required at least a column per week.

Fanny Fern was both surprised and delighted at this offer and immediately accepted it. The Boston papers, on finding that they had lost their brilliant contributor, sought to get her back. She referred the matter to Mr. Dyer, and by his advice an arrangement was made whereby she obtained a large and satisfactory increase of salary from the *Olive Branch* and the *True Flag*, and continued to write for them, until she removed to New York.

Other publishers soon after offered her favorable terms to publish a volume of the then famous sketches.

Mr. Dyer advised her to accept Derby & Miller's pro-

position to pay her a royalty on each copy sold, the wisdom of which advice was soon fully demonstrated. Subsequently Mr. Dyer informed me that what decided him to recommend my firm in preference to others, was the enterprise and tact we showed in our advertising in the *Weekly Tribune* and other papers.

I did not have the pleasure of meeting this brilliant writer until after the publication of her first volume. I received, however, the following characteristic letters from her, previous to our meeting :

“ New York, ——, 1853.

“ MR. DERBY:

“ DEAR SIR:—Yours and Mrs. Derby’s kind and cordial invitation quite touched my heart (as you know me only through pen and ink). I wonder if you *know* how pleasant it is, this personal interest my publishers take in me? I like it; and I like *you*; still I can’t come, and I’ll tell you why: When I first astonished my brother* with my sudden appearance in New York, he got up a fraternal frown, because I didn’t let him know I was coming, and because (afterward) I would not come directly to his house with my baby† and traps.

“ I took supper with him at Thomson’s on Broadway the other night, and I know from what he said he is little vexed with me for my obduracy. Well, you see, in such a posture of affairs, if I come to visit *you*, *shouldn’t I catch it?* So you must come to New York for all I see, and call on me—won’t you? And in the meantime believe how much I thank you for an invitation which it would give me so much real pleasure to accept. I lost my senses at Castle Garden the other night, what with the moonlight and the music and the glorious expanse of sky—Oh, wasn’t I a happy Fanny? I was *too* happy—I didn’t know what to do with myself, so when I got home I *cried* and then I felt better. I sha’n’t see anything I like so well in New York, I’m sure of it, though I’ve many things to see yet—Greenwood Cemetery for one—I shall go there this week. My brother was charmed because I was so delighted with a little unpretending church opposite his house, half hidden by ivy and roses. It is a lovely little place, *way up* near the Crystal Palace.

* Richard S. Willis.

† Her daughter Eleanor.

"I saw a letter from Orton* to Dyer last week—wasn't it good and funny? Men write such capital things to each other. I tell Dyer to keep it going and let me see the correspondence. Give my regards to Mr. Miller and tell my *dear* Jack [a favorite dog] that I wish he was crouching at my feet this minute. He has a rival in a little darkie who waits and tends at the house where I board. His name is George and *he* has given notice after a week's acquaintance with me that when I leave 'he shall follow me and be my waiter.' He's about twelve years old. Every morning he presented his woolly head at my door with a bunch of flowers—by no means badly *got* up either. I talk with him to draw him out; he says 'Way down on Swanee River' is *too common!* he don't like it; 'it's a nigger tune.' I shall do him up in an article before I get through with him. Poor little Cuffie!

"Just look in the *Musical World and Times* this week, will you, and see what Dyer has written. Isn't he keen? Mr. Miller will tell you about him; he says more original things in half an hour than I could get off in a year, and then he's good and sincere and independent and dare say what he thinks—I like that; I hate *pussy cats*.

"FANNY FERN."

"MY DEAR SIR :

"Fanny *does* hope to come, before she dies, to see her kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Derby, but is not able to stay at present, when she has a dear little girl now in the neighborhood of Boston, her eldest child, who is situated in this way. I told you some time since that Mr. Eldrege's† parents divided the property between my two little girls: the old gentleman died two months since, making it a condition of them receiving the property that the eldest was still to remain with his wife till her death. The old lady is over eighty and her physicians say cannot live many months. When she dies my child comes to me. That event may happen at any moment, as the old lady is very feeble—in which case I must go directly over to Boston to claim my child, and see that matters are properly arranged.

"It was hard work parting from her, for her heart is knit to mine more strongly than children's are ordinarily—by sympathy with me in trial and sorrow. I write her often, for it is very dul.

* The late William Orton.

† Her first husband.

for her there. I shall feel unsettled till I get her with me, and fear to move about much at present for that reason. I thank you so much for your kindness I should like much to see you in your pleasant home. Kiss those little house doves and tell them Aunt Fanny *will* come some time.

“And now about business—I am so glad my book has done so well. I feel now as though I could lie down to sleep without feeling that it was a waste of time—on waking up in the night and thinking over an article for the next morning at the bidding of some Editor. I think you are right about the profitableness of book-writing over this newspaper dribbling—I have been pondering the same thing for some time. I am so glad Mrs. Derby liked my school article in the O. B.—it was descriptive of a model school in Boston—taught by an old maid where my child attended.

“It used to make me squirm to go into it and see the poor little creatures sitting up as straight as if they were skewered—if she don't have to answer for a few crooked spines, my name isn't Fanny. I wish some old bachelor would save the victims by letting matrimony take the nonsense out of her. I tell you, Mr. Derby, a woman isn't good for anything till she has been married. Bless your dear masculine souls, she's just like half a pair of scissors till some priest rivets Hymen's chain around her ; and now make a bow !”

Out of a number of fictitious names from which Fanny Fern selected her *nom de plume* she gives in her sketch—“A Story about Myself”—the following interesting account :—

“Nobody could be more astonished than I, to find myself famous; I never dreamed of it, when I sat in a small room, at the top of the house where I lodged; scribbling over a sheet of coarse foolscap with *noms de plume*, out of which I was to choose one for my first article—which article I never thought of preserving, any more than the succeeding ones, supposing my meagre pecuniary remuneration the only reward I was to hope for. I think the reason I selected the name ‘Fern’ was because when a child, and walking with my mother in the country, she always used to pluck a leaf of it to place in her bosom, for the sweet odor, and that

gloomy morning when I almost despaired of earning bread for my children, I had been thinking of her, and wishing she were living that I might lay my head upon her bosom and tell her all my sorrows; and then memory carried me back, I scarce knew how, to those childish days when I ran before her in the woods to pluck the sweet fern she loved, and then I said to myself my name shall be 'Fanny Fern,' little dreaming any body would ever know or care anything about it."

The title of her first book was "Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio," of which, in less than one year's time from date of publication, we sold over eighty thousand copies. A second series followed within a year, and also a juvenile, entitled, "Little Ferns for Fanny's Little Friends."

The copyright paid her on these volumes amounted to over \$10,000 within two years from date of publication. She looked upon all her successes calmly, as though it was something which was to come to her. The manner in which the sudden change in her circumstances affected her is best illustrated by the following characteristic sketch in the *New York Ledger*, written during the year of her removal into her own new home, and after a competence was assured her through her pen :

"MY OLD INK-STAND AND I.

"Well, old Ink-stand, what do you think of this? Haven't we got well through the woods, hey? A few scratches and bruises we have had to be sure, but what of that? Didn't you whisper where we should come out the first morning I dipped my pen in your sable depths in the sky-parlor of that hyena-like Mrs. Griffin? With what an eagle glance she discovered that my bonnet ribbon was undeniably guilty of two distinct washings, and, emboldened by my shilling delaine and the shabby shoes of little Nell,* inquired, 'If I intended taking in slop-work into her apartments?' How distinctly I was made to understand that Nell was not to speak above a whisper, or in any way infringe upon the rights of her uncombed, unwashed, unbaptized, uncomfortable

* Her youngest daughter, Eleanor.

little Griffins. Poor little Nell, who clung to my gown with childhood's instinctive appreciation of the hard face and wiry voice of our jailor. With what venom I overheard her inform Mr. Griffin that 'They must look sharp for the rent of their sky-parlor, as its tenants lived on bread and milk, and wore her under-clothes rough dry, because she could not afford to pay for ironing them!' Do you remember *that*, old Ink-stand? And do you remember the morning she informed me as you and I were busily engaged in our first article that 'I must come and scrub the stairs which led to my room,' and when I ventured humbly to mention that this was not spoken of in our agreement, do you remember the Siddons-like air with which she thundered in our astonished ears, 'Do it or tramp!'

"And do you remember how you vowed 'If I did tramp' you would stand by me, and keep me out of the scrape? and haven't you *done* it, old Ink-stand? And don't you wish old Griffin, and all the little Griffins, and their likes, both big and little, here and elsewhere, could see this bran-new house that you have helped me into, and the dainty little table upon which I have installed you, untempted by any new *papier-maché* modern marvel? Turn my back on *you*, old Ink-stand? Not I! Throw you aside for your shabby exterior, as we were thrown aside when it was like drawing teeth to get a solitary shilling to buy you at a second-hand shop? Perish the thought!

"Yes, old Ink-stand, if Griffin, and all that crew, should see us now, couldn't we take the wind out of their sails? Couldn't we come into their front door, instead of their 'back gate?' Didn't they 'always know that there was something in us?' We can forgive them though, can't we? By the title-deed and insurance policy of this bran new pretty house which their sneers have helped us into, and whose doors shall always be open to those who have cheered us on, we'll do it. Dropped many a tear into you, have I?

"Well, who cares? You know very well, that every rough word aimed at my quivering ears was an extra dollar in my purse, every rude touch of my little Nell, strength and sinew to my unstrung nerves and flagging muscles. I say, old Ink-stand, look at Nell now! Does any landlady lay rough hands on those plump shoulders? Dare she sing and run and jump and play to her heart's content? Didn't you yourself buy her that hoop and stick, and those dolls, and that globe of gold-fish? Don't you feed and

clothe her every day of her sunshiny life ? Haven't you agreed to do it long years to come ? And won't you teach her, as you have me, to defy false friends and ill fortune ? And won't you be to my little Nell, a talisman, when my eyes grow dim, and hers brighten ? Say, old Ink-stand ?”

Her engagement with Mr. Bonner of the *New York Ledger*, was made about this time (1854), and proved to be lucrative and permanent. Right here it will be proper to include in these recollections of Fanny Fern some correspondence she had with Mr. Bonner.

In the beginning of the year 1868 she wrote him “that she had been writing for the *Ledger* for fourteen years without missing a week,” and added, “I must have used up the dictionary in that time. I haven't the courage to examine into it at the commencement of this New Year which I heartily hope may prove a happy one to you all. And to tell the truth I feel this morning as though I needed a little patting on the shoulder from some of you to give me courage to write for this grand new year that is coming. I try to be able to do you good by some word of mine each week. Sometimes I receive letters telling me that I have done so and that is the best and sweetest reward I could have.”

“*Ledger* Office, 90 Beekman Street,

“New York, Jan. 10, 1868.

“MY DEAR FANNY :

“So you have been writing for the *Ledger*, according to your article for next week, *fourteen years*. Can it be possible that it is so long as that ? Well, no matter whether it is or not, it is a *good long while* any way, and I enclose a check as a present to remind you of the event; no, not exactly as a present, for you might not like to receive it in that way, but as a compensation for some anonymous paragraphs which I want you to write for the *Ledger* whenever you may feel like it. You must frequently see a paragraph or a sentence in the paper on which you would like to make a few lines of comment anonymously, particularly if the subject happens to be about husbands, wives, mothers, girls or babies. Now I want you to make such an item occasionally with-

out your feeling that you are obliged to do it—make one or two next week or next month, next summer, next year, or now and then as you may feel like it.

“If you should send me no more than five during the next year or two, I’ll be satisfied, and if you should send me fifty, I’ll take them just the same.

“Yours always,

“ROBERT BONNER.”

Having a taste for decorations Mrs. Parton (Fanny Fern) always succeeded in making her rooms look pretty and inviting, though made attractive with very inexpensive articles. She had been visited by burglars five or six times, and after one of these visits she wrote a humorous paragraph to the *Ledger* as follows:—

“This is the fifth time I have been honored by a visit from burglars. Being an author and the wife of an author, I can never cease wondering at this distinguishing mark or their preference. Now if they want plunder, why not go to headquarters—to Robert Bonner, for instance. I don’t own a Dexter, nor a Pochabontas, and a Lantern or Light is the last thing they’d want. I have neither cashmere shawls nor diamonds. All the silver I ever owned they relieved me of two years since. Bonds and coupons I am not so soft as to keep in my desk, which they invariably turn inside out. There’s nothing to pay them for a sixth visit save our respective manuscripts which I defy them either to sell or decipher. What there is stunning in the appearance of our quiet domicile looked at burglar-wise I can’t imagine. Now there’s Secretary Hamilton Fish’s house opposite. I don’t hear that they have done anything to that. Why don’t they give him a turn? There are plenty of my other neighbors who offer more inducements than I can hold out; why then do they always come to me? Also, how did they know I had gone to Boston for two days? There I was railing at the storm that kept me a prisoner at the hotel, in the land of baked beans, while they were blessing that same howling wind and the rattling windows which deafened the sound of their thievish footsteps. What did they take? I’ll tell you what they *didn’t* take, for which I get on my knees to them, whether they are in jail or out. The life of my little grand-

child,* who unsuspectingly ran up-stairs alone, to get some little plaything, and tripped down singing to say, 'She couldn't get the closet door open.' The wretch was in there. That, taking other gold, he left the gold that was shining on *her* flossy hair, is matter of praise enough for me.

"I wouldn't lift a finger to point him out if I could, when that soft, little breathing was so near him and he didn't stop it for fear of possible detection. Also I tender him my thanks for so gently moving my ivy when he escaped out of the window, so that not a leaf was torn from its stalk. In fact, my indignation, I think, lighted down upon a certain official at the police station near, who, when informed of the burglary, coolly remarked, 'Oh, yes; Partou's house is entered *reg'lar*, once a year.'"

Soon after the appearance of this article in the *Ledger*, Mr. Bonner's residence was entered and robbed, the burglars securing and carrying away all the silver in his house and making good their escape with the booty.

On the occasion of a summer's journey, Fanny Fern visited Litchfield, Conn., the birth-place of Henry Ward Beecher and also the earlier home of his sister Harriet Beecher Stowe. She thus writes to the *New York Ledger* concerning the impressions she received of the place :

"I think Litchfield will do as the early home of Henry Ward Beecher. I am inspecting its big trees, hearing its birds sing and watching its sunsets fade, and can well understand how he came to love all these things so well that neither his pen or his lips can help chirping spite of the Plymouth Church creed. I can understand how from the healthful breath of these hills came the strong physique which is so seldom married to vigorous mentality. I looked at the old house where he was born and felt like sitting down there and challenging its ancient roof to tell me all about Harriet Stowe and Henry Ward, not the things that you and I and all the world know, but the delicious little bits, such as the relic hunter delights to pick up for his cabinet, such as the surface eye never sees or cares to see. But the old roof was silent, though the ancient tree branches scratched it and swept over it as if to say, 'Wake up! here is a Beecher Lover, wake up! and give her a

* Since a regular contributor to the *Ledger*.

welcome, and tell her something worth coming all these miles from New York to hear.' But the old house was leaning lazily on one side with age and it only said, 'Our work is over; be satisfied with its results and cherish as I have the gifted children who one by one have flown away from the parent nest to cheer the heavy-hearted in cities with their song.'"

To this Mr. Beecher responded in his characteristic style through the columns of the *Ledger*, as follows :

"You have done well to try a summer in Litchfield ! It will surprise you with its charms, if you know how to discover them. Let me give you a hint or two which I know to be matters well founded, as I tried them more than forty years ago, yes, fifty.

"Please go about sundown to the west side of my father's old house, and sit down on the kitchen door-step when all the folks have gone to meeting. Let the clock in the kitchen, one of those old, long, loud ticking clocks, sound its measured beat, while the frogs in the puddles to the west, if they still exist, tune up vociferously. Then if you grow a little melancholy, sing 'Roslyn Castle' till you cry, and you will have just such a good time as I used to. . . . I am afraid those quince trees are all gone from the north side of the house from which we used to gather barrels of quinces, and whose early blossoms were so tender and whose switches were so tough. Ah, those trees used to come home very near to me! Of course you will often walk under the great elms in North Street. Tell me whether they really touch the skies, as it used to seem to me, and if they yet hold mysterious conversation when the wind moves in their tops and find out what it is they say, if you can, for I never could.

"Litchfield was famous for good society. I would send you notes, but you would have to deliver them in the graveyard, always hospitable to the dead, and unhospitable to the living. And yet if you *should go* over to the east of the town, and wandering in the burial ground you should find a stone marked *Roxania Foote Beecher*, please uncover your head and drive from your mind all but heavenly thoughts. She will not speak to you, I know she will not ! Oh ! why should we be left struggling on in this life in doubt and often in despondency, when one word, one single word would re-inspire the soul, and that word never be spoken ?

"The dead beneath the sod may be silent; but over our heads

in the Spirit land is there no voice there and none to care and comfort?"

Mr. Beecher once told me that he first met Fanny Fern in Hartford. He said, "When I was a boy in college, she attended Catherine Beecher's school in that city. The latter kept a whole stable full of horses for the girls to ride horseback, my sister Harriet among them. I used to go with Fanny on horseback. She was a blonde, had a very fair face and flowing flaxen hair. She was quite a bewitching little creature. One of the prettiest girls in Hartford."

Soon after the publication of *Fern Leaves*, Mr. Dyer having become associated with Mason Brothers, the later volumes of Fanny Fern's works were published by them. Among these were the books, *Ruth Hall* and *Rose Clark*. The first-named was something of an auto-biography, under a veil of fiction. Both volumes were well received, that of *Ruth Hall* reaching the sale of over seventy thousand copies.

The acquaintance so pleasantly began with the author of *Fern Leaves* and *Ruth Hall* resulted in a friendship which remained unbroken up to the day of her lamented death, which occurred October 10th, 1872.

In the year 1874, the following interesting article appeared in *The New York Herald*, in a review of Mr. James Parton's Memorial Volume of his wife, the late Fanny Fern, published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

"We have before us one of the best specimens of woman's work in the way of essay writing that has ever been published. It is made up of choice selections from 'Fanny Fern's' writings, including extracts from 'Fern Leaves,' books which were the talk of the country twenty years ago. The interest that was felt in N. P. Willis' gifted literary sister was as unique as it was intense. Every bit of gossip concerning her was treasured as a valuable piece of information. That she was an interesting young widow with curly hair and jaunty withal in her weeds, was of

more consequence than all that could be told of queens and courts. And so the pseudonym of Sara Willis grew in fame and favor until the name of 'Fanny Fern' was everywhere a household word. When her two novels appeared in rapid succession to her other works they sold largely; and it will be remembered that her sketch of Apollo Hyacinth, which was supposed to be a not too friendly portrait of her brother, the poet journalist, created a fervor greater than any of Macaulay's vivid pictures were capable of creating. Fanny Fern's personality was purely womanly. It was as a woman that she achieved success and marked her personality deep into all that she did or sought to do. This is well illustrated by a specimen letter of a kind of which she received many hundreds; this one printed by Mr. Parton in his biography being the only one she preserved. It was as follows:

"Cincinnati, June 24th, 1854.

"FANNY FERN:

"I like your writings and you. G. M. S."

This is the whole story. It was not in her style that Fanny Fern's popularity consisted, but simply in that personality which impelled men to say, "I like your writings and I like you."

JAMES PARTON.

A modern Plutarch—First literary Effort—N. P. Willis his first partner—Mason Brothers' liberal offer—Writes Life of Horace Greeley—His other famous biographies—A pains-taking Historian with "British pluck."

James Parton may well be called a modern Plutarch. He has not only written more lives of eminent men than the famous Plutarch, who flourished nearly two thousand years ago, but has done his work equally well.

I first became acquainted with Mr. Parton while he was

engaged with Morris & Willis on *The Home Journal*. This was thirty years ago. It will be interesting to my readers, I am sure, to learn the beginnings of Mr. Parton's literary efforts and how he came to gravitate to that well known and fashionable literary journal.

It seems he had an early ambition to become an author. His first attempt was an essay written to prove that the author of "Jane Eyre," which was all the rage in literary circles at that time was a woman. It will be remembered that Charlotte Bronte evidently wanted to disguise her sex in choosing the name of Currer Bell as the ostensible author. After Mr. Parton had prepared this his first literary effort, he folded it neatly and enclosed it to "N. Parker Willis, Esq., Editor of *The Home Journal*."

As some of my readers will remember, Mr. Willis at that time resided in Fourth St. near Washington Square, where on the front door of his residence, a large plate bore the single word "Willis." Instead of mailing his contribution to the editor, the young writer delivered it at Mr. Willis' residence. Mr. Parton says he felt so much abashed at his temerity, that if he could have gotten his essay back again, he would gladly have burned it.

After this Mr. Parton watched with a good deal of anxiety each weekly issue of *The Home Journal* to learn the fate of his contribution. He says that after waiting a long time, he had abandoned the idea of its ever appearing. But one Saturday he bought a copy of the paper at a bookstore kept under the Astor House, and before putting it in his pocket glanced at the clear, handsome front page and there was his article! And not only that, but it was introduced to the readers by a few lines written by Mr. Willis calling attention to the article and complimenting the writer. Mr. Parton described his feelings as ecstatic. He rushed around to tell his friends of his good fortune.

This was a beginning of what has proved to be a long and interesting literary career. Mr. Parton continued to contribute to the *Journal*, but always anonymously and

without pay, as it was understood at that time that the honor of appearing in the *Home Journal* was sufficient compensation for any literary contributions, and I believe the same custom prevails to this day.

Subsequently the young contributor and famous editor met by appointment, when an arrangement was made whereby Mr. Parton became an assistant in editing this renowned paper. He was, I believe, the immediate predecessor in that position of Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

While occupying this post, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Parton. I have known him pretty well ever since, and watched his literary career, and truly believe that there is not so industrious and painstaking a writer of good English who has been so long engaged in writing for the magazines and literary papers in this country. Most of his contributions are biographical sketches of eminent or notable men or women. He is the busiest of men and one of the few writers whose productions are not only eagerly welcomed, but liberally paid for by publishers.

There is a curious incident in Mr. Parton's life, which gives us an inkling of the origin of his career as a biographer and how he first became a writer of books. One day, while employed on the *Home Journal*, he was sitting among a group of publishers, who were talking about literary matters and particularly about some very popular books that had just been published.

Mr. Parton happened to say, during the conversation, what an interesting book the life of Horace Greeley would make, if the facts could be ascertained. He made the observation without the slightest idea of writing a book, and had been telling those present about a narrative of Horace Greeley's youthful days, contributed to the *Home Journal* by Amos Bliss, and concluding his remarks as follows :

“No doubt there are fifty other anecdotes and scenes of Horace Greeley's early life quite as interesting as these, only they have

never been written out. If any one could go to Vermont and New Hampshire and gather them up, going from house to house and getting them from the lips of living persons, the whole story would be as interesting as Franklin's autobiography."

Some weeks after this conversation Mr. Parton happened to meet one of the firm of Mason Bros., who was present at the gathering referred to, and was startled with a proposition to write a book to be called *The Life of Horace Greeley*. Not only was the offer accompanied by a liberal allowance of copyright, but a generous amount advanced to enable the author to gather such materials in all parts of the country where Mr. Greeley had resided, as were necessary to make an exhaustive and interesting life of the most famous editor then living.

Mr. Parton accepted the proposition and undertook the work. He says :

"Late one afternoon, I found the editor standing at his desk in the dismal *Tribune* editorial rooms of that day, writing with his usual velocity. For some time after I entered, I stood waiting for him to cease, or to give some token that he recognized my presence. He continued, however, to scribble with all his might, until I addressed him and asked when he would be at leisure to listen to what I had to say. He remarked that leisure was a commodity with which he had no acquaintance. He had had none of it for years and didn't think he should ever have any more, but that he would listen then and there to whatever I had to offer. As he had already received an intimation of the scheme and expressed no repugnance to it, I had only to make known my name in order to explain my business. He said again he had no leisure and could do nothing to assist the project unless, perhaps, occasionally on Saturday nights, when he had a reception at his house. I told him that all I wished at present, were the names and residences of the persons who had known him best from his childhood up.

"Instantly, before I could get my pencil out of my pocket, he began to give me the names desired. In the course of ten minutes, I had a long catalogue written down. Soon after, I made a two month's tour in New Hampshire, Vermont, New York and Penn-

sylvania collecting the anecdotes and incidents which are recorded in the early chapters of my *Life of Horace Greeley*.

“On returning to New York, I bought a complete file of the *Tribune*, for the twelve years of its existence and borrowed sets of the *Jeffersonian*, *New Yorker*, and *Log Cabin*. Every number of these journals I closely examined, and extracted from each every lurking atom of biography which it may have contained. It took me six weeks to do it. Eleven months after I entered upon the work the manuscript was ready for the printer.

“Before the day of publication—such was the curiosity of the public concerning the foremost editor of the day—seven thousand copies of the work were ordered, and in the course of the first few months about thirty thousand were sold, which, for that day, was a considerable success.”

This, then was the first book ever written by James Parton. The wide-awake publishers had no cause to regret their enterprise, the success of which is indicated in Mr. Parton's statement above.

Mason Bros., a few years later, retired from the publishing business to embark in disseminating musical sounds through Mason and Hamlin's Cabinet Organs, now so universally known and prized.

Curiously enough, a decade later, about the year 1865, my then firm of Derby & Miller, published a new edition of Parton's *Life of Greeley*, thoroughly revised by the author.

Mr. Parton's subsequent biographies, all of which have taken their place among the standard literature of the country, are well known. The most important of them are, *The Life of Benjamin Franklin*, *The Life of Thomas Jefferson*, *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, *The Life of Aaron Burr*, and *The Life of Voltaire*. I believe the most popular of these is *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, although the author considers *The Life of Voltaire*, his master-piece.

To illustrate the care and faithful work which Mr. Parton gives to every subject he undertakes to write about,

the following extract from his preface to *The Life of Andrew Jackson*, is a good example not only for the minuteness of its statements, but for the extraordinary research which it indicates.

“For many months I was immersed in this unique, bewildering collection, reading endless newspapers, pamphlets, books, without arriving at any conclusion whatever. If anyone at the end of a year even, had asked what I had discovered respecting General Jackson, I might have answered thus: ‘I am given to understand Andrew Jackson was a patriot and a traitor. He was one of the greatest of Generals, and wholly ignorant of the art of war. A writer, brilliant, elegant, eloquent, without being able to compose a correct sentence, or spell words of four syllables. The first of statesmen, he never devised, he never framed a measure. He was the most candid of men and was capable of the profoundest dissimulation. A most law-defying, law-obeying citizen. A stickler for discipline, he never hesitated to disobey his superior. A democratic autocrat; an urbane savage; an atrocious saint. So difficult is it to obtain information respecting a man whom two-thirds of his fellow-citizens deified, and the other third vilified, for the space of twelve years or more.’”

The *Catalogue Raisonne* of authorities prefixed to his work shows the extraordinary fidelity and magnitude of his investigations. It consists of more than two hundred volumes consulted. The style is easy and flowing, warmly colored without extravagance, carrying the reader with pleasure through nearly two thousand pages filled with striking incidents and events. One of the volumes referred to in the preceding catalogue is the following, published by my firm nearly thirty years ago. I believe that Judge Walker, the author of the book, is still residing in New Orleans. Mr. Parton certainly pays a fine tribute to the interesting book.

“*Jackson and New Orleans; an authentic Narrative of the Memorable Achievements of the American Army, under Andrew Jackson, before New Orleans, in the winter of 1814 and 1815.* By

Alexander Walker. Derby & Jackson, Publishers. New York, 1856.

(" This work is one of the best executed pieces of American history in existence; most rich in facts; told with spirit and effect. It needs only a thorough revision and a slight toning down, here and there, to be a work of classic excellence. To no single volume is the author of this work so much indebted as to 'Jackson and New Orleans.' By the older inhabitants of New Orleans, its great merit has been fully appreciated.")

In concluding this sketch, it is a pleasure to say, that I fully coincide with the high opinion of Mr. Parton, as a writer, from so valuable a literary authority as the following from the London *Athenæum* :

" He is a painstaking, honest and courageous historian, ardent with patriotism, but unprejudiced—a writer, in short, of whom the United States have reason to be proud. With an admirable truthfulness, and a daring that savors of genuine British 'pluck,' Mr. Parton declines to whitewash his hero, preferring to portray him faithfully; neither palliating the bad, nor exaggerating the good, of his character."

XI.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

Calls on the Author with his first Verses—A Friend who never had so much of one Thing he wanted so little of—Becomes Reader of MSS. for his Publisher—Gets Five Dollars for “Baby Bell”—The young autocrat Editor taken by Surprise—Desk of Edgar Allen Poe—Aldrich pays for his Morning Naps—How Carleton’s Trade-Mark was selected—The “Story of a Bad Boy” his own Career—Hawthorne’s delicate Tribute—Memento to his first Publisher.

IN the year 1854, soon after I had established myself in the book publishing business in Nassau street, a pleasant looking young man called on me one day, with a small MS. of his verses, which he desired me to publish.

I was a little surprised, as the youthful aspirant to authorship was then barely eighteen years of age; however, being pleased with his sprightly address and the neat chirography of his MS., I glanced over the pages and frankly told him that it was commercially hazardous for publishers to risk their money in publishing volumes of poetry, especially of a beginner and one so young as he. I said to him, however, that I would submit the MS. to my reader, who was at that time the late George Ripley, then literary critic of the *New York Tribune*.

This was my first acquaintance with Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who now ranks among our best American poets.

Young Aldrich called a few days later (trembling, as he afterwards told me) to learn the reader’s opinion of his first

poetical effort. I had the pleasure of informing him that it was decidedly favorable, and I would print and publish a small edition, which I did, under the title of *The Bells*, by T. B. A.

The volume was well received by the critics, and although there was not much money in it to either author or publisher, there was no loss.

An amusing incident occurred just after the publication of *The Bells*. A gentleman friend of the author, in order to get up a boom in the interest of the book, called at different bookstores and found they had no copies of the book for sale. On his way down town the next day, he called again on the same booksellers, who promised to lay in supplies, as a favorable notice of the book had appeared in the *Tribune* and the *Evening Mirror*.

On the following day, he surprised the clerk in one of the stores, by telling him he wanted twelve or fifteen copies. The offer was made to send for them the next day, but the zealous friend said that would not do, as he wished to write on the fly-leaf of each book and send them all by express that afternoon.

While they were talking, the proprietor of the store, who had heard the conversation, came forward, and said there were ten or twelve copies under the counter. There was nothing else to do, but to buy the books. The young poet in relating this incident to me, afterwards said that his friend never before had so much of one thing that he wanted so little of.

Young Aldrich's next poem had an interesting history. It was called the *Ballad of Baby Bell*. The author at that time was only nineteen years old. He sent it to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and to several other leading periodicals, and finally to the *Journal of Commerce*, that great commercial paper which is found in the counting-room of all the leading wholesale merchants and men of finance.

The young poet soon after received a note from the editor, Mr. David M. Stone, enclosing five dollars, and

saying, that, as a rule, he did not buy poetry for the columns of the *Journal*, that commodity not being adapted to its commercial columns, but he further wrote, "I like the poem so much, I will print it." Aldrich could easily sell such a poem now for a thousand dollars. The story of the exquisite Ballad of Baby Bell is founded on fact, the beautiful child being a near relative of the author.

Young Aldrich was at Portsmouth, N. H., his native place, preparing for college, when the death of his father necessitated other arrangements. He was then placed by his uncle, the late Charles L. Frost, of the firm of Frost & Forrest, commission merchants, in their counting-room in New York. But the drudgery of mercantile life did not suit his poetical fancy, his taste not being adapted to "the sugar trade and cotton line."

The Ballad of Baby Bell and other Poems was published in 1856 by G. W. Carleton. The volume became very popular and is now included in a beautifully illustrated collection of the author's complete poetical writings just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

On its first appearance, the poem having attracted the attention of Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, (whose Sparrowgrass Papers I had recently published,) he made an appointment with the young poet to come to his place of business in Warren St., and meet Fitz Greene Halleck, who had read the poem, and had written to Mr. Cozzens, expressing a desire to know the author. Aldrich said that Halleck was most delightfully kind and complimentary.

Mr. Aldrich's next venture was a novelette entitled "Daisy's Necklace and what came of it." This was published by my then firm in 1856, and as Mr. Aldrich was becoming favorably known as an author, I thought there was little risk in printing two thousand copies. It was a taking title, sufficiently happy I thought, to sell that number of copies; and had previously been printed as a serial in *The Home Journal*. The book was a failure, but it is fair to admit the author had little confidence in its

success. We managed to sell about one half the edition, the remainder we sold to a neighboring publisher, for a nominal sum.

The purchaser bound the copies up with another work of the same size entitled "The Stain of Birth," and lettered the volume, "The Stain of Birth and Daisy's Necklace." Mr. Aldrich picked up the volume one day on a bookstand and his disgust at finding himself in such company was unbounded. I explained to him that it was one of the Dollar Gift bookstore dodges, the proprietors of which were constantly buying remainders and when the volumes were too thin to bring a dollar, would bind two or three volumes together; this was the last of "Daisy's Necklace" and *what came of it*.

Soon after this, young Aldrich decided to retire from mercantile life and embark in literature as a business. He was first engaged to write literary notices in *The New York Evening Mirror*, at that time a fashionable afternoon paper, conducted by Hiram Fuller, the author of the volume *Belle Britain*. He died not long ago in London, where he was conducting *The Metropolitan*, a weekly newspaper.

After this Mr. Aldrich engaged with my firm as a reader of MSS. and other literary work. About this time, he sent some poems to *The Home Journal*, which Mr. N. P. Willis, the editor, introduced to its readers in a very flattering manner. A habit Mr. Willis always indulged in, when young writers sent in contributions in prose or poetry, that he really liked.

Mr. Willis afterwards suggested to his partner, Gen. Geo. P. Morris, that it would be a good idea for him to see young Aldrich and secure him if possible as assistant editor of *The Home Journal*. Mr. Morris acted upon this hint, and soon after Mr. Aldrich accepted that position. Mr. Willis lived at Idle-Wild and came to the city about twice a month.

The second year Aldrich was virtually editor-in-chief,

General Morris having gone South on a prolonged trip. Aldrich was engaged on *The Journal* about six months before he saw Mr. Willis.

One day as he sat in the editorial sanctum, stretched out on three chairs, each foot on a chair, placidly smoking a cigar and lazily looking over the exchanges, he was startled by the sudden appearance of a tall, pleasant-looking gentleman, who said, "Is this Mr. Aldrich? My name is Willis."

The young autocrat of an editor was very much embarrassed for the moment, but the famous poet, who was a man of the world, took the situation in at once, and soon put him entirely at ease. In less than five minutes, the young editor felt as if he had known the editor-in-chief all his life.

The desk at which Mr. Aldrich wrote while with the *Home Journal*, was at one time used by James Aldrich, another poet, but no relation. It had been previously occupied by Edgar Allen Poe and by James Parton, who afterwards married Mr. Willis' sister, Fanny Fern. It is a curious fact and a tradition in the *Home Journal* office, that the same desk should have been occupied by these three distinguished authors, Poe, Parton, and Aldrich. In a recent number of the *Home Journal*, a writer who was an attache of the paper at the time of Aldrich's sub-editorship, thus speaks of him :

"Aldrich was proud and of an independent spirit. He hated cant and humbug; was genial, affable, considerate of the rights and feelings of others, frank, out-spoken; and to a fault was he generous in his dealings with everybody. It is not surprising that a man with such traits, backed with a love of truth, and with his refined poetic temperament, made many friends and kept them. All of those who worked at neighboring desks with Bailey Aldrich in the beginning of his career are rejoiced at his advancement in the world of letters, and in worldly matters."

Mr. Aldrich remained on the *Home Journal* about three years, when he, with some young literary associates, be-

came proprietors of a new paper called the *Saturday Press*, Henry Clapp, who was a man well-known at the time in journalistic circles, was editor in chief. Among the associates were Charles F. Brown ("Artemus Ward"), Fitz-James O'Brien, George Arnold, Edward Wilkins and William Winter, all of whom are dead except the latter, who is at the present time the brilliant editor of the dramatic department of the *New York Tribune*.

There were about twenty young literary people connected with the *Saturday Press*. There was no cash book or other account books kept, thus avoiding the expense of a book-keeper. Whatever money was received went into the hands of whichever proprietor happened to be in the office at the time. Mr. Aldrich once told me that Mr. Clapp could not sleep in the morning, while he, being young and in excellent health, slept until about nine o'clock. Through this habit he got little or nothing of the money which came in for advertisements, as Mr. Clapp, being the first on hand, confiscated the receipts.

Soon after this, Mr. Aldrich became connected with the *Atlantic Monthly*, as a contributor, and was shortly considered as a permanent member of the staff. At that time Phillips, Sampson & Co. were the publishers of this great magazine and James Russell Lowell editor-in-chief. Mr. Aldrich has in his possession a very complimentary letter from the latter, accepting his first contribution.

On Mr. Lowell's retirement, Mr. James T. Fields, who had become one of the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, on the failure of its founders, in 1857, became also editor-in-chief.

Mr. W. D. Howells, the now popular novelist, was made assistant editor in 1866, and subsequently succeeded Mr. Fields, as principal editor. Mr. Howells retired in 1880, and for the past four years this great exponent of the best literature of the day, now the property of its present publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has been under the exclusive editorial control of Mr. Aldrich.

One of Mr. Aldrich's clever successes was the Persian poem, which G. W. Carleton published, entitled "The Course of True Love never did run Smooth." I once asked Mr. Aldrich the origin of Mr. Carleton's trade-mark, which then first appeared on the title-page of that book. He told me it was found looking through an illustrated edition of Lane's Arabian Nights, where they were searching for emblem and devices with which to decorate the book, and among the rest was a little Arabic word which was placed on the title-page for ornament. Neither author or publisher knew its meaning at the time, but it proved to be the Arabic for "books."

Mr. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," has been the most popular of all his writings. It has already passed through twenty-three large editions. The book gives a very faithful account of the author's school days. There is very little invention in the story. It is indeed a history of his own career, some of the lesser details and the names only being fictitious. Most of the localities described were scenes of his childhood, and the people who figure in it were his neighbors and well known towns people.

All Mr. Aldrich's books, whether prose or poetry, have a steady and increasing sale.

In one of Nathaniel Hawthorne's letters the following passage occurs. Such a tribute, from such a source, is praise indeed: "I have been reading some of Aldrich's poems this evening, and find them rich, sweet and imaginative in such a degree that I am sorry not to have fresher sympathies, in order to taste all the delight that every reader ought to draw from them. I was conscious, here and there, of a delicacy that I hardly dared to breathe upon."

The recent elegant edition of Mr. Aldrich's Poetical Works, which is so exquisitely illustrated by the Paint and Clay Club, is open before me as I write. It is the perfection of typography and binding, never yet surpassed by the *Riverside Press*, from whence it comes. I read inscribed

on the title-page, "To J. C. Derby, my early friend and first publisher. T. B. Aldrich."

Surely no more acceptable memento could have been given me than this token of remembrance from the Poet-Editor, whom I first met thirty years ago.

The following lyric from Mr. Aldrich's collection of poems, entitled, "Flower and Thorn," is an excellent example of his lighter manner :

NOCTURNE.

"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

"I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

"She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

"To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!"



Eng^d by Geo. E. Ferneberg

Geo. W. Carliton

XII.

GEORGE W. CARLETON.

Publisher, Author and Artist—Two Little Cherubs with a big load to carry—Immortalization of Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square—Authorship disputed—Carleton adds fuel to the fire—Professor Ingraham's Tragic Death—Publishes Aldrich's "True Love," and finds his Trade-mark—Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and Michelet's Translations—Carleton in the Crockery business—Artemus Ward takes Brandy and Water—Lecture to Brigham Young and One Wife—Enormous sale of Josh Billings' Alminax.

GEORGE W. CARLETON may fairly be classed among the book-publishers of our day who have succeeded in their career, without what is called any experience in "learning the trade." In this respect, his business start was not unlike that of Daniel Appleton, Robert Carter and Charles Scribner, whose names have been so familiar to the reading public for nearly half a century. Moreover, he has the advantage over other publishers, of being an Author himself, and an Artist, and a clever one, too, in illustrating his own books, chiefly of Travel in nearly all parts of the world.

George W. Carleton is a native of New York City, and was educated at the Institution of the celebrated Francis L. Hawks, D. D., Principal of St. Thomas Hall, at Flushing, L. I.; but his earliest business education was with the firm of Burnham, Plumb & Co., at one time about

the largest and most important importing and commission house in New York City.

It was when quite a young man, and employed in this importing house, that during his leisure hours his talent for drawing was utilized in designing illustrations for some of the humorous papers and periodicals of the day; among others, "The Lantern," edited by John Brougham, the actor, "The Picayune," edited by Chas. E. Wilbour, "The Young America," edited by T. W. Strong, etc., for which amateur work he received a very good income. Some of his designs attracting the attention of Mr. George Merriam (who had already heard something of young Carleton's talent), he asked him one day to design for his Publishing House, an appropriate illustration for a heading to an advertisement of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. This artistic effort was successful, and many of my readers will remember the two little cherubs nearly weighed down, carrying a big book which was much larger than themselves. Mr. Carleton's compensation for this artistic effort was a copy of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary," in full Russia binding.

In the year 1857, Mr. Carleton began the publishing business, under the firm of Rudd & Carleton. Mr. Edward P. Rudd, as well as his father, Rev. George R. Rudd, were both connected with me in business, while I was a resident of Auburn. Edward P. Rudd died in the year 1861, and Mr. Carleton thenceforward continued the business alone.

One of his very earliest publications was that celebrated society poem, by William Allen Butler, then and now a distinguished lawyer of New York, entitled "Nothing to Wear." Mr. Carleton at first made designs for illustrations of the volume, but finally turned them over to his friend, the artist Augustus Hoppin, who made the drawings upon wood. The book became immensely popular, and although it was issued in the panic year of 1857, amidst the breaking of banks and commercial houses, it had a large and continued sale. Thus was

immortalized, "Miss Flora McFlimsey, of Madison Square," who

"Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
 In one continuous round of shopping ;
 Shopping alone, and shopping together
 At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather,
 For all manner of things a woman can put
 On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
 Or wrap round her shoulders or fix round her waist,
 Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
 Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
 In front or behind—above or below :
 For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars and shawls ;
 Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
 Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
 Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
 Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
 Dresses for winter, spring, summer and fall ;
 All of them different in color and pattern,
 Silk, muslin and lace, crape, velvet and satin."

Soon after the publication of "Nothing to Wear," a curious claim was made by a Miss Peck, a daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, of Greenwich, Conn., as to the authorship. She asserted in the public prints and elsewhere that she herself was the authoress of the then celebrated poem, that she lost it during one of her shopping excursions in a Madison Avenue stage, where it was probably found by Mr. Butler. A controversy ensued, which of course increased the sale of the book. In order to add fuel to the flame Mr. Carleton offered Mortimer M. Thomson, who had become a very popular writer under the *nom de plume* of "Doesticks," one dollar a line for a humorous poem on the subject in question ; the offer was accepted, and in less than a week the author received from the publisher a check for eight hundred dollars, for eight hundred lines, making four times as much material as the poem in question, having as its title "Nothing to Say," which was something of a misnomer. The book was illus-


trated by John McLenan, who, at that time, was one of our most popular comic artists. It is hardly necessary to add that this book also had an immense sale.

A quarter of a century ago, Professor J. H. Ingraham was a most popular writer of sensational novels of the day, many of them being of what was called "yellow-covered literature." He had written, however, a more pretentious so-called religious novel entitled "The Prince of the House of David." It seemed to have struck a popular chord among the lovers of religious fiction, as nearly a quarter of a million copies were sold. He had suddenly become of great repute among publishers, and a manuscript by him, complete, would have been readily accepted at a large price. He went to Mr. Carleton, proposing a new book, for which he wanted about ten thousand dollars—one-third of which to be paid in advance, and the balance after the book was published. Upon further inquiry concerning the nature of the book, Mr. Carleton learned that not one word of it had been written; Professor Ingraham, however, proposed to commence it at once, and finish it as soon as he arrived at his home in Louisiana, where he was the rector of an Episcopal Church. "But suppose you don't live to complete or even begin the work," asked Mr. Carleton, "what then about my three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars?" A satisfactory reply not being given, Mr. Carleton, of course, declined the proposition. Professor Ingraham returned home, and one afternoon, within three days after his arrival, while changing his coat, a pistol dropped from his pocket, exploded, and shot him dead upon the spot. Not one word of the new book had been written!

Two more of Mr. Carleton's authors met with tragic deaths. Mansfield T. Walworth, son of the well-known Chancellor Walworth, of Saratoga, and author of "Warwick" and other novels, was shot and instantly killed by his son, at Leland's Hotel, in New York; and the other, Mrs. Julie P. Smith, author of "Widow

Goldsmith's Daughter" and other popular novels. I had met Mrs. Smith, three winters previous, in New Orleans, where her husband had a business house, and was much impressed with her intelligence and bright conversational powers. In June, 1883, while driving from her summer residence in New Hartford, Conn., to the depot for her husband, her horse suddenly started by the road-side, throwing her out of the carriage, and killing her instantly.

It goes without saying, among those familiar with Book-selling, that Mr. Carleton has been the largest publisher of sensational books by native American authors in this country; and, having been identified with nearly all of the American Comic Writers of the period, his store has generally been the rallying place of many of the brightest and most popular humorous men of the day, such as Fitz-James O'Brien, Charles G. Halpine ("Miles O'Reilly"), Charles F. Briggs ("Harry Franco"), Richard H. Stoddard, Charles F. Brown ("Artemus Ward"), Frank B. Goodrich, ("Dick Tinto"), Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Robert H. Newell ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), Mortimer M. Thomson, ("Doesticks"), Henry W. Shaw ("Josh Billings"), Frank Bellew the artist, and above all, that famous King of all Bohemia, Henry Clapp, Jr.; and the noonday hour frequently found most of them at Pfaff's celebrated German restaurant, in a Broadway basement, near Bleecker-street, the rendezvous at that day of the so-called Bohemians.

Almost the very first of Mr. Carleton's publications was T. B. Aldrich's little poem, entitled "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth." Mr. Carleton being a Traveller and somewhat familiar with the Arabic language, discovered, in searching with Aldrich, for illustrations to this book, this strange looking symbol, so well-known on the Carleton title-pages and advertisements.  It is, in fact, an Arabic word signifying *Books*.

Among the most popular works published by Mr. Carleton were the translations from the French of Michelet and Victor Hugo. The earlier book by the first author,

“L’Amour,” met with immense success, and when the same author’s new book “La Femme” was written, in order to supply the early demand for the same, Mr. Carleton engaged Dr. John W. Palmer, one of the best French scholars of the day, to translate the work, for which he was to receive one thousand dollars, the translator agreeing to forfeit ten dollars per hour, if delayed beyond the seventy-two hours in which it was agreed to be delivered to Carleton, completely ready for the compositors and printers. The four hundred and fifty solid pages of the MS. translation were delivered according to the contract. The book was stereotyped, printed and bound and nearly twenty thousand copies sold in less than thirty days; this was truly a great feat in book-making.

The next successful venture was Victor Hugo’s “Les Miserables,” and although we were in the midst of the Civil War, the book made a great hit. It was brought out with the same expedition as were Michelet’s books, one volume at a time. The sale was not large at first, but the newspaper critics soon made it popular. Carleton spent ten thousand dollars in specially advertising it. He soon felt the effects of his enterprise in the extraordinary demand for hundreds of thousands of volumes. At the book Trade-sale of George A. Leavitt & Co., one wholesale dealer purchased twenty-five thousand copies,—the largest sale, it is believed, ever made at auction of any one book.

In this connection a curious incident occurred. The immense popularity of “Les Miserables” had attracted the attention of a Cuban, who called upon Mr. Carleton one day and proposed to purchase an edition of the work if rendered into the Spanish language, the books to be shipped to Havana. The Cuban proposed to pay part of the cost in advance and the remainder on the delivery of the books. Carleton fulfilled his part of the contract, when the Cuban directed that the books should be sent down town, where he desired them packed in hogsheads. This extraordinary proposition aroused Mr. Carleton’s suspi-

cions. He at once demanded the balance of the money due or return of portion of stock. The latter request was more than fulfilled. One can imagine Mr. Carleton's surprise when the drayman brought to his store sixteen hogsheads! He had them stored, expecting daily to hear from the Cuban, who did not put in an appearance, however. The hogsheads were then opened one after another, when it was found that Victor Hugo's novel was the inside layer in each hogshead, which was, at each end, packed with *glass lamp-chimneys!* Thus Mr. Carleton became an involuntary glassware merchant, spending a good deal of his time in selling lamp-chimneys. He realized, however, enough from them to remunerate him for the cost of the books. The Cuban, who Mr. Carleton says, was a fierce, piratical looking customer, was never again heard of. It is supposed that this enterprising Spanish merchant took this method of smuggling the books into Havana, because the importation of Victor Hugo's works had been interdicted by the Spanish government.

The next of French publications which Mr. Carleton undertook to introduce to the American public, were the entire novels of the celebrated Balzac, translated by Frank B. Goodrich, well known as the author of the "Court of Napoleon," and other popular works. Mr. Goodrich was a son of "Peter Parley," and had recently been the Paris correspondent of the *New York Times*, under the *nom de plume* of "Dick Tinto." The work was well done and although Balzac was the most popular novelist in France, and is even now talked of as the greatest French novelist, the books proved a failure. After publishing four volumes, it was evident that Balzac was not adapted to the taste of American readers, so Mr. Carleton, after losing considerable money, relinquished the undertaking.

Soon after this the *New York Tribune* appeared one morning with a bright, amusing and spirited poem, entitled "The Diamond Wedding," by E. C. Stedman. It was reproduced in book form by Mr. Carleton, with humorous

illustrations, and very soon became the talk of the hour. A further account of this book will be found elsewhere.

Mr. Carleton next made another great and enduring hit in the publication of "Artemus Ward—His Book." More than forty thousand copies were sold within six months after its issue. My readers will remember the humorous lectures of Mr. Charles Brown ("Artemus Ward"), which became so popular throughout the country, and soon placed him at the front of the humorists of the day. A little incident is told of him, during the days of his great popularity. He was puffing away at a cigar in Mr. Carleton's private office, when a telegram was handed him from San Francisco, wired by Maguire, the manager of the Opera House of that city, who inquired, "What will you take for two nights in California?" Brown immediately replied by the same messenger, without altering his position on the sofa, "Brady and water.—A. Ward." But he *did* take something else after all, in the shape of a large sum of money from his California audiences, where he lectured with pronounced success. The funny dispatch having been previously printed in the California papers, made everybody laugh, and all wanted to hear him. When Artemus Ward was in Utah lecturing, some one spoke to him about giving a pass to Brigham Young. He immediately wrote a pass, admitting "Brigham Young and One Wife."

Among other anecdotes that Mr. Carleton relates about his comic authors, is, that Charles H. Webb ("John Paul") characteristically added on the title-page of one of his burlesques, "Author of John Paul Sketches, and other books too *humorous* to mention."

Almost every newspaper in the country, publishes frequently some of the quaint sayings of "Josh Billings," whose real name is Henry W. Shaw; the latter says, speaking of his success as an author, that he failed to succeed until he commenced to spell his words *incorrectly*; then his wise and sententious sayings became immensely popu-

lar. His jokes are always to the point, although told in a humorous vein. A volume has been published by Mr. Carleton, entitled "The Life and Adventures of Josh Billings," appropriately illustrated, including many of his quaint sayings. A curious commercial success was Mr. Carleton's publication of "Josh Billings' Farmer's Almanax," by which he intended to burlesque the old fashioned Farmers' Almanac in vogue half a century ago. Mr. Carleton first tested the market with only one thousand copies, which sold but slowly; then two thousand more were printed, then five thousand, and afterwards ten thousand, until the insatiate public devoured one hundred and thirty thousand copies the first year! Altogether, more than half a million copies have been sold, bringing a net profit to the publisher and author of over thirty thousand dollars.

Many of the most popular American novels issued in this country are those bearing the imprint of G. W. Carleton & Co. Among others, are the writings of Augusta Evans Wilson, Mary J. Holmes, M. Virginia Terhunc, ("Marion Harland"), Miriam C. Harris, author of "Rutledge," May Agnes Fleming, Richard B. Kimball, and "Edmund Kirke," author of "Among the Pines;" a history of nearly all being given elsewhere in this work.

The account already given of Mr. Carleton's successful authors, would be incomplete without saying something of our Artistic Author-Publisher himself. As previously mentioned, Mr. Carleton has been a great traveler, and has published no less than three volumes of his own adventures, entitled, respectively, "Our Artist in Cuba," "Our Artist in Peru," and "Our Artist in Spain and Algiers." In the first-named volume he gives to the reader the following characteristic preface:

"With many misgivings the author of this little brochure has been persuaded to give the prominence of publication to a mere pocket-book collection of way-side pen and ink sketches, the chance results of idle moments, sandwiched with such Cuban events as

paring oranges and sipping from their cups of nectar—tearing through the narrow streets of Havana in ragged volantes—listening in the soft moonlight, and arm in arm with Cuban señoritas, to the Artillery band in the Plaza de Armas—assisting with domino and false nose at the masquerades in the Tacon Theatre—lounging with ices or delicious chocolate at the Cafe Dominica—dallying with cigar and fragrant coffee after the regulation breakfast of codfish, garlic and onions—snuffing up the perfumed air strolling through the golden orange groves of *Cafetals*, joining in the battle, murder and sudden death of Marianao cock fights, vagabondizing along the shady side of Calle Obispo, and so forth, through all the *dolce far niente*s of a stranger's drifting life, among the lights and shadows of the Antilles' Queen. The only merit the pictures possess, perhaps, is their faithfulness to nature; though chiefly caricatures, they present such incidents and scenes as every one, with both eyes open, sees, who visits Cuba, and being sketched upon the spot with all the crispy freshness of a first impression, they possess a sort of photographic value, that in spite of their grotesqueness, may prove more lasting than the entertainment which their humor offers."

The volumes consist chiefly of humorous illustrations, drawn by Mr. Carleton himself, with explanatory notes; the whole being intended to illustrate the sights and scenes of his travels, "all of which he saw and part of which he was." The reception accorded these books by the public has been so flattering, that the profit on their sales has more than reimbursed the author for all his expenses in going to and returning from those far distant countries and strange places.

The present firm of G. W. Carleton & Co. comprises both himself and Mr. George W. Dillingham, formerly his head clerk and for many years connected with the publishing house of Crosby, Nichols & Co., of Boston. Mr. Dillingham's experience in the book-selling business having been large, his admission to the firm of G. W. Carleton & Co. has added to the business prosperity which has followed this young House ever since its establishment.

XIII.

ALICE AND PHEBE CARY.

Sweet and Musical Name—Alice Earns Her first Ten Dollars—Pictures of Memory—Griswold, Greeley and Whittier—Noted Literary Writers—Reminiscences of Savage and Wight—Alice Cary Wades in Clover—Her Countless Little Namesakes—The Carys at a Husking Bee—Phæbe Cary's Witticisms—The Yankee in China—Her Beautiful Hymn "Nearer Home"—Monument to the Cary Sisters.

THE sweet and musical name of Alice Cary has for years been familiar in many of the households of this country. Not only her poetry, but her prose, continue to be read after the lapse of so many years, since her lamented death. Alice Cary began to write under the signature of "Patty Lee," for the Washington *National Era*, edited by Dr. Bailey, from whom she received ten dollars, the first money ever earned by her pen. That paper became famous by first publishing as a serial "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and also the first contributions of Gail Hamilton, who has since become a writer of considerable note.

It was Alice Cary's writings in the *Era*, for which she continued to be a regular contributor, that first attracted the attention of the poet Whittier. Through the influence of the late Rufus W. Griswold, the first volume of poems

by Alice and Phœbe Cary was published in Philadelphia. At the early age of eighteen Alice wrote the "Pictures of Memory"—copied below—which Edgar Allan Poe pronounced one of the very finest poems produced in America. I, with the majority of Alice Cary's friends, coincide in the opinion of that eminent critic. Alice, however, did not so consider it; and, when questioned on the subject, said that she much preferred "An Order for a Picture."

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

"Of all the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all;
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden,
 That sprinkle the vale below;
 Not for the milk-white lilies
 That lean from the fragrant hedge,
 Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
 And stealing their golden edge;
 Not for the vines on the upland,
 Where the bright red berries rest;
 Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,
 It seemeth to me the best.

"I once had a little brother,
 With eyes that were dark and deep—
 In the lap of that olden forest
 He lieth in peace asleep;
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow,
 We roved there the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago;
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And one of the autumn eves
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

"Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace,
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face;
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on memory's wall,
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all."

In the year 1849 Alice and Phœbe Cary left their Western home on a visit to the Eastern cities. They had already known Mr. Griswold, by correspondence (he residing then in Philadelphia), Horace Greeley and John G. Whittier. The former was their earliest friend and devoted himself to their literary welfare until the time of his death.

In a volume of poems published by Alice Cary in 1854, she addresses him as her "dear friend," in the following words :

" TO RUFUS WILMOT GRISWOLD.

"You were the first to praise my simple rhymes, years before I met or dreamed of meeting you; and since we became personally acquainted you have always been ready to counsel and encourage me in those literary pursuits to which I was led by the natural inclination of my mind, and which at too early an age, perhaps, I adopted as the principal means of hoped-for usefulness and happiness. I have been pleased, therefore, with the thought that in such an inscription as this, I might express something of my gratitude to you and my respect for you. I know, indeed, that it is not an unusual distinction to have been an object of your kindly interest—that there are many among our young authors who owe much to your advice and generous aid—so that if all who are in this way your debtors were so to manifest their feelings, you would be wearied with such display of their consideration; yet this is the only manner in which I can render you homage which is due

to your genius and worth, especially from me, who am under so many obligations to you ; and I feel assured that you will receive my offering with as much satisfaction as if it conferred on you, more than on myself, a desirable honor."

Horace Greeley had met the sisters in their Western home a year or so before their trip to the east, and was able to give them, on their arrival in New York, seeking, as they were, opportunity to make a living by literature, some intelligent and friendly advice. He, like Mr. Griswold, was their valued and trusted friend through their lives. He thus wrote of the Cary Sisters after their literary venture had proved a success :

" Gradually signs of thrift appeared, and eventually they lived in a house of their own, not large or showy, but comfortable and paid for by the labor of their hands. Here they received weekly, without ostentation, literary and artistic guests and dispensed for many years a quiet, inexpensive hospitality. Their parlor was not so large as some others, but quite as neat and cheerful, and the few literary persons or artists who occasionally met at their informal invitation, to discuss with them a cup of tea and the newest books, poems and events, might have found many more pretentious, but few more enjoyable gatherings. I have a dim recollection that the first of these little tea parties was held up two flights of stairs, in one of the less fashionable sections of the city ; but good things were said there, that I recall with pleasure even yet, while of some of the company, on whom I have not since set eyes, I cherish a pleasant and grateful remembrance. As their circumstances gradually though slowly improved by dint of diligent industry and judicious economy they occupied more eligible quarters, and the modest dwelling they have for some years owned and improved, in the very heart of this emporium, has long been known to the literary guild as combining one of the best private libraries with the sunniest drawing-room (even by gas-light) to be found between King's Bridge and the Battery."

Mr. Whittier, in his own inimitable style, thus commemorates the impression these western singers made upon him, when they first called at his home :

" THE SINGERS.

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

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

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

" Her dark, dilating eyes express
The broad horizons of the West ;
Her speech dropped prairie flowers ; the gold
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

" Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me ;
I queried not with destiny ;
I knew the trial and the need,
Yet all the more, I said, God speed !

" What could I other than I did ?
Could I a singing bird forbid ?
Deny the wind-stirred leaf ? Rebuke
The music of the forest brook ?

" She went with morning from my door,
But left me richer than before ;
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,
The welcome of her partial ear.

" Year passed ; through all the land her name
A pleasant household word became ;
All felt behind the singer stood
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

“Unseen of her her fair fame grew,
 The good she did she rarely knew,
 Unguessed of her in life the love
 That rained its tears her grave above.”

The sisters returned to their western home and made final arrangements for a removal to New York, where Dr. Griswold had located himself, to devote themselves to the labors of their pen. The first year of their residence in New York was at the American Hotel, then kept by Daniel Bixby, a former well-known book publisher from Lowell. His hotel had become the resort of many well-known literary people, among whom were J. Fenimore Cooper, Fitz Greene Halleck, and Washington Irving.

Here the sisters resided for several months, and Mr. Bixby informs me led a very retiring life, constantly writing, and seeing but few callers. A few years later, their income from books and contributions to various literary periodicals, had realized a sufficient sum to purchase a home. In the year 1855, Mr. Griswold brought to me a manuscript novel entitled “Married, not Mated,” by Alice Cary, which was published the following year. My acquaintance with the Cary sisters began in 1854, soon after my establishing business in New York, and for many years I found their home a most delightful resort, meeting there many of the distinguished people of literary tastes, among others the following :

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, D. D., Robert Dale Owen, Henry Ward Beecher, Anna Dickinson, Mr. & Mrs. O. J. Victor, Mr. & Mrs. Oliver Johnson, Robert Bonner, Horace Greeley, Frank B. Carpenter, Mary Mapes Dodge, Mary Abby Dodge, Mr. & Mrs. D. G. Croly, Mr. & Mrs. James Parton, Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Stoddard, Mr. & Mrs. Bayard Taylor, John Savage, Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., E. C. Stedman, Richard B. Kimball, John G. Whittier, Samuel Bowles, A. D. Richardson and wife, Madame O. W. Le Vert, Gen. Clinton B. Fisk, Thomas W. Knox, William A. Seaver, Kate Field, Hon. Thomas A. Jencks, Mary L. Booth,

Sara Helen Whitman, Julius Henri Browne, Dr. J. W. Holcombe, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Ole Bull, John Russell Young, H. O. Houghton, Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., Julia Dean, Geo. W. Carleton, George E. Baker, Robert Chambers, LL. D., Prof. R. W. Raymond, Justin McCarthy, Hon. Henry Wilson, George Ripley, Edwin H. Whipple, John G. Saxe, Rev. Abel C. Thomas, D. D., Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, D. D., Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Rev. Abel Stevens, D. D., Rev. E. H. Chapin, D. D., Rev. H. M. Field, D. D., Rev. H. W. Bellows, D. D., Rev. Robert Colyer, George Perry, Mrs. John C. Fremont, R. W. Gilder, Gen. F. W. Lander, Gen. S. F. Cary, Prof. R. R. Raymond, Whitelaw Reid, Lucia Gilbert Runkle, James T. Fields, Frances S. Osgood, Prof. O. W. Wight, Elizabeth Oakes Smith, Mary Clemmer Ames, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Mrs. Abby Hopper Gibbon, Mr. & Mrs. Justin McCarthy.

In the year 1859 my firm published Alice Cary's Pictures from Country Life. The volume achieved new honors for the author at home and abroad. In a review of several columns in length *The London Literary Gazette* takes occasion to say :

“Every tale in this book might be selected as evidence of some new beauty or unhackneyed grace. There is nothing feeble, nothing vulgar, and above all, nothing unnatural or melodramatic. To the analytical subtlety and marvelous naturalness of the French school of romance she has added the purity and idealizations of the home affection and home life belonging to the English ; giving to both the American richness of color and vigor of outline and her own individual power and loveliness.”

On the breaking out of the Civil War, I retired from the publishing business, keeping up, however, my friendly relations with the Cary sisters. Their subsequent publishers were George W. Carleton and H. O. Houghton. Alice writes, October 21st, 1866 : “I have managed with Carleton about my books. He has been very generous to me. I like him, and you will.” Many other authors, to my knowledge, can say as much about this wide-awake and

liberal publisher. If any one *can* make a book sell, he can do it, provided it is a good book.

Mr. John Savage, the poet, perhaps their earliest New York friend, in a letter just received, gives me the following interesting incidents :

“Before the Cary Sisters came to New York, they had published—through a Philadelphia House—a volume entitled “Poems by Alice and Phœbe Cary,” a selection from what they printed and written. They did not attract attention in their teens; their poetical faculties developed with their womanhood from the sights, duties and thoughts connected with practical farm work and continuously appreciative converse with Nature. Their knowledge and experience of Nature’s ways, united to a deep and sensitive love of all that was tender and picturesquely suggestive in Nature’s seasonable varieties and gifts, created a feeling that amounted to insight, and furnished their writings with unending resources of attractive figures and pure sentiment.

“They wrote with great facility in those days, and their poems exhibited the novelty of rhetoric and pulsation of rhythm that came more from a quick application of things seen to ideas felt, and to fervor of appreciation than to books or book ways, or the mechanism of art. There was a sentiment of melancholy running through them which was, in my opinion, saddening at times. This remained a characteristic of Alice to the last. But the sentiment was high and pure and the insight of Nature’s motives, feelings, longings and rewards, would never permit their identification with sentimentalism. One of Alice’s poems of this period, ‘Pictures of Memory,’ attracted much attention, and prepared the way for her appearance among the *litterati* of New York. It is full of sweetness, melody, thought and imagination. The story—the death of a little brother, who lies asleep ‘in the lap of a dim old forest’ is exquisitely told—and the gentle resonance of the numbers catches the ear and haunts the fancy and memory for many a day. Just look at it, and read it, and see if you can refrain from making a sort of musical accompaniment to its passage through the brain. Edgar A. Poe thought it distinguished by all the higher elements of poetry, true imagination and the power of exciting the elevation of the soul. He did not live to see the writer of whose genius he had thus early in her career expressed so high an opinion.

“The Carys came to take permanent residence in New York, in the spring of 1851. I met Alice and Elmina at one of Miss Anne C. Lynch’s (now Mrs. Botta) literary re-unions on May 17th of that year. Miss Lynch’s “Saturday evenings,” were quite famous for years. The hostess, a lady of great poetical gifts, extensive cultivation, sweet expression, and attractive manners, gathering around her all that was most prominent and promising in the paths of literature, fine-arts, music, travel, science, etc., as well as amateurs in the same, and persons otherwise distinguished in diplomacy, public affairs and politics. Alice was alluded to on the occasion as ‘Our poetess from the West,’ or ‘Our Western poetess ;’ and I understood she had but recently come to New York. She was shy and unobtrusive, but keenly observant, at her first mingling with the acknowledged intellectual and cultured society, of which she, not far distant, was to become herself an eminent feature, and later still a beloved central figure. With increase of reputation, she did not lose her unobtrusive modesty, but later on there was added to her gentleness of bearing and dignity of character, a suavity of humor arising from keenness of observation, the expression of which by her was all the more enjoyable by contrast with her rigid sense of justice, and earnest generosity of feeling for others. Her features were very interesting and her piercing yet tender dark eyes, were only less large and luminous than those of her younger sister, Elmina, who was very captivating. Phœbe was not in New York then, but soon joined her sisters. They resided at that time at the residence of Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, from whom—when strangers to each other, Alice says (in the dedication of “Clovernook”—her first New York book) she received the first praise that cheered her on the path of literature. At Dr. Griswold’s they naturally met literary people of more or less distinction, but in about a year’s time set to house-keeping for themselves in the first suite of rooms left of the hall, in a newly built apartment house, on Eighteenth Street, just east of Second Avenue. Several removals of residence followed until they made their permanent dwelling in the house on Twentieth Street, with which their memory is so intimately associated. One of these removals led to an accident which might have proved a serious catastrophe. It was in the house on the south side of Twenty-third Street, a few doors from Fifth Avenue, where an explosion took place, caused by bringing a light into a room in which gas had been confined.

Portions of the front wall were blown out and Alice somewhat injured.

“The acquaintance began at Miss Lynch’s ripened into mutual respect, esteem, confidence and friendship, and I became, in the early years of their New York life, the frequent, fraternal escort of one or two of the sisters to theatre, opera, concert, lecture, etc. On one of the latter occasions, I had the pleasure of introducing Alice and Thackeray to each other. I remember a quick reply of Phœbe’s coming home from the theatre one night. Stopping in at Maillard’s or Taylor’s for coffee or chocolate, I remarked that the cup in which the beverage was served had no handles, ‘Oh, of course not,’ said Phœbe, lifting the cup to her lips, ‘we are expected to handle them ourselves.’ Phœbe had a dangerous for the droll side of things and people. She had both humor and wit and a readiness of expression and repartee, which, possessed by a less genial owner would have needed careful control.

“When Alice came to New York, she had an engagement to furnish correspondence on literary, social and general topics of interest to a leading Cincinnati Journal, which felt pride in her Western origin and rising reputation. She contributed poems to such periodicals as would pay anything, and soon set about preparing a prose volume of sketches of country life. This was ‘Clovernook, or Recollections of our Neighborhood in the West,’ published by our friend Redfield, in 1852. While reading the proof sheets, the thought constantly suggested itself to her that her experiences of the daily doings and simple manners of country life would not prove of sufficient general interest to make them a success. She was, however, happily mistaken, and not only a second edition was soon called for, but a second series in a new volume came out the following year. But before the second ‘Clovernook’ appeared, and while the critics were acknowledging the presence among us of a new genius in prose fiction, one with characteristics as idiosyncratic and distinctive as those of Hawthorne or Poe in their respective styles, a volume of verse came from the press which elevated the writer still higher in critical opinion and the affection of readers. This was ‘Lyra and other Poems, by Alice Cary.’ Writers contended in the spirit of homage to the poet’s claim on the country’s sense of pride and on the lovers of poetic literature in general. It was held that her descriptive powers successfully rivaled Bryant in his

special line and distanced every other writer among us. Ripley, in the *Tribune*, favorably compared her with Mrs. Browning, or any other living poetess, for sweetness, pathos and tenderness; and another writer in Boston, who thought he discovered the influence of Chaucer and Milton in her writings, felt it impossible to deny her original and extraordinary powers, or the astonishing richness and prodigality with which the elements of her genius were poured forth.

Alice Cary was thenceforward an acknowledged star in the literary firmament of which every American of taste and culture was justly proud.

The following letters will be interesting to my readers. They are principally written from Cincinnati, while making a summer visit at the home of a younger and dearly loved sister, who afterward purchased for their use the home in East Twentieth Street, which became endeared to so many by association with their famous Sunday evening receptions. The first is from Phœbe, and is dated July 2d, 1852 :

“ MY DEAR MR. SAVAGE :

“ As you did not come to bid us good-by, and as Alice has written to you without receiving any answer, I almost fear to address; but thinking it possible her letter has not reached you, I will try again. We are here so far inland, and so far from where the literary do mostly congregate, that we can have no news of that kind to tell; and as you are quite unacquainted with our city or its people, I know of nothing of interest to communicate to you. As for ourselves, we remain in *statu quo*. Wonder how you all flourish in New York, and how you manage to get along, now I am gone. Have you taken some “savage woman” yet, and what has become of Stoddard, and Daily, and Dickinson, and all the “Old Guard,” that used to visit at Miss Lynch’s. I will direct this to Mr. Daily’s care, for I have forgotten your number, and if you get it, please let me know, and also if Alice’s was received. Kindest regards from Alice and Elmina (the younger sister alluded to), and believe me, your friend always.

“ PHEBE CARY.”

“Cincinnati, September 5th, 1852.

“DEAR MR. SAVAGE,—

“Pray pardon my long delay in answering your very kind and delightful letter. But you must not blame my melancholy so long as you indulge in the horrible fancies indicated by the skeletons you sent me. We have had so much sickness here, and I have been so busy, are the reasons of my silence. But we have thought of you, and talked of you every day; and yesterday I read to Elmina your articles in the June and July numbers of the *Democratic Review*. I need not say we were pleased—thank you sincerely for sending them. I expect to be in New York in a month, and Phebe is there already. Elmina thinks she will pass some weeks with us this winter; her health is delicate, and I don't like to leave her. I have been urging her to write (for publication). I know she could, but she seems to have lost all ambition. My own health is very good, and I am really growing *fat*, and with good health my mind is greatly more cheerful. I have not written much poetry, though I would fain write nothing else. I wrote one poem yesterday morning, over which El. cried sadly, not for that it was so touching, I think, but because she does not write. She is the best girl in the world, but too self-sacrificing. I am writing you quite a family letter when I should be upon stilts, and try to talk wisely—but I am not a blue, thank Heaven! We have been reading the ‘Blithedale Romance,’ and were disappointed. Hawthorne is great sometimes but he strikes me as wonderfully unequal. It is a glorious evening, and I wish you were here—you should not say I did not talk. We have beautiful sunsets here, and the city, as I look out, looks like a picture in its green rim of hills. As I grow older I love Nature more and more, and above all the little village where I was born. I think I should find new beauties everlastingly. *The sweet twilight falleth dimly*, as a poetess would say. I cannot see to write, and so, in the hope of hearing from you soon, bid you good-by.

“Most sincerely yours,

“ALICE CARY.”

Prof. O. W. Wight, an eminent scholar and author, now a resident of Detroit, Michigan, who knew the Cary Sisters on their first arrival in the East writes me under date of February 10th, 1884, as follows :

“I made the acquaintance of both soon after their removal to New York from the neighborhood of Cincinnati. They were then young, hopeful, ambitious, frank and unsophisticated in manner. Their verses had already attracted some attention, and men and women of letters in the metropolis extended to them a welcome hand. Of strictly fashionable life they knew nothing and were never initiated into its mysteries. They were speedily recognized by the aristocracy of culture, and unhesitatingly received into its ranks. Publishers were kind to them and thus was opened the way to honorably earn their bread. They were earnest young women and entered upon a career of literature with courage and energy, at a time when the difficulties in the way were greater than at present. That was more than thirty years ago.

“Alice was rather tall; somewhat slender, lithe and graceful; a brunette—a Caucasian brunette—a Persian blonde, with fine, oval face, large dark eyes, a little oriental in cast of features; in look, pensive, at times sad, as if wearing an untold sorrow in her heart. The tones of her voice were pathetic, and while her smile was pleasant she rarely indulged in laughter. The tenor of her life was serious and she rarely uttered a word of merriment. Wit she appreciated, but never originated it. Her nature responded more readily to tears than to laughter. Yet there was nothing of the sentimental lachrymose about her. Pensiveness was characteristic, running into tone, look, utterance. She was made to emotionally teach and soothe, rather than to mentally dazzle and shine.

“Phœbe, on the other hand, was rather short, somewhat stout, sprightly and vivacious; also a brunette, with massive face, piercing dark eyes; in look alert, in speech prompt. The tone of her voice was ringing, clear like a bell. Fun lurked in her features, ready to spring out upon the beholder. Never have I found a woman who had so instantaneous a perception of the incongruous, who gave utterance to it with greater promptness, patness or frolicsomeness. She was ‘intolerably witty,’ and her ringing, musical laughter was contagious. The late Rev. Dr. Chapin was alone her equal in pert, grotesque, innocent cackling, unexpected puns, uttered with the sharp, prompt volubility of pyrotechnics. Her conversational powers were very great. Underlying her droll humor, was good sense and amiability. There was nothing bitter in her nature. Large-hearted, tender of the feelings of others, she

was always compassionate and beloved. It is doubtful whether she was any happier in spirit than her pensive sister.

“Alice and Phœbe completely supplemented each other; and were entirely devoted to each other; neither would marry, because they refused to be separated. I lost sight of them during my absence of nearly half a dozen years in Europe. After my return my pleasant acquaintance with them was renewed. They had prospered and moved into a house of their own in Twentieth Street. Their home was elegant and abounded in good books. Around them had gathered a group of congenial friends. Their Sunday evening receptions were frequented by men and women, eminent in various walks of life. Nearly every person one met there had a national reputation of some kind.

“The Muses presided and the Graces were not absent. The conversation was of the highest and best, brilliant with wit, weighty with thought, rich with sentiment, sometimes serious with erudition, sometimes flashing with repartee. Anecdotes might be told of these gatherings, which, when some of the still living actors have departed, may find their way into literary history.

“Years passed away with their wealth of laughter and tears, and of course the full story of the precious lives of Alice and Phoebe Cary cannot be told here. Of their last days I could not speak if I would. The characteristics of their genius, as gathered from long personal intercourse, rather than from their published works, may be briefly given.

“The genius of Phoebe was like itself, and could be compared with nothing else. She would improvise an amusing travesty of almost any poem placed in her hands, with a by-play of jokes and puns exploding like bunches of fire-crackers in an empty barrel, but she needed the stimulus of congenial company to do her best in this way. Her improvised efforts of the kind were superior to the published ones. There was a click of steel in her verse and flashes of wit like the sparks struck from steel with flint. Yet pathos, tenderness, sweetness, earnestness were not wanting. She could remember the brook and the forest tree of the farm whence she sprang, and recall them vividly in genuine pictures of the imagination. The school-house, the playground, the early longings for the unknown and the untried, and many things more, were transformed into genuine poetry. But I must not forget that I am writing some brief reminiscences and not exhaustive critiques.

“The genius of Alice has perhaps been sufficiently described in giving her portrait. In her poetry, especially as interpreted by her own voice in reading, was the music of the waterfall, of the humming of bees, or of the plaintive twitter of birds, the sweetness of apple blossoms, of the blowing clover, or of the new-mown hay, the tenderness of the maiden sighing for a love she could not fathom and could not reveal, the pathos of an unfulfilled life, looking out with unspeakable sorrow into the spiritual realms that lie shadowy and shoreless both this side and beyond the portals of eternity. She lacked the lyric fire and the Greek culture of Mrs. Browning; she had none of the erotic passion of Sappho; she was the equal of Mrs. Hemans in pure sentiment and grace of versification; she was not at all inferior to Mrs. Sigourney in tender song, flowing spontaneously from a rich womanly life; with the influences of time and place, with the inspiring friendship of a Michael Angelo, she might have been a Vittoria Colonna.”

One of the most affecting duties of my life was arranging for the funeral services of their youngest sister Elmina, —who died in 1867. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever met—and her early death, though long looked for, Alice and Phœbe took much to heart. Alice speaks of her repeatedly in her “*Lover’s Diary*.” We selected the site for her burial in Greenwood, where, a few years later, Alice and Phœbe were laid by her side. The bearers of the remains of Elmina were Horace Greeley, Oliver Johnson, Samuel Sinclair and myself. Mr. Johnson delivered a most touching funeral address.

It was my misfortune to be absent in a distant part of the country, when both these dear friends of mine sickened and died. A telegram that Alice Cary was dead, and another, six months later, that Phœbe was dead, was a double shock to me and my family, all of whom loved the sisters so well. Alice died on the 12th of February, 1871, her funeral taking place two days later.

Miss Mary L. Booth, Editor of *Harper’s Bazaar*, and one of Alice Cary’s most intimate friends, gives the following account of her funeral, in that paper :

“The 14th of February was a day of storm and immense snow fall. Through it all hundreds went to the Church of the Strangers, where the services at her obsequies were conducted by her friend, Rev. Dr. Deems. Early in Dr. Deems’ ministry in New York, she took a deep interest in the success of the church that was to be unsectarian and free for all strangers.

“It was the last in which she was able to hear the Gospel, but her intense interest in it deepened to her dying day. Often in her sickness she expressed the wish that she could contrive some way to obtain a church for the congregation, which was then worshipping in the chapel of the University. When she learned that Commodore Vanderbilt had given the Mercer Street Church to Dr. Deems for his Christian work, she was overjoyed into speechlessness, and could not have been more grateful, if some great personal favor had been conferred on her. Her anxiety to be present at the opening exercises was intense, but she could not. She went into the church at last to lie in quiet and beauty, among flowers, music and friends, while her pastor, tearfully and heartily interpreted the love and grief of a large assembly, in which were many poor, some servants, many who loved her in her books, and almost every woman and man in New York, who is distinguished in literature. And while he talked great men bowed their heads and wept. She was carried to Greenwood, a score of devoted friends following through the storm, and seeing her precious dust laid beside that of her sister Elmina.

“Immediately the heavens covered her resting-place with drapery as white as her soul, and as soft and noiseless as her charity.”

And thus Alice Cary, lived, died and was buried.

In the memorial volume by Mary Clemmer, which was written at the request of the Cary Brothers, and which she has kindly placed at my disposal, I find the following :

“Had Alice Cary married the man she then loved, she never would have come to New York at all, to coin the rare gifts of her brain and soul into money for shelter and bread. Business interests had brought into her western neighborhood a man, at that time much her superior in years, culture and fortune. Naturally he sought the society of a young, lovely woman so

superior to her surroundings and associations. To Alice he was the man of men. It is doubtful if the most richly endowed man of the world, whom she met afterwards in her larger sphere, ever wore, to her, the splendor of manhood which invested this king of her youth. Alice Cary loved this man, and in the profoundest sense she never loved another. A proud and prosperous family brought all their pride and power to bear on a son to prevent his marrying a girl, to them uneducated, rustic and poor. 'I waited for one who never came back,' she said. 'Yet I believed he would come, till I read in a paper his marriage to another.' *Can* you think what life would be—loving one, waiting for one who would *never* come back.

"He did come at last. His wife had died. Alice was dying. The gray-haired man sat down beside the gray-haired woman. Life had dealt prosperously with him, as is its wont with men. Suffering and death had taken all from her, save the lustre of her wondrous eyes. From her wan and wasted face they shone upon him full of tenderness and youth. Thus they met, with life behind them—they who parted plighted lovers, when life was young. He was the man whom she forgave for her blighted and weary life, with a smile of parting as divine as ever lit the face of woman."

Phœbe soon followed her sister to the grave. They were so unlike in personal appearance, in conversation and in many of their tastes. In devotion to each other they were as one. Phœbe was dependent upon Alice, who was her support and stay. They had trodden the same literary path together from poverty to competence. Phœbe was constantly growing in literary strength and had she lived a few years longer we should have heard much more of her as a poet. As soon as her death was known, the daily papers said: "The wittiest woman in America is dead."

I remember once having the honor and good fortune to travel with her as far as her sister's residence in Indiana, and through the day and evening of travel, her wit was continuous as the sparks of the locomotive just ahead.

Mrs. Clemmer says in her "Memorial Volume:—"

“Phoebe Cary was the most literal of human beings. Never did there live such a disenchanter. Hold up to her, in her literal every-day world, your most precious dream, and in an instant, by a single rapier of a sentence, she would thrust it through and strip it of the last vestige of glamour and you would see nothing before you but a cold, staring fact. It was this tenacious grip on reality, this keen sense of the ludicrous in the relation between words and things, which made her the most spontaneous of punsters and a very queen of parodies.”

A volume of her “Parodies” was published in the year 1855, by Ticknor & Fields. But Phœbe Cary had two sides to her talent, many of her poems being of a tender, pathetic and of a religious nature.

Her famous “Nearer Home” was written in 1852. Many variations of the poem have been published. In 1869 she assisted Dr. Deems in the preparation of Hymns for all Christians for the use of the Church of the Strangers. At his solicitation she allowed her hymn to go into the books with this note, “The author desires the following to be considered hereafter her authorized version.” She spent days over the fourth stanza, making many alterations before she could suit herself.

“NEARER HOME.

“ One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before:

“ Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

“ Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown:

- “ But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.
- “ O, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think:
- “ Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the Rock of a living faith !”

Dr. Deems once said that Phœbe and Alice Cary were spiritual Siamese twins. The night after Alice's funeral he went to the house and found every room opened and lighted. Phœbe said it was Alice's wish that everything should be made cheerful when she was gone. The friends sat and talked during the evening, sometimes laughing over amusing scenes in which Alice had been concerned. He then hoped that Phœbe would recover from the great blow that had fallen upon her, and a plan of literary work was laid out for her. But it was soon apparent that she was to follow her sister. She would not work. The fine glow of her complexion faded, and strands of white began to appear in her "midnight hair." One day he found her rolling in her bed in an agony of despondency, when he rallied her by telling her that it was a sin and a shame for any woman, whose usefulness had gone to the ends of the earth, and whose words would be repeated forever, to be giving way to despondency and tried to cheer her by repeating the following story :

“ A gentleman in China, intrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, learned that he would probably be found in a certain gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing the young man, sat down and waited, in the hope that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises, men

getting angry over their cards, and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the elder one giving utterance continually to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the oldest shuffled his cards. The man was a long time dealing his cards, and the young man, looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He went on, till at length he began to sing the hymn of Phœbe Cary above quoted. The words, says the writer of the story, repeated in such a vile place, at first made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, stared at the singer a moment, and, throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: ‘Harry, where did you learn that tune?’ ‘What tune?’ ‘Why, that one you’ve been singing.’ The young man said he did not know what he had been singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the young man said he had learned them in a Sunday school in America. ‘Come,’ said the elder, getting up; ‘come, Harry; here’s what I won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game, and drank my last bottle. I have misled you, Harry, and I am sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America’s sake, if for no other, you will quit this infernal business.’ The gentleman who tells the story (originally published in the *Boston Daily News*) saw these two men leave the gambling house together and walk away arm in arm; and he remarks: ‘It must be a source of great joy to Miss Cary to know that her lines, which have comforted so many Christian hearts, have been the means of awakening in the breast of two tempted and erring men on the other side of the globe a resolution to lead a better life.’ It was a source of great joy to Miss Cary as we happen to know. Before us lies a private letter from her to an aged friend in this city, with the printed story inclosed, and containing this comment: ‘I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought *you* would feel a peculiar interest in them when you know the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1842) in your house. I composed it in the little back third-story bed-room, one Sunday morning, after coming from church,

ard it makes me very happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world.'”

Phœbe was at the time of writing this hymn but 17 years of age. This story of a hymn, published in *The New York Tribune* soon after her death, brought the following reply :

“SEQUEL TO THE GAMBLER'S STORY.

“To the Editor of the *Tribune*.

“SIR : Having noticed in the columns of the *Tribune* a biographical sketch of Phœbe Cary, which contained an incident from my letters from China, I think that the sequel to the story of “The Gamblers” may interest her many friends. The old man spoken of in the anecdote has returned to California, and has become a *hard-working Christian man*, while ‘Harry’ has renounced gambling and all its attendant vices. The incident having gone the rounds of the press, the old man saw it, and finding its ‘credit,’ wrote to me about it. Thus Phœbe Cary’s poem ‘One Sweetly Solemn Thought,’ etc., has saved from ruin at least two who seldom or never entered a house of worship.

I am yours,

“RUSSELL H. CONWELL.

“*Traveller* Office, Boston, August 9th, 1871.”

When Mr. Whittier published his “Ballads of New England” he sent a copy on Christmas, 1869, with the following inscription :

“TO ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

“Who from the farm-field singing came,
The Song whose echo now is fame,
And to the great false city took
The honest hearts of Clovernook,
And made their homes beside the Sea
The trysting-place of Liberty.

— JOHN G. WHITTIER.”

Its a singular fact that both the sisters preferred living in the city to a country residence ; even in the suburbs of

New York. They often wondered why any one fond of literary society like myself should not live in the city and enjoy cosmopolitan life heartily as they did. And still not only their prose but their poetry was constantly depicting country life. They enjoyed country diversions, however, notwithstanding. I remember on one occasion all three of the sisters accompanied me on a brief visit to my residence on the Hudson near Youkers—it was in the summer time, and the lawn of clover in front of the house was fragrant with its blossoms—my wife had hardly greeted them before Alice sat down on the steps and deliberately took off her shoes and stockings and literally waded through the clover. Her Clovernook stories are full of evidence like this of her natural love of country life.

When I related this incident to Dr. Deems, he said it reminded him that Alice in her last illness suffered greatly from a disease which shortened one limb and subjected her to intense pain. Once when he was holding her shoulders and Mrs. Deems was gently but firmly drawing the limb, Alice said, “One form of my dreams which comes frequently is that of running rapidly bare-footed, every particle of ground seeming to tickle every particle of my foot.” This remark occurred to Dr. Deems when soon after her death he read the following beautiful line, which Alice had written descriptive of her own experience :

“My soul is full of whispered song ;
My blindness is my sight ;
The shadows that I feared so long
Are all aglow with light :
And while my pulses feebly beat,
My faith doth so abound
I feel grow firm, beneath my feet,
The green immortal ground.”

An incident is mentioned of a young Southern lady (now Mrs. Marion J. Verdery, of Augusta, Ga.,) who from childhood had been a loving student of Alice Cary's

poetry, remarking at the funeral, that she believed she could find each flower of our Middle States and many of those of the South mentioned with appreciation in some of Alice Cary's poetry.

Oliver Johnson, the well-known early abolitionist, who with his wife were intimate and devoted friends of them both, writes me under date of April 3d, 1884 :

“The sisters will ever hold an honored place in my memory. I never pass through the Fourth Avenue, that my eyes do not seek the little house near the corner of Twentieth Street, where they so long resided, and where I was so often a guest. Externally it does not seem changed since they left it, and I can hardly divest myself of the feeling that I should find them still there if I should ring the door-bell and inquire for them. They died too early, before completely achieving the fame which awaited them; but they lived long enough to endear themselves not only to their near friends, but to thousands who never saw them.”

Mary Clemmer writes me under date of March 14th, 1884 :

“You are welcome to any quotation you may wish to make from the Cary Memorial. I narrate that book from my heart as well as from my memory. It comes from love and truth and if it can commence to illustrate the life of the dearest woman I have ever known, it will add to my happiness. I have never ceased to miss Alice Cary, and all the more that my own life is full and happy. Nor do I cease to love Phoebe, though in life I was not so intimately bound to her by the close sympathetic spiritual relations which bound me to Alice.”

Among those I occasionally met at the Cary's evenings at home were Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Victor. Coming, as they all did, from Ohio, and all of them authors, they naturally were intimate, both in a social and literary way. Metta Victoria Victor, like Alice, was timid of the public and was almost a stranger save to the select circle who had the entree to her pretty home in New Jersey. Between Mrs. Victor and the Carys the intimacy was that of sisters. The

last place Phœbe visited, and shortly before her death was at the Victors' residence, the terraces, of which both sisters were very fond. They once gave an old-fashioned "husking bee" in the great barn, at which a hundred guests were present as "huskers." Phœbe officiated as a kind of mistress of ceremonies, and everything was carried out in true pioneer style—a fiddler on a barrel, an immense heap of corn on the broad floor, lanterns suspended, huskers on and around the pile and in the adjacent "mows;" cider and doughnuts for refreshment, and fun *ad libitum*, even to the struggle to get away from the penalty of the red ears. Alice sought the retirement of the hay mow, but Phœbe was everywhere, the bright particular star of the occasion, with her irrepressible humor flashing like fireworks over all. After the great pile was husked there followed the dance on the swept floor, and the breaking up was not until long after midnight. The next morning Phœbe returned, laden with huge ears for Horace Greeley, which he displayed over his desk in his "den." Greeley was to have been present, but was, at the last moment, detained, whereat he *swore*; and Phœbe took him the ears, as she averred, to make him "acknowledge the corn" for swearing.

In the year 1868, I purchased a fruit farm at Aiken, S. C., of John E. Marley, a well-known citizen of that place. I had no intention of residing there at the time, but I soon found I had the inevitable elephant on my hands which necessitated my going there to look after the property, not expecting however to be absent, as I was, for two or three years. I had been explaining the matter of my purchase to Phœbe Cary a short time previous. She had never seen Charles Dickens, and as he was to read one of his Christmas stories at Steinway Hall, we went together to hear him. The first words Dickens uttered were: "Marley was dead to begin with." Quick as a flash Phœbe turned to me and asked how I could buy a farm of a dead man? Alas! the sequel proved I found a very live Marley.

On the 8th of September, 1866, my wife and myself celebrated our Silver wedding. One of the pleasant memories of that gathering is the following impromptu signed by Phœbe Cary:

“ Some five and twenty years ago,
 Our time of youth and rapture,
 Our host was a bewitching beau,
 The girls all tried to capture.

Our hostess 'twas who won the field ;
 All honor then to her be,
 She justly takes the prize we yield,
 Because she won the Derby.”

I remember one sultry summer forenoon a number of literary gentlemen were talking together in the front part of our Nassau Street store, among them John G. Saxe the witty poet. Soon Alice and Phœbe entered, the latter, as usual, dressed in a close-fitting bodice. She and Saxe eyed each other for a moment, when the latter said, “ Fie, Miss Phœbe, why do you dress so closely such sultry weather? Look at me ” (he had on a linen duster, and was fanning himself industriously, as usual).

Phœbe replied instantler : “ *I* never feel comfortable with loose sacks around me.”

On another occasion, as we were sitting around the evening tea-table, the question arose about the number of children John Rogers possessed—“ nine small children and one at the breast.” The company was about evenly divided whether there were nine or ten. Phœbe was appealed to, when she said “ Ten, of course.”

How do you reach such a positive decision ? “ Don't nine and one to carry make ten ? ”

One evening at a little gathering which was characterized by great hilarity, one of the quiet parties present who was not disposed to be merry, was asked the question, “ Why don't you laugh ? you sit there just like a post.” “ There ! ”

said Phœbe, "She called you a post; why don't you *rail* at her!"

At another time, when the sisters were dining out where there was plenty of wine on the table, some one asked them what kind of wines they kept. "Oh!" said Phœbe, "we drink Heidsec, but we keep *mum*."

Mrs. Clemmer relates that Alice's little visitors were sometimes silent ones. Going into her room one day there was a row of photographs, all little girls, arranged before her on her desk. "Whose little girls?" was the eager question. "Mine!" was the answer, "they're all Alice Cary's. Take your choice, the only trouble they make me is, I can't possibly get time to write them all. Though I do try to, to the babies' mothers." All the portraits had been sent by the parents of her little namesakes. It may not be inappropriate to mention that I am dictating these words to my youngest child, who bears the name of the poetess, and from whom she received a golden necklace on the anniversary of her first birthday.

Soon after the death of Phœbe Cary a letter appeared in the *Tribune* written by James Somerville, my life-long friend and a great admirer of the Cary Sisters—suggesting a monument to their memory. The suggestion was acted upon at once with success, Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, taking in charge the raising of funds for that purpose. The monument is of Quincy granite, and consists of a simple base and die with cap, together with polished marble.

The whole is plain, simple and durable. Horace Greeley headed the list of subscribers to the fund and expressed a desire to see the monument erected before he died. This expectation was not realized, but the work was completed soon after his own remains were laid in the same cemetery. Mr. Greeley had followed to the grave as a pall-bearer each one of the three sisters. It seemed fitting that he who through life was so identified with them should find his last resting-place near by in the same beautiful cemetery.

XIV.

H. O. HOUGHTON—HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.

Riverside Press and its founder—The “Printer’s Devil” and Noah Webster—Young Houghton becomes Editor—Burning of the Ocean Monarch—Houghton raises his first Capital—Timely aid from Alabama—“I married your Cousin”—Founds the Riverside Press—Consolidation of Firms—Atlantic Monthly is Born—Meets Alice and Phæbe Cary—Three famous Festivals—Whittier Dinner—Holmes Breakfast—Stowe Party—Disappointed lady Contributors—Riverside Press Employees—Cambridge a Happy Home.

THE name of Henry O. Houghton, and that of the *Riverside Press*, are synonymous. They may be considered one and inseparable. The *Press* is hardly spoken of save in connection with its founder—who to-day stands unchallenged as the first printer in the purely literary, artistic and æsthetic features of book printing in this country if not in the world. It is interesting and instructive for young men to read of the career of Mr. Houghton, from a printer’s boy, who gradually worked his way up to his present eminent position,—the head of the best appointed book publishing establishment in America. Mr. Houghton’s early life is not unlike that of Benjamin Franklin and the late Thurlow Weed, in their career as printers. At the early age of thirteen he was engaged as “Printer’s Devil” in the office of the *Burlington Free Press*, where he labored early and late, spending the “long old-fashioned days,”

as he once said, in manual labor ; but devoting his evenings and all other spare moments which were free to him, to the studies necessary to fit him for college, to enter which was his chief ambition. Young Houghton's monotonous life at the printer's case, was varied one day by a most curious and interesting incident.

A slight, pale-faced man came into the office where he was at work, and accosting him, handed him a printed slip saying, " My lad, when you use these words spell them as here ; ' theater '—' center ' and all such words accordingly." The stranger was no other than Noah Webster, the great lexicographer, who was then traveling on foot, visiting the country printing-offices to persuade the printers to adopt his fashion of spelling. Could the young " Printer's Devil " have looked thirty years into the future he would have seen himself at the head of a mammoth establishment turning out thousands upon thousands of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary from his own printing-office and bindery. Mr. Houghton entered college at Burlington, Vermont, with a purse containing just three York shillings, two of which he used to put his room in order, leaving him twelve and one half cents, towards his four years' course of education. But he appreciated the fact that only by hard work and diligence could he reach the goal of his ambition ; therefore, with the aid of a little friendly help, he was enabled to graduate at the expiration of the four years, with the honors of Bachelor of Arts. Soon after receiving this degree, young Houghton engaged with the *Boston Evening Traveller*, as reporter, at a salary of five dollars per week. He was engaged in setting type for ten hours of each day, and divided the remainder of the twenty-four between reporting lectures for the paper and sleep. He had a very retentive memory, being enabled to write out the lecture or sermon after one hearing, the editor being always pleased with the accuracy of his reports. One day the editor in chief said to Houghton that he was sick and wanted him to temporarily take his place,—a very re-

sponsible position for so young a person. He did not hesitate, however, to take his seat in the sanctum as Chief Editor *pro tem*. One day as he went home to dinner he fell in with one of the passengers of the ill-fated ship "Ocean Monarch," which had recently been burned at sea, who told him some of the particulars of the disaster, and how cowardly the captain had acted. The latter was an old man, a broken-down merchant, who had been put in charge of the ship for the sake of giving him a place. Mr. Houghton's informant told him that as soon as the ship was on fire, five or six miles out, the captain got in a small boat and returned to Liverpool, and when the poor creatures on board the ship were struggling for their lives he was quietly eating his dinner in that city. He told him also how the colored stewardess went into the hold to get out the powder to prevent the ship from blowing up, risking her life in so doing. After hearing this pathetic story the young editor returned to the office and wrote a long account, in which the captain was severely reprimanded and the stewardess highly praised. This article created a great sensation in Boston at the time. It was supposed to have been written by a clergyman who was connected with the paper. The other city papers criticised it very severely. "What does a clergyman know about a ship? Pretty man he is to talk about that," they said. Soon as the English papers arrived they were found to criticise the captain as severely as the *Traveller*. There were over a hundred people burned with the ship which tragic event occurred in 1848. A neighbor of Mr. Houghton's in Cambridge who had long resided there was continually chaffing the former for not having a will of his own. One day talking upon this subject as usual, he said, "I like to see men speak their minds. A good many years ago there was an article in the *Boston Traveller* of the kind I like, about a shipwreck, which spoke right out what was meant and gave it to the captain in the right way." He went on saying what a good article that was. Said Mr. Houghton to his tormentor,

“I wrote that when I was a boy.” After that there was no more chaffing about lack of will.

While engaged in the office of the “*Traveller*,” Mr. Bolles, of the firm of Freeman & Bolles, then among the leading printers of Boston, called one day on young Houghton and said to him that his partner desired to sell out his interest in the firm, and that he should like him to buy it, and become a partner. Houghton assured Mr. Bolles that he had no capital; having paid off his college debts he stood just about even with the world, had no claim on any one this side of Alabama, and could not see his way clear to raise the necessary amount of capital.

Mr. Houghton had previously worked for Mr. Bolles, who was fully convinced as to his capabilities, and urged him to exert all his energies to raise fifteen hundred dollars, the amount necessary to buy out the interest of Mr. Freeman. Mr. Houghton agreed to *try*. The first friend he called upon offered to lend him his note for one hundred dollars at six months. Taking the cue from this, he called on various parties, among others the publishers of the *Traveller*, and succeeded in bringing up the amount raised to five hundred dollars in promissory notes, which he got discounted at the rate of one per cent a month, netting him in cash much less, owing to the big rate of interest paid. His next move was to write to a friend in Alabama (whom he had never met but once) in regard to the matter. His friend replied that he would guarantee the payment, provided another relative would furnish the money. A relative of Mr. Houghton did so, making the capital so far raised about one thousand dollars. Thus the matter stood until the last day of grace arrived on which the offer to sell would stand good, and still there was five hundred dollars lacking. Mr. Houghton was non-plussed. He could not conceive which way to turn for the required amount necessary to complete the purchase, and by this time he had become very anxious to secure what to him appeared to be a good opening in which to begin a

business life in the trade he had learned and for which he had a fancy. While sitting in an upper room of Rand's printing-house, he noticed a stranger coming up the stairs who had inquired for him.

When he arrived at the spot where Mr. Houghton was sitting he introduced himself by saying, "I am from New Hampshire and my name is H——. I married your cousin, and I promised my wife, should I visit Boston I would look you up." Of course Mr. Houghton was very glad to make his acquaintance, and after some conversation concerning family matters, spoke of his situation.

"Well!" was the reply, "if five hundred dollars is all you want, I'll let you have it." As Mr. Houghton had never seen the man before, indeed knew nothing of him, except what he had just learned, he considered the kindly offer providential and one that he did not hesitate to promptly accept. His cousin's husband had scarcely gone down stairs before Mr. Bolles came for his answer.

Mr. Freeman's interest was purchased, when the firm became Bolles & Houghton. The product of the first year's business was eighteen thousand dollars, which was considered marvelous in those days.

The printing-office at this time was removed to Cambridge, Mass. The copartnership existed until the year 1852, when Mr. Bolles withdrew from the firm, selling out his entire interest. The style of the firm afterwards became H. O. Houghton & Co., and in order to secure more desirable accommodations, the business was removed to the present site of the Riverside Press, where Mr. Houghton became the controlling mind, directing all the resources of his increased capital and educated tastes, to the superior excellence in typography and press work which has become so famous the world over.

Mr. Houghton's long experience as a manufacturer of books for other firms had well-fitted him to become a book publisher, and he soon became convinced that he could

advantageously combine with the Riverside Press the book publishing business.

Professor O. W. Wight, of New York, a literary gentleman of some means, began an enterprise of causing to be stereotyped standard classical works, and farming out the plates to book publishers, receiving a reasonable percentage for their use in return for the capital invested.

In this way the celebrated French classics, Montaigne, Pascal, De Stael, Voltaire and others were published for him by Derby & Jackson. Professor Wight afterwards added to this list the best edition probably ever published in this country, of Dickens' works. They were first published by W. A. Townsend & Co., and then by John G. Gregory, both of which firms having discontinued business, the stereotype plates became the property of Mr. Houghton, and Dickens' works proved to be the nucleus of the publishing business which has grown into its present mammoth proportions. In 1864 Mr. Houghton formed a partnership with Melancthon M. Hurd, of New York, formerly a well-known and experienced bookseller in Bridgeport, when the house of Hurd & Houghton was established in this city. At the close of the late war Albert G. Houghton, an elder brother of H. O. Houghton, was admitted in the New York firm. I had known this gentleman, in a business way, for many years. Early in life he traveled on horseback from his native Green Mountains to the cotton-growing State of Alabama, where he organized a large banking and commission house, in the interests of which he worked for nearly a quarter of a century, when the war caused the loss of most of his property. He never had an enemy, and was much esteemed in all his business relations in his new field. His death on the 14th of October, 1880, was a source of regret to his old and new-made friends. His sons Oscar R. and Albert F. Houghton, are still connected with the firm—the latter having charge of the New York office. Mr. George H. Mifflin, a graduate of Harvard

and a gentleman of book-loving tendencies was admitted as a partner in 1872.

Mr. Mifflin had spent four years at the *Riverside Press*, becoming familiar with every detail connected with the manufacture of books. In 1878, the firm of James R. Osgood & Co., who were the successors of the old and well-known house of Ticknor & Fields, was consolidated with Hurd & Houghton, and H. O. Houghton & Co. The latter firm confining themselves entirely to the manufacture of books at the *Riverside Press*, where not only all the publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are manufactured, but those of many other book-publishing firms whose imprint is well-known in our principal cities. Mr. Osgood withdrew from the firm on May 1st, 1880, to found the new publishing house which now bears his name. Mr. Lawson Valentine, of New York, a business man of large means, was then admitted as a partner of the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The catalogue of the publications of this house is a study in itself. There is no list of books that can compare with it in the number and names of the greatest authors this country has ever produced. In addition to their famous edition of the British Poets in sixty-eight volumes and Dickens' works, and the Waverley Novels, they are the publishers of the works of James Fenimore Cooper, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G. Whittier, James Russell Lowell, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and other celebrated writers of prose and poetry. Mr. Houghton gives personal attention to the immense manufacturing interests at the *Riverside Press*, as well as at the Boston office. In each place he may be seen daily giving directions to the various departments which go to make up the manufacturing and publishing of books. At the factory there are more than six hundred hands employed, all of them contented and prosperous. The firm keeps up the old-fashioned apprenticeship system, the boys who come to learn the trade being indentured and taught the business of printing and

binding, they generally become master workmen and rarely desire to leave. When they do, however, they generally succeed pretty well elsewhere. The *Riverside Press* has frequently given parties to the young men who have completed their seven years apprenticeship. On one of these occasions, Charles Francis Adams, Professor Longfellow, Professor Felton, Oliver Wendell Holmes and other distinguished people were present. Among others of the company Mr. Houghton noticed one stranger. Professor Felton remarked in a speech on this occasion, that he had lately attended a dinner party at which a number of distinguished persons were present, among whom were an English earl and an American shoemaker, and said Mr. Felton, "It was a query among the company, which was the most of a gentleman, the earl or the shoemaker." While the Professor was speaking some one whispered to Mr. Houghton, that the stranger was the American Shoemaker. After Professor Felton had finished his remarks Mr. Houghton introduced to the company the American shoemaker. The Professor looked up with the greatest surprise and said he had not the slightest idea the man was present.

Professor Felton, as is well known, was a very learned man, and at this very entertainment Mr. Houghton remarked that when Harvard University wanted a good President they would choose him. This was the first suggestion that he should occupy that position, which was subsequently filled by the Professor with so much credit. Mr. Houghton once told me that a very pretty young girl came to him with a manuscript which she said Mr. Longfellow had read and seemed to like very much, but she herself would not be surprised if it was rejected. The manuscript was examined and its publication declined. That very evening Mr. Houghton happened to call upon Mr. Longfellow, they both residing in Cambridge, and on taking his departure Professor Longfellow followed him outside of the door, and asked if he would like to publish another book.

“Yes, we are always looking for good books to publish,” replied the publisher.

The Professor then said, “I have a young friend who has written a book which I have read and can recommend to you.” Mr. Houghton told Mr. Longfellow that he had seen the young authoress, who had called with her manuscript, but did not tell him they had that morning refused the book for satisfactory reasons.

Mr. Whittier and Mr. Houghton were speaking one day about the success of some persons in awakening sympathy. The former said he had a letter from a woman out West who stated her case very pathetically. She said she wanted to buy books to enable her to cultivate her mind, and she was away from any place where she could get them, and she was very poor. Mr. Whittier thought it was a good cause and for charity sent her ten dollars. Soon after that Mr. Whittier came to Boston where he met T. W. Higginson. The latter told him that he wanted to be excused for a little while as he was going to buy a sewing-machine for a worthy woman out West who had written him a nice letter and had aroused his sympathy, and he was going to send her this machine as a contribution. Whittier asked what her name was, and discovered that it was the same name as that of the woman who had written to him. Soon after this he fell in with Gail Hamilton and she told him of a case in which she had had her sympathies excited and had sent the suffering woman fifty dollars. On comparing notes they found that they had all been victimized by the same person.

In a recent visit to Boston Mr. Houghton reminded me of a visit to my office in Nassau Street in 1856 where he met Fletcher Harper, Professor O. W. Wight, Robert Bonner and Henry Ward Beecher, the latter two for the first time. In the evening he accompanied Professor Wight to a party at Alice Cary's, on which occasion, he also met for the first time, the late Bayard Taylor, and his new German bride, who had just arrived in this country, and many other

literary notables. Mrs. Taylor has just completed the biography of her eminent and lamented husband. Her labor of love, in book form, is looked forward to with lively interest by thousands of Bayard Taylor's friends.

Mr. Houghton says the acquaintance, began with Alice and Phœbe Cary on the evening referred to, grew to be a lasting friendship. A week before the latter died, she telegraphed Mr. Houghton she would start the next day for her long promised visit to his Cambridge home. The following morning she telegraphed again that she was not able to come any farther than Newport, where she was compelled to stop, and where she died.

Houghton, Mifflin and Co's editions of Alice and Phœbe Cary's Poems have sold largely, and continue to meet with a steady and unabated demand. The cause of this popularity is well explained by Mr. R. H. Stoddard elsewhere.

A notable and happy custom of Mr. Houghton has been the giving of dinner, breakfast and garden parties to contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, in celebrating some seventieth birthday. The Whittier dinner party, the Holmes breakfast party and the Stowe garden party were all marked occasions, long to be remembered.

On December 17th, 1877, the seventieth birthday of John G. Whittier was celebrated at the Hotel Brunswick, Boston, by a dinner given by H. O. Houghton & Co., at which there was a gathering of the most noted literary gentlemen in this country. Among others, the famous quartette, so celebrated in verse and prose in the literature of our country. I refer, of course, to Henry W. Longfellow, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier, the guest of the evening. Mr. Houghton, presiding as host, in an eloquent address, began by saying that "the gathering had met to celebrate the arrival of the twentieth birthday of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the seventieth birthday of their guest." In his remarks Mr. Houghton recalled many interesting reminiscences connected with the founding of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Its first publishers, as many of my readers will remember, were Phillips, Sampson & Co., a house of great enterprise and sagacity, who were laudably ambitious to gather around them the greatest authors in poetry and prose, and especially in New England. Acting, as I did at that time, as their New York agent, I was familiar with many of their literary undertakings. The magazine was started in the panic year of 1857, and notwithstanding the financial condition of the country, it soon became an established literary institution; it was originally stereotyped at the Riverside Press, with the celebrated George Nichols, as proofreader, and is now manufactured there. Unfortunately the publishers, Messrs. Phillips and Sampson, the two senior partners, died soon after the establishment of the magazine; that firm then ceased to exist, when the *Atlantic Monthly* became successively the property of Ticknor & Fields, James R. Osgood & Co., and finally its present publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Houghton, in closing his remarks, said :

“During all the years of its existence it has been true to the principles on which it was founded, which was to make it the leading organ of the literature, art, science and politics of this country. While thoroughly New England in its instinct and customs it has been as broad and powerful as even its great namesake, the Atlantic Ocean, in its influence upon American literature.”

Mr. Houghton closed his very interesting address with the following statements which are given by him from the standpoint of a long and close experience, vividly illustrating the career of many publishers, and the experience of many authors :

“In securing the best results there is need of the combination of the best business talent with the loftiest efforts of authorship. The great merit of the first Napoleon, in the eyes of literary men of a previous generation, was that he had threatened to shoot a publisher—possibly because that threat unexecuted, more

than Austerlitz or Waterloo, indicated his courage! But it is not my purpose, nor does it become me, to defend publishers as a class against literary men. If I were disposed to do it here it would be imprudent, as you are 'too many' for me. There is, probably, no business strictly legitimate, so speculative and so uncertain in its results as that of publishing books. The picture of the distraught author, with his massive pile of manuscript under his arm, and his 'eyes in fine frenzy rolling,' is not more mirth-provoking or truly harrowing in its effect on the looker on than that of the publisher, who with his own, or more likely borrowed, capital strikes hands with him and sits down and counts in advance the immense profits of the venture, sees visions of brown-stone fronts, palatial seashore residences and all the paraphernalia which wealth is apt to inflict upon its possessor. But alas! the result is pretty sure to be loss of capital, unpaid printers' bills, and the manuscript which came seething hot from the brain of the poor author transmuted into cold lead and then consigned to a dungeon to await the fame of the resurrection-day, unless previously brought out to be melted up in the electrotyper's furnace. Publishing and authorship must necessarily keep pace with each other. However antagonistic, they travel under the same yoke. Even in the two short decades since the *Atlantic* was started they have made some progress. It is only a few years since, not only in the country towns but in the cities, that pills and poetry, essences and essays, drugs and dramas, were disbursed over the same counter and by the same hands. In the process of natural selection it was, perhaps, logical that a decoction of poetry should be followed by a purgative of pills. The publisher of the first collected edition of the works of our revered poet was also the vender of Brandreth pills. He made a fortune, and I leave you to infer whether it was from the pills or the poetry. But, notwithstanding all these discouragements, the business of publishing books has its uses and its successes, which are not the result of fortunate ventures, but, as in every other profession or calling, are only secured by thorough knowledge, patient labor, and a clear conception of the end to be attained."

On the conclusion of Mr. Houghton's remarks he introduced the guest of the occasion. Mr. Whittier arose, becoming very much abashed, as it was his nature to be, by the cheering and long-continued applause of those present.

He made but few remarks, saying, "My voice is of a timorous nature and rarely to be heard above a breath." He then called upon his friend, the poet Longfellow, to read a poem which he had prepared for the occasion. Mr. W. D. Howells, who at that time was the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, then presented Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who read Whittier's poem "Ichabod," after which Mr. Howells introduced Oliver Wendell Holmes, who read one of his own felicitous poems, pertinent to the occasion.

The following excellent *Bagatelle*, which appeared in a Western paper soon after the Whittier festival, is worthy of ranking with Smith's Rejected Addresses :

"MR. HOUGHTON'S MISTAKE.

"We are glad to learn that the lady contributors to the *Atlantic*, who did not attend the Whittier dinner were not disappointed. Indeed, they had intended all along not to be present, and they so indicated to Mr. Houghton in letters written the very day before the dinner. 'I hear it intimated,' writes Mrs. Stowe, 'that I am to be selected to sit at the right hand of Mr. Whittier. Now, my dear Mr. Houghton, while I am deeply grateful for the compliment, I cannot accept. I believe in the largest freedom for everybody, and I am sure the gentlemen who participate in the festivities would not be pleased to have their programme embarrassed by the presence of ladies. He, he ! I suppose you know what I mean. One of these days, perhaps, the ladies of the *Atlantic* will have a dinner, and I think they are selfish enough to desire to be alone.'"

Mr. Houghton read the letter and said, passing his hand through his hair, "I think I have forgotten something. I detect sarcasm in this."

"I am glad, Mr. Houghton," wrote Harriet Prescott Spofford, "that you have decided not to call the ladies from their sylvan solitude. I am deeply engaged in studying the peculiarities of some rushes that grow upon the banks of the beautiful river that rolls by my door, crystalized at present, by the way—I mean the river—in the mellowest moonlight that ever sifted its gold upon a beautiful world; so I couldn't attend anyhow. Thank you for sending no invitation. It would have embarrassed me greatly.

"Have you heard that Mrs. Stowe is about to give a dinner? Are you aware that there is to be a new ladies' magazine? But I cannot write more. Thank you again, and good-bye."

"I am quite confident, said Mr. Houghton, looking worried, "that there is an inadvertence somewhere. It's very singular I didn't think of these ladies before." He turned wearily and opened a letter from Gail Hamilton.

"Well, my boy," wrote this lady, "so you're going to give a dinner, are you? To Mr. Whittier, the dearest and best for whom my soul longeth? And without us? I didn't think it of you, Mr. Houghton. I was about to say I didn't think anything of you, but I won't. You can thank your true goodness for that. O, say nothing of that last check. Seriously, however, I don't blame you. If there's anything unpleasant in this world, it is a woman in a wide house—I mean in a banquet hall. I will not stop to argue the wine question; I have no liquid by me to create the necessary inspiration. I suppose it would do no good either—you men are determined to have your own way always, and ours as often as possible. I write to say that I won't come, and to insist that Mr. Whittier and the rest shall not break their hearts over it. Sufficient is it on these occasions to break bread, and, perhaps, also heads. I have just seen a circular in behalf of a new ladies' magazine. Have you seen it? Excuse me now. I have an engagement to spank the Administration at this very moment. Do you know, by the way, that Mrs. Spofford is about to give a grand dinner to the lady contributors of the *Atlantic*?"

"Alas! for my stupidity!" remarked Mr. Houghton, his face growing pale, and his knees knocking together. "This great moral earthquake will be after me next."

"Oh, Mr. Houghton," wrote H. H., enthusiastically, "I am so pleased to hear of the honor to grand old Mr. Whittier. My pleasure is only exceeded by my joy that I am not to be there. I should be highly honored by being permitted to be in such company, of course, but I am timid, and I fear that literary men do 'cut up' dreadfully—you will pardon the expression—on these occasions. Do you know, Mr. Houghton, that Gail Hamilton talks of starting a magazine? and they do say that there is to be a grand literary reunion at her house, or rather at the house of Mr. Blaine. I shall not be able to send you anything for some time to come."

"Merciful Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Houghton, "this must

be a conspiracy. They are all of them pleased, and yet they all seem to be contemplating the worst kind of retaliation. I do not understand this !”

He turned with a sigh to a letter from Philadelphia. “You will accept my regrets,” said Rebecca Harding Davis. “I cannot possibly be present. I have not received my invitation, but of course it has been delayed in the mail. However, none of that brilliant gathering will feel my absence. I am not so presuming as to suppose that such a slight vacancy in so immense a place will be noticeable. And I do know, Mr. Houghton, that gentlemen delight to be by themselves at times. I hear Helen Hunt and Louisa M. Alcott have put their heads together in behalf of a ladies’ magazine and I understand that Rose Terry is to give a dinner to several well-known writers of the gentler sex. Such a magazine might be profitable, and I know the dinner would be delightful.”

“Now this is dreadful” said Mr. Houghton, striking the desk with his clenched hand. “I have actually been applying the paper-cutter to my own nose. It is the stupidest thing I ever did in my life. Why, oh ! why could I not have seen this result before ?” He thought very fast a moment, and then his face brightened and he laughed right out. “I have it !” he exclaimed. “Two months hence there shall be a dinner to the lady contributors of the *Atlantic Monthly*. It shall be given in honor of Gail Hamilton’s seventieth birthday.”

The Holmes breakfast was the next occasion for a similar gathering. Although the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table was born August 29th, so many of his friends were absent—at the seashore, the springs and in the mountains—the celebration of his seventieth birthday was accordingly postponed to December 3rd, 1879. Mr. Houghton presided as before and from his address, the following felicitous words are quoted :

“Some writer has said that a pure despotism and a pure democracy are identical. We have present here to-day a despot who rules us with imperial sway, and we all acknowledge his authority, and even claim that it is not his power, but our own, which he exercises over us. It is our thoughts which he speaks; it is

our humor to which he gives expression; it is the pictures of our own fancy that he clothes in words, and shows us what we ourselves thought, and only lacked the means of expressing. We never realized, until he taught us by his magic power over us, how much each of us had of genius, and invention, and expression. And it is especially fitting that we should honor, even in his own country, a prophet who has revealed to us what wonderful people we all are. It is also fitting that he who was present at the christening of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and gave it its name, should drink a cup of tea in honor of its attaining its majority, and entering, as we trust upon a new career of usefulness.

“We have had before this, one occasion of celebrating the threescore and tenth anniversary of one of its leading writers. These occasions remind us both of the age of *The Atlantic* and of the youthfulness of its various contributors. One of the pleasant reminiscences of this occasion is the fact that most of the leading contributors, from its start in 1857, are still among its principal writers. Besides our honored guest, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell and Mrs. Stowe, are still writers, who were among the original contributors.

“In an old almanac of the year 1809, against the date of August 29, is the simple entry, ‘Son born.’ The ink with which that entry was made was blotted with the coarse sand universally used at that time, and that sand to-day, firmly imbedded in the ink, still glistens on the record. May the sands of this life, which blot the record of immortality awaiting our autocrat, be as adhesive, and continue for many years to come to give out its coruscations of light and truth and beauty!

“Ladies and gentlemen, I give you as a sentiment, ‘The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. O King! live forever!’”

At the giving of the toast, those at the table arose and enthusiastically drank the health of the poet in “The cup that cheers but not inebriates.” Dr. Holmes immediately read without preface, one of his characteristic poems, which closed with the following stanzas:

“I come not here your morning hour to sadden,
 A limping pilgrim leaning on his staff,—
 I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden
 This vale of sorrows with a wholesome laugh.

“ If word of mine another’s gloom has brightened,
 Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
 If hand of mine another’s task has lightened,
 It felt the guidance it dares not claim.

“ But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,
 These thick sown snow-flakes hint of toil’s release;
 These feeble pulses bid me leave to others
 The tasks once welcome; evening asks for peace.

“ Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
 Let me not vex the too-long-suffering lyre;
 Though to your love untiring still beholden,
 The curfew tells me—cover up the fire.

“ And now with grateful smile and accents cheerful,
 And warmer heart than look or word can tell,
 In simplest phrase—these traitorous eyes are tearfull—
 Thanks, Brothers, Sisters—Children—and farewell!”

Dr. Holmes also gave the following brief reminiscence of the *Atlantic Monthly* :

“ The establishment of *The Atlantic Monthly* was due to the liberal enterprise of the then flourishing firm of Phillips & Sampson. Mr. Phillips, more especially, was most active and sanguine. The publishers were fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. Lowell as editor. Mr. Lowell had a fancy that I could be useful as a contributor, and woke me from a kind of literary lethargy in which I was half slumbering, to call me to active service. Remembering some crude contributions of mine to an old magazine, it occurred to me that their title might serve for some fresh papers, and so I sat down and wrote off what came into my head under the title, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*. This series of papers was not the result of an express premeditation, but was, as I may say, dipped from the running stream of my thoughts. Its very kind reception encouraged me, and you know the consequences, which have lasted from that day to this.”

After which a touching poem by Whittier was read by the late James T. Fields, the verse closing as follows:

“ His sparkling surface scarce betrays
 The thoughtful tide beneath it rolled,—
 The wisdom of the latter days,
 And tender memories of the old.

“ What shapes and fancies, grave or gay,
 Before us at his bidding come!
 The Treadmill tramp, the One-Horse Shay,
 The dumb despair of Elsie's doom!

“ The tale of Avis and the Maid,
 The plea for lips that cannot speak,
 The holy kiss that Iris laid
 On Little Boston's pallid cheek!

“ Long may he live to sing for us
 His sweetest songs at evening time,
 And, like his Chambered Nautilus,
 To holier heights of beauty climb!

“ Though now unnumbered guests surround
 The table that he rules at will,
 Its Autocrat, however crowned,
 Is but our friend and comrade still.”

Mr. Joseph W. Harper, of Harper & Bros., New York, who was present, made one of his usual happy impromptu speeches, which he closed as follows :

“ On this occasion it is a very great privilege to join with you, my good and esteemed friends, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, in honoring your authors. Your catalogue as publishers and your list of contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* (and as a publisher I say it with honest admiration). are, indeed, a roll of honor! But your authors are not yours only; they are the nation's, because their thoughts and words have become part of the nation's life. To apostrophize them in the language of a great master, ‘ Noble and illustrious names! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! Who shall say that our country, which continues to bring you such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honor to the literary calling, in the honor which it bestows upon you ? ’ ”

The birthday party given to Harriet Beecher Stowe, to celebrate her seventieth birthday was a continuance of the festivals to authors, which were begun by a dinner to Mr. Whittier, in 1877.

The beautiful country-house and grounds of the Hon. William Claflin, at Newtonville, near Boston, were tendered for the occasion, which took the form of a garden party, where I had the pleasure of meeting more than two hundred invited guests on a beautiful day in June, 1882. Most of those present are names well known in literary circles. Mr. Houghton presided as at the former festivals, and introduced the exercises by the following eloquent remarks in his usual happy manner.

“We have met two or three times within the last few years to set up, as it were, milestones in the lives of some of those who are justly esteemed the creators of American literature. On this occasion one thought oppresses us all: Two of the most eminent, whose grace and benignity cheered and exalted our former gatherings are with us in bodily presence no more. The voice of our beloved Longfellow is hushed, but the cadences of his sweet songs will vibrate in our memories while life lasts. We shall never look again upon the benign countenance of our revered Emerson, but his precepts are written, as with the point of a diamond, upon our hearts.

“We come together again to celebrate a birthday, but what is the number of the birthday we will not inquire. If we estimate the age of our beloved guest by the amount of work she has accomplished, the number of her years would rank with those of the antediluvians. But if we judge by the vigor and freshness of her writings, and by her universal sympathy with young and old, we must say that she has discovered the fountain of perpetual youth, somewhere else, if not among the everglades of Florida, where Ponce de Leon sought it in vain. You have all doubtless heard the apocryphal stories of the difficulties encountered by the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in getting a publisher, and of the marvelous sales of the first editions; but few here probably realize how great is its circulation to-day. This book began by being a prophecy, and is now history, and it is the rare felicity of its author to realize this fact in her own life-time.

“The story has been repeated under every sky, in every land, and translated into nearly every tongue. Crowned heads, statesmen, scholars, and the people have alike read, wept over, and applauded the simple story. And to-day our own beloved country is redeemed. Slavery, with all its attendant evils, has disappeared forever, and no one, either North or South, desires it back again.

“But the production of ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin’ is not the only service done to literature by our honored guest. Her other writings are inimitable in their way, as illustrating New England life, and teaching the homely virtues of truth and duty; as, for instance, ‘The Minister’s Wooing,’ ‘Old-town Folks,’ ‘Sam Lawson’s Fireside Stories,’ and the other books which we all know so well. But as the sun in his meridian splendor eclipses the orbs of night, so ‘Uncle Tom,’ by its universal human interest, eclipses these other books, which would make the reputation of any author.”

Mr. Houghton takes great interest in his Cambridge, home, where the press which he founded has become an institution of such world-wide reputation.

It is a curious and interesting fact that in Cambridge where the first University of America was founded, more than two hundred years ago, three years later the first book printed in the United States was printed there by Stephen Daye, whose name has been given to one of the streets adjacent to the Riverside Press. It was entitled the Baye Psalm Book, of which a fac-simile was reproduced by Mr. Houghton in 1862.

On his fiftieth birthday, April 30, 1873, a complimentary entertainment was given the founder by the employees of the Riverside Press, at which time a beautiful ornamental fountain which had been erected in the front of the Press was inaugurated.

Mr. Houghton once told me that in his experience of more than thirty years as employer, he had never discharged an employee from the establishment. This exemption comes no doubt from the great care and scrutiny which he always manifests in engaging employees.

In closing this sketch it may not be amiss to refer to the pleasant relations which exist between Mr. Houghton and all those in his employ. In his daily walks through the printing and binding rooms, he has a kind and encouraging word for all. In return, his employees are much devoted to the interests of the Riverside Press.

Mr. Houghton, in one of his published addresses, speaks as follows of the City of Cambridge, of which he has been Mayor:

“Throughout our broad land, are scattered cities and towns which possess special advantages over our own in wealth, population, beauty of situation, and in many other respects; but nowhere can one be found which combines in such harmonious proportion, all the elements—material, social, literary and religious—which go to make up the ideal of a comfortable and happy home after the true New England type.”

XV.

JOHN WILEY.

John Wiley a familiar Name—His Father travels with Cooper—Publishes his “Spy” and “Pioneer”—The Bread and Cheese Club—Bryant, Paulding, Halleck among the Members—John Jacob Astor too poor to buy Eggs—Forms Partnership with Putnam—Publishes John Ruskin’s Works—Successful Publishers—His Golden Wedding.

THE name of John Wiley has been familiar to the literary world for more than half a century. He was literally born into the bookselling and publishing business and has probably been connected with the trade as boy and man, longer than any other publisher now living in this country. Mr. Wiley’s father, Charles Wiley, was a publisher of books in the early part of the present century. He was a man of excellent education and of decided literary taste. It will probably be news to most of my readers to learn that he was the first publisher of the works of J. Fenimore Cooper.

Charles Wiley first became acquainted with that distinguished author when traveling in Western New York. He found in Mr. Cooper an exceedingly pleasant traveling companion, but never dreamed he was the author of any book, although it seems that he had at that time written *Precaution*, the publication of which was not a successful undertaking. Mr. Wiley greeted Mr. Cooper on his arrival one day in New York, at his office, and was very much surprised when he handed in a manuscript of a novel, which he said had just been written by himself, entitled “The

Spy." The terms of publication were readily agreed upon. Very soon was issued the first volume of that series of romances, which made the name of Cooper as famous as that of the author of the Waverley Novels; this was in 1821, and here it may be well to mention that Mr. Cooper decidedly objected to being called the "Sir Walter Scott of America," for Mr. Cooper, as was generally known, had a very good opinion of himself. Next followed "The Pioneers," in 1823, and the next year he published "The Pilot," which was the first of the series of Sea Tales, meeting with an instantaneous and unprecedented success, as did the "Spy," both in Europe and America. It was stated that Cooper wrote this in great haste, because of the recent publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Pirate," a sea tale, but which Cooper held was not correct in its nautical incidents and descriptions.

After Mr. Cooper's novels became so popular, he conceived the idea of publishing a novel anonymously, in order to judge whether the book would sell on its merits alone, as well as on his acquired fame. So when the MS. of his next book, "Lionel Lincoln," was ready for the printer, his name was to be omitted entirely, but on the eve of publication it leaked out that Cooper had written it, when he, of course, had to acknowledge the authorship. It is well known that this book was not so successful as its predecessors. Soon after this Mr. Wiley died, and the same year Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia became Mr. Cooper's publishers. When Mr. Cooper's name first appeared as an author, it was simply James Cooper, the family name of Fenimore had been dropped by him for some reason, but was subsequently restored.

Mr. John Wiley frequently saw Mr. Cooper at his father's store, where he was a great attraction, drawing around him daily many literary men, among them William Cullen Bryant, James K. Paulding, afterwards Secretary of the Navy, Fitz Greene Halleck, for the two latter Mr. Charles Wiley was their first publisher, Gulian C. Ver-

planck, Chancellor Kent, Durand, the artist, Morse, the inventor, Mordecai M. Noah, who had recently published a pamphlet, which created some interest, entitled, "Wall Street, or ten Minutes Before Three," William L. Stone, afterwards author of the "Life of Red Jacket," which was published by John Wiley, and many others. Col. Stone was then editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*.

These authors had a room set apart for them in the rear of Mr. Charles Wiley's book-store. Col. Stone and others were daily visitors there. The room was christened "The Literary Den." Mr. John Wiley recollects going in one night after Colonel Stone, who possessed a good deal of playful humor, had been there, and found scribbled on a sheet of paper some verses, the two following first lines are all of which he remembers :

" One night after, tea, Mr. Editor *Stone*
Popped into the 'Den' of C. Wiley's alone."

About this time these same literary gentlemen under the Cooper leadership, formed what was called the "Bread and Cheese Club," being purely a literary club. Their meetings were held at the Washington Hotel, on Broadway, corner of Chambers Street. Members were admitted by bread and cheese. If a name was proposed for admission to membership, and any cheese was found on the plates, when the candidate was voted for, he was rejected. Each member took turns as caterer, wearing a key as his badge of office.

Mr. Halleck, afterwards a clerk for John Jacob Astor, frequently visited the store. Mr. John Wiley says that Halleck related to him a little incident about Mr. Astor, which occurred just previous to his last illness, illustrating his economy in respect to his own personal wants. He had been quite ill, but was convalescing, when his physician advised him to diet, subsisting chiefly on newly laid eggs. One of Mr. Astor's daughters, living at that time up the Hudson, used to send them to her father daily, which

greatly benefited him. One day, however, the supply was accidentally not forthcoming, and Mr. Astor said he could not afford to buy any eggs for his own use. As it is well known, Mr. Halleck was one of Mr. Astor's legatees, being willed the munificent sum of two hundred dollars per year. It is said, however, that such a sum was left to Mr. Halleck in accordance with a remark once made by him in the presence of Mr. Astor that he could live on two hundred dollars per annum.

Mr. Wiley says that when he first knew Mr. Cooper he was full of life and spirit, of a very happy temperament and in every way an attractive man. In after years, he became somewhat morose, feeling that his countrymen did not appreciate him or his efforts in their behalf when abroad. On his return in 1838, John Wiley published for him "A letter to my Countrymen," in which he gave an account of the controversy he had with the French Government, complaining also of the censures which had been passed upon it in this country, and of the deference paid to foreign opinion. The volume was not well received by the reading public. Soon after this he became involved in a quarrel with Horace Greeley, Thurlow Weed, James Watson Webb, and William L. Stone, because of some of their criticisms upon his literary works, particularly his *Naval History*, which were the cause of the several libel suits brought against those editors, and with which the public is familiar. He said in one of his letters, "I have beaten every man I have sued who has not retracted his libels."

Mr. John Wiley commenced business for himself in the year 1828, becoming the New York agent of Thomas Wardle, of Philadelphia, who at that time was the principal importer of English books. He also became connected as their New York agent with Carey & Lea, of the same City, then the leading publishers in America. In 1832 he formed with George Long, the son of an old New York bookseller of the same name, the firm George Long, Wiley & Long, and after the dissolution of that firm, Mr. George P. Putnam,

who had been for many years a clerk for Jonathan Leavitt, became Mr. Wiley's partner. Mr. Putnam at that time had but just attained his majority. He had made up his mind to go to Europe to see something of the book world abroad, and while there he formed the acquaintance of the leading book-publishers in London and elsewhere.

It was about this time, that Washington Irving became United States Minister to Spain.

Mr. Wiley wrote to Mr. Putnam in London, suggesting the propriety of a correspondence with Mr. Irving, relative to the publication of the works of that author in the American series of the "Library of Choice Reading." Mr. Irving had had an arrangement with his publishers, Carey & Lea, of Philadelphia, by which they agreed to pay a given sum annually for the right of publishing Irving's works. The contract had expired by its own limitation, and the publishers did not care to renew it, there being but little demand for the works. On the return of Mr. Irving to New York, he called upon Wiley & Putnam, with a view of completing the arrangement with them, for the publication of his works, but the firm having decided in 1848 to dissolve partnership, the matter was deferred. Subsequently, Mr. Putnam proposed to Mr. Irving to become his publisher, but at the same time suggesting that Mr. Wiley should have an equal opportunity to make an offer, as the arrangement with the firm had been previously determined on. Mr. Wiley declining to make any proposition, the arrangement was then concluded with Mr. Irving by Mr. Putnam, for the publication of his works, the result of which undertaking is spoken of in another chapter.

One of the early undertakings of the firm of Wiley & Putnam, was the publication of a series of volumes under the general title of "The Library of Choice Reading," above referred to. Those of my readers who were booksellers and buyers, about the year 1840, will remember the uniform red-cloth binding and the popularity of the volumes as they ap-

peared from the press. The series was edited by Evart A. Duyckinck. One of the volumes of the American Series was Hawthorne's, "Mosses from an old Manse." The series also contained a volume of Edger Allan Poe, whom I subsequently met at the store of Wiley & Putnam. Poe had been previously pointed out to me as the author of the "Raven," which was then all the rage. It first appeared in the *American Whig Review*, where I first read that wonderful creation.

At this time I was a bookseller and publisher of books at Auburn, N. Y., buying considerably of Wiley and Putnam. Among other books I remember purchasing was one thousand copies of Kinglake's brilliant "Eothen; or, Traces of Travel brought home from the East," one of the library series bearing my imprint as publisher.

After the dissolution of partnership with Mr. Putnam, Mr. Wiley continued business under his own name, and has continued the publication of books ever since, admitting in the year 1865 his son, Charles Wiley, and in 1875 William H. Wiley, the firm now being styled John Wiley & Sons, whose publications are confined chiefly to scientific text-books, and industrial works.

Among their miscellaneous publications those of John Ruskin are the most important on their list. The first book of Mr. Ruskin published by this firm was *Modern Painters*. Mr. Wiley endeavored to open a correspondence with that eminent but eccentric author, but received only a single letter from him. Mr. Ruskin has seemingly never cared to have anything to do with American publishers nor with anything American. He has been for years his own publisher though his friend and agent George Allen, and English booksellers have to purchase their supplies of Mr. Ruskin direct, and at a nominal discount of not more than ten per cent. Mr. Ruskin, as may not be generally known, has a great distaste for any thing American. He is said to have remarked at one time he would like to see New York blotted out of

existence. Mr. Wiley thinks that this strange feeling against this country is mainly due to the fact that it is a new country, Mr. Ruskin believing intensely in all things old—Ancient Architecture, old Cathedrals, old Ways—Modern Innovations being very offensive to him. His work on Modern Painters was written with a view to bring the artist Turner, in whom he was greatly interested, before the public.

Copies of the original editions of “The Stones of Venice” and “The Seven Lamps of Architecture,” when they can be found in London, bring from three to five hundred dollars for the set of nine volumes. Wiley & Sons’ various editions of Ruskins works have reached a considerable sale in this country.

A year or two since, Mr. John Wiley celebrated his golden wedding, from which it may be inferred that he is no longer a young man, but his bright eye, raven hair, slightly streaked with gray, and elastic step, indicate any thing but age. I first knew him nearly a half a century ago. Long may he continue to illustrate the virtues of an upright man and continue his career as a successful publisher.



Geo. P. Putnam

XVI.

GEORGE PALMER PUTNAM.

In the Front Rank of Publishers—Fellow Clerk with William H. Appleton—Becomes an Author at Eighteen—Starts a Branch in London—Effectually refutes Alison, the Historian—Bayard Taylor applies for Aid—Beginning of a long-lived Friendship—Edgar A. Poe astonishes the Natives—James Russell Lowell's Fables—The "Wide Wide World" and "Providence"—Becomes Irving's Publisher—Astonishes John Bull with "Sketch-Book"—Establishes Putnam's Magazine—First Advocate of International Copyright—Prince Albert, Irving and Putnam—Irving's First and only Love—Thackeray Lectures at Yonkers—Mr. Putnam's Sudden Death Mourned and Greatly Regretted—G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN the front rank of our distinguished book-publishers belongs the honored name of George P. Putnam, who for nearly half a century gave lustre to the world of letters and books. From a very early age to the day of his lamented death, he devoted his business life to the vocation of his choice.

He was first employed, when about fourteen years of age, by George W. Bleecker, in a small book-store in New York, at a yearly salary of twenty-five dollars, exclusive of board and lodging. He afterwards took a position under Jonathan Leavitt, where he had special charge of the publications of Crocker & Brewster of Boston, Mr. Leavitt being their New York agent, and where at one time William H. Appleton was a fellow clerk.

In the year 1832, young Putnam began his first literary work, the compilation of an "Index to Universal History," which was the foundation of the important work—"The World's Progress," referred to hereafter. It was printed and published by Mr. Leavitt, who at that time had associated with him as a special partner, the late Daniel Appleton. The young author was much delighted at the success of his first venture, the small edition being readily disposed of.

His next undertaking was a monthly register of new publications called *The Bookseller's Advertiser*. This was commenced in January, 1834, when still in his teens, and was printed by John F. Trow, and lasted until December of the same year, in which number appeared the following valedictory :

"With the present number this little journal expires. It was commenced with the idea that it would be useful, not only to publishers, but to all who are interested in the literature of the day, and it is a satisfaction to know that however imperfectly it has been conducted amidst other responsibilities, it has been well received on both sides of the Atlantic, and has been noticed in complimentary terms by various contemporaries. I resign it because it cannot be properly attended to without interfering with more legitimate duties or infringing on midnight hours."

In the year 1836, Mr. Putnam became a partner in the publishing-house of Wiley & Long, contributing to the capital stock the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars in cash ; but what was more important than capital to them at that time, was his thorough acquaintance with authors and publishers, which, to the new firm, was invaluable. He was soon sent to Europe, where he made the acquaintance of many authors and the more important members of the book-trade. Establishing on one of his visits to London, in 1838, a branch-house—Mr. Long having retired—the new firm continued in both places as Wiley & Putnam. This was the first American house ever established in London for the publication of books, Mr. Putnam becoming a

zealous representative of American interests. It became a favorite resort for all Americans residing or traveling in Europe, who were interested in literary matters.

About that time Alison, the celebrated historian, published his "History of Europe," in which appeared many passages regarding the progress of literature in America, which were anything but friendly or true. To the statements and assertions made by Alison, Mr. Putnam made a most effectual reply, in a published volume prepared by him entitled "American Facts," in which he proved conclusively the ignorance of the famous historian as to the real condition of American literature. The circulation of this volume did much to increase respect for the people of the United States in Europe. Mr. Putnam remained in charge of the London house until 1848, having resided there seven consecutive years, after which he returned to New York.

In the year 1847 Mr. Putnam received a call at his office in Waterloo Place from a young American printer, who had been making a journey through the continent, and whose funds were exhausted. Some remittances he had expected had not come to hand, and he was entirely destitute of the means of support, endeavoring to secure work at his trade in a London printing office, where he succeeded temporarily, but was thrown out of the first position he secured through the jealousy of English compositors, who were not willing to have in the office a foreigner not belonging to their typographical guild. Mr. Putnam sympathizing with the young American, gave him temporary clerical work. This timely assistance laid the foundation of a friendship, a very close one, which lasted as long as their lives.

Within a year after the acquaintance thus formed, Mr. Putnam had the pleasure of publishing the narrative of this young printer's trip over the continent under the title of "Views Afoot, or Europe seen with Knapsack and Staff," by Bayard Taylor. On its publication, the English

reviews gave it unstinted praise. The London *Athenæum* said :

“ That among the hundreds of volumes already issued on the same subject, Mr. Bayard Taylor's is the best and the liveliest. We too are richer for his travels by the amount of an earnest, manly and sensible book. There is nothing more graphic in De Foe.”

At this time young Taylor was but twenty-one years of age. This, the first volume of his travels, has continued in demand for more than forty years, reaching a sale of over one hundred thousand copies. Mr. Putnam continued the publication of Bayard Taylor's Travels as they appeared from time to time, all of which met with unvarying success.

Another visit of a singular character which Mr. Putnam received about this time, was from Edgar A. Poe. The latter had brought some notes of introduction to Mr. Putnam to whom he represented that he had accidentally secured from a family in Nantucket, the narrative of a Nantucket seaman, containing his adventures in the Arctic regions. As the London public were specially excited at that time in consequence of the expedition of Sir John Franklin to the polar seas, Mr. Putnam, after glancing over the MS., which bore on its face an air of realism and made the story of the discovery of the MS. plausible enough, accepted and published the book. It was written in good but rather rough style, such as a Nantucket seaman might naturally use. In the haste to get the matter into type before a certain date, having a connection with this Arctic expedition, Mr. Putnam had not time to complete the reading of the MS, but sent it at once to the compositors. It was not until after the book was published and he had read the criticism of the volume in the *Saturday Review* and other influential journals, that he found it necessary to read the concluding page which ends as my readers may remember with the drowning of all, leaving no

possibility for the narrator to reach home to tell the story, and the *Saturday Review* naturally inquired, "What is this Yankee publisher giving us?" The narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym was one of the improbable creations so prolific in Mr. Poe's brain.

After this, Mr. Putnam never published a book bearing his imprint without first completing the reading of it, or having it read by a trusty reader, with one exception, which will be referred to hereafter. In this connection, it may be well to mention another call made by Mr. Poe on Mr. Putnam in 1849, soon after the latter's return to New York. Poe called at his Broadway book-store after he had apparently dined a little heavily, sat down and wrote furiously until long after business hours, when the porter was obliged to close the store, thus virtually turning him out. The next morning Poe brought to Mr. Putnam the MS. he had just written, and with a good deal of solemnity declared he had arrived at the solution of the secret of the Universe, which, when published, would make millions of dollars for both author and publisher. The millions were only in Poe's brain, for the first edition of *Eureka*, the work in question, was never exhausted by the current sales.

It is an interesting fact to state that the name of Putnam is yet connected with the publication of Poe's works. The present firm is now issuing a limited edition *de luxe* for subscribers only. The specimen volumes indicate that it will not only be the handsomest edition of Poe which has yet appeared, but one of the most elegant of the much sought after *de luxe* editions of standard authors.

In 1848, Mr. Putnam issued James Russell Lowell's *Fable for Critics* which created at that time something of a literary sensation.

The volume was affectionately inscribed to Charles F. Briggs, whose nom de plume "Harry Franco" was then well known in the literary world. Mr. Briggs was a great admirer of Mr. Lowell's genius. It was through him that

I had the pleasure of an introduction to that distinguished gentleman now so famous as an author and diplomat, representing the United States at the court of St. James, with credit to himself and honor to his country. The unique title-page is well worth reproducing here :

A
FABLE FOR CRITICS;
 OR, BETTER,
A GLANCE
AT A FEW OF OUR LITERARY PROGENIES
(Mrs. Malaprop's word)
 FROM
THE TUB OF DIOGENES;
A VOCAL AND MUSICAL MEDLEY,
 THAT IS,
A SERIES OF JOKES
By a Wonderful Quiz,

*who accompanies himself with a rub-a-dub-dub, full of spirit and grace,
 on the top of the tub.*

Set forth in October, the 31st day,
 In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway.

That popular novel "The Wide Wide World," by Miss Warner, had a singular advent into book form. Mr. Putnam was interested in the story, but thought it did not possess the qualities likely to insure its popularity, while its great length (it contained matter enough for two volumes) was not favorable to its success. His literary advisers all counselled him against it. His mother, however, happened to get hold of the MS. and after reading it, said to her son, "George, that is too good a book not to come into print, you must print it!" He took his mother's advice and published it. For months after it was issued,

Mr. Putnam began to think he would have to charge the loss account to the score of filial obedience. The book remained stocked upon the shelves apparently without commercial value. His mother tried to cheer him by saying "that the book was so good, she was sure that Providence would aid him in the sale of it." As a matter of fact, Providence did help the matter out. The first favorable review of the work appeared in a Providence paper, and the first large order that was received was from a Providence bookseller. The sale in a few months amounted to over 40,000 copies, which yielded, of course, a large profit to both author and publisher. Miss Warner's next novel, "Queechy," was nearly as successful; although these two books were published more than thirty years ago, they have been selling steadily ever since. They are almost the only American novels published one-third of a century ago, that have a continued sale.

Mr. Putnam about this time published Dr. J. G. Holland's novel "Bay Path," which was as much a failure as his later works published by Scribner, have been successes.

In the year 1854, Mr. David A. Wells became associated with Mr. Putnam as a special partner. Mr. Wells is the well known writer on Political Economy and author of The Year's Book of Facts. He had had no experience in bookselling, but wanting to make himself useful as a member of the firm, and finding on the books certain uncollected accounts against prominent New York citizens, he asked his senior in a general way, whether it would not be a good thing to collect all of the over-due accounts. Mr. Putnam naturally replied it was a very desirable thing to do. Thereupon his energetic junior wrote sharp letters to the delinquents, among whom unfortunately, were a number of prominent people, including some literary men, who although responsible, were not generally prompt in the payment of their accounts, and with whom it was of course important to keep on good terms. Mr. Putnam was hor-

rified during the next few days to receive indignant calls from old and responsible citizens to know why they were thus threatened with the terrors of the law. Most of them he was of course able to appease with satisfactory explanation. Mr. John Wiley, who was present, said it was the only time in which he ever saw Mr. Putnam angry, during the whole of their lifelong acquaintance. It is not supposed that this incident was incorporated in the next edition of Mr. Wells' Year Book of Facts. The latter soon retired from the firm to the more congenial atmosphere of authorship, in which he now holds a high rank.

The publication of the works of Washington Irving was the first important undertaking of Mr. Putnam after he established himself alone in 1848. The volumes which had previously appeared from Irving's pen had for three years been out of print. As previously stated, the Philadelphia publishers who had had charge of them had not felt sufficient encouragement to undertake the preparation of new editions. In fact they had practically advised Mr. Irving, that while his material was certainly very pleasant, and had met with a fair success, it would hardly be considered as belonging to permanent literature. Mr. Irving had become so completely discouraged as to his literary prospects, that he told one of his nephews, he supposed he would have to turn his hands to something else for a living, and as his previous business experience had not given him a very good idea of his own capacity, he was very much in doubt which way to turn. At this time of his despondency, came a proposition from Mr. Putnam to undertake the publication of the books then in existence, which Mr. Irving readily accepted. The following are the terms agreed upon as stated by Pierre M. Irving, in his interesting "Life of Washington Irving:"

"The agreement with Mr. George P. Putnam, by which Mr. Irving was to prepare revised copies of all his works for publication, bears date July 26th, 1848. By this arrangement, which

was to continue for five years, Mr. Putnam was to have the exclusive right of publishing his already published works and writings, in uniform duodecimo volumes until the whole series was completed, at such intervals as the publisher might find most advantageous for the mutual interest of the parties. He had the right also to publish one or more of the works in a larger size and illustrated. Mr. Putnam was to be at the whole charge of publication 'including all the expenses thereto incident,' and was to pay Mr. Irving twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of all the copies sold. The accounts of sales were to be balanced at the end of the year commencing with July, 1849; and the author was to receive in notes at four months, the amount accruing to him at the above rate; but, as Mr. Putnam agreed to pay him in quarterly payments, one thousand dollars for the first year, fifteen hundred for the second, and two thousand for the third, fourth and fifth years, all of which payments were to be made on account of the percentage above specified, in the confident expectation of the publisher that the year's receipts would overrun the amount advanced, and that the author would have a surplus to receive at the stated period of settlement. In case of a disappointment in this particular, and that the percentage within the year should not amount to the sum or sums advanced, the author was not called upon to refund any part of the advance. In other words, by this agreement, Mr. Putnam was answerable for the payment of eight thousand five hundred dollars, the sum provided for in the several annual advances, whatever be the amount of the percentage; but whenever this guarantee of eight thousand five hundred dollars should be covered by the gross amount of profits received by Mr. Irving, the advances were to cease; or, if continued at the stipulated rate, and at the annual settlement, it should appear that they had overrun the percentage, the author was to refund the difference."

It may be interesting to know that at no subsequent period, did the actual payments for royalty fail to considerably exceed the minimum above-named. Before the death of Mr. Irving he took pains to make a complete revision of nearly all of his works, adding, omitting and largely altering them.

In 1857, when Mr. Putnam was in business difficulties,

Mr. Irving stepped forward and took control of the stereotype plates which had been Mr. Putnam's property, advancing upon these plates what money was needed. Mr. Irving was in a position to purchase the plates, if he desired, and such purchase would have been very advantageous to him. He preferred, however, simply to hold them for Mr. Putnam, replacing the latter in control, a few years later. During this time he received numerous propositions for the transfer of his writings to different houses in Boston and Philadelphia, but he told Mr. Putnam subsequently, that as long as a Putnam was in position to publish, Irving's writings should be in his hands, thus repaying ten years later, the confidence shown by Mr. Putnam in 1848.

In 1852, the author wrote his publisher as follows :

“Sunnyside, Dec. 27, '52.

* * * * *

“For my own especial part let me say how sensibly I appreciate the kind tone and expressions of your letter, but as you talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counter-balanced on your part, and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived throughout all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging and honorable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy. That these dealings have been profitable is merely owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings when my former publishers had almost persuaded me they were defunct. You called them again into active existence and gave them a circulation that I believe has surprised yourself. In rejoicing at their success, my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it.

“Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, truthful and liberal mode of conducting its merits is calculated to ensure, I again invoke on you and yours a happy New Year.”

A letter like this from Mr. Irving, is one that Mr. Putnam's sons may well be proud to inherit.

On going up to Sunnyside one afternoon and finding Mr. Irving writing at his little pine table, covered with papers in apparent confusion, there being evidently much need of space, Mr. Putnam said, "Mr. Irving, you ought to have a proper desk for arranging and sifting your materials. I am going to ask you to let me send you one." "Well, Putnam," said he, "I am afraid it will trouble me to get accustomed to anything but my old-fashioned table." However, Mr. Putnam sent up the desk with the stipulation that the old table should be given to him. At Mr. Putnam's next visit, the author was found fumbling over his manuscripts puzzled to know where he had disposed of his numerous papers, and grumbling dreadfully at his publisher's liberality. This historic table on which the works of the great author were written, was given to one of Mr. Putnam's sons.

When the artist's edition of the Sketch-book, which was so admirably illustrated by Daniel Huntington, F. O. C. Darley and other well known artists, was published, it was considered the most beautiful book that had yet been issued by an American publisher. There were several applications from the London trade who desired an edition with their imprint. Among them was the well known firm of Bell & Daldy, who ordered one thousand copies on which their name appeared according to arrangement, as publishers. Soon after this order was given, Mr. Putnam met another London publisher, who, in a boastful tone, said to him, "You Americans do fair work, but it takes an English house to issue a book like this," as he took down a copy of the artist's edition of Irving's Sketch-book. "Such beautiful printing and wood drawing I have never seen." Mr. Putnam was of course delighted, and after he had explained that it was his own edition issued in America, the British bookseller enjoyed a laugh at his own expense. It is estimated that one hundred and seventy-five thousand

dollars have been paid to Washington Irving and his heirs by George P. Putnam and his sons, for copyright.

The most important of Mr. Putnam's literary efforts was the completion of a large octavo volume, entitled, "The World's Progress, an Index to Universal History and a Cyclopaedia of facts, Dates and General Information."

This immense volume is the outgrowth of the small undertaking in 1832, before referred to, and is a lasting monument to Mr. Putnam's literary intelligence.

Mr. Putnam first met Washington Irving in Europe, on the 11th of May, 1842, on which occasion there was a notable gathering of distinguished authors to attend the annual dinner of the "Literary Fund," an organization for dispensing charities to disabled authors; this was the first appearance of Queen Victoria's young husband Prince Albert, in his presidential capacity; he made three speeches which Mr. Putnam says were more than respectable for a Prince, they were a positive success.

Among those present who made speeches were Hallam and Lord Mahon, the historians, and Campbell and Moore, the poets. Edward Everett was then the United States Minister at the Court of St. James, and Washington Irving was then on his way to Madrid, as Minister to Spain. Mr. Putnam says the speeches made on that occasion were long to be remembered; when the toast to the author of "Bracebridge Hall" was given the whole audience greeted that gentleman with rousing cheers. Mr. Irving, as was well-known by his friends, was anything but a speaker; when, therefore, he arose and in his modest and beseeching manner simply said, "I beg to return you my sincere thanks" his brevity seemed almost ungracious to those who did not know it was physically impossible for him to make a speech. Mr. Putnam says an Englishman, who sat near him said to his neighbor, "Brief!" "Yes," was the reply, "but you can tell the gentleman in the very tone of his voice."

Mr. Putnam in speaking of Mr. Irving's early engage-

ment, says, that on one occasion a miniature of a young lady, intellectual, refined and beautiful, was handed to him by Mr. Irving, with the request that he would have a slight injury repaired by an artist and a new case made for it, the old one being actually worn out by much use ; the painting, which was on ivory, was exquisitely fine. When Mr. Putnam returned it to him in a suitable velvet case, he took it to a quiet corner and looked intently on the face some minutes, apparently unobserved, his tears falling freely on the glass as he gazed. This was the miniature of the sister of the eloquent Ogden Hoffman. Mr. Putnam delicately suggests that it is for a poet to characterize the nature of an attachment so loyal, so fresh, and so fragrant forty years after death had snatched away the mortal part of the object of affection. It was generally known among the friends of J. Fenimore Cooper and Mr. Irving that there was for a time some estrangement between them, but from what cause it was not known.

Mr. Putnam says that one day after he had commenced the publication of the library edition of Cooper's works, Mr. Irving was sitting at his desk with his back to the door, when Mr. Cooper suddenly came in, in his usual bustling manner, standing at the office entrance talking. Mr. Irving did not turn and Mr. Cooper did not see him. Mr. Putnam, acting on the impulse of the moment, simply said, "Mr. Cooper, here is Mr. Irving ;" the latter turned, Cooper held out his hand, cordially dashed at once into an animated conversation, and to Mr. Putnam's surprise and delight, took a chair and chatted for an hour on the topics of the day and some former days. They parted with cordial good wishes, and Mr. Irving afterwards frequently alluded to the incident as being a great gratification to him.

Mr. Putnam relates on another occasion, that as Mr. Irving and himself, while walking up Broadway, were passing a print window, Mr. Irving's eyes rested on the beautiful engraving "Christus Consolator." He stopped and looked at it intently for some minutes, evidently much

affected by the genuine inspiration of the artist, in this remarkable representation of the Saviour as the Consoler of sorrow-stricken humanity. His tears fell freely. "Pray, get me that print," said he; "I must have it framed for my sitting-room." When he examined it more closely and found the artist's name, "It's by my old friend Ary Scheffer," said he, remarking further, that he had known Scheffer intimately, and knew him to be a true artist, but had not expected from him anything so excellent as this. Mr. Putnam afterwards sent him the companion, "Christus Remunerator," and the pair remained his daily companions till the day of his death.

Another incident in Mr. Putnam's recollections of Mr. Irving, which I find in the *Atlantic Monthly* of 1860, is doubly interesting to me. Mr. Thackeray had been invited to deliver his lecture on "Charity and Humor" at Yonkers, on the Hudson, of which place I was at that time a resident. Mr. Thackeray was the guest of Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, whose humorous "Sparrowgrass Papers" my firm had recently published. Mr. Irving, who had already met Mr. Thackeray, was present at the lecture. I can well remember that enjoyable occasion and the circumstances attending it. These well-known characters are all dead, first Mr. Irving, then Mr. Thackeray, next Mr. Cozzens, and last Mr. Putnam. Each died suddenly, without a moment's warning.

One of the most important enterprises inaugurated by Mr. Putnam was the publication of Putnam's *Monthly Magazine*. The idea was conceived by him in the year 1852 of establishing a monthly magazine both entertaining and practical; one suited to the family as well as to scholars. The contents were to consist entirely of original matter, contributed by the best writers in the country, and Mr. Parke Godwin and Mr. Charles F. Briggs to be the editors. The magazine was well received, and proved both a literary and commercial success. I have been looking over more than seventy letters from distinguished American poets and

prose writers, promising to contribute to the new magazine in answer to Mr. Putnam's prospective circular. Among others, those of Edward Everett, James K. Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz Greene Halleck, William Gilmore Simms, Edwin P. Whipple, Richard H. Dana, Theodore S. Fay, Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry W. Longfellow. The following from the poet Longfellow is a fair specimen of those received by the publisher.

“Cambridge, October 22, 1852.

“DEAR SIR :

“I shall be very happy to contribute occasionally to the pages of your magazine, but will do so anonymously. At the same time I have no objection to have my name mentioned among the list of contributors if you think it worth while. If you like, I will send you a poem for your first number. How soon shall you want it ?

“Yours, very truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

The letter from T. Buchanan Read, the poet-painter, will be interesting, especially the portion relating to the Brownings—alluding, as it does, to Mrs. Browning's forthcoming poetic novel “Aurora Leigh.”

“Florence, Italy, September 20th, 1854.

“DEAR MR. PUTNAM :

“The Brownings, the poets, having made inquiries of me in regard to American publishers, I took pride and pleasure in speaking of your house, as the most desirable in my estimation, especially for works such as theirs. They told me that they would both have new volumes ready for the press by the next Spring, and that they would like to make some arrangements with an American publisher to bring them out simultaneously with their appearance in London, and desired me if I knew you, to inquire what terms you would be willing to allow them, if you thought worth while to enter into any arrangement. I promised them to do this, and if you think it worth while to reply, I will communicate to them anything you may desire ; or if you prefer, you might address them directly. Mrs. Browning's poem is a romance in verse,

which with her reputation in America would sell well. Mr. Browning's is a volume of lyrics, all new. In addressing you I am merely fulfilling a request on their part and a promise on mine. I gather from what they said that they would be glad also to contribute to your magazine. . . . I sincerely hope your magazine is still successful as it deserves to be. If I can be of any assistance, you have only to command me. I am happy to state, that I find at last success attending my studio. I am full of orders for pictures, so that I feel much more independent of the pen than heretofore! I never did write for money, but I have before now, been compelled to publish for it. I am now, I think, beyond the necessity of that. When I sent you that last poem, you may remember I set no price, intending that you might pay what you felt inclined to. I will, as soon as I can, get something not too long for your pages, and send you again on the same terms. If you were as rich as the Harpers, I might stand on the price, but under present circumstances, I am willing to write for you, as it is necessary, on your own terms, for something or nothing, as you may afford, until you find yourself fairly afloat again.

“Very truly,

T. BUCHANAN READ.”

George W. Curtis' celebrated “Potiphar Papers” and Frederick S. Cozzens' equally celebrated “Sparrowgrass Papers” were originally contributions to Putnam's *Monthly Magazine*.

Mr. Putnam was the first American publisher of whom we have any account who took action on the question of International Copyright. In 1840, soon after his arrival in London, he prepared what seems to be the first printed argument in behalf of that measure, which appeared in this country. It was issued in pamphlet form under the title “An Argument in behalf of International Copyright.” In 1843, Mr. Putnam obtained the signatures of nearly a hundred publishers, including those interested in the manufacture of books, to a petition he had prepared and which was duly presented to Congress. It took the broad ground that the absence of International Copyright was actually injurious to the interest of publishing and to the best

interest of the people at large. Shortly afterwards, Henry C. Carey published his "Letters on International Copyright," in which he took the position that the facts and ideas in a book are the common property of society, and that property in copyright is indefensible. These antagonistic positions are still defended with much persistency, the former by George Haven Putnam, and the latter by Henry Carey Baird. In a recent conversation with each of these intelligent gentlemen I found them firm in their belief that each had the right of the argument.

The death of Mr. Putnam occurred at Christmas time in 1872, when the booksellers annually reap their harvest in the sales of the holiday books. Mr. Putnam had provided unusual attractions in the way of attractive books, when he was suddenly stricken down in death, while actively engaged in his own store. Authors and readers felt that a prop and guide was taken from them; the doors of the crowded store were closed; the mourning family in their grief cared not that the holiday sales were the event of the year, but the ever-generous guild of booksellers grasped the sad moment to illustrate their affection for the dead. Henry Holt, Andrew Armstrong and Alfred Houghton published a card stating that to the affliction of the family should not be added the serious financial embarrassment of having in that busy season the store of the late publisher closed, and they took upon themselves the work of re-opening the store and carrying on the business for the family.

As an indication of the respect in which Mr. Putnam was held the following resolutions were passed by the Publishers' Board of Trade:

Resolved: That this Board regards with deep sorrow, the death of G. P. Putnam, a publisher whose life added dignity to our calling and whose memory is among the best traditions.

Resolved: That we, as his business associates, wish to give our testimony to that already so copiously given by the press, that Mr. Putnam's career was one of great advantage to American letters, and that his example is worthy the emulation of those

whose function it is to decide what literature shall go before the public.

Resolved: That while his sudden death reminds us of the uncertainty of our tenure of active effort it equally reminds us that it is impossible entirely to obliterate the influence of a good and useful life.

HENRY IVISON, *Pres.*

HENRY HOLT, *Secretary.*"

The funeral was largely attended by representative men, especially those of the literary world. An eloquent sermon was delivered on the occasion by his pastor, Rev. Dr. J. F. Elder, who characterized Mr. Putnam's life as "pure, patient, gentle, self-sacrificing."

I am permitted to make public the following letters to the bereaved widow and son, from the late Bayard Taylor, who knew the deceased more intimately perhaps, than any other man then living, outside of the family.

"Lausanne, Switzerland,
Jan. 17, 1873.

"MY DEAR MRS. PUTNAM:

"With the sorrow for Mr. Greeley's* loss still upon me, I can hardly tell you how much I have been shocked and grieved by this additional blow. . . . It seemed incredible that a man like Mr. Putnam, with so much freshness and energy for his years, such an active habit of life, such temperance and regularity, *could* be stricken down so suddenly; to you and your children the blow must have been awful in its swiftness. . . . I remember when Washington Irving was called away by as sudden a summons, how Mr. Putnam spoke of it as a fortunate death, saying that if men were allowed to choose, the most would prefer to die as Irving did. He now has been equally fortunate, and we who have known him so long and intimately, know that he was always ready for the call. His nature had that transparent goodness and purity which cannot be hidden: it was seen of all, and the only thing which seemed disparagement, that I ever heard said of him was: 'He's too good a man to be

* Horace Greeley died the month previous.

successful in business!' But I consider such a life successful and noble in the highest sense. Mr. Putnam's personal and moral influence extended further and was more enduring than he or even his family could know; and it does not cease with his death. There is, there must be, some consolation in contemplating the stainless record of his life even to those who have lost the most in losing him."

"MY DEAR HAVEN:

"I did not get the sad news until only three days ago. . . . This swift death coming so close upon Kensett's (who was also a dear old friend) and Greeley's shocks me inexpressibly. At my age one makes friends slowly and clings all the more strongly to those with whom so many past experiences have been shared. Twenty-six years of friendship as well as business relations, taught me how perfectly I could confide in your father."

The loss of Mr. Putnam was deeply felt by his many attached friends, none more so than by William Cullen Bryant, who wrote the following letter:

"Here, too, the closing days of the year (1872) have been saddened by the deaths of those whom we much prized, suddenly removed in the midst of their usefulness. Kensett, the amiable and generous artist; Putnam, the liberal minded and kindly bookseller, and the promoter of every good work; and the much esteemed treasurer of the Century Association, Priestley, a man of great worth and intelligence. It is not often we lose, so near to each other so many deeply and widely mourned. What a fleeting thing human life is!—like the shadows of a cloud passing swiftly over the fields leaving behind the flowers which it visits but for an instant, and the prattling brooks and the pools that give back the image of the sky, and the song sparrow warbling on its perch, and the meadow-lark brooding on its nest in the grass—leaving all, all—and hurrying to be lost on the dim distant hills where the sight can no longer follow it. I miss Putnam greatly. He published two of my books and I employed him to get together my Cummington Library—about four thousand volumes. What he did for me beyond my special directions was judiciously and disinterestedly done."

It can be truly said that Mr. Putnam's life was always spent more for the benefit of others than for his own aggrandizement, more for the dissemination of good ideas than for the accumulation of wealth. Generous and untiring in his devotion to the objects which aroused his enthusiasm, the very effort to subordinate his personality to the general good of booksellers and book-readers will ever make his name brightly conspicuous in their annals.

In Rev. Dr. Ward's Review of Thomas Hughes' "Memoir of Macmillan," headed "The Publisher's Vocation," the following tribute to Mr. Putnam is given:

"One recalls the name of several Americans, who have stood in such relations to authors and readers that their imprint carried immense influence, making them not only benefactors to authors, but the purveyors of the best books to those for whom they were written. Eminent among these was George P. Putnam, who brought a sensitive conscience and excellent literary taste to the business of a bookseller and publisher and is always to be named as one of the best friends American authors ever had. He published books on their merits and drew around him the men who had something to say to the public; and the magazine which he started in 1853 is still remembered, although long ago discontinued, for the noble character and excellent quality of the contents. He filled out the idea of what the public needed and had the largeness of conception requisite to the undertaking, and the proper business capacity to make it a success. No man knew better how to help authors forward, or how to furnish the public with readable books of the best character."

The present firm consists of George Haven, John Bishop and Irving Putnam, all of whom inherit the literary qualities of their father under the firm style "G. P. Putnam's Sons," and conduct with great success the business founded by their father a half a century ago. Since the death of the latter they have added to their catalogue of works in general literature, lists of medical and educational publications, and have also extended their business so as to include bookselling and importing as well

as publishing. In connection with their importing business they now have a branch house in London, not far from the original headquarters of G. P. Putnam, from which, in 1848 "American Facts" was published.

The talent in the Putnam family is not all confined to the male branches. Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi was the first woman who ever secured admission into the Paris Ecole de Medecine (in 1864), from which she was graduated with honors in 1870. She was doing work as a medical student in Paris during both the Prussian and Communists' sieges, and in the interim, while the lecture courses were closed, she busied herself with work in the hospitals.

She was the first woman who was ever elected a member of the Pathological Society, as well as of the New York Academy of Medicine. All of which seems strange enough to the writer, who knew her when a young school girl, more than thirty years ago, while a near neighbor of her father's at Yonkers, on the Hudson.

The following incident will serve as an example of the kind of responsibility which sometimes attaches to the business of supplying libraries. Not long since, a pastor in a country town wrote G. P. Putnam's Sons to say that two hundred dollars had been raised for the town library, and that, as chairman of the committee, the duty of selecting books devolved upon him. He asked the firm to use their own judgment as to the list, stipulating only that it should include the writings of Mrs. ——, one of the most "sensational" novelists of the day. As her pen was prolific as well as sensational, a set of her books would have absorbed a very large proportion of the appropriation, and it was thought best therefore to *query* the necessity for sending this particular set, and to suggest in its place a selection of really standard works of fiction. A note in reply was received, somewhat as follows:—

"DEAR SIRS:

"I am exceedingly indebted for your kind advice in this matter. Please send in place of Mrs. ——'s books the volumes

suggested by yourselves. Being a minister, I have never read any fiction in my life and know nothing about it, and when some of my young men mentioned the novels referred to as indispensable, I supposed they were better than any others."

For the purpose of presenting in convenient form the class of information required by such inquirers, a volume entitled "The Best Reading," which is of great assistance to all those needing advice in selecting libraries, was planned by G. H. Putnam, and prepared by himself, F. B. Perkins, and L. E. Jones. The firm has also recently published a book by two of the brothers, entitled "Authors and Publishers," a manual of suggestions to beginners in literature, which is considered of great value to all those who have written, or expect to become authors of books.

XVII.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

Bancroft's History began fifty years ago—Author states his plans at the outset—His steady application and persistence—Important literary assistance in Europe—Meets Thiers, Guizot and other historians—Lord Byron gives him Don Juan—Makes an Effective revenue Collector—Gives Hawthorne his first clerkship—Prescott's appeal and Daniel Webster's rebuff—Bancroft and Emerson, like brothers—Meets Washington Irving in France—Sees the Sketch-book in MS.—Mr. Bancroft's great library—Its possible destination—Founds the United States Naval Academy—Completes his History of the United States.

JUST fifty years ago, in the month of June, 1834, George Bancroft published the first volume of his History of the United States of America.

In his introduction to this volume, the author writes as follows :

“I have formed the design of writing a History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time. As the moment arrives for publishing a portion of the work, I am impressed, more strongly than ever, with a sense of the grandeur and vastness of the subject ; and am ready to charge myself with presumption, for venturing on so bold an enterprise. I can find for myself no excuse, but in the sincerity with which I have sought to collect truth from trustworthy documents and testimony. I have desired to give to the work the interest of

authenticity. I have applied as I have proceeded, the principles of historical skepticism, and, not allowing myself to grow weary in comparing witnesses or consulting codes of laws, I have endeavored to impart originality to my narrative, by deriving it from writings and sources which were the contemporaries of the events that are described ; for the work which I have undertaken will necessarily extend to several volumes. I aim at being concise ; but also at giving a full picture of the progress of American institutions. The first volume is now published separately ; and for a double motive. The work has already occasioned long preparation, and its completion will require further years of exertion ; I have been unwilling to travel so long a journey alone ; and desire, as I proceed, to correct my own judgment by the criticisms of candor. I have thought that the public would recognize the sincerity of my inquiries, and that, in those States where the materials of history have as yet been less carefully collected, and less critically compared, I should make for myself friends disposed to assist in placing within my reach the sources of information which are essential to success."

The preceding was written half a century ago. It will be noticed that Mr. Bancroft speaks in his introduction, of his intention to write this history, "down to the present time." In a recent conversation with the venerable historian, he informed me that he intended originally to bring it down to about the year 1830. I said to him that I thought the title of his book was something of a misnomer, inasmuch as he had not written a history of the United States, but rather a history of the colonies down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He replied that when he began, he did not expect to finish the history very soon, but did expect to get along faster than he had, coming down to near 1830, that is, through the war of 1812-15, to the time when the old system was broken, and the old series of Presidents ended. He thinks it can be called the History of the United States, since he has written the History of the Constitution, as the history of the United States begins with the united resistance of the colonies against Great Britain. He said further that he had been

prevented from an earlier completion by other duties, which I hereafter refer to.

Nevertheless, Mr. Bancroft has been perfectly steady in his application to the history, the writing of which he has pursued for more than fifteen years. The delay is rather attributable to the pains he has taken in gathering material. He assured me that his collections for American history from—say 1760—even further back than that—even to the early period of the history of the colony of Virginia, down to the period he has finished, are more complete, more thorough, and extensive, from all quarters and all countries, than those of any European work of history for the same period. Mr. Bancroft also has said to me that he did not know of anybody that had spent so much time as he has in getting into their possession, material for the period of history about which he intended to write.

When abroad, Mr. Bancroft went into the offices of the libraries of London, remaining until he had taken copies or made memoranda of all he needed from them, and so also in Paris, where he spent days after days, and weeks after weeks, examining, selecting and having copied, whatever proved valuable. Guizot was the first to give the order for these valuable transcripts, which order was continued by his successors. Mr. Bancroft examined everything of the slightest interest, until when he came away, the custodian of the Archives said, "You have everything. You have not left a single mite."

Mr. Bancroft said he made this minute examination in order to be through with all the courts of Europe, for France is, of all countries, the one whose diplomatic service is best fulfilled. Mr. Bancroft has, also, letters and documents pertaining to American history, not only from England and France, but from Germany, Prussia and Spain. When he could not go himself to make these collections, he sent over the late Mr. Broadhead, who was so well read in American history, to Holland, and he obtained for Mr. Bancroft the archives of that country, copies of documents

and letters relating to the history of the revolutionary war. He procured most of these papers relating to America, from France, before Thiers came into power, but the latter afterwards helped him by his friendly influence.

Mr. Bancroft said he knew Thiers very well, who, being aware of the great pains he was taking, one day came and opened for Mr. Bancroft's use a suite of closets filled with papers he had collected for his *History of the Consulate and Empire*.

De Tocqueville also gave him assistance; indeed none of the officials in France refused him anything, copying for him letters and documents, whether they were for or against France. Mr. Bancroft did not know whether France was very kind to us, or whether that country had a little interest of her own that she was looking after. He also received some assistance in England outside of the public libraries. Lord Lansdowne, whose ancestors made the treaty of peace between Great Britain and America, himself brought to Mr. Bancroft's house in London, folio after folio, because he would not trust anyone else, out of which the historian copied everything of any importance pertaining to the War of Independence.

Thus much of Mr. Bancroft's great and monumental work of which the literary editor of Harper's Magazine, in a review of the new revised edition in six volumes, speaks:

“A comparison of this revised edition impresses us with the candor, the thoroughness, and the conscientiousness of Mr. Bancroft's revision. Every page reveals some touch of the artist's hand, softening the language where it had run into needless asperity, but without detracting from its sinewy vigor, pruning redundancies, rounding off or smoothing down ruggedness or infelicities, modifying statements so as to cause them to conform more exactly to newly-discovered evidence—in fine, practically producing a new work while preserving the substantial integrity of the old one.”

It was while connected with the house of D. Appleton & Co., that it was my good fortune to secure for them the future publication of "Bancroft's History of the United States," a fitting imprint for so great a work.

Mr. Bancroft was graduated from Harvard at the early age of seventeen. He did not delay in pursuing his studies, that of history being his special branch, but proceeded at once to the German Universities, graduating from Göttingen three years later, from whence he received his degrees. After his graduation, he carefully observed the workings of the Prussian Government, in the various departments, the young student little thinking at that time, that half a century later he would represent his own country, as minister to the German Empire.

During these years of study he made the acquaintance of the most distinguished people, among others, Goethe, the Von Humboldts, Cousin, Niebuhr, Lamartine and Migret, the historian, recently deceased.

Mr. Bancroft showed me while in his library at Washington, the first edition of "Don Juan," printed at London in 1822, in which the author had written, with his own hand :

"TO MR. GEORGE BANCROFT,
from the Author,
NOEL BYRON, May 22, 1822."

I asked Mr. Bancroft what were his impressions of Lord Byron. He replied they were decidedly favorable, besides he was a very handsome person, his manner was very sprightly, nothing could exceed the spirit of his conversation, he talked of himself without reserve, and the utmost freedom, and of his friends, as well as his enemies. He was traveling at that time near Leghorn, Italy, where Lord Byron had taken a place for the summer.

After spending five years in Europe, Mr. Bancroft returned to America in 1822, and for a short time filled the

pulpit, preaching several sermons, although not expecting to enter the ministry.

In 1835 he engaged actively in politics and was appointed collector at Boston in 1838 by President Van Buren. In those days the collections for import duties were made by bonds given to importers, instead of cash, and the loss to the Government under the collectors who had preceded Mr. Bancroft, amounted to millions on millions. He not alone collected back bonds, which had been looked upon as worthless, but those received by him from merchants were paid at maturity. There was not a bad bond during his time, although in New York and elsewhere the losses from unpaid bonds reached many millions. Afterwards the cash system of payments was adopted in all ports of entry where import duties are collected.

I asked Mr. Bancroft if he had anything to do with the appointment of Nathaniel Hawthorne in the customs service. He replied that almost the first thing he did when he became collector, was to ask Mr. Hawthorne to accept a position in the Custom House. Mr. Hawthorne did not apply for a situation, but Mr. Bancroft, learning incidentally that he was in need of assistance, immediately offered him the very best position then vacant, which he accepted, and Mr. Bancroft afterwards was able to give him a position which was paid by fees. The salary was at one time limited to twenty-five hundred dollars, but the courts set aside that limitation, saying the officer had a right to all the fees that were earned, which usually amounted to five thousand dollars per annum. Mr. Bancroft informed me that one of Hawthorne's biographers misstated the manner in which the latter obtained the position. It was Mr. Bancroft's own act, and on the impulse of the moment he heard of Hawthorne's possible need of aid, he took pen and ink and wrote to him immediately, tendering the position. He had known Mr. Hawthorne from the first time he began to publish in S. G. Goodrich's "Token." He was caught from the beginning by the charm and

sprightliness of Hawthorne's style, tone of mind and thought. "Now," said Mr. Bancroft to me "the following is perfectly true. What Mr. Hawthorne wanted, was to retire to Salem, with the Post Office appointment, which he did not secure, but afterwards getting a small office in the Salem Custom House. Parties had changed; the moment the Democratic party, of which Mr. Hawthorne and myself were members, went out of power, Prescott, the historian, wrote a letter directed to Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, under President Fillmore, saying, 'Here is Hawthorne, a man of the highest merit and letters, a person whom we must not think of in reference to party. Do see that he is retained in the little office he has.' But Webster sent back a furious answer, being vehemently angry. 'How can you, a Whig,' he said, 'how can you do such a thing, as to recommend the continuance in office, of a man of the politics of Hawthorne?'"

Mr. Bancroft's relations with Prescott were most intimate. He considers him one of the greatest historians. He told me that Prescott tried to form a close social intimacy with Hawthorne, but found him of a retiring nature, very difficult to become acquainted with. Coming into company he was awkward as could be, not at his ease, not self-possessed, but he probably got over it afterwards. While in office at Boston, Hawthorne's manner while performing his duties was exemplary. He went right out on the wharf and gave his personal attention to the details of his work. Nobody could do it better. Nobody did do it better. Having accepted the office he went to work and performed it. Unluckily he thought he had saved money enough, and decided to resign the office. Mr. Bancroft begged him not to do so, entreated him to remain, but all to no purpose, his resignation being handed in, not long before Mr. Bancroft retired.

Mr. Bancroft said that Hawthorne kept his own counsel, never talking about his writings. He once brought to

him a copy of his first book, "Twice Told Tales," a presentation copy with his autograph.

I asked Mr. Bancroft if he knew much about Emerson. His reply was, they were like brothers, and as Mrs. Emerson was an old friend of his wife's, that made an additional bond in their attachment for each other. He knew him first when he was residing in Northampton, where Emerson came to preach one Sunday. Mr. Bancroft was delighted with the sermon, and afterwards passed much of his time with its author, becoming intimately acquainted, and remaining so up to the time of his death. Mr. Emerson frequently visited Mr. Bancroft at Newport, and his visits were returned. Mr. Bancroft always insisted that Emerson was the first of our men of letters. There is nothing, he says, in English literature called Essays, so excellent as Emerson's, they are the next best to Bacon's.

Mr. Bancroft is a great admirer of Emerson's poetry. He said the poem called "The Problem," is grand and majestic, from beginning to end. In it the writer in front of the picture of Jeremy Taylor, is musing, considering whether he will continue a preacher or not.

"Shall I seek religion in this fixed form, or shall I take it by divine and heavenly inspiration?"

"That" said Mr. Bancroft, "is thoroughly good poetry; good all the way through."

"I also asked Mr. Bancroft if he was acquainted with Washington Irving. He replied, that he knew Irving very well for long years. He was quite a young man when Irving burst upon the world. He knew him intimately. They first met in Paris, where they were constantly together. Once they went out into the country with each other, to see the United States minister who had taken a country seat. This was Albert Gallatin, afterwards famous as Secretary of the Treasury. At that time Irving had written *Diedrich Knickerbocker*, and was writing his *Sketch-book*. He had just completed a sketch; long and of supreme merit in thought and style, which Mr. Ban-

croft pronounced beautiful in the extreme. Irving took him home to his lodgings and read it to him there, at the same time informing him that he had written it all down from beginning to end at one sitting, after coming home from a party. This was a portion of the Sketch-book.

Mr. Bancroft was unable to define to me the extent of his library—that is in authorities—especially in history. He has for a long period of years purchased everything of importance that came to his notice. He never missed an opportunity of buying books on American history. He says, however, that no other American library has such a collection of English, French and other foreign manuscripts, and in that respect it is unique.

It is Mr. Bancroft's hope, that the manuscript collection at least will be kept together, and that it will ultimately find its way into the Congressional Library, or some one of the other great public libraries of the country.

Mr. Bancroft was the real founder of the Naval Academy. He induced Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, to make over the lands and military buildings at Annapolis, to the Navy Department. He studied the laws, to see how the Academy could be established, without further legislation, as it would not have been possible at that time to have a Naval Academy, corresponding with the West Point Military Academy, established at any Northern port. He had accumulated by the strictest economy an enormous amount of savings in the various branches of the Naval Department. The great difficulty was to have Congress recognize what had been done, and this was accomplished after laborious effort, and the Naval Academy at Annapolis, remains a monument to the foresight of Mr. Bancroft by its subsequent importance and usefulness. During the absence of Mr. Marcy, Mr. Bancroft was appointed acting Secretary of War. This happened at one of the most important periods in our relations with Mexico, and at a most critical time he issued the order to General Zachary Taylor, to make his first important movement, the result

of which was the conquest of Mexico, the annexation of Texas and the election of General Taylor to the Presidency of the United States. While holding this cabinet office, Mr. Bancroft was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, which distinguished office he filled with great credit to himself and his country.

During his residence in England, he made many friends among men of letters. Returning to the United States in 1849, he took up his residence in New York, with the determination to finish his history of the United States, the last volume of which was completed forty years after the publication of the first volume.

The following is from the preface to the sixth volume:

“The present volume completes the History of the American Revolution, considered in its causes. The three last explain the rise of the Union of the United States from the body of the people, the change in the colonial policy of France, and the consequences of the persevering ambition of Great Britain to consolidate its power over America. The penal Acts of 1774 dissolved the moral connection between the two countries, and began the civil war.

* * * * *

Of all persons in England, it was most desirable to have a just conception of the character of the king. Mr. Everett, when Minister at the Court of St. James, keeping up in his busiest hours the habit of doing kind offices, obtained for me from Lady Charlotte Lindsay, copies of several hundred notes or abstracts of notes from George the Third to her father Lord North. Afterwards, I received from Lady Charlotte herself, communications of great interest, and her sanction to make such use of the letters as I might desire, even to the printing of them all. Others written by the king in his boyhood to his Governor, Lord Harcourt, the latter was so obliging as to allow me to peruse. . . .

“The relations of France to America were of paramount importance. I requested of Mr. Guizot, then the Minister, authority to study them in the French Archives. ‘You shall see everything that we have,’ was his instant answer, enhancing his consent by the manner in which it was given. The promise was most liberally interpreted and most fully redeemed by Mr. Mignet, whose good

advice and friendly regard lightened my toils, and left me nothing to desire. Mr. Dumont, the Assistant Keeper of the Archives, under whose immediate superintendence my investigations were conducted, aided them by his constant good will. The confidence reposed in me by Mr. Guizot was continued by Mr. Lamartine, Mr. Drouyn de Lhuys, and by Mr. de Tocqueville.

“As the Court of France was the centre of European diplomacy, the harvest from its Archives was exceedingly great.

* * * * * *

“If I have failed in giving a lucid narrative of the events which led to the necessity of Independence, it is not for want of diligence in studying the materials, which I have brought together, or of laborious care in arranging them. The strictest attention has been paid to chronological sequence, which can best exhibit the simultaneous action of general causes. The abundance of my collections has enabled me, in some measure, to reproduce the very language of every one of the principal actors in the scenes, which I describe and represent their conduct from their own point of view. I hope at least it will appear, that I have written with candor, neither exaggerating vices of character nor reviving national animosities, but rendering a just tribute to virtue wherever found.”

During Mr. Bancroft's residence in New York, he was elected President of the Century Club succeeding its first presiding officer, the late Gulian C. Verplanck, which office he resigned on his appointment as Minister to Prussia. He was elected an honorary member of the club, and is the only member that has ever been accorded that distinguished honor. Mr. Bancroft as we have seen, although once a politician, was one without reproach—as a statesman we have had but few his equal, as an orator his eulogies of President Jackson and President Lincoln are models of the kind, and as a historian he stands pre-eminent. That learned critic, the late George Ripley, thus writes :

“Mr. Bancroft's ‘History of the United States’ occupies a very prominent place not only in the historical literature of his

own country, but in that of the world, since it is everywhere a recognized authority concerning the period which it cover. It is not merely a narrative, but a philosophic treatise, dealing with causes and principles as well as events, and tracing with remarkable skill the progress of enlightenment and liberal ideas. It has been translated into different languages and is especially popular in Germany."

Mr. Bancroft resides in Washington during the winter, and at Newport during the summer. He is an early riser, and writes through his amanuensis only during the morning hours, after which he looks after his flowers, of which he has a great variety. In the afternoon he generally drives or rides, and although in his eighty-fifth year frequently rides more than thirty miles in one day, on horseback. His health is perfect and his many friends look for its continuance for many years to come.



Engr. by Geo. Paul, New York

George W. Childs

XVIII.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHILDS.

Name of Mr. Childs a household word—Becomes a bookseller's Clerk—Author first meets him—Metes out retributive Justice—Gives a great banquet at Continental—Early characteristics of Childs—He never lost a friend—Despises meanness and hates a liar—"I shall yet be owner of the Public Ledger"—Publishes Dr. Kane's famous book—Allibone's great Dictionary of Authors—Mr. Childs' boundless Charities—Interesting letters received at the Banquet—Wonderful Success of the Ledger—Hawthorne sends Childs the Scarlet Letter—James T. Fields gives its History—Death of William D. Ticknor—Nathaniel Hawthorne soon follows—Charles Dickens invites Childs to Gad's Hill—Childs erects a Monument to Poe—Childs and Drexel not unlike Cheeryble Brothers.

ALTHOUGH the name of George W. Childs is a household word in the City of Philadelphia, where he is known as the owner and manager of that Philadelphia institution the *Public Ledger*, what I have to say will be more in reference to his career as a bookseller and publisher of books.

It will be seen further on that although he is no longer connected with the book trade he has used and continues to use a large portion of his princely income in gathering round him rare books, rare manuscripts, and an enduring name as the friend and benefactor of authors, publishers and booksellers.

Mr. Childs came from Baltimore to Philadelphia when but fourteen years of age, to seek employment. An entire stranger in that city, he found a situation in a book-store kept by Mr. P. Thomson, at the corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, the compensation agreed upon was three dollars a week for his services; he was both clerk and errand boy, working early and late, devoting himself entirely to the service of his employer who soon held him in the greatest confidence. After the close of the day's business young Childs attended the evening auctions, which were at that time very frequent in Philadelphia; he showed excellent judgment in his purchases and soon became familiar with the most profitable books to buy. After about four years' experience with Mr. Thomson, whose business had increased under the energetic and intelligent labor of his youthful assistant, young Childs was further deputed to attend the book-trade sales in Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

It was while attending these sales that I first met Mr. Childs, then about eighteen years old, but already a favorite with publishers and book-buyers, who semi-annually gathered in those cities to purchase supplies at auction.

He soon learned by watching some of the shrewd booksellers in attendance at the sales, that the greatest bargains were made by calling for the *balance* of the number offered at the sales. After the books had been "struck down" for the quantity desired, the bidder for the balance always had the preference over any others. I remember one time young Childs called out for the balance of a certain book to which he was clearly entitled, and he claimed in no uncertain tones, his right. Mr. George W. Lord, the auctioneer, told him he might sit down, that he was getting up a row and making more noise than all the booksellers in the room. Mr. Childs thought this was pretty hard, as he was acting for the best interest of his employer, but after protesting he carried his point. He never forgot this injustice, however, and although not of a revengeful nature, determined in his own mind that sometime or other retri-

butive justice should be meted out to the one who had injured him. When, a few years later, Mr. Lord got into financial difficulties, Mr. Childs, then in business for himself, took special pains to see the principal booksellers and persuaded them to secure the services, as conductors of the Philadelphia Trade Sales, of the substantial and well known firm of Moses Thomas & Sons, who, as my book-selling readers will remember, so long continued these sales to the satisfaction of both contributor and buyer.

At the notable banquet given at the Continental Hotel on the occasion of the opening of the new *Ledger* Building in 1867, the Hon. J. J. Stewart, of Baltimore, in his remarks spoke as follows :

“ Character creates confidence in all the relations of life, and this, I know, is the main reliance of our worthy host. Franklin is not more emblematic of his craft than the exemplar of his life. The code of poor Richard is the code of Mr. Childs. Nor did Poor Richard come to this city in humbler guise than our poor Baltimore boy who is your host to-day. I have been introduced to you as the friend of his boyhood—I may add, of his early childhood. As such, it is my privilege to say to you that he has been precisely what you find him to-day. His heart was always larger than his means, and always will be, let the latter accumulate as they may. There is but one thing he always despised, and that is meanness. There is but one character he hates, and that is, a liar. For all other infirmities he has charity; for all differences of opinion, eccentricities, and angularities, a cosmopolitan toleration. When he left Baltimore a little boy, the affectionate regrets of all his companions followed him to Philadelphia; and the attachment they felt for him was more like romance than reality in this everyday world. We are so much in the habit of making game of all that is best and tenderest in our nature, that it is left to the dissecting knife alone to lay open the heart of man; yet who is there here that does not know how good it is to have a friend? Here is the boy who has never forgotten the friends of his childhood, and who is not forgotten by them. Here is the man whom I have heard some of the Republic's bravest, greatest, and best citizens proudly claim as a friend this night. I think I can say with truth, that George W. Child has never lost a friend.

“What is the meaning of it? Is there any secret about it? I will tell you what I know. He is true; and, as you are all witnesses here, he is liberal and kind. I remember that he wrote to me years ago, when we were both boys, that he meant to prove that a man could be liberal and successful at the same time.”

This tribute paid to him by the friend of his childhood, boyhood and manhood, is one that all who know Mr. Childs will cordially indorse. When about eighteen years old he started in business on his own account, having earned and saved a sufficient sum of money to set up a small news and book-store, in which he was successful; and it is a singular circumstance that the very spot where he first began business was a small room in the old *Public Ledger* building. And it was about that time that he was heard to say “I shall yet be the owner of the *Public Ledger*.”

When about twenty-one years old he entered into the book publishing business under the firm style of Childs & Peterson, and their publications soon became familiar to the literary world.

One of their most important books was Dr. Kane’s “Arctic Explorations,” in search of the lost Sir John Franklin, so familiar to the book-reading public of thirty years ago. Dr. Kane originally intended to write only a scientific account of his expedition. Mr. Childs persuaded him, however, to write a popular narrative, blending adventure with scientific exploration. The success of the book was remarkable; the sale was so large that Mr. Childs was enabled to pay the author within one year after the publication, the enormous copyright of seventy thousand dollars. Dr. Kane admitted to Mr. Childs that he was right in suggesting a book of a popular nature, instead of purely scientific research, and after completing the MS of his narrative, wrote as follows:—

“MY DEAR CHILDS:

“Here you have the book complete, and poor as it is, it has been my coffin.”

Doubtless the explorer must have had some premonition of the near approach of the end of his adventurous career, for he died within one year after receiving the copyright money.

As soon as Mr. Childs received news of Dr. Kane's death in Cuba he made arrangements for the funeral, which was one of the greatest demonstrations ever seen, all the way from Cuba to the place of his sepulture.

Mr. Childs once said to me that when Dr. Kane's book was ready for publication, he took a sample copy and went to New York to solicit orders from the leading booksellers. The largest house there declined to negotiate for more than a few copies, saying "Mr. Childs you won't sell more than a thousand copies altogether." They ordered one hundred copies to begin with, and soon after to supply the demands of their customers five thousand copies more.

The next great hit that Mr. Childs made was Parson Brownlow's book. He understood very well the art of advertising and had piqued public curiosity to such an extent that 50,000 copies were ordered before the book was issued.

Among other important books published were "Peterson's Familiar Science," of which a quarter of a million copies have been sold. Also Bouvier's Law Dictionary and Sharswood's Blackstone. The last work is still owned by Mr. Childs, he farming out to others the right to publish the same.

The most important book projected by him was "Dr. Allibone's Dictionary of English and American Authors," which massive undertaking has been completed in three immense volumes costing over sixty thousand dollars. Mr. Childs gives credit to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, for his enterprise and public spirit in completing the last two volumes of this great work, he having retired from the book publishing business after the issue of the first volume. It probably never would have been completed but for the capital and confidence of Mr. Lippincott. Mr. S. Austin

Allibone, the author of this book, is now the honored librarian of the Lenox Library and his immense literary creation, so desirable and valuable to all intelligent people, will be forever a tribute to his erudition, diligence and industry, belonging as it does to the rank of Webster's and Worcester's Dictionaries and the great Cyclopedias.

Mr. Childs retired from the book publishing business in the year 1863, a business which he always loved, and for which he still has a liking, retaining especially an affection for publishers, booksellers and authors who were esteemed friends before he embarked in the new enterprise which has carried him into a princely fortune.

I am acquainted with several at one time prominent and well-to-do publishers whose business misfortunes reduced them to dependence, to whose support Mr. Childs contributes annually and liberally, believing his fortune to have been given him that he may share it with worthy recipients of his benevolence, as he once wrote Mr. Stewart, when a mere boy, he meant to prove, when he became a man that he could be liberal and successful at the same time.

The late Colonel J. W. Forney, who knew Mr. Childs long and intimately, thus writes of him in his interesting volume "Anecdotes of Public Men."

"No charity appeals to Mr. Childs in vain ; no object of patriotism ; no great enterprise ; no sufferer from misfortune, whether the ex-Confederate or the stricken foreigner. He enjoys the confidence of President Grant, and yet was among the first to send a splendid subscription to the monument to Greeley. He, more than any other, pushed the subscription of over \$100,000 for the family of the dead hero, George G. Meade, and yet Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, had no firmer friend. He gave the latter the first gold watch he ever owned, and since his death has subscribed five hundred dollars towards the purchase of 'Liberty Hall,' where the eminent Georgia statesman so long resided. His list of unpublished and unknown benevolence would give the lie to the poor story that he craves notoriety. When I

carried letters from him to Europe in 1867, his name was a talisman, and it was pleasant to see how noblemen, like the Duke of Buckingham, honored the indorsement of an American, who, thirty years ago, was a poor boy. He made his money himself, not by speculation or office, and got none by inheritance. He coins fortune like a magician, and spends it like a man of heart. He likes society, and lives like a gentleman. He is as temperate as ever Horace Greeley was, and yet he never denies his friends a generous glass of wine. His habits are as simple as Abraham Lincoln's, and yet his residence is a gem, bright with exquisite decoration and rich in every variety of art. He gives a Christmas dinner to newsboys and boot-blacks, and dines traveling dukes and earls with equal ease and familiarity. He never seems to be at work, goes everywhere, sees everybody, helps everybody, and yet his great machine moves like a clock under his constant supervision."

At the banquet held at the Continental Hotel, to which reference has been already made, to commemorate the completion of the new Ledger Building,—probably the most complete newspaper establishment, take it all in all, in the world,—about five hundred guests were seated at the tables, representing the press, politics, literature, bankers and influential men generally. The well-known Mayor McMichael presided on the occasion; the addresses given by him and Mayor Hoffman, of New York, and the eminent journalists, the late Hon. Joseph R. Chandler and Hon. James Brooks, were eloquent and impressive in the extreme.

Letters of regret were received and read from President Johnson, Secretary Seward, Secretary Stanton, General Grant, Ex-President Fillimore, Chief Justice Chase, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, and many more distinguished gentlemen renowned in statesmanship and literature.

The following from some of the prominent book-publishers who had known Mr. Childs long and well, none of whom are living, go to show their estimate of Mr. Childs at that time.

From George S. Appleton, of D. Appleton & Co.

“New York, June 16, 1867.

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS:—

“I congratulate you on having completed the edifice which, from all accounts is the finest as well as the largest newspaper office in the United States. I do not know that it is possible for you to print any more than you do now, but I have no doubt that this exhibition of extraordinary enterprise will increase your circulation.

“When the great ledger of life, where all our deeds and actions are recorded shall be opened, I think that the record of the Ledger, under your administration will stand higher for purity of expression and freedom from slander of personal character than any paper I know of”

From George P. Putnam, of G. P. Putnam & Son.

“New York, June 12, 1867.

“MY DEAR CHILDS :—

* * * * *

“As a publisher of books, if you had achieved no other successes than those connected with the names of Kane, Bouvier and Allibone, your name would remain embalmed for posterity; and we of ‘the trade’ all know that in those and other enterprises you have shown a liberal sagacity, taste and enterprise, rare in our fraternity. That you should also accomplish a notable advancement in the business machinery and the profitable results of a daily newspaper was a perfectly logical sequence. Such an enterprise as would positively frighten most of us timid and slow moving old fogies, you in your shrewd energy and wide awake sagacity enter upon as a pastime. You wave your magic wand and lo ! palaces rise and the genii of steam and lightning send forth from their subterranean cells and lofty attics tens of thousands of daily messages over the continent, and fortune follows deservedly because you regulate all these powers on liberal principles of justice and truth.”

From Jas. T. Fields, of Ticknor & Fields.

“Boston, June 5, 1867.

“MY DEAR CHILDS :—

“I wish it were in my power to be with you and your guests

on the happy occasion to which you so kindly invite me. You will have a grand time, and I would gladly join in it for I know the excellent ability of Philadelphia to accomplish all that is best in the way of hospitality and good cheer.

* * * * *

“Take then all my best wishes, dear friend, for your continued success. The *Ledger* is a capital paper ; make it better still if possible. Its circulation is among the largest in the world, beat them all during the coming year. The proprietor is an enterprising young man,—and here I stop, wishing and beg to remain always.”

From Harper & Brothers.

“New York, June 14th, 1867.

“DEAR MR. CHILDS :

“The ‘Brothers’ who now write have been for well nigh half a century, ‘Brothers of the Craft,’ and no ordinary obstacle would prevent them from being present in the City of ‘Brotherly Love’ on an occasion where they would be sure to meet so many of their old friends and new associate.

* * * * *

“We pray you to accept our warmest congratulations upon the completion of your magnificent structure and our most sincere wishes for your continued prosperity and happiness. You have richly earned by your persevering industry and enlightened enterprise, the decided success which you have so happily achieved. May it be long continued and even increased, ten-fold and eventually prove a rich inheritance to your children’s children.”

The wonderful commercial success of the *Public Ledger* since Mr. Childs became its owner is a matter of history ; a parallel case might well be made of his intimate friend, Mr. George Jones, of the *New York Times*, who like him went from the business of bookselling to become controller of a great and influential newspaper, thus reversing the usual custom of printers becoming booksellers.

Henry W. Raymond, only son of the late brilliant journalist of that name, after embarking in the bookselling business at Chicago, and losing all his patrimony, by the disastrous failure of his firm, wrote several letters to the

old friends of his father, and the only response received to the application for advice were from the late Thurlow Weed and George W. Childs. Mr. Weed gave him some friendly advice, and Mr. Childs, after ascertaining that young Raymond was in failing health by working beyond his strength on the editorial columns of the *Chicago Tribune*, wrote him to come to Philadelphia and arranged with him to take charge of that long-established and profitable newspaper the *Germantown Telegraph*, which Mr. Childs bought for the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, giving it to young Raymond, the amount to be returned only when the surplus earnings over his family expenses would warrant the same. Mr. Raymond is now pleasantly and happily settled in Germantown with his family, and is much honored and respected by those who knew his distinguished father. It was a pleasure to me to meet Mr. Raymond in Mr. Childs' office very recently, and to see his remarkable resemblance to his lamented father.

The library of George W. Childs is perhaps one of the most remarkable in rare books and manuscripts of any individual library in the country. Space will not allow reference to but a few of the gems of his collection.

When quite a young man Mr. Childs, was a diligent reader of the better class of new books as they came from the press. He was much interested in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," which had just been published. His friend, the late W. D. Ticknor, presented him with an unbound copy which he still retains, elegantly bound, with the following letter from the author which will be interesting to the readers of this foremost romancer.

"Lenox, September 16th, 1851.

"MY DEAR SIR :

"Perhaps it may interest you to know that 'The Scarlet Letter' (your favorable opinion of which gratifies me much) is thus far founded on fact, that such a symbol was actually worn by at least one woman, in the early times of New England. Whether this

personage resembled Hester Prynne in any other circumstances of her character, I cannot say ; nor whether this mode of ignominious punishment was brought from beyond the Atlantic, or originated with the New England Puritans. At any rate, the idea was so worthy of them that I am piously inclined to allow them all the credit of it.

Respectfully,

NATHL. HAWTHORNE.

“To GEORGE W. CHILDS, Esq.”

To Mr. James T. Fields belongs the credit of bringing forth to the public, this wonderful romance. In his “Yesterdays with Authors,” he says :

“In the winter of 1849, after he (Hawthorne) had been ejected from the Custom House, I went down to Salem to see and inquire after his health, for we heard he had been suffering from illness. He was then living in a modest wooden house in Mall Street, if I remember rightly the location. I found him alone in a chamber over the sitting-room of the dwelling ; and as the day was cold he was hovering near a stove. We fell into talking about his future prospects, and he was, as I feared I should find him, in a very desponding mood.

“‘Now,’ said I, ‘is the time for you to publish, for I know during these years in Salem you must have got something ready for press.’

“‘Nonsense,’ said he, ‘What heart had I to write anything when my publishers (M. & Co.) have been so many years trying to sell a small edition of ‘Twice Told Tales’ ?

“I still pressed upon him the good chances he would have now with something new. ‘Who would risk publishing a book for *me*, the most unpopular writer in America ?’ ‘I would,’ said I, ‘and would print an edition of two thousand copies of anything you write.’ ‘What madness !’ he exclaimed, ‘your friendship for me gets the better of your judgment. ‘No, no,’ he continued, ‘I have no money to indemnify a publisher’s losses on my account.’ I looked at my watch, and found that the train would soon be starting for Boston, and I knew there was not much time to lose in trying to discover what had been his literary work during these last few years in Salem. I remember that I pressed him to reveal what he had been writing. He shook his head and gave me to understand he had produced nothing. At that moment I

caught sight of a bureau or set of drawers near where we were sitting, and immediately it occurred to me that hidden away somewhere in that article of furniture was a story or stories by the author of 'Twice Told Tales,' and I became so positive of it that I charged him vehemently of the fact. He seemed surprised, I thought, but shook his head again; and I rose to take my leave, begging him not to come into the cold entry, saying I would come back and see him again in a few days. I was hurrying down the stairs when he called after me from the chamber, asking me to stop a moment. Then quickly stepping into the entry with a roll of MS. in his hands, he said, 'How in Heaven's name did you know this thing was there? As you have found me out, take what I have written and tell me after you get home and have time to read it, if it is good for anything. It is either very good or very bad—I don't know which.' On my way to Boston I read the germs of 'Scarlet Letter;' before I slept that night I wrote him a note all aglow with admiration of the wonderful story he had put into my hands, and told him I would come again to Salem the next day and arrange for its publication. I went out in such an amazing state of excitement when we met again in the little house that he would not believe I was really in earnest. He seemed to think I was beside myself, and laughed sadly at my enthusiasm. However, we soon arranged for his appearance again before the public with a book."

Mr. Fields was an attached and valued friend of Mr. Childs as long as he lived, and frequently made his home with the latter when in Philadelphia. They had formed an intimacy early in life, and began by Mr. Fields bringing to Mr. Childs a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, he being at the time in delicate health, and desirous of going to England in a sailing vessel. Mr. Childs secured for him a passage on a ship bound for Liverpool, and the voyage resulted in much benefit to Mr. Fields.

The last time I saw Mr. Hawthorne was in New York at the Astor House, on his way to Washington, in company with his friend, Mr. Ticknor, with whom he was traveling south for the benefit of his health.

I was much shocked to read in the morning papers a

few days after that Mr. Ticknor had suddenly died at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia. Knowing the friendly relations of these gentlemen with Mr. Childs, I applied to him for information concerning the sad event. He told me that on arrival at Philadelphia they both called at the *Ledger* office and seemed to be in good spirits. This was on Friday. It was arranged by their Philadelphia friends that they should attend a party to be given the next evening by Mr. Joseph Harrison. There was much disappointment among those who had gathered at the elegant residence of the latter gentleman, in not seeing, as they had expected, the foremost author of America. As no explanation of their absence had been announced, Mr. Childs called at the Continental Hotel the following Sunday morning, and went directly to the rooms they occupied. He knocked at the door, and receiving no answer opened it and went in. Mr. Hawthorne was found walking up and down in a seemingly dazed condition. Mr. Childs said to him, "Hawthorne, how are you? Where is Ticknor?"

"They have taken him away," said he.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Childs. "I can't understand you."

"Well," said Mr. Hawthorne, "it is too bad, he my best friend on whom I depended, coming here for my benefit, to please me."

Mr. Childs thought the man was crazy and went immediately to the office and asked Mr. Duffy, the clerk, what was the matter. "Where is Mr. Ticknor?" He was informed of his death, which had occurred that morning. Mr. Childs asked, "Where is his body?" "It was taken early this morning to the undertaker's," was the reply. Mr. Childs returned to Mr. Hawthorne, and begged him to keep quiet, saying that he would take care of him. He then went to the undertaker's to see that the body was embalmed and properly cared for, and telegraphed Mr. Ticknor's eldest son, Howard, who came on and took the remains of his father to Boston.

Mr. Hawthorne tarried a few days in Philadelphia, when Mr. Childs placed him in charge of a mutual friend, Bishop Howe, of Pennsylvania, who went with him to Boston. He died shortly after at Plymouth, N. H., whence he had gone under the charge of his life-long friend, Ex-President Franklin Pierce.

Mr. Field, in his "Yesterday with Authors," thus speaks of the last letter received, and his last farewell:

"Hawthorne wrote to me from the Continental Hotel dating his letter 'Saturday Evening,' announcing the severe illness of his companion. He did not seem to anticipate a fatal result, but on Sunday morning the news came that Mr. Ticknor was dead.

"Hawthorne returned at once to Boston and stayed here over night. He was in a very excited nervous state and talked incessantly of the sad scenes he had just been passing through.

"We sat late together conversing of the friend we had lost, and I am sure he hardly closed his eyes that night. In the morning he went back to his own home in Concord."

The following hearty greeting from the great novelist speaks for itself:

"Gad's Hill Place,
"Higham by Rochester, Kent,
"Wednesday, 4th November, 1868.

"MY DEAR MR. CHILDS:

"Welcome to England! Dolby will have told you that I am reading again—on a very fatiguing scale—but that after the end of next week, I shall be free for a fortnight as to country readings.

"On Monday next I shall be in town, and shall come straight to pay my respects to Mrs. Childs and you. In the mean time will you, if you can, so arrange your engagements as to give me a day or two here in the latter half of this month? My housekeeper daughter is away hunting in Hampshire, but my sister-in-law is always in charge, and my married daughter would be charmed to come from London to receive Mrs. Childs. You cannot be quieter anywhere than here, and you certainly cannot have from anyone a heartier welcome than from me.

"With kind regards for Mrs. Childs,

"Believe me,

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Another gem in the library is a copy of "Hood's Comic Annual." This volume was secured for Mr. Childs at a great cost by Mr. Charles Welford, as there were many competing bidders among English collectors. It was formerly owned by Mr. Dickens and has the following inscription in the hand-writing of Hood:

" Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
 And the sober-sided cup!
 Bring a goblet, and bright sherry!
 And a bumper fill me up.
 Tho' I had a pledge to shiver,
 And the longest ever was—
 Ere his vessel leaves our river,
 I will drink a health to Boz!

" Here's success to all his antics,
 Since it pleases him to roam,
 And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
 After such a sail at home!—
 May he shun all rocks whatever,
 And the shallow sand that lurks—
 And the passage be as clever
 As the best among his works!

" THOS. HOOD."

The window of stained glass put up in Westminster Abbey, in commemoration of the poets, George Herbert and William Cowper, was gratefully appreciated by the English Nation. The erection of this memorial window was suggested by Dean Stanley, and the entire cost was paid by Mr. Childs.

He has also in his possession the writing desk of Lord Byron, on which he wrote the celebrated "Don Juan" and other poems, and upon which is engraved the crest and monogram of the poet.

On a recent visit to Mr. Childs, he showed me the harp that Thomas Moore owned at the time of his death and on which he was accustomed to play and sing:

“Dear harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o’er thee long,
 When proudly my own island harp I unbound thee,
 And woke all thy chords to light, freedom and song.”

The following letter from the greatest of our American poets was written on his seventieth birthday:

“Cambridge, March 13, 1877.

“MY DEAR MR. CHILDS:

“You do not know yet, what it is to be seventy years old. I will tell you, so that you may not be taken by surprise, when your turn comes.

“It is like climbing the Alps. You reach a snow-crowned summit, and see behind you the deep valley stretching miles and miles away, and before you, other summits, higher and whiter, which you may have strength to climb, or may not. Then you sit down and meditate, and wonder which it shall be.

“That is the whole story, amplify it as you may. All that one can say is, that life is opportunity.

“With seventy good wishes to the dwellers in Walnut Street, corner of Twenty-second,

“Yours very truly,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

In the collection of Mr. Childs is found the following letter from Edgar Allen Poe to his publishers:

“Philadelphia,

“Office Graham’s Magazine, August 13, ’41.

“Messrs. LEA & BLANCHARD,

“Philadelphia.

“Gentlemen: I wish to publish a new collection of my prose Tales with some such title as this:—

“The Prose Tales of Edgar A. Poe, including ‘The Murders in the Rue Morgue,’ the ‘Descent into The Maelstrom,’ and all his later pieces, with a second edition of the ‘Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.’ The later pieces will be eight in number, making the entire collection thirty-three, which would occupy two thick novel volumes.

“I am anxious that your firm should continue to be my publishers, and, if you be willing to bring out the book, I should

be glad to accept the terms which you allowed me before, that is, you to receive all profits, and allow me twenty copies for distribution to friends.

“ Will you be kind enough to give me an early reply to this letter, and believe me,

“ Yours very respectfully,

“ EDGAR A. POE.”

Mr. Poe was at that time editor of *Graham's Magazine*, and surely had a very modest estimate of the commercial value of his afterwards famous productions. Mr. Childs has the manuscript complete in Mr. Poe's handwriting of the first tale referred to.

Another illustration of Mr. Childs' characteristic response to a suggestion made by myself may be fittingly recorded here. In the year 1870 I received a letter from my friend and correspondent James R. Randall, then and now editor of the “*Augusta (Georgia) Chronicle*,” stating that he had just returned from Baltimore, and while there visited the grave of Edgar Allan Poe, which had not even a headstone to mark the last resting place of that brilliant author. He said it was a shame and he thought the attention of some public spirited citizen should be called to the neglected grave—Mr. Randall is the author of the famous “rebel” song “Maryland, my Maryland,” and is also, like Mr. Poe and Mr. Childs, a native of Baltimore. On receiving Mr. Randall's letter I immediately sent it to Mr. Childs, who responded at once, saying that he should take immediate measures to see that a suitable monument was erected to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe. He ascertained that some action had already been taken by a few citizens of Baltimore but the necessary sum had not been raised. He then volunteered to pay all the expenses attending the cost of the monument and did furnish a greater part of the money on its completion.

There can be hardly any thing more unique or intrinsically valuable in the way of manuscripts than the original copy of “*Our Mutual Friend*.” It is complete and bound

in two large quarto volumes. The manuscript is dated Thursday January 4th, 1866, and signed Charles Dickens. In the first volume is inserted a letter from Mr. Dickens to Mr. Childs, which surely indicates the high estimation in which the great novelist held the latter. Mr. Childs has in careful keeping autograph letters of the following world noted authors:—Lord Byron, Tom Moore, Samuel Johnson, William Cowper, Major André, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, Charles Lamb, Mary Somerville, Harriet Martineau, S. T. Coleridge, William Wordsworth, Robert Southey, Robert Burns, Jane Porter, Hannah More, Leigh Hunt, Mary Howitt, Mary Russell Mitford, Mary Cowden Clarke, Samuel Rogers, Dean Swift, Percy Bysshe Shelley, John Keats, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Nelson, David Hume, Edmund Burke, Gibbon, Goethe and Voltaire.

My readers will coincide with the following estimate of the late Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institute, in a letter to a distinguished resident of Philadelphia :

“Mr. Childs is a wonderful man. His ability to apply the power of money in advancing the well-being of his fellow-men is unrivalled. He is naturally kind and sympathetic, and these generous feelings are exalted, not depressed, by his success in accumulating a fortune.

“He has not only the genius to accumulate power in the form of money, but also the far more unusual talent of applying it in the best manner to advance the happiness of himself and the world. Like man in the classification of animals, he forms a genius in himself. He stands alone: there is not another in the wide world like him.”

In closing this sketch of George W. Childs, it is proper to speak of his closest friend, Anthony J. Drexel the well-known banker, who is in entire sympathy with him in all his public movements ; he is in many things his counterpart. He assists some people in whom Mr. Childs does not feel interested, and Mr. Childs helps others for whom Mr.

Drexel has no particular sympathy. Each of these gentlemen has authority, as a general rule, to put the other down for a subscription if he be absent and cannot be consulted. If Mr. Childs puts himself down for one thousand dollars he feels at liberty to give the name of Mr. Drexel for the same amount. When Mr. Childs was in Europe Mr. Drexel subscribed five thousand dollars in his name and five thousand dollars for himself for sufferers in the great Chicago fire.

The Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., editor of the *New York Evangelist*, describes editorially in that paper (January 16, 1879), a visit made by a party of eminent guests of Mr. Childs, as follows:—

“Among the many notable persons present was Mr. Anthony J. Drexel, the banker, who is well known for his great wealth, and also for his large, although wise and discriminating, charities. The strong friendship which exists between Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs is well known in Philadelphia, and is equally honorable to both. It is sometimes said by foreigners that friendship does not exist in America; that we are so absorbed in business and money-making that we have no time to indulge in the pleasure of friendship. But if this were true in many cases, here at least is an exception. It is a remarkable thing that two men, who are apparently unlike, should contract such a friendship, should share each other’s confidence, and seeing each other daily, should yet never weary of one another’s society, but grow constantly in each other’s affection and esteem. It is certainly a rare instance of friendship, and as beautiful as it is rare.”

Mr. Drexel and Mr. Childs may well find a parallel in that of the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*, who the author says were drawn from life. “Their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, their unbounded benevolence are no creation of the author’s brain, but are prompting every day (and oftenest by stealth) some munificent generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honor.”

XIX.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.—GEORGE JONES.

Four great Editors who became Authors, Bryant, Greeley, Weed, and Raymond—Founding the “New York Times”—Raymond contributes “all he owed” to the Capital Stock—George Jones an Albany Bookseller—Raymond elected Lieut.-Governor of New York—Challenged by William L. Yancey—Extracts from Raymond’s Journal—Nominates Andrew Johnson for Vice-President—Great Sale of Raymond’s “Life of Lincoln”—Farewell Dinner—Miles O’Reilly got all down and more too—Beecher’s Letter to Dana—Raymond’s Speech at Dickens’ Banquet—His sudden death—Beecher’s Eloquent Tribute at his Funeral.

IT has been my good fortune to know, I might safely say, intimately, the four great editors whose names and whose fame became national through the journals, of which they were the controlling spirits as well as through authorship, all of them having been writers of books. The youngest of this celebrated quartette was the first to leave us, and the oldest at the time of his death the last to go. All of them were members of the same political party. Two were practical printers; two were natives of New England and the others of New York. All of them died in New York, and their funerals took place in this city at the sanctuaries where they habitually worshipped. The names of William Cullen Bryant, Thurlow Weed, Horace Greeley, and Henry

Jarvis Raymond are recorded in the permanent political and literary history of our country.

I had met Mr. Raymond occasionally when an assistant editor of the *New York Tribune* with Mr. Greeley, and became acquainted with him the day the first number of the *New York Daily Times* was issued. This was ten years after the first issue of the *New York Daily Tribune*, which had proved a great commercial success, its only rival being the *New York Herald*. The public were ready to welcome a new daily paper representing the views so clearly set forth in the prospectus issued by Raymond, Jones & Co.

Mr. George Jones, the managing publisher, then, as he is now, the largest owner and the controller of the *New York Times*, I had known in a business way when a bookseller in Albany; he was also at that time a banker and broker in that city, and it was his capital and the capital he brought with him which laid the foundation of the paper, the capital stock of which was \$100,000, divided into shares of \$1,000 each. The largest shareholders were Mr. Jones and his banking partner E. B. Wesley, both of them coming from Albany.

The first number of the *New York Daily Times* was issued on Sept. 18, 1851, a morning and evening paper, the price of which was one cent. It quickly became a favorite among the better class of readers and was successful from the start. The par value of one share, being at that time \$1,000, is to-day worth not less than \$15,000 per share, in other words the \$100,000 capital is now worth a million and a half in cash. Soon after the *New York Times* was known to have become a rich concern, a friend of Mr. Raymond asked him one day how much he had contributed to the capital stock. He replied, "I contributed all that I owed, and that was a good deal." The fact was that twenty shares of the capital stock were given to Mr. Raymond by his partners without any cash consideration whatever. With him, then, brains counted as cash. Recently looking over the bound volumes of the *Times*, I find in the first

number issued, advertisements of Harper & Bros., D. Appleton & Co., George P. Putnam, A. D. F. Randolph and other well known publishers. In the seventh number, Sept. 26, there is a notice of a meeting held to honor the memory of J. Fenimore Cooper, who had died the week previous. More than thirty eminent citizens composed the meeting which was called together by the late Rufus W. Griswold, a gentleman always foremost on such occasions. Among the officers of the meeting were Washington Irving, James K. Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz Greene Halleck and George Bancroft. All of those then present are dead except the latter and Donald G. Mitchell, Richard B. Kimball, Parke Godwin and John Bigelow. Mr. Irving, in a note to Dr. Griswold accepting the chairmanship of the committee, said:

“Mr. Cooper’s death is to me a shock. I saw him the other day at Putnam’s, our common literary resort, a very ‘castle of a man’ and apparently destined to outlive me, I being several years his senior.”

In the year 1852, the prosperity of the *Times* enabled the proprietors to double its size. Mr. Raymond had secured a brilliant corps of assistant editors, many of whom were authors of books. Notably Charles F. Briggs, William Henry Hurlbert, Fitz James O’Brien, E. L. Godkin, R. J. De Cordova, the well-known humorist, and Mr. Edward Seymour; the latter afterwards became a partner of Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and died in the year 1877, much regretted by all who knew his worth and ability.

In the year 1854, Mr. Raymond was elected Lieutenant Governor of New York. He made an excellent record as a presiding officer, and the following year, after having declined the nomination of governorship, resumed his duties on the *Times*, as editor-in-chief.

The Republican party, as is well known, was organized at Pittsburgh, February, 1856. Mr. Raymond was one of the most active leaders in its formation, and drew up the

address to the people which became the corner-stone of the great party which grew into power four years later, and which has controlled the country ever since.

In the year 1860, after the election of Abraham Lincoln, when the Southern States began to drift rapidly into secession, William L. Yancey, of Alabama, the most brilliant, eloquent and daring of all the leaders in that eventful movement, challenged Mr. Raymond to a discussion on the bearings of slavery. Mr. Raymond accepted the challenge, and his series of letters to Mr. Yancey, beginning November 23, 1860, were considered the ablest presentation of the great questions of disunion and slavery that had ever been made. In one of the letters Mr. Raymond made the following statement :

“ I received a private letter not many days ago from an intelligent, upright, fair-minded and influential gentleman, holding high public station in the State of Mississippi, in which he closed some remarks on the election by saying :—‘ And when I say that I would regard death by a stroke of lightning to Mr. Lincoln as just punishment from an offended Deity for his infamous and unpatriotic avowals, especially those made on a presentation of a pitcher by some free negroes to Gov. Chase, of Ohio, you may judge how less just and temperate men feel.’ Now I have it on authority which you would not question, that ‘ Mr. Lincoln never saw Gov. Chase in his life ; that he never attended a meeting of negroes, free or slave, in his life ; and that he never saw a pitcher presented by anybody to anybody.’ But the statement was published originally, so far as I know, in the *New York Herald*, and circulated throughout the South. No denial or correction was allowed to follow it.”

Mr. Raymond was in the habit of recording in a journal for nearly thirty years, conversations with eminent men and interesting incidents, among others the following are of public interest.

“ January, 1863—On Thursday, the 15th, I received at dinner a telegram from Colonel James B. Swain at Washington, ‘ Your brother’s corpse is at Belle Plaine. Come immediately.’ Know-

ing that my brother had been sick I made no doubt of the truth of the message, and at seven the next morning started for Washington. I arrived in the evening, and failing to see Colonel Swain, started the next day at eight for Belle Plaine. It was a very cold day, the boat was crowded with convalescent soldiers from the hospitals at Washington, and everything conspired with the melancholy nature of my errand, to make the journey one of discomfort. One of my *compagnons de voyage*, Dr. Dean of Albany, had entered upon the business of embalming the dead of the army. I made all necessary inquiries and arrangements regarding my brother, landed at Belle Plaine and made fruitless inquiries for his body. I finally walked to the headquarters of General Wadsworth, in whose division was the brigade to which my brother's regiment belonged. He received me with great kindness and got some dinner for me while he sent one of his aids, Colonel Cress, to make inquiries into the circumstances of my brother's death. While seated at dinner the aid returned *and my brother* with him! I had the pleasure of his company during the remainder of my dinner. As he knew nothing of my errand I puzzled him a good deal by telling him that his appetite was much better than I expected to find it, etc. I finally told him the message which had brought me down. He was a good deal taken aback, but said he would forgive the blunder, inasmuch as he had secured a visit from me. It turned out afterwards that Colonel Swain had sent a message that my brother's *corps* was at Belle Plaine, and he wished me to come immediately as he was about to send a boat directly to that place."

Mr. Raymond in his journal says he first visited Washington in 1847, and while there he met Daniel Webster and in conversation with him said :

"I ventured to express a hope that he would give the world a philosophical history of Washington's administration, upon which I had been told he had been engaged, because I thought it would be desirable for his own fame, and would moreover set up a landmark for future ages. Mr. Webster said in reply that he had contemplated such a work; he had marked out its plan; resolved to make three volumes of it, divided it into chapters; written a portion, and made a very copious collection of materials for the whole work. He stated quite in detail the outline of his plan,

saying that he desired neither to make it a mere narration like Hume, nor a mere biography like Rapin, but to combine the two and make the whole as vivid and graphic as possible. The persons Washington had grouped around him in council seemed to command his special admiration, and he expressed a great desire to paint the scenes presented by their councils with more warmth than belonged, in his opinion, to Washington's temperament."

In 1861, Mr. Raymond was elected member of Congress from the City of New York, where his great ability as a debater and leader was very soon recognized.

In the same year, at the Republican National Convention at Baltimore, it was mainly through his efforts as Chairman of the New York delegation, that Andrew Johnson was nominated for the Vice-Presidency, an action on his part which he afterwards deeply regretted in consequence of the subsequent official career of President Johnson.

Early in the year of 1864, Mr. Raymond said to me one day that he had prepared a history of the administration of President Lincoln, which he would like to have published. Of course I was glad to become his publisher, and the book was issued in the spring of that year. The volume had a moderate sale but proved in the end to be a fortunate undertaking for the publishers, for at that time I had temporarily resumed business with my former Auburn partner, Norman C. Miller. In April, the following year, the excitement produced by the assassination of President Lincoln, created among the people a lively desire to read everything accessible concerning that remarkable man. I called on Mr. Raymond and suggested his revising and enlarging the volume already published to date. After some hesitancy, on account of the engrossing cares devolving upon him, he finally accepted the proposition made him, relying upon two trained assistants then engaged in the editorial department of the *Times*, to aid him in preparing the work. As there were many other announcements and publications of the life of Lincoln, it was necessary to lose no time in the preparation of the proposed

volume. It was written and published in about ninety days after Mr. Lincoln's death, and although an octavo volume the lowest price of which was three dollars, about 65,000 copies were sold in six months. The following explanatory preface by Mr. Raymond introduced the work :

“ During the presidential canvass of 1864, the author of this work prepared for its publishers a volume upon the administration of President Lincoln. Its main object was to afford the American people the materials for forming an intelligent judgment as to the wisdom of continuing Mr. Lincoln for four years more, in the presidential office.

“ This canvass resulted in his re-election, but he had scarcely entered upon the duties and responsibilities of his second term, when his career was closed by assassination. He had lived long enough, however, to finish the great work which had devolved upon him. Before his eyes were closed they beheld the overthrow of the rebellion, the extirpation of slavery, and the restoration, over all the land, of the authority of the Constitution of the United States.

“ Not the people of his own country alone, but all the world, will study with interest the life and public acts of one whose work was at once so great and so successful. The principles which guided his conduct and the policy by which he sought to carry them out—the temper and character which were the secret sources of his strength—will be sought and found in the acts and words of his public life. For more truly, perhaps, than any other man of his own, or of any other time, Mr. Lincoln had but one character and one mode of action in public and private affairs. It is the purpose of this work, so far as possible, to facilitate this inquiry. Every public speech, message, letter or document of any sort from his pen, so far as accessible, will be found and included in its pages. These documents, with the narrative by which they are accompanied, may, it is hoped, aid the public in understanding aright the character and conduct of the most illustrious actor in the most important era in American History.”

After Mr. Raymond's term of office expired as a representative of Congress he again returned to his more congenial duties on the *New York Times*. He had had enough of

politics, he said, and intended thereafter to devote himself entirely to journalism, which was more to his taste.

On April 18, 1865, Charles Dickens was given a farewell dinner at Delmonico's by the "New York Press Club." It was a very distinguished gathering, at which Horace Greeley presided. Mr. Raymond made one of his brilliant speeches, from which the following is a brief extract:

"The most pleasant of my recollections in connection with the Press of New York is that in that form or organization it has been our good fortune at various times to greet as guests, and to entertain with whatever hospitality we were able to extend to them, gentlemen of distinction and position who did us the honor to visit us from countries of Europe. I remember almost the first of those occasions, when that truly great man, then recently expelled from the office of Governor of Hungary, Kossuth, the exile, came to this country, charmed so many of our people by the sea-shore and in the depths of densest wilderness of the West, and in great cities and everywhere he went, by the silver voice in which he uttered such sweet words in behalf of liberty and freedom, and by that sad, solemn eye with which, as our eloquent orator, Rufus Choate, had said: 'He seemed constantly to be beholding the sad procession of unnamed demigods who had died for their native land.' He was one of the most honored guests of the New York Press. Then came to us and honored us by his presence, as he has honored England and the world by his services, that great statesman your people, sir (turning to Mr. Dickens), now honor as the honor few among their dead or living, Richard Cobden. Then, too, came to us and greeted us with the right hand of brotherhood, your great brother in literature, William M. Thackeray. And I may say that of the many things that touched the hearts of our people, none touched them more nearly or struck home more closely than the feeling and eloquent words of the heart in which he spoke to us of his brother in letters, Charles Dickens."

In the summer of 1867 he made his arrangements for a trip to Europe. A farewell dinner was given him at the "Athenæum Club," by his fellow-journalists. Mr. Charles A. Dana presided, and spoke in eloquent terms of the services Mr. Raymond had rendered the country. He referred

to his first introduction by Mr. Greeley to Mr. Raymond, twenty years previous, in a dusty attic in Ann-street, which was then the editorial room. Mr. Dana said that he remembered a long talk they had at their first meeting, when they plunged into German philosophy and metaphysics, subjects with which they were both familiar. Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, so well known in the political and piscatory world, sang on that occasion to the tune of "Jeannette and Jeannot" an impromptu parting song, written by the late Charles G. Halpine, so well-known as "Miles O'Reilly." The song opens as follows :—

"TO RAYMOND ON HIS TRAVELS.

(*Air*: Jeannette and Jeannot.)

"Oh, your boat is at the pier,
 And your passage has been paid,
 But before you go, my dearest dear
 Accept this serenade!
 For with friendliness we burn,
 And rejoicing come the rhymes,
 To toast the health and safe return
 Of him who rules the *Times*,—
 To toast the health and safe return
 Of him who rules the *Times*."

* * * * *

After Halpine had finished writing the song and the toasts had been drunk, Mr. George Jones asked him if he had got it *all down*. The former quickly replied, "yes, and *more too*."

Mr. Beecher sent the following characteristic letter :—

"Peekskill, Thursday, July 11, 1867.

"HON. CHARLES A. DANA,

"DEAR SIR:—

"It would give me pleasure, if I were in town, to accept your invitation to a dinner in honor of Mr. Raymond, before his departure to Europe. His services to the country during the great struggle which has changed the history of this nation were

such as to entitle him to the gratitude of every patriot. I shall not forget the dark periods of that struggle, and I know who they were who animated the courage of our citizens, who, without wavering, maintained hope of a favorable result and labored intelligently and bravely for it.

“I desire to express to Mr. Raymond my gratitude for his firmness, sagacity and undeviating courage through these trying periods. Courage is easy now. The whole world is at our back. Then, the world was against us ; defeats lowered and victories lingered. Courage then was worth arms and armed men, to a cause which was to triumph only through much tribulation. I beg you to convey to Mr. Raymond the expression of my esteem and my best wishes for his prosperous voyage and speedy return.

“I am truly yours,

“HENRY WARD BEECHER.”

Mr. Raymond passed the afternoon previous to his death in Greenwood making arrangements for the re-interment of his son Walter's remains, and called at the office of the *Times* about six o'clock in the evening. Passing a few minutes in conversation on matters pertaining to the business of the paper, he returned home. After dinner he sat with his family and some friends until between nine and ten o'clock, when he left them to attend a political consultation, and his family saw no more of him until he was discovered about two o'clock next morning lying in a hallway unconscious and apparently dying. He had locked the outside door and shut the inner one, and was then apparently stricken with the malady that closed his life. The most eminent medical aid was at once summoned, and the utmost that science or skill could do was done in vain. He remained unconscious, and died tranquilly about five o'clock in the morning. It will not be altogether without interest in the closing of a painful story to say that the grandfather and grandmother of Mr. Raymond on his mother's side, as well as one of his uncles, all died of apoplexy.

The next morning, June 19th, the *Times* appeared in full mourning. Suddenly it had lost its founder. His unexpected death caused, as well it might, a profound sen-

sation. The public were not prepared for such a startling event which was dwelt upon by the press throughout the United States, as a national loss to journalism.

His funeral took place June 21st, at the University Place Presbyterian Church, and was attended by an immense assemblage of neighbors and friends. Among the pall-bearers were Thurlow Weed and Horace Greeley. A long and eloquent funeral address was delivered by the greatest preacher then living, as he is, in my opinion, the greatest preacher now living. The following is a brief extract of Mr. Beecher's eloquent tribute to his deceased friend :

“ There is no power for good that can compare with the Daily Press; no pulpit like it for disseminating knowledge among men. And among those who have been the builders of the great moral agency, this great agency of civilization—not the founders, but the finishers of the institution—stood Mr. Raymond pre-eminent. Aside from the general ability with which he conducted the Press, it is gratifying to remark here how singularly free his whole public career has ever been from bitterness; how nobly and persistently he refused to lend his paper to passionate discussions; how he never lent himself to passionate invective, and never permitted his paper to be the medium in this respect for others; how sagacious reasoning and a high moral strength breathed in his words; and now that he has departed from among us it is gratifying to look back on his career, and to say that the work he was engaged in, of giving a higher, a nobler, and a purer moral sentiment to the Press, covers a multitude of imperfections. This was the work he was engaged in; this is the work he did. I have it in my heart to say here that instability of character in his conduct of the Press was charged against him. I have heard it said that he was weak, and never believed in the principles or things he advocated; but I recall a time when the nation shivered like an aspen leaf; I recall a time when a man was worth an army—those days when what was needed most was open, manly, patriotic courage. And you and I should never forget to be grateful for the example he set to those brave men who at once pressed to the front through his appeals. He let his voice ring out clear, and without variability, and without weakness or changing to the very end, and the great conflict for

national life was brought to a successful, a glorious and blessed termination. If this be instability and variability, oh, that there had been more such men among us. The services he rendered the country then should enshrine his memory in our hearts and make his name dear to us all."

The following appeared at the time in the *New York Evangelist* written by Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., its well known editor and a valued friend of Mr. Raymond:

"I spent an hour with Mr. Raymond at his home when the conversation ran on topics of business to other themes. He had lately had repeated domestic sorrow, but a few months before he had stood at the bedside of a dying father, and only a few weeks before in the very house where we sat a son to whom he was greatly attached had given up his young soul to God. Such events could not but produce a deep impression on a thoughtful mind. He told me he had been reading with interest that little book which had made so much stir in certain quarters, 'Gates Ajar.' He thought our ideas of future life were too shadowy and dim; and he seemed to be groping after something more definite and real in his conception of the invisible world. Little did he think he was soon to enter it, to pass within the veil and to know the great mystery. What a solace to think of reunion beyond the grave, which can make the dead forget all the bitterness of past separation."

GEORGE JONES.

George Jones assumes control of the Times—When \$100,000 would have been cheap—Edwin B. Morgan his chief associate—Breaks up the Tammany Ring—Tweed wanted to buy the Times—Not for sale at any price—The Tribute Book—Hudson's Splendid Tribute to Jones.

AFTER Mr. Raymond's death, his surviving partner and the principal owner of the *Times* assumed its entire control, not only as a publisher, but the sole supervision of its editorial columns.

For eighteen years, Mr. George Jones had acted with Mr. Raymond as a unit in the management of that paper. In all those years there never was an unkind word uttered by either of them; they had always acted as they had intended to from the start, in perfect harmony.

There was one important occasion on which they differed, and that was Mr. Raymond's advocacy of President Johnson's administration in his reconconstruction policy which later on was repudiated by Mr. Raymond himself. Mr. Jones says that he once told Mr. Raymond that he would rather have given \$100,000 than to have had the *Times* thus committed. Mr. Raymond, placing his hand on Mr. Jones' shoulder said in reply, "and *that* would have been cheap at that."

The policies and plans of Mr. Raymond were faithfully carried out by his friend and late partner. One of his wishes which he made known to Mr. Jones shortly before his death, was, that a voluntary advance in salary for some of the faithful co-workers of the *Times* should be made for the excellent work they were doing, that they might thus share in the general prosperity of the paper. It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Raymond's wishes were carried out. Mr. Jones as we all know has proved to be a sagacious and astute manager of a great paper. He is to-day, as he was immediately after Mr. Raymond's death, the responsible head of the paper, uninfluenced by partisanship or party spoils, conservative, yet liberal and progressive.

Mr. Jones' first great achievement after he assumed the control of the paper was the exposure of the great Tammany Ring, 1870-71. Tweed and his fellow county officials had been robbing the city for years of millions of dollars. It was Mr. Jones' long head that laid bare the robbery. A complete revolution took place in the City and County departments. The thieves were swept from power, becoming fugitives from justice, and inmates of prisons. A vain effort was made, not to purchase the silence of the *Times*,

but the paper itself, for which an enormous sum was offered by Tweed and his adherents.

The following indignant card was published by Mr. Jones in the *Times* of March 28th :

“Believing that the course which the *Times* is pursuing is that which the interests of the great body of the public demand, and that it would be a base betrayal of the public to turn aside from that course until an honest government and an incorruptible judiciary are restored to the community, no money that could be offered should induce me to dispose of a single share of my property to the Tammany faction, or to any man associated with it, or indeed to any person or party whatever, until this struggle is fought out. I have the same confidence in the integrity and firmness of my fellow-proprietors, and believe that they will decline to sell their honor to a corrupt clique at the instigation of ‘Republicans’ who are as unprincipled as their employers. Rather than prove false to the public in the present crisis I would, if necessity by any possibility arose, immediately start another journal to denounce those frauds upon the people, which are so great a scandal to the city, and I should carry with me in this renewal of our present labors the colleagues who have already stood by me through a long and arduous contest. Even if the *Times* could be silenced by some fresh abuse of judicial authority, as I believe it cannot be, it would not cause a week’s cessation of the exposures of the frauds, which we are now making, committed by the ‘Ring.’ I have, from the first number of the *Times*, taken too active a part in its management, and feel far too deep a solicitude for its good name, to dishonor it by making it the advocate of mendacity and corruption. I pledge myself to persevere in the present contest under all and any circumstances that may arise, through good report and evil report, in success or failure, and even though the ‘Ring’ and its friends offered me for my interest in the property as many million dollars as they annually plunder from the city funds, it would not change my purpose. This determination is, I have every reason to believe, fully shared by my co-proprietors, and by the staff who act with me in the paper.

GEORGE JONES.”

It was clear from this that although Mr. Jones determined not to abate one jot or tittle of the exposures he had

commenced of the corruptions of the Tammany leaders, yet he was not certain of always having control of the *Times* so as to be ready to expose their robberies.

But this point was settled on the 19th of July, 1871, and was thus announced :

“The shares in the *New York Times* attached to the Raymond estate, representing about one-third of the property, were yesterday purchased by Mr. E. B. Morgan, of Aurora, Cayuga county. Mr. Morgan was an original stockholder, and has been for some time past one of the managing partners of the paper in conjunction with Mr. George Jones, another of the original proprietors. These two gentlemen now hold eighty-two out of the hundred shares of stock in their own funds. It has been repeatedly asserted that the Raymond shares were likely to fall into the possession of the New York ‘Ring,’ and it is in order to assure our friends of the groundlessness of all such statements, that we make known the actual facts. The price paid in ready money for the shares in question was \$375,000. Down to the time of Mr. Raymond’s death, the shares had never sold for more than \$6,000 each. Mr. Morgan has now paid upward of \$11,000 each for thirty-four of them, and this transaction is the most conclusive answer which could be given to the absurd rumors sometimes circulated to the effect that the course taken by the *New York Times* toward the Tammany leaders had depreciated the value of the property. The public may feel assured that the *Times* will not swerve from the policy which it has long pursued, but it will hereafter be more persistent than ever in its efforts to bring about those political reforms which the people require and expect.”

The late Frederick Hudson—long the managing editor of the *New York Herald*, in his History of Journalism, in commenting upon the preceding extraordinary events, says :

“The *Times* thus placed entirely under the control of two gentlemen of decided character and energy, the war against the ‘Tammany Ring’ was carried on with the utmost vigor, and the end was the utter annihilation of the immense power the leaders of the ‘Ring’ had acquired in the metropolis. The particulars of this extraordinary affair are too fresh in the public mind to

need repeating here. There has been nothing equal to the result thus obtained in the history of journalism. The developments of the stupendous corruption in the city government made by the *Times* aroused the indignation of the people through the length and breadth of the land. The gigantic increase of the city debt, the enormous wealth acquired in two or three years by a few men in office: the way the State Legislature was influenced, corrupted and controlled, were fully exposed in the *Times*. It was boldly and fearlessly done by that paper, and Messrs. Jones and Morgan deserve well of their country."

In 1865, Mr. Jones furnished the capital to my firm, then Derby & Miller, for the publication of "The Tribute Book," a sumptuous memorial volume, containing a record of every form of contributions made by individuals in aid of suppression of the rebellion. It contained an account of all that was done by sanitary societies, by benevolent commissions, by women, by children; of the Sunday-schools that scraped lint, of the ladies who served in hospitals, of the committees who fed marching regiments, of the quilting bees who made havelocks, of the millionaires who gave steamers, of the immense work, in short, done outside of the government,—work done in most countries, when it is done at all, by the government itself. The book was illustrated, printed and bound in the most expensive manner, forming one large royal octavo volume. It was undertaken, as he said, not to make money, but to aid in putting a very remarkable record in an enduring form. This was *his* Tribute to the people.

XX.

CHEVALIER WIKOFF.

Thurlow Weed's Letter about Wikoff—The Latter's Courtship of Jane Gamble—Becomes a Roving Diplomatist—Meets Many Celebrities—James Gordon Bennett Startles Him—Brings Fanny Ellsler to America—Charles Sumner and Fanny Ellsler—Intimate Friend of Napoleon—Chevalier Wikoff finds his Publisher—The Consequences of his Courtship—Imprisoned for Abduction—Reminiscences of an Idler—Dies at Brighton.

IN the year 1852, the late Thurlow Weed, then in Europe, was writing some interesting letters for the *Albany Journal*. They attracted a good deal of attention, as they were all more or less full of interest, none more so than the one dated Genoa, January 27th, of that year, of which the following is an extract :

“This being the scene of Mr. Henry Wikoff's attempt to enforce his marriage with a lady of large fortune, and the place of his imprisonment, I took occasion to inquire into the facts.

“They strike me as quite curious, so much so indeed as to be worth repeating, especially as the parties are of our own country. The history altogether is full of romance (the romance of truth), but I shall give only a simple narrative :

“ ‘Chevalier Wikoff,’ as he is called, is a Philadelphian, well educated, with a fine person and attractive manners, who has been figuring in politics and literature, fashion and frolic for nearly thirty years, and is pretty well known in Europe and America. He accompanied Fanny Ellsler to America as her friend and

manager. He was, and some say is, wealthy, but extremely penurious. He sent for the American consul after his arrest and demanded to be exempted from ordinary process of the law on the ground that he was employed by Lord Palmerston to promote, by correspondence, &c., friendly relations between England and America. But the Sardinian authorities would not listen to this demand and he was finally induced to employ counsel. He was committed to prison for a criminal offense, but an effort is making with a probability of success to get his case on to the civil calendar. This would greatly mitigate his punishment.

“The lady is Miss Jane Gamble, a daughter of John Gamble, Esq., and a niece of Col. Gamble, of Philadelphia. She came when a child to England, where she was adopted and educated by her uncle Mr. Dunlop, a gentleman of fortune. In person she is small and delicate ; in mind and manners cultivated and accomplished ; in conversation spirited and attractive ; in temperament excitable, but confiding and affectionate. How, it may be asked, do you know all this ? It is the result of observation during an interview of four hours to-day, when Miss Gamble with the utmost frankness gave me a free revelation of the origin, progress and results of her acquaintance with the ‘Chevalier.’ And as the whole matter is in a few days to become judicially public I have her permission to give the facts to such as feel an interest in them.”

This letter was widely copied in the newspapers throughout the United States. I was prepared then when Mr. Wikoff brought me the manuscript of a book entitled, “My Courtship and its Consequences,” to readily accept the same for publication. The career of this celebrated “roving diplomatist,” as he was frequently called, had been extraordinary. He was literally a man of the world. It was interesting to listen to his reminiscences as related by himself.

Henry Wikoff was born in Philadelphia, and at an early age was taken by his father, a prominent citizen of that city, to Princeton, to prepare for college under the direction of the Rev. Robert Baird, D. D., whom many of my readers will remember as a well known Presbyterian clergyman, and author of a volume “Religion in America.”

In due time young Wikoff entered Yale College, where he formed a life-long acquaintance with the late John Van Buren, also with N. P. Willis, whom he describes as having at that time "a reputation of rare poetical talent, although his tone and bearing were aristocratic not unmingled with hauteur." Young Wikoff was privately dismissed from Yale in consequence of some irregularities, and after trying in vain to enter Harvard he found favor with the celebrated President Nott, of Union College, where he was graduated in 1831. Soon after this he commenced the study of law, which proved to be anything but agreeable to his tastes, as he much preferred to read fiction.

In his Reminiscences, he says :

"In the way of general reading at this time I used to devour Bulwer's novels; his Pelham enchanted me. I felt a new master of fiction had appeared, and with a special merit of his own. It was the vein of Philosophy pervading his writings which attracted me, and aroused a habit of reflection vastly beneficial. I believe I derived more instruction in this way from Bulwer than any author I ever read. He was then little known, but in later years he developed genius of the highest order. In history, poetry, oratory, as well as fiction, he gave indubitable proofs of a master mind."

In after years Wikoff met Lord and Lady Bulwer, and with the latter corresponded frequently. Soon after being admitted to the Bar he began his travels, first throughout the United States and afterwards in Europe, where he resided the larger portion of the time, principally in London and Paris. Throughout his eventful career he met and became intimate with some of the most distinguished of the world-noted people. He relates the following incident which occurred at Dresden half a century ago :

"We had just finished dinner when the card of an American gentleman was brought in, who desired to pay us a visit. We welcomed him cordially, and a sprightly conversation followed. He was full of anecdote and piquant remark, displaying acute ob-

servation and great independence of character. He was living in Dresden, studying German and enjoying the gayeties of this fascinating town. This was my first acquaintance with Samuel Ward.*

The Chevalier gives some exceedingly interesting accounts of his personal relations with Louis Napoleon, the Countess of Blessington, Lady Bulwer, Count Dorsey, Fanny Ellsler, Mr. and Mrs. George Grote, the Countess Guiccioli, Guizot, Louis Phillippe, M. Thiers, Lamartine and many other celebrities. One of his particular acquaintances was the renowned Countess Guiccioli, whom he often met and talked with him about Lord Byron, showing him some of the poet's letters to her, among others, the following :

“DEAREST TERESA :

“You are and ever will be my first thought. But at this moment I am in a most dreadful state, not knowing which way to decide, on the one hand fearing that I should compromise you forever by my return to Ravenna, and on the other dreading I may lose you, and myself too, and all that I have ever known or tasted of happiness by never seeing you more. I pray, I implore you, to be comforted, and to believe I cannot cease to love you but with my life.

BYRON.”

The following stanza from Lord Byron's poem “To the River Po,” alludes to this celebrated woman :

“Her bright eyes will be imaged on thy stream.
 Yes ! they will meet the wave I gaze on now ;
 Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
 That happy wave repass me in its flow,
 The wave that bears my tears return no more :
 Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep ?
 Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore—
 I by thy source, she by the dark blue deep !”

*Samuel Ward, who subsequently became so celebrated in society and literary circles, died recently in Italy.

Mr. Wikoff gives a very amusing account of the way he became acquainted with the late James Gordon Bennett, with whom he was afterwards so intimately connected. In the year 1838, the steamship "Sirius" arrived in New York, and as this was the first ocean steamer from an English port, the arrival produced considerable excitement. On her return voyage Mr. Wikoff was a passenger, as was Mr. Bennett, he says :

"I was startled to hear that Bennett was on board ; for at that time he gave free scope to his slashing powers and satirical vein, and every body trembled lest it might be his turn next. I looked anxiously round on the upper deck, where I was standing as we steamed down the bay, and sidling up to a quiet and inoffensive looking man near me, said—'Do you know the editor of the *Herald* is on board ?' 'I believe he is,' he answered. 'I only wish I knew him by sight.' 'What for ?' queried the gentlemanly sort of person I was talking to. 'Why, that I might keep out of his way. He will be sure to stick me in that confounded *Herald* of his.' 'He doesn't confer that favor on everybody,' said my facetious friend, laughing. 'Egad, I would not trust him.' 'Have you ever seen him ?' I asked. 'Very frequently,' was the reply. 'That's lucky; do point the ogre out to me if you see him near us ?' 'I don't see him, but you may if you look at me ; I am the editor of the *Herald*.'"

The acquaintance thus formed with Mr. Bennett lasted until the death of the founder of the *New York Herald*. He it was who gave Mr. Wikoff the name of "Chevalier," which clung to him as long as he lived.

One of the remarkable episodes of Wikoff's career was the manner in which he introduced to the American people the celebrated *danseuse*, Fanny Ellsler. Her enthusiastic reception at the Park Theatre, in New York, in 1840, and the way she turned the heads of theater-goers throughout the United States, is a matter of history well remembered by some of my readers.*

* Simultaneously with the news of the death of Chevalier Wikoff (May, 1884), the cable brings information that Fanny Ellsler is dying.

Even the late Charles Sumner was among her captives, judging from the following letter :

“4 Court St., Boston October 11, 1834.

“MY DEAR WIKOFF:

“Stern business (may I use that word in writing to you ?) prevented my sending a line at Niagara, and I now scrawl away hoping this will meet you on your arrival in New York with your fair charge. I know nothing more of theatricals. Forrest is still here, but since Mlle. Fanny's last night I have not entered the house, and shall not again until she returns. Otis is well, but refuses to be comforted ; he still thinks of Paris, and of *her* who brought Paris so vividly to the minds of us all

“In her last letter Mrs. Grote complains of Fanny's determination to prolong her stay here, says she has lost her head and that her splendid Parisian throne is tottering to its fall. I do not believe this

“What are your plans ? Do you go to Havana ? In that case I will introduce you to my friend Osgood the artist, whose reputation you know. He wishes to paint Mlle. Fanny, and if you can prevail upon her to sit, you will much oblige him as well as myself.

“Remember me most cordially to Mademoiselle and to her cousin : and believe me faithfully yours and theirs,

“CHARLES SUMNER.”

The Chevalier was fond of recounting his relations with Napoleon III., whom he greatly admired. He aided him in his escape from the prison of Ham, when he was only Prince Louis Napoleon. He became afterwards on intimate terms with the ruler of France, at which time he wrote the biography of the Emperor.

In the year 1854 a stately-looking gentleman called at my office in Nassau Street, and after stating his name and his errand, I became aware that the celebrated Chevalier Wikoff was before me. It was not long before we came to terms for the publication of “My Courtship and its Consequences,” as will be apparent from the following statement, which was incorporated in the text of the book :

“On my arrival in New York my former comrades of the press were right cordial in their printed salutation, and the news no sooner circulated that I was going to unfold the budget of my mishaps, then I found myself the sought-for of publishers.

“I thought perchance the ticklish nature of my book might compel me to take up with a second-class man, but such is the hot competition now to publish anything likely to sell, that I found no difficulty in making my choice. Whilst still undecided, my eye fell upon a book advertisement in one of the newspapers that was so ingeniously done that my mind was made up on the spot.

“J. C. Derby is the publisher for me, and I inquired after his character forthwith. He was all my fancy painted him, and liberal besides, for he made no difficulty about the terms, and our bargain was made in a trice. He turned me over at once to his nimble-handed printers, who began to “set me up” at the rate of forty pages a day in spite of all his other books on hand.”

The volume had an extraordinary sale ; advance orders numbering many thousand copies came pouring in.

After the publication of the book, an action was brought against me for libel by Miss Gamble’s courier Louis for aspersions on his character in the book, damages being laid at ten thousand dollars. It was tried before a court and the jury found for the defendant.

Mr. Wikoff then threatened to sue Thurlow Weed, but after some explanations such action was abandoned. Mr. Weed wrote Mr. Wikoff, December 12th, 1854, as follows:

“Miss Gamble in her conversation with me seemed frank, unreserved and sincere, and I certainly left her with a strong belief in the truthfulness of her statements. The accusation which you regard as most injurious to your reputation and that which you are most anxious to repel, is the alleged attempt to use chloroform while Miss Gamble was in your apartment at Genoa. My recollection is, that Miss Gamble informed me that after having made a feint of applying chloroform, you threatened if driven by her refusals to extremity that you would use it in earnest. You informed me that Miss Gamble denied having made this statement. If to

your denial of this accusation hers is superadded, I am bound to believe that I *misunderstood her in that particular*. You deny also that you followed Miss Gamble from Turin to Genoa, having arranged with her courier to delay her journey. This conflicts with Miss Gamble's statement. I only know that I gave the circumstances substantially as I received them from that lady, who I am persuaded was sincere in her belief of their truth.

“ Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THURLOW WEED.”

To those of my readers who are not familiar with Mr. Wikoff's relations with Miss Gamble, the following brief synopsis of his arrest and imprisonment will prove of interest. In the year 1852, Henry Wikoff was arraigned at Genoa, Italy, charged with the abduction of his fiancée, Miss Jane C. Gamble, whom he had known for some years previous. In 1850, he went to London, resuming a friendship with her which on account of his long absence abroad had to a certain degree become broken. Falling deeply in love, he followed her wherever she went, and his affection and suit were agreeable, it seems, as she promised to become his wife, even naming the day for their marriage ; but as the time approached she offered excuses without number, for further postponement, which action vexed the Chevalier to such an extent that he became desperate, and determined to make her do as he wished. Being foiled so much, he had at last availed himself of an opportunity to induce her, with her maid and courier, to enter his apartments at Genoa, where he exacted a promise in writing that she would marry him at a certain time, which was agreed upon, and the day named for the wedding. Their parting after this agreement was made, was pleasant apparently, and all things seemed well, but the following day Miss Gamble applied to the British consul preferring a charge of abduction against the Chevalier. Mr. Wikoff treated the matter as a joke, and appealed to the American consul, who offered him his sympathy and protection. However,

after a lengthy trial he was found guilty, and was imprisoned for fifteen months.

Mr. Wikoff last visited this country in 1880. I was then connected with the house of D. Appleton & Co., to whom he submitted the manuscript of his "Reminiscences of an Idler." Although an entertaining work it was incomplete, coming down only to the year 1840, and therefore the firm declined to publish it. It was subsequently published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of New York.

I saw the Chevalier frequently on this last visit, and although he looked much older than when I first met him, he was well preserved in his personal appearance. He would never tell his age. I have learned since his death that at the time of his last illness he was finishing another volume, bringing down his career forty years later. Mr. Wikoff died of paralysis at Brighton, England, on May 3d. 1884.

XXI.

G. & C. MERRIAM & CO.

First meets Merriam forty years ago—George Merriam surprises the author—A great undertaking—Well advertised—Get the Best—Three thousand engravings added—Untold number of copies sold—Busy fingers of girls, women and men—George Merriam visits negro schools and churches—“Do it now,” “Done it now,” “Do it yesterday”—A good man dies—Present members of the firm—Splendid Summary of the Unabridged.

IT is just forty years ago since I first visited Springfield, Massachusetts, to purchase for my Auburn book store from G. & C. Merriam, a supply of “Chitty Pleadings,” and other law books then published by them. It was then I learned for the first time that they had just purchased from J. S. & C. Adams, publishers, at Amherst, the copyright of Noah Webster’s Dictionary, which had been sold them by Governor Ellsworth, a son-in-law of and executor of Dr. Webster.

Mr. George Merriam informed me, on the occasion of the visit referred to, something of the plans which his firm had in view, to enlarge and improve the great work of which they had become the sole possessors.

I heard nothing more of this enterprise until three years later, when the public was treated to the first edition of Webster’s Unabridged Dictionary in one large quarto volume.

The Messrs. Merriam had secured the services at the

outset, of Professor Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College, another son-in-law of Dr. Webster, who being acquainted with the plans of the latter, was well equipped for the work. He continued to edit the successive editions up to the time of his death in 1860.

During the last quarter of a century the whole reading world, wherever the English language is spoken, has been familiar with the well advertised Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and the familiar apothegm "Get the best."

The publishers were willing to leave the decision to others to say which was the best Dictionary, but they did not fail to make it apparent which was the best, by any lack of abundant use of *printer's ink* in the way of advertising the pre-eminent qualities of this great work.

A thoroughly revised and re-constructed edition, under the supervision of President Porter, of Yale College, was brought out in 1864, and within a few years the publishers have greatly added to the value of the work, not only by a supplement of nearly 5,000 new words and their definition, words which have come into use within the past fifteen years, but also 3,000 engravings and illustrations of the meaning of the words; in addition to this a biographical dictionary of nearly 10,000 world-renowned people.

It would be an interesting item to the public if they could know the number of copies sold of "Webster's Unabridged." It is safe to say that the magnitude of its sale reaches far beyond that of any other book ever published in any country in the civilized world, of the same price. By the official action of the officers of the public schools over 32,000 copies of "Webster's Unabridged" have been placed for the use of teachers and scholars.

The dictionary is manufactured at the celebrated Riverside Press, Cambridge, by H. O. Houghton & Co., whose facilities for turning out the best of printing and binding are unequalled. It is a sight to behold the busy fingers of the girls, women and men that are employed in the manufacture of this book alone.

The editors since Professor Goodrich's death have been President Porter, of Yale, Dr. Webster's son, W. G. Webster, and other efficient scholars.

Probably the cost of producing "Webster's Unabridged" is greater than that of any other book ever published in this country—Appleton's "American Cyclopædia" alone excepted.

I had met Mr. George Merriam occasionally since the time of my first acquaintance with him, and always found him the same modest, practical, unassuming man.

The last time that I saw him was at Aiken, S. C., where he and the late Catherine Beecher were studying a plan to ameliorate and improve the condition of the colored people, who had so recently emerged from bondage into freedom, by education and other means. While there we attended the negro churches and some negro schools, the buildings were of logs, erected by carpenters of their own race. Mr. Merriam was much interested in the simple but excitable worshippers; and specially in their hymns—many of which were improvised as they sang. Webster's Spelling-book with its blue cover was eagerly studied by all sexes and ages of the colored people.

Mr. Merriam was noted for his charity and philanthropy, although he took good care that his left hand should not know what his right hand did. He was very quick in all his business methods, one of his favorite customs was to keep a placard over his desk, reading as follows, "*Do it now.*"

A worthy Quaker once wrote, "I expect to pass through this world but once, if therefore there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human beings let me *do it now*; let me not defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again." This motto of "*Do it now,*" was a fitting supplement to "*Get the best.*" Both had become so habitual in Mr. Merriam's daily life that his friends frequently laughingly said to him that the words expressed nothing new, that he had always "*Done it now,*"

and the only opportunity left for him was to make it read, "Do it yesterday."

Mr. Merriam died on the 2nd of June, 1880, in the 78th year of his age, greatly mourned by the citizens of Springfield, of every rank and all ages, by his neighbors and friends, and everywhere, with sincere regret by those who knew the man. Surely there could have been no purer, more upright or useful life, than that which closed when George Merriam died.

His surviving brothers Charles and Homer (the latter with whom I had pleasant business relations many years ago, when he was a bookseller in Troy, N. Y., under the firm of Merriam, Moore & Co.), associated with themselves in March, 1882, as partners, Orlando M. Baker and H. Curtis Rowley, two gentlemen who had for years been connected with the business.

The style of the new firm which has been known half a century as G. & C. Merriam, became G. & C. Merriam & Co. Mr. Baker and Mr. Rowley are both well-known to the leading booksellers throughout the country by their intelligent and gentlemanly business methods. They are a most valuable acquisition to the house in the management of the giant interests which one book entails.

The following summary of Webster's Unabridged from a leading Southern journalist well expresses the views of the general public.

"The derivations and synonyms, the rules for and treatises upon orthography, etymology and orthœpy, afford boundless facilities for self-instruction, and the youth who is denied scholastic tuition may pursue his studies alone. Through it he has a comprehensive insight into the science of our language and in it a lexicon of all that appertains to other sciences. Three thousand pictorial engravings supplement worded definitions of terms. Several hundred quotations of words and phrases from the Greek, Latin, and modern foreign languages, popular in English composition, with their translations into English, form a part of an appendage to the body of the work. Illustrative quotations from

philosopher and poet lend a literary charm to almost every page. It is an intellectual store-house filled with the artistic, scientific, historic, and legendary lore of every age and country, convenient in arrangement, and terse in condensation. It represents a century of research, careful thought, and painstaking compilation on the part of eminent philologists, aided by linguists, and men of letters in every leading profession and of both English and foreign tongue."

The publication of Webster's Unabridged in popular form, and its consequent large circulation, seemed to give a new impulse to linguistic studies, and from the time the Merriams became the proprietors of the book, it has been their steady aim to keep the successive editions fully up to the times by the use of the constantly increasing facilities for improving such a work, regarding their efforts in its perfection, publication and success as the great and crowning work of their lives, and their monument in the future, and desiring so to sustain their own motto, that whoever should procure a copy of Webster might "get the best."

XXII.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT.

Early Business Experience—Buys out Grigg & Elliott—Important Publications—Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World—Secures Publication of Prescott's Works—Angry War Threats of Southerners—Lippincott's long look ahead—Builds Spacious New Quarters—Allibone's Dictionary of Authors—Discovers "Ouida" to be a Woman—"Held in Bondage"—Prefers Thackeray's writings to all others—Mr. Lippincott a good traveler.

JOSHUA B. LIPPINCOTT, like the founders of other large book-publishing concerns, began business in a small way. At fourteen years of age he became a clerk in a Philadelphia book-store, where he remained four years, when the proprietor, having met with business embarrassments, was sold out by his creditors, who bought the property for themselves, and young Lippincott, then eighteen years of age, was placed in charge. This business he conducted until 1836, to the entire satisfaction of the owners, when he began on his own account (with capital saved from his earnings), under the style of J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The first publications bearing the imprint of the new firm appeared in that year. Prayer-books and Bibles were made their specialty—Mr. Lippincott, who possessed an intuitive taste for the elegant bindings which afterwards made his books so famous among booksellers, giving special attention to the manufacturing department.

Probably the most important event in Mr. Lippincott's



J. B. Whipple

business career was his purchase in 1850, of the entire stock of books and stationery of Grigg & Elliott, who were at that time by far the largest wholesale dealers in that line in America. This purchase was contrary to the advice of his friends; but, as the capital which he had already accumulated was ample for the purpose, he determined to follow the dictates of his own judgment and make the investment, believing that the business thus acquired, combined with his own, might be made the germ of a publishing house that would have few rivals.

The book-publishing business in Philadelphia was at this time at a low ebb, but the issues of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. had for some years attracted marked attention on account of their superior mechanical execution, and, the new organization affording Mr. Lippincott additional facilities for the exercise of his peculiar abilities as a publisher, that department of the business grew apace.

Several important government works were intrusted to him for execution—notably, Schoolcraft's History of the Indian Tribes, in six folio volumes (the cost of which was nearly one hundred thousand dollars)—and standard works and novels followed each other in rapid succession through the Lippincott press. An interest in the Webster series of Dictionaries (afterwards transferred to the Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield) was purchased by him; and among his important publications of that day was his "Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World," which was published at a cost of some fifty thousand dollars, and is yet without any formidable rival.

The failure in 1857 of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, who up to that time had been the publishers of Prescott's Historical Works (in 15 volumes), threw open to the competition of different houses an opportunity to arrange for the future publication of those works. By the original contract with Phillips, Sampson & Co., Mr. Prescott received a copyright of fifty cents per volume, and other Boston houses were ready to enter into a similar

arrangement. Furthermore, a strong local influence favored the retention of the works in Boston, but the bid of a bonus of five thousand dollars and a guaranteed copyright of six thousand dollars per annum secured to Mr. Lippincott the publication of these important works, the entire copyright and plates of which subsequently, by actual purchase from Mr. Prescott's heirs, became his property. Later a new edition, with new stereotype plates, revised by Mr. J. Foster Kirk, Prescott's former secretary, and the author of the "Life of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy" (also one of the important publications of this house), was issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

An incident connected with the negotiations for the publication of Prescott's works is worthy of recall. It was just prior to the breaking out of the civil war. The conservative semi-neutral atmosphere of Philadelphia rendered that city the favorite purchasing place for the merchants of the South, whose twelve-month promissory notes were there freely received in exchange for the products of the North. Few had heard more of the angry war-threats of the Southerners—both of the mercantile and of the professional classes—than had Mr. Lippincott, through whose establishment (then the principal entrepôt for all kinds of books used in the South) had for months been pouring into the Southern States large quantities of the *literary matériel* of war, "Tactics" for infantry and cavalry, Treatises on Ordnance, &c., &c., and, in short, great numbers of books of a warlike character. Keenly apprehensive of the impending danger, he suggested to Mr. Prescott's executors that a condition ought to be inserted in the contract by which that instrument should be annulled in case of a civil war. This was considered so ridiculously improbable by the cool-headed Bostonians that one of them at least utterly refused to sign a contract with such a stipulation; but, in deference to Mr. Lippincott's wishes, they consented to a *verbal* understanding that in case of war the contract should be annulled or modified—an understanding that was

honorably acknowledged when that calamity broke upon the country.

Meanwhile, the rapidly expanding business of the house had quite outgrown the capacity of the original premises, and in 1861 Mr. Lippincott commenced the erection of his present spacious establishment, at Nos. 715 and 717 Market Street, which, with its front of about fifty feet, five stories high,—expanding in the printing-office and bindery to a frontage on Filbert Street of seventy-five feet, six stories in height,—the whole having a total depth of nearly four hundred feet, is probably the largest book-publishing and vending house in the world.

Mention has already been made of the issue of Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World; and it is worthy of note that scarcely was that work published ere the distinguished editor, Dr. Joseph Thomas, armed with funds advanced by Mr. Lippincott, was *en route* for a two years' sojourn in Oriental countries, the object being the construction of a Biographical Dictionary that should hold the same relation to its department of knowledge as that held by the Gazetteer to the geography of the world. The result of the enterprise was the issue, in due time, of Lippincott's Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology, a ponderous royal octavo volume of over two thousand three hundred pages.

Among the other prominent works that may be found on the extensive catalogue of J. B. Lippincott & Co's publications, are Allibone's Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors, in three closely-printed octavo volumes, which aims to furnish the reader with information concerning all writers of books in the English language, with a critical account of their works; a treatise on "The Principles and Practice of Surgery," in three large volumes, by D. Hayes Agnew, M.D., one of the most celebrated surgeons of America; "Chambers' Encyclopædia," in ten volumes, aptly termed in its sub-title "A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People;" the

“United States Dispensatory” (now in its fifteenth edition), of which more than one hundred thousand copies have been sold; a fine edition of Bulwer’s Novels, in forty-seven volumes; the complete series of Worcester’s Dictionaries, long and favorably known to the *scholars* of the country, and of late rapidly growing into popularity; an edition of Scott’s Waverley Novels; the romances of Miss de la Ramé, better known by her *nom de plume* of “Ouida,” etc., etc.

The manner of the introduction of the last-named author to the American public is not without interest. Some time prior to or early in the war, when relations between the business houses of England and America were much less intimate than at present, Mr. Lippincott happened to meet in an English magazine a serial story bearing the *nom de plume* of “Ouida.” This immediately attracted his attention, and a perusal of such portions of the story as were accessible convinced him that the author possessed more than ordinary abilities as a writer, and he decided to announce it for republication for the American market. This was in the good old days when there existed a certain courtesy in the trade by which a simple announcement by one publisher of his intention to reissue a foreign work in this country was recognized as conferring a trade-right to that work, which other publishers were in honor bound to respect. A business question, however, arose in making the announcement. In the magazine the story bore the title “Held in Bondage; or, Granville de Vigne;” and it occurred to Mr. Lippincott that any work popularly known under the title “Held in Bondage” would immediately be classed as but another of the many works on American slavery with which the public were then being surfeited. Still, some respect must be had for the presumed preference of the unknown author for the name already adopted, and, furthermore, the announcement must be so far identified with the story as to prevent other houses from undertaking a rival edition. This was accomplished by reversing the order of the different parts of the title, an arrangement

which was afterwards sanctioned by the author, and the story appeared from the Lippincott press as "Granville de Vigne; or, Held in Bondage." Prior to that time the author had been known—when known at all—only as a *writer for magazines*, none of her stories having been published in book form, and when Mr. Lippincott's announcement came to her knowledge, she addressed him a letter expressing her surprise and gratification thereat. Nothing, however, in the characteristics of her communication—either the literary style or its penmanship—revealed the sex of the writer; and Mr. Lippincott, in common, as it afterwards appeared, with all admirers of Ouida's writings, classed her among the sterner sex. A pleasant correspondence, therefore, ensued between the firm and "L. de la Ramé, Esq.," (!) and it was not until Mr. Lippincott's subsequent visit to Europe that he was informed, and by the publishers of the magazine to which she was a contributor, that his correspondent was a lady.

Prior to the civil war the business of J. B. Lippincott & Co. lay mostly south of "Mason and Dixon's line;" their sales were made upon long credits, and consequently the breaking out of hostilities in 1861 rendered debts due the firm amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars entirely uncollectible. Fortunately, taught by the experiences of 1857, when many of the strongest houses of the country suffered a financial collapse, Mr. Lippincott had in the interim been accustomed to make his purchases for cash, and the crisis incident to the inauguration of the war found him fully prepared to meet all its attendant exigencies. Adapting with wonderful alacrity the business of the house to the new condition of things, the firm then entered upon a career of prosperity that has had few parallels in the book-trade, and a brief period more than sufficed to replace the losses from in the seceded States.

Especially were established at about that time those close business relations with foreign publishers that have since resulted in supplying the American market with edi-

tions of the better class of English books, among which may be cited the elegant issue of Dickens' Works, in thirty volumes, and the no less elegant edition of Thackeray's Works, in twenty-two volumes, of which latter the value of nearly one hundred thousand dollars has been served to the American public from this house. "Of all modern novelists of note," says Mr. Lippincott, "I prefer the writings of Mr. Thackeray, and in my judgment his works will live long after those of any of his contemporaries."

Several visits have from time to time been made by Mr. Lippincott to England and the Continent of Europe, one of which extended to St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Constantinople, another to Egypt and the Holy Land, and a third to the Spanish Peninsula, etc. To his intimate friends it is known that the same tireless activity that characterizes his business career, marks his tours of observation; and he is credited with a capacity for traveling farther and seeing more, in a given time, than falls within the power of many.

Early in life Mr. Lippincott married Miss Josephine Craige, an accomplished lady of Philadelphia; and three sons, all connected with him in business, and a daughter, the wife of Mr. J. J. Goodwin, of New York, constitute, with their children, the descendants of the Philadelphia publisher.

It is due to the subject of this sketch to add, that amid the multiplicity of his private business cares he has found time to bestow no inconsiderable attention upon matters of a more or less public nature. While yet he had scarcely arrived at middle life he was elected to the Board of Directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, and subsequently accepted like invitations to seats in the directorships of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Philadelphia, of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society, and of the Pennsylvania Company for Insurance on Lives and Granting Annuities, which positions he has held since his first elections. He is also one of the Board of Trustees of the University of Pennsylvania.

XXIII.

AUGUSTA J. EVANS WILSON.

A Young Southern Authoress—MS. of "Beulah" accepted—A Fiery Young Southerner—"Didn't I tell you so?"—Immense Success of "Beulah"—Macaria appears in War Time—Liberality of Lippincott—"A Lady is waiting to see you"—The Author agreeably surprised—St. Elmo—Vashti—Infelice—Nearly \$100,000 Copyright—Happy Home in Mobile—Woman Suffrage—Happy Influence of her Books.

IN the summer of 1859, a young lady of pleasant address and marked intelligence called at my office in Nassau Street, and said she had a book in manuscript which she wished to submit for publication.

After she was seated, I asked her what kind of a book she had written. She replied it was a novel, and that the scene was laid in the South, where she resided. I asked if this was her first effort; she said it was not, that the Harpers had published her first book, which was called "Inez, a tale of the Alamo," written when she was in her teens and when her father was residing in Texas. She went on to say that the result of her first effort was not very encouraging, as the sale was quite limited. But she was not discouraged, however, as she was dissatisfied herself with "Inez." She now thought she had written a story which the public would read, if she could find a publisher. She volunteered the information that the book had been offered elsewhere. She answered very frankly that she had sent the manuscript some time previous from Mobile, to the Apple-

tons, and, calling on them, learned that they would advise her of their decision as soon as they had seen their reader. In the afternoon of the same day, the manuscript was returned to her at the St. Nicholas Hotel, with a short note declining the book. I was pleased with the candid statements of the young author, and became much interested in her conversation. After looking over the manuscript I said I would take it to my home and submit it to some of the members of the family—which I did, two of whom, at least, read it besides myself. The verdict was unanimous as to its merit, and Derby & Jackson soon arranged for the publication of "Beulah."

This was a quarter of a century ago, and was the beginning of an eventful and prosperous literary career of the young authoress Augusta J. Evans.

When Miss Evans called for my decision, she was accompanied by her cousin, Colonel John W. Jones, of Georgia, who was the bearer of the manuscript at the first interview. Colonel Jones was a fiery young Southerner, and told me afterwards that although his back was turned while examining some books on the shelves, he had listened to the conversation and began to think by my tone and manner that I also would reject the book, and in case I did, he intended to hurl one of my own publications at my head! Colonel Jones was a most estimable man, devotedly attached to his cousin. He fell at the head of his regiment at the sanguinary battle of Gettysburg, fighting for the cause which both of them believed to be sacred.

Soon as the book was ready for publication, we sent advance copies to the leading papers for review. The first notice "Beulah" received was from a Baltimore paper, which contained a severe and unjust condemnation of the book. The notice was cut out of the paper and sent to me by a member of the firm who had rejected the manuscript, and who knew we were about to publish the book,—and also that I had great expectations of a sale,—with a note, added: "Didn't I tell you so?"

(I learned afterwards that the notice referred to was written by the reader who had recommended the rejection of the manuscript.)

It was a curious fact that when the book began to sell largely, the same publishing house ordered as many as one thousand copies of "Beulah" at one time. It may not be out of place to say here that publishers, themselves, especially larger houses, as a rule seldom read manuscripts offered them for publication; time, and possibly their tastes, not permitting them to do so. They rely greatly on their manuscript readers, who are usually men of letters or of literary instinct, whose opinion enables the publisher to decide.

The notices and reviews of "Beulah," with the exception referred to, were nearly all favorable, and especially by reviewers who read the book and understood its teachings.

John Wood Davidson, in his "Living Writers of the South," gives a fair-minded view of the general critical verdict of the merits of *Beulah*, as follows :

"The heroine is an intellectual woman, proud, self-reliant, ambitious, skeptical and suffering. False pride makes her unhappy and keeps her so. The problem of the soul and its relations to God through Christianity are discussed with a striking boldness. Those problems of psychology, upon which so much is thought and so little said by every thinking person, are handled with very clever skill; and something of pedantry perhaps. They are left, in the end, just where rationalism must, if ever, leave them—at the gates of prayer. *Beulah* left them there; and in the new peace of soul becomes a better and happier woman. The book was free from sentimentality—the sentimentality of popular novels—and this, with the thinking, told in its favor. *Beulah* was a success, and deserved to be."

One of the earliest and most appreciative of the notices received was from the New York *Courier and Enquirer*; it was written by Mr. Spaulding, then one of the assistant editors of that paper. He became so much interested after reading the book, that he called personally to learn the ad-

dress of the author, as he wished to express to her how much the reading of "Beulah" impressed him; that he believed such a work was called for, and that the author had happily shown the way from Skepticism to Christianity.

I informed him that the author in question was then a guest at my house. He said he would like very much to meet her and thank her in person for the benefit that he himself had received by reading the work. Mr. Spaulding called, with her permission, and said to me afterwards, that it was evident from her conversation that she knew what she was writing about.

Their sentiments were in entire accord, and culminated in a friendship which remained unbroken until the war broke out. He died soon after the close of the internecine strife. The following notice by one who knew him well may interest my readers :

"The first editor of the New York *World*, which was started as an orthodox religious paper, was Mr. Spaulding, a grave, taciturn man, of large frame and powerful intellect. When the *World* fell into financial straits and threw religion overboard, about 1863, Mr. Spaulding took a place upon the editorial staff of the *Times*, under Henry J. Raymond, whose first assistant I then was; and there he showed himself to be the boldest master of political invective ever known on the American press. A man of great soul and honest purpose."

Early in the year 1861 the Civil War came upon us with all the attending troubles, temporarily suspending the publication of books of fiction. Those most in demand outside of school-books were infantry and cavalry tactics and other treatises on War. I heard occasionally through the lines from the gifted young authoress, who sent me in 1863, by a blockade-runner, *via* Cuba, a copy of her novel entitled "Macaria," published by West & Johnson, then, as now, well-known booksellers in Richmond, Virginia. The volume was printed on coarse brown paper, the copyright

entered according to the *Confederate States of America*, and dedicated "to the brave soldiers of the Southern Army." The authoress in after years said to me, referring to its first publication: "It is impossible for me to say what I received for 'Macaria,' which was published by West & Johnson, of Richmond, in 1864, and was printed by Walker, Evans & Cogswell, of Columbia. When Richmond fell, the publishers owed me a considerable amount in Confederate money, which of course I never received. After the war I applied for a settlement. They stated that the books and accounts had been destroyed, or were so confused that I could get nothing; hence I lost what was due. Those times were so dark and full of sorrow that I can recall none of the financial details, but I presume West & Johnson were too badly crippled to pay in greenbacks what they owed in Confederate money. Are you aware that 'Macaria' was seized and destroyed by some Federal General who commanded in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who burned all the copies—Confederate edition—which crossed from rebeldom? The book was dedicated to our brave Southern Army, and was a great favorite in camp and hospital; and my *very heart beat in its pages*, coarse and brown though the dear old Confederate paper was. Some portions of it were scribbled in pencil while sitting up with the sick soldiers in the hospital attached to 'Camp Beulah' near Mobile."

On receipt of the copy of "Macaria," I called upon J. B. Lippincott, of Philadelphia, the head at that time, as he is now, of the largest wholesale book establishment in the country, whose house had purchased thousands of copies of "Beulah," and arranged for the publication of "Macaria" in uniform style with the former. It was immediately announced by the publishers as in press, when to the surprise of both of us, one Michael Doolady, who had received a copy of "Macaria" through the lines, had printed and nearly ready for publication five thousand copies of the same work. I called upon Doolady and asked him what

copyright he intended to pay the author. He replied "that the author being an arch rebel was not entitled to copyright and would receive none." I immediately advised Mr. Lippincott of the situation. He came on from Philadelphia, and called with me on Doolady, and expostulated with him upon the injustice of publishing the book when *he* had already engaged by contract to do so. It was finally settled by Doolady agreeing to pay a royalty to me in trust for the author on all the copies sold, in consideration of which Mr. Lippincott withdrew his proposed edition.

The author of "Macaria," pending these negotiations, was of course in blissful ignorance of what had transpired, as no correspondence had passed between us on the subject. At last the war was over. Mobile was the last of the cities to fall, and still I heard nothing from the young authoress with whom I became acquainted six years previous under the favorable circumstances already narrated.

Late in the Summer of 1865, while sitting in my private office, then in Spruce Street, one of the clerks came to me and said "a lady is waiting to see you at the door." She was closely veiled, and I did not readily recognize her. She said "Mr. Derby, do you not know me?" Knowing well the familiar voice, I said, "Augusta Evans, is that you?"

After explaining that she had just arrived by steamer from Mobile, and expressions of mutual gratification at seeing each other again, I said that Mrs. Derby was very anxious to see her, and she must go at once to our home in Forty-eighth Street. She replied, that she had come on with one of her brothers, who had been very badly wounded and he was then sitting on the steps outside. I told her he would find an excellent nurse in my wife. Then, noticing her attire, I suggested that a new dress and a new bonnet would not be out of place. The styles of ladies' wearing apparel having changed since we last saw each other.

She said, "Mr. Derby, my father has lost everything; the slaves have been freed, and all our property confiscated.

I have no money with which to replenish my wardrobe." I then told her for the first time that she had a considerable amount subject to her order, for copyright received on "Macaria."

And this is the story of "Macaria," and how it came to be published in the *United States of America*.

The generosity of Mr. Lippincott, whose position enabled him to compel a copyright so reluctantly paid, was duly appreciated by the author of "Macaria." She once wrote:

"I have always felt profoundly grateful to Mr. Lippincott, but fate has never indulged me in an opportunity of adequately thanking him for his generous and chivalric action, in behalf of an unknown rebel, who at that period was nursing Confederate soldiers in a hospital established near 'Camp Beulah.'"

Although "Macaria" was written with the same vigor and spirit as its predecessor, the painful conditions under which it was accomplished gave it a tinge of sorrow and sadness, which was not found in "Beulah."

Professor Davidson's opinion of it is graphically described, as follows :

"The story of Macaria is admirably told, and I claim the privilege of thanking Miss Evans in the name of her thousands of admirers, for one of the purest, most vigorous and striking fictions that we have had since 'No Name' by Wilkie Collins. The scene painting is in the highest style of literary art. The delineations are very fine, especially the female characters, which stand out like classic portraits. The style is elevated—a little ambitious to be sure—but vigorous and direct. The tone is purity itself. The pathos is the strong point of the book.

"Throughout the book the allusions are very numerous, always appropriate, and often very striking ; but are so frequently recondite that the reader must pause a moment to recall the facts referred to. In a large number of them, the original facts are not known to the mass of novel-readers at all, so that the whole force of the allusion is lost until a cyclopedia can be referred to. This is a grave fault in a book written for the general reader. Most of the following are of this class—'The Arabic Alsirat;' 'The

Cridavana Meadows,' 'the Seraphim of the East,' 'the Labarum of Constantine,' 'the fabled Norse Ragnarok,' 'the Mingard Serpent,' 'Mystic Sangraal,' 'the trembling Mystæ,' 'The sad-eyed Eoptæ,' 'the sacred Guomides,' 'the lonely ice-girt Marjelensee,' 'Fär-famed Circassian of Kabarda,' 'Bensalem,' 'Malbolge,' 'Dreary Caverns of the Agathyrsi,' 'Dusty Crypts of Luxor,' 'The great Lampadrome of Life,' 'the Potent spell of Indian O-U-M or Mystic Agla.' Many readers do not and should not be expected to know about all these things; and whether they should or not they won't do it."

It is natural for critics to smile at such unheard-of allusions as the preceding, and that parodists should burlesque the author, as the witty "John Paul" does in his amusing *brochure* of "St. Twelmo;" but then the author's books continue to sell, as her publishers, G. W. Carleton & Co., can testify.

Novel-readers who have not read "Macaria" will be staggered no doubt at the oft-repeated recondite references in the book, and many will call her pedantic. Any one who has had the opportunity of engaging in conversation with this brilliant and learned writer will bear me out in saying that she is anything but pedantic. She never makes an unseemly show of learning, and it is characteristic in her to talk away from herself. She has been and continues to be a great student of the classics, and especially archæology, including Egyptian lore, and there is no word she makes use of in her writings but has a fitting place.

In a recent letter received from her she relates the following interesting incident:

"No one knows better than yourself how the critics have assailed me, and how I have fought for standing room, but several times during the last twenty years, when traveling in railway cars, it has chanced that strangers sitting in front of me have amused themselves by discussing my books, and narrating things which they had heard of me, and listening to all these I have never yet heard a harsh criticism or an unkind word. Once a lady remarked that the newspaper stated I had restricted my studies to

encyclopædias and dictionaries, but she doubted it, because there were some things in 'St. Elmo' and 'Macaria' which could not be found in any cyclopædia, and she had searched many.

"You can imagine how I enjoyed this, from the fact that at that moment I did not own a solitary cyclopædia, but soon after purchased of you Appleton's—the first cyclopædia I ever owned."

Miss Evans' next book, "St. Elmo," was a great success; every novel-reader was talking about it. Towns, steamboats, hotels were named after it, and even "St. Elmo punch" became a popular beverage throughout the South. The author dedicated "St. Elmo" to me—an honor which I have never ceased to appreciate.

It was soon followed by "Vashti" and then "Infelice." The latter was published in 1875, and is the last from her pen; and, I regret to say, the last she expects to give to the public, who would so gladly welcome a new book from her.

Repeated editions of each of her six volumes are steadily called for, and the copyright already received by her on the sales approaches one hundred thousand dollars, a pretty good evidence that some people read her books. She has been fortunate too, in her liberal-minded Publisher.

Not long since she wrote me:

"With reference to my present Publisher, G. W. Carleton, I should like the world to know how noble and generous he has always been to me. When purchasing the stereotype plates of my earlier books, he told me that he was obliged to pay so much for the plates of 'Macaria' that he could only allow me a moderate percentage on the future sales. We agreed upon the terms and signed the contract, which specified a certain percentage on 'Macaria.' Subsequently, when 'St. Elmo' and 'Vashti' had been published, I one day received a letter from Mr. Carleton, saying that the sales of the volumes justified him in increasing the percentage on 'Macaria.' From that period until now, in making his annual settlement of copyright, he has paid me a larger percentage on 'Macaria' than my original contract specified, and this increase was his own voluntary generous impulse, for I had never solicited any change of terms. Verily, a Prince of Publishers!"

Miss Evans was married in 1868, to L. M. Wilson, Esq., one of the most influential citizens of Mobile, who is naturally very proud of his brilliant wife, and she in the happy domesticity she so much enjoys.

It has been my good fortune to occasionally visit their delightful home near the City of Mobile, which a *Louisville Courier Journal* correspondent truly and graphically describes as follows :

“ Her residence fronts on the Spring Hill shell road. Driving through the gate up a well-kept drive-way over one of the prettiest lawns I have ever seen, we dismounted in front of her residence. Grand and majestic old live-oaks, with their gnarled and contorted branches stretching in every direction, covered with their tropical garb of long gray moss, were dotted here and there, seemingly at random. Tall and symmetrical magnolias, magnolia fuscatas, and various other trees, added to the beauty of the scene. The yard was full of flowers, rare and radiant, weighting the air with their rich perfume. Rare geraniums of many kinds, quite a number in full bloom and of the richest colors, lovely camellias, the finest varieties of roses, rare and delicate plants of the tropics, together with the hardier plants of the north, all vied with each other in beauty and fragrance. After walking through the grounds feasting our eyes upon their beauty, we walked upon the veranda, which was fairly covered with flowers, many of them loaded with blossoms. The house presents a cozy and attractive appearance that captivates the eye at once. The very place and all of the surroundings are suggestive of poetry and romance. Here the flowers were blooming and distilling sweet fragrance, the mocking-birds were caroling and singing merrily, and all things spoke of peace and happiness. Here was wealth and luxury, an embowered home and talent and genius to preside over all—a fitting home for the gifted authoress of ‘St. Elmo’ and ‘Infelice.’ ”

That this gifted author does not take readily to the recent movement to invest her sex with the right of suffrage is very forcibly illustrated in the remarks of the United States Senator Vest, when he says that

“Not one tenth of the mothers and sisters of the Christian woman in this land want to be turned into politicians. One of the most gifted of this class of women is the talented Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, who is certainly entitled to speak for the better elements of her sex. On this question she says, ‘I think that the noble and true women of this continent earnestly believe that the day which invests them with the elective franchise, would be the blackest in the annals of humanity—would ring the death-knell of modern civilization, national prosperity, social morality and domestic happiness! and would consign the race to a night of degradation and horror more appalling than a return to primeval barbarism. Then every exciting political election would witness the revolting deeds of the furies who assisted in storming the Tuileries; and repetitions of scenes enacted during the reign of the Paris Commune would mournfully attest how terrible are female natures when once perverted.’”

In speaking of her writings Mrs. Evans Wilson once said to me, that it was a source of great happiness for her to know of instances where they had done some good in the world. One was the precious assurance that two men, one in Europe and another in America, have written her that her books were the blessed means of reclaiming them from vice and infidelity; that owing to her labors they had become trusting, praying Christians,—and that at their family altar, prayers were offered for the author—a reward considered by her inestimable. Another fact which has given her great comfort, is the power her books have had over the minds of young people, numbers of whom from all parts of the United States write her asking advice and guidance in their studies, and thus enabling her to furnish them lists of good and standard authors.

XXIV.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

Best representative of Southern Authorship—Whole edition of first book burned—Novelist, Historian and Biographer—An Author with many Publishers—Poets and Poetry of the South—Stonewall Jackson's Life written on the Battlefield—General Lee gives His Consent—"I have Loved thee ever dearly, Florence Vane"—Washington Irving's gardener says, "It's Twins! It's Twins!"—Anecdotes of Thackeray and G. P. R. James—His happy Home in Virginia.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE of Virginia is perhaps the best living representative of Southern authors.

Thirty years ago the Harpers printed his first book, "Leather Stocking and Silk." The whole edition was burned in a great fire in 1853, which destroyed the establishment of the publishers. The volume was re-printed and published the following year. It was a story of Virginia, and met with such favor, that it was introduced by Tauchnitz into his Leipsic series of novels.

Mr. Cooke's latest work is the history of the people of Virginia in the series of "American Commonwealths" now in course of publication by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Cooke is the most voluminous of Southern writers. Besides numerous contributions for magazines and literary papers he has written more than thirty different works published in book form. He also glories in the rare distinction of having had more than fifteen different publishers. His first, as well as his last novel, bears the im-

print of his Franklin Square friends. Mr. Cooke admits that it is unusual for an author to have so many publishers, though he assures me that in no case has it been from misunderstanding, but has arisen from various circumstances not necessary to mention. I can bear witness to his assertion, as I happen to know that his publishers are his personal friends, always ready with their imprint for any new book he may offer.

His third novel, "The Last of the Forresters," was published by my firm in 1856. And in 1860 I concluded a contract with him and the late John R. Thompson to compile a volume entitled "The Poets and Poetry of the South." The outbreak of the Civil War put a quietus on that enterprise.

In addition to the novelist and historian, Mr. Cooke is also a biographer. He was well accoutred to write the lives of Generals Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, as he served during the war under both those Confederate chieftains. I can vouch for the great popularity of both biographies as they were published under my management while connected with the house of D. Appleton & Co.

"The life of Stonewall Jackson" was written on the field, often with the wind "flaring or making flare his 'tallow dip.'" He remembers stopping at one time in the middle of a sentence to go and get shot at by a party of blue cavalry. Most of the MS. was sent off as written, but his satchel with the remainder was captured with his tooth brush-and prayer-book. Several thousand copies were printed in Richmond when Jefferson Davis conscripted the printers. It was re-written after General Jackson's death and accepted for publication by Mr. William H. Appleton, who also proposed to him in 1866 to write the life of General Lee. Mr. Cooke consulted the General on the subject, knowing that he contemplated writing his relation to the war himself. General Lee said to him that the proposed work—should he ever write a history of the Army of Northern Virginia—would be more of

an assistance than hindrance. After General Lee's death the work was completed. In writing it he had the sympathies and encouragement of General Lee's widow and also of General Custis Lee, his son.

Four of Mr. Cooke's war novels, "Hammer and Rapier," etc., were published about this time, by G. W. Carleton.

Mr. Cooke's brother, Philip Pendleton Cooke, was the author of the poem "Florence Vane," which I have always considered one of the finest in the English language.

Mr. Cooke once told me that when his brother was eighteen or twenty, he fell in love with his cousin, Evelina Dandridge—"Florence Vane." He often rode his fine black horse, "John Randolph," on moonlight nights fifteen miles to see her. He would throw nosebags into her window and ride home again. Of this boy and girl passion nothing came. He went to college, she to spend the winter in Richmond. There she became engaged to and married R. M. T. Hunter, subsequently the eminent Virginian statesman. His brother also married in his turn Miss Burwell of the Valley. It was after his marriage that he wrote "Florence Vane." It came to him he said whilst he was walking in the garden listening to his young wife seated in a window singing. I give this account of this exquisite lyric as related to me by Mr. Cooke, and think my readers will thank me for reproducing it here.

" FLORENCE VANE.

" I loved thee long and dearly,
 Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
 Hath come again;
 I renew, in my fond vision,
 My heart's dear pain—
My hopes and thy derision,
 Florence Vane.

“ The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou did'st hark my story,
At even told—
That spot—the hues Elysian,
Of sky and plain—
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane!

“ Thou wast lovelier than the roses
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main,
Would I had loved thee never,
Florence Vane!

“ But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay—
Lieth the green sod under—
Alas, the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

“ The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep;
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep,
May their bloom, in beauty vying
Never wane,
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!”

Philip Pendleton Cooke died in 1850, at the early age of thirty-four. He was the author of “ Froissart's Ballads,” and a volume of poems.

Mr. Cooke has always enjoyed the friendship of the leading literary people of both the North and South.

He once related to me a visit which he made with Evert A. Duyckinck, on Washington Irving in 1859, at Sunnyside, shortly before the latter's death. Mr. Cooke says they walked into the grounds and saw a small gentleman in black with his back to them. Mr. Duyckinck went up and spoke to him and he instantly wheeled round with a smile holding out his hand. "Oh, I thought you were some of those reporters from New York!" he said; after which he explained that he was often annoyed by intrusive strangers. Mr. Irving talked in an easy, humorous tone on any subject suggested, one being the neatness of the grounds. He said his gardener's children had been there that morning and pulled all his roses for a "little fete." They were fine attractive girls and his gardener a worthy man. His wife had recently become a mother again, which was not an unusual thing for the good woman, and Mr. Irving said he thought he ought to congratulate him, but when he told him he was a lucky fellow he gave him a woeful look and groaned, "It's twins! It's twins!" Mr. Cooke says Irving told him he had known the Empress Eugenie when he was United States Minister to Spain. She was then little Eugenie de Montijo, daughter of Count de Teba, and often appeared at the masquerades at Madrid, as a female mousquetaire. She was a fine, buxom girl, he said laughingly, and when she was a child he had often taken her on his knee. "When I was in Washington," he added, "I often saw old Calderon—the Spanish minister—and he said one day, 'Good Heavens, Irving! Just to think of little Eugenie being an Empress—hum! hum! hum!'"

Another of Mr. Cooke's literary friends was the late G. P. R. James, whose novels were all the rage forty years ago, as many of my bookselling friends will remember. He had been appointed British consul at Richmond, and was a great favorite in society there. Thackeray visited him on his trip South, but he resented the latter's flings

at him as a "solitary horseman," the meaning of which those who have read James' novels will understand.

Mr. James once told Cooke of his intention to write his own memoirs, as he had known many distinguished people, and of whom he could tell good stories, one of which he related to the latter. He had been in Bordeaux many years before, and after strolling all day over the old town returned to his inn, and having supped, went toward his chamber. His way led through a long, dark passage, but he saw some one in front carrying a candle—a man in black slowly ascending the old-fashioned staircase. On the landing the man stopped, and holding up his candle looked at some object. It was a cat lying on a window sill with a surprised and frightened expression as she fixed her eyes upon him. The stranger in black looked at the cat some time minutely and muttered in a deserted tone, "Ah Pussy! Pussy! If you had seen as much trouble as I have, you would not be surprised at anything." After which he went on up the stairs, continued Mr. James, and as I heard that Irving was in Bordeaux, I said to myself: "That can be nobody in the world but Irving," which turned out to be a fact.

Washington Irving, it may be remembered, was the first one to encourage Mr. James in the world of fiction, and it was under his advisement that the latter published his first volume, the life of "Edward, the Black Prince."

Mr. Cooke remembers many pleasant talks with Thackeray during the latter's visit to Richmond. On one occasion the latter said, "If I were you I would go on writing. Some day you will make a fortune. Becky Sharp made mine. I married early and wrote for bread." At another time he spoke of his writings without reserve, as he did of himself. He said, "I like Becky Sharp; she is a Bohemian, and I prefer Bohemians to other society; they are more unconventional, and wear their hair on their shoulders if they like." Speaking of his literary habits, he said he always smoked while writing. Never wrote at night because

it kept him from sleeping. He dictated to an amanuensis the whole of "Esmond" and "Pendennis." Mr. Cooke told him how much pleased he was to know that the scene of his new novel, "The Virginians," was to be laid in Virginia, and possibly he might make Yorktown the *denouement*.

Mr. Cooke said he felt shocked at having made the latter suggestion and immediately added that he ought to beg his pardon. "Beg my pardon?" he asked, apparently surprised, "At suggesting the surrender of Cornwallis as an agreeable *denouement* to you." Thackeray said, "It is nothing. I accept Yorktown." Cooke said to him that he knew he admired Washington. The former replied that he was the greatest man that ever lived. And yet if the English had caught him they probably would have hanged him as a rebel. "We had better have lost North America," said Thackeray emphatically.

Mr. Cooke resides on his beautiful estate in the Sherandoah Valley, where his Northern friends often visit him, returning with delightful impressions of his romantic and hospitable home, where he lives a happy life with his children, friends, books, papers and pipe. His motto is **Esperance!**

XXV.

FAMOUS HUMORISTS.

B. P. SHILLABER (MRS. PARTINGTON).

How Mrs. Partington looks—Ancient Motherly Woman with Cap and Spectacles—Wonderful Popularity of her Sayings—The Origin of her Book—How a Bonanza struck the Author—Rich as Vanderbilt or Gould—Artemus Ward—Miles O'Reilly—John G. Saxe.

MRS. PARTINGTON has been represented as an ancient motherly woman with cap and spectacles, in the act of taking a pinch of snuff, or placidly knitting, as she lectures the mischievous Ike. Her sayings at one time were copied in all the newspapers of the land, and even at this day we hear of the humorous utterances and quaint benevolent remarks with a smile and oftentimes with a laugh.

In the year 1854, it occurred to me that a collected volume of these sketches, fittingly illustrated, would make a pretty good selling book. I accordingly went to Boston to see Mr. B. P. Shillaber, who at that time was one of the editors of the *Boston Post*, and proposed the preparation of his sketches, and their publication in book form. The result of my interview is thus graphically set forth in the following letter just received from him, in response to my

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inquiry, whether he still lived, and further, if he did live, to refresh my memory as to our first interview.

“MY DEAR DERBY :

“Mrs. Partington ‘still lives’ and thus refreshes your memory. I did not strike the bonanza but the bonanza struck me. Mrs. Partington had won her way into public affection, through the medium of the *Post*, and I fancied no wider province for her than simply creating a smile for the reader of that paper, and such as might be tickled by her peculiar fancies in other points. Occupying a subordinate position on the paper, I threw the sayings in among the ‘All sorts of Paragraphs’ as fatherless waifs, content to see them caught up and read with no ambition beyond. They had thus continued for three years and more, until what had been commenced as a pleasantry for the moment, had assumed formidable proportions. So little had I dreamed of any future use for them, that I failed even to scrap them, and thus was taken at great disadvantage when the bonanza struck me.

“One day I received a startling and, as I thought, rather ludicrous proposition from a distinguished publishing firm in Springfield, asking my terms for collecting the ‘Partington Sayings’ for them. I submitted the matter to my associates, who good-naturedly joined with me in laughing it down, as your friends will anything that concerns you, if you encourage them, and sometimes they will if you don’t. While we were still engaged in pleasant banter about prospective authorship and magnificent returns, the door opened and some one inquired for me.

“The inquirer was a very pleasant and gentlemanly stranger, who immediately revealed his business by asking me, in almost the precise terms of the letter just received, what I would collect the ‘Partington Sayings’ for, assuring me that he had come from New York solely to see me with reference to publishing them in a book. Full of the late feeling regarding the other proposition, and think-

ing it might be from the same parties, I laughingly informed him that I had just received his letter, and had made up my mind not to enter the publishing field, deeming that an excess of riches derived therefrom might disturb our pleasant relations.

“He told me in reply that he had written no letter, but was Mr. J. C. Derby, of the firm of Derby & Jackson, of New York, who had determined to publish the book if they could get the copy, and that rested with me.

“‘Can you be in earnest?’ I said, looking at him sharply. ‘Never more so,’ he replied.

“‘Well, my dear sir,’ said I, ‘the thing is utterly impossible. In the first place, they can’t be collected; and next, like the Yankee speaking of the defeat at White Plains, “I don’t take no interest.”’

“‘But,’ he continued, ‘I’ll make it of interest to you. See here; if you will collect the copy for a book, for three hundred pages, in my hand, I’ll give you one thousand dollars in cash.’

“‘What!’ I yelled, so loud that an office hand who was trimming the lamps, came out to see what was the matter. I looked round for some comfortable place to fall on, in case I fainted; I looked at him with misty astonishment and marveled that the maker of so mad a proposition should bear himself so serenely. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘and I’ll make it stronger by saying, that if you wait its publication, I will pay you two thousand dollars down besides, after copyright.’

“‘I can’t decide at once,’ I managed to gasp, the sweat beading my forehead through agitation.

“‘Take your own time,’ he said, ‘I am here for this purpose, and here I shall stay, till I get what I came for. I am stopping at the Tremont.’ He then left me in an auriferous dream.

“‘Now, with Mr. Vanderbilt or Mr. Gould, a slight turn in the stock market, pouring millions into their coffers, would not affect them as I was at that offer, so munificent

as I dreamed it, and I hardly knew how to act. Mr. Derby was so earnest and positive that his proposition could not be overlooked or got over, and those most ready to laugh with me at the absurdity of the first proposition, took a different view of this, and urged compliance. Home counsel, with their tender sympathies, settled the matter; and yielding gracefully to the tempter, I set about a compilation that, whether good or not, the sale of at least fifty thousand copies must certify. And thus the 'Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington' was issued, with the following introductory remarks:

"Mrs. Partington once declined an introduction to a party, because she did not wish to be introduced to anyone she was not acquainted with. She needs no introduction now. In all parts of our own land and over the sea, her name is familiar as a household word; and 'as Mrs. Partington would say' forms a tributary clause to many a good story, or an apology for many a bad one; a smile attending utterance of the name in evidence of its appreciation. But a preface of course is expected; and so, in the most gentle manner in the world, we will tell you, reader, a little story about the origin of the Partington sayings, and why they were said and why they are here collected. Perhaps you have guessed it all; but it is well to be certain.

"In the first place they were written as the canine quadruped is said to have gone to church for fun, for the author's own amusement, with a latent hope, however, half-indulged, that the big world, which the author very much loves and wishes to please, might see something in them at which to smile. He was modest in his hope, and hid himself behind an incognito, impenetrable he thought, where he could see the effect of his mild squibs on the public. The result pleased him, and he kept vigorously blazing away unseen, as much so as the simple bird that thrusts its head under a leaf and fancies itself unobserved!

—until they have arisen to a magnitude that some people might deem respectable.

“Before the book was published, Derby & Jackson sent me a check for two thousand dollars, twenty thousand copies having been ordered. It had a great subsequent sale. Though ‘Mrs. Partington’ belongs to a past generation, there is still a warm interest manifested for her, that finds expression in demands for her autograph, coupled with modest requests for a characteristic ‘sentiment,’ annoying at times, yet pleasant, because one does not like to be quite forgotten, and—

“ ‘A memory in gentle hearts,
To me were better fame,
Than all a hollow world imparts
To signalize a name.’

“B. P. SHILLABER.

“Chelsea, April 15th, 1884.”

In the year 1850, Mr. Shillaber started a weekly paper called the *Carpenter Bag*. It was a humorous sheet, as one can readily imagine, in which appeared the earliest writings of John G. Saxe, the witty poet; Charles G. Halpine (Miles O’Reilly) and Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward). Mr. Halpine was for a short time associate editor with Mr. Shillaber, where, the latter tells me, he learned to admire and respect his great genius. A more versatile writer, he says, he thinks he never knew, nor one who possessed more power—often revealed in his strictures upon contemporaries—which made him enemies; but they were afraid of him and rarely struck back. He was a ripe scholar, and hated the namby-pambyism of the literary press, and the feeble nothings, as he regarded them, of their contributions. He was a remorseless writer, and dashed among people right and left, impaling them upon his pen-point and showing them no mercy. As a poet he was brilliant and sensuous; one poem—“An imperfect Hymn to the Types”

—was a really sublime effort. He was most fascinating in his manner, holding every one to his will, whether liking him or not, and a true friend where he became attached. He was very classical, had Horace at his finger-ends, and sported an alias for every phase of his writing. Resulting from the bitterness of his witticism, he was actually challenged to a duel, to come off in Canada, by one that he had exoriated.

Mr. Shillaber says Charles F. Browne came to the *Carpet Bag* office from Maine, a shrewd, verdant, good-natured printer, not out of his time. He gave no early evidence of hidden genius, and rarely let himself out beyond joking with his printer associates, and an occasional short article, modestly submitted, over the signature of "Lieut. Chub." These attracted attention, especially one, a reprint, where the Battle of Yorktown was described as the programme of a country muster, and General Washington, under the influence of liquor, got licked. It was intensely funny. Browne showed that under a rough covering there was a big promise. He soon left for New York, where Mr. Shillaber says he next met him, a year or two afterwards, transformed into a city buck, associating with Henry Clapp in editing *Vanity Fair*, and dined at Pfaff's with Ada Clare and the Bohemians. He soon after went off on his lecturing tour, taking the world captive under the *nom de plume* of "Artemus Ward."

Mr. Shillaber once told me his acquaintance with John G. Saxe commenced in 1840, when on the *Post*, he being a contributor of sonnets and paragraphs, with an occasional poem, over the signature of "Axes." He was young and full of fire, and his articles had a ring to them that rendered them admirable. A series of paragraphs, entitled "Saws Reset"—controversing old everyday proverbs and showing their fallacy—were very funny. He was a handsome man, of tall and commanding figure, and bore himself with a self-sustained manner, hardly denoting the humorist, but unbending in a moment with the most genial affability,

and yielding himself to the association of the moment, delighting the little circle he addressed. Though funny, there was no mirthful demonstration in him, and he told his most smile-provoking stories, with the utmost gravity of demeanor. He was one who well knew the merit of his own production, and the fact always bears out his assumption regarding them.

MIRIAM BERRY WHITCHER (WIDOW BEDOTT.)

Joseph Neal's Charcoal Sketches—Charles Dickens appropriates them—George P. Putnam's Statement—"Widow Bedott" discovered—Miriam Berry, a young country girl, the Author—"Bursting into fits of laughter"—Alice B. Neal becomes Alice B. Haven—Popularity of "Cousin Alice"—One hundred thousand Bedott Papers sold—"Widow Bedott" a household god.

MORE than forty years ago a series of humorous contributions by "Widow Bedott" began to appear in *Neal's Saturday Gazette*, a weekly newspaper published in Philadelphia.

Its editor, Joseph C. Neal, was a humorous writer himself, of considerable note. His published volume of "Charcoal Sketches" has been compared favorably by critics, to the earliest writings of Charles Dickens.

The late George P. Putnam in his "American Facts," published in London, in 1846, makes the following statement:

"Joseph C. Neal, of Philadelphia, published about 1839, a volume called 'Charcoal Sketches,' with illustrations; his name appended in full. This volume appears entire, plates and all, in the middle of 'Pickwick Papers,' edited by Charles Dickens, 3 volumes, London, 1841. Mr. Neal, no doubt, would have been proud of his company, if his patron had not introduced him as a *nameless* person! 'A volume has been appended (to make the

orthodox *three*) from an American source,' says the editor; 'but not a syllable about the name, either of author or book!'

At first the readers of the *Gazette* attributed the authorship of the "Widow Bedott Papers" to Mr. Neal himself, but the latter was as much in the dark about the authorship as the public were.

Determined to find the identity of the author, he wrote to his unknown correspondent and ascertained from her that she was no widow at all, but a young maiden lady residing in Central New York, who had never previously written anything for publication, and was really of a serious turn of mind. She was astonished on hearing from Mr. Neal of the great popularity of her sketches, which largely increased the demand for his *Gazette*.

Mr. Neal wrote her that he and other critics considered them the best Yankee dialect stories that had yet appeared, and instanced "a lady who for several days after reading one of them, was continually, and often at moments the most inopportune, bursting into fits of violent laughter."

Mr. Neal also informed the author that L. A. Godey, the well-known editor of the "Lady's Book," desired to secure her as a contributor to his magazine. The result was an engagement on her part to write for both the monthly magazine and weekly paper, which continued until her death.

The writer of the "Widow Bedott Papers" proved to be Miriam Berry, of Whitesboro, N. Y. Soon after the engagements to write for these editors, Miss Berry was married to Rev. B. W. Witcher, rector of the Episcopal Church in the same village, but she died within the year of her marriage, leaving one child.

The premature death of one who had become so famous a writer was greatly regretted by tens of thousands of delighted readers.

A collection of the sketches was made by her surviving friends and ultimately published in a volume bearing my imprint as its publisher, in 1855.

In the early part of that year a lady called at my office in Nassau Street, and introduced herself as Mrs. Alice B. Haven. She said she had brought me some fugitive sketches which she desired published in book-form. I looked over the scrap-book containing the collection and told her I had never read any of them, but would examine them with pleasure, and advise her as early as possible if they were accepted for publication.

Mrs. Haven was at one time a co-editor of the *Saturday Gazette*, with Mr. Joseph C. Neal, her first husband. He having died shortly after their marriage the paper was soon after discontinued. She, like the author of "Widow Bedott," had been an anonymous contributor to Neal's *Saturday Gazette*, and the young editor being greatly impressed with her contributions opened a correspondence of a personal nature which led to courtship and subsequent marriage.

Six years after the death of Mr. Neal, the widow married Mr. Joshua L. Haven. Mrs. Haven died six years later, not however without leaving a permanent place in literature.

She wrote under the *nom de plume* of "Cousin Alice," and as a successful writer for the young, her publishers, D. Appleton & Co., can bear witness to her great popularity. An affectionate memorial volume of Mrs. Haven was published by that house in 1865.

In accordance with the previous understanding with Mrs. Haven, I took the sketches home and at night began to read them to my family circle. This was about thirty years ago, and I can remember the scene as if it were yesterday, how one after another of my family began to laugh as I read on. The first chapter, Hezekiah Bedott, almost settled the question of publication. The mirth-provoking stories of the widow became infectious, and the verdict of acceptance was unanimous.

I wrote to Mrs. Haven the following day, and we soon agreed upon terms of publication. Mrs. Haven was to write the preface to the collection and I was to pay the

usual ten per cent. royalty, bearing all expenses of the publication myself, the copyright to go to the estate of the deceased authoress. The book was admirably and fittingly illustrated by a rising young artist, named Dallas, the husband of Mary Kyle Dallas, the well-known writer in Bonner's *Ledger*.

Before the book was published, the Rev. Mr. Whitcher, who, after his wife's death, had become a Roman Catholic priest, came to me with a proposition to sell out all the right, title and interest for a specified amount, which, if I remember right, was the sum of five hundred dollars. I considered it a very safe venture at the time, and the result showed that I did not misjudge, as something more than a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

The "Widow Bedott Papers" is a live book to-day, having taken a permanent place in the humorous literature of the country. Since I commenced these reminiscences a friend of mine* somewhat familiar with the literature of the day, writes me as follows :

"Widow Bedott is one of our household gods, and in this wise. Nearly twenty years ago my mother was something of an invalid, inclined to be melancholy and depressed in spirits, although her home and surroundings were very happy. Yet the thought of declining health and leaving a family of children, and perhaps too much 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul,' Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' Baxter's 'Saints' Everlasting Rest,' and the like kind of reading had a visibly gloomy effect upon her.

"She had many of the best doctors, and they all disagreed in locating any disease, but all agreed she was 'run down.' One of them said and prescribed—'Get her to read cheerful books. Get Widow Bedott. Let her see things that will make her laugh and get the mind working in different channels.' We followed the doctor's advice. Father got the book, we read it aloud, we all laughed to split, and the effect on mother was magical. She improved, and is well and hearty to-day, and is now seventy-six

* George C. White.

years old. So, dear friend, you see what we owe you, and the good you have done, and how 'a good name is better than great riches.'"

The following is the opening chapter of the Widow Bedott Papers.

"He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as we was a settin' by the fire, I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone ; when he was well, used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part o' the time). Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned towards me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything uncommon. Well, he says to me, says he 'Silly,' (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he generally called me 'Silly,' cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly,' and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you, he had a sollem countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certingly you wouldnt wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why it's an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for five or six year after I shouldnt desire to see a ruggeder man than what he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I even see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. Se'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt, for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took

Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin' and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round for evermore, and never comin' to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejustest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me says he, 'Silly,' says I, 'What?' I didnt say 'What, Hezekier?' for I didnt like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. 'Hezekier Bedott,' says I, 'well, I would give up if I had sich a name,' but then you know I had no more idee o' marryiu' the feller than you have this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekier. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott, it's father Bedott's name, and he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from generation to generation. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin,' ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leettle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, 'Silly,' I says, says I, 'What?' If I didnt say 'what' when he said 'Silly,' he'd a kept on saying 'Silly,' from time to eternity. He always did, because, you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, 'Silly.' Says I, 'What?' though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, didnt know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time, but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why, I've seen him in sitivations when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin' but *he* didnt. He and me went once in the dead o' winter in a one hoss slay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that sectiou o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we

sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there husband was took with a dretful crick in his back. Now *that* was what I calla *perdickement*, don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, 'Consarn it.' How did we get out, did you ask? Why we might a been sittin' there to this day fur as I know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in a double team and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation o' hisen. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly,' (I could see by the light o' the fire, there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgetful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company) I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he, 'Silly.' I says to him, says I, 'What?' He says to me, says he, '*We're all poor critters!*'

GEORGE D. PRENTICE (PRENTICIANA).

Prentice and the Louisville Journal—Brilliant wit in paragraphs—A few Specimen Bricks—Encourages young Writers—Author first meets Prentice—Prentice defies Mike Walsh—"You have skinned me from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet"—"I cannot kill a disarmed man"—Prentice gives Whittier his first start—"We've shared each other's smiles and tears."

THE success which followed the publication of Fanny Fern's "Fern Leaves" and Shillaber's "Mrs. Partington" induced me to propose to the late George D. Prentice to make a collection of the witty sayings which had emanated daily for nearly forty years in the columns of the *Louisville Journal*, of which Mr. Prentice was editor in chief.

There was hardly a secular newspaper in the country which did not habitually copy the brilliant and witty hits, continuously made by this noted paragraphist, which gave him a wide reputation.

Mr. Evert A. Duykinck, in his *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, said, as long ago as 1855:

“If these Prenticiana of the editor were collected and published with appropriate notes, they would form an amusing and instructive commentary on the management of elections, newspaper literature and political oratory, of permanent value as a memorial of the times.”

Mr. Prentice accepted my proposition, and the book was published in the year 1859, under the title of “*Prenticiana ; or, Wit and Humor in Paragraphs.*”

In introducing the volume to the public the author, in his preface, writes :

“Though I have been a public writer from my boyhood, I offer this volume to my fellow-citizens with a diffidence almost painful. It is made up of a portion of the paragraphs that I have written for the *Louisville Journal* during the last twenty-nine years, and a few of those written for the *New York Ledger* within the last two years.

“A long time ago I was urged often and earnestly to publish such a volume as this or permit one to be published, but I uniformly declined. I should decline still, but for the knowledge that, if I do not publish my own paragraphs others will, making the selections with far less regard for the feelings of men who are now my friends than I choose to exercise.

“I am as well aware as any one can be, that there are just grounds for grave objection to this book. Probably, in many things it contains, little else than partisan bitterness will be found. Still I have carefully excluded, out of deference to the sensibilities of persons whom I now esteem and love, thousands of the very passages which at the time of their appearance, did most to give to the *Louisville Journal* its fame or notoriety. In many of the passages here given, I have suppressed names, in order that there may be no occasion for offense. In regard to my contemporaries of the press, who are referred to, I will say, in justice both to myself and to them, that not more than half of the blows struck between them and me were mine. I do not think that I have now a feeling of personal enmity toward any member of the press.

“Many, and perhaps most, of the paragraphs here collected re-

late to the men and measures of former times, but I believe they all explain themselves. I have no doubt, however, that a very considerable proportion of them, which perhaps, from partisan partiality, were deemed 'good hits' at the time, will, now that the occasion which called them forth has passed, be read with comparatively little interest. I know that such things do not *keep* well.

"It is of course impossible for me to remember how far I may in some trifles have been indebted to suggestions that I found in the writings of others; but I believe that all which I have here given is my own. Not a few paragraphs have been keeping their place in the newspaper press for many years, no one seeming to have any knowledge of their origin, and very likely they are not worth my reclaiming.

"The reader will see that, occasionally, to express a thought or fancy or a conceit more conveniently, I have put the words in the form of a dialogue, purporting sometimes to be between two politicians, sometimes a man and his wife, etc.; but such paragraphs are not less original, not less my own than the rest.

"The publishers are responsible for the title of this book."

A few "specimen bricks" of these witty paragraphs are here submitted.

"A female correspondent suggests a condition on which she will give us a kiss. We feel in duty bound to say to her, that kissing is a thing, that, at every proper opportunity, we set our face against."

"A western editor boasts that his state furnishes a greater quantity of oats than any other in the Union. He forgets to say whether she furnishes a greater number of asses to eat them."

"A man recently got married in Kentucky one day and hung himself the next. No doubt he wanted to try the varieties of noose to see which he liked best."

"It is exceedingly bad husbandry to harrow up the feelings of your wife."

"The question is often discussed whether the savages enjoy life. We suppose they do, as they always seem anxious to take it, when they get a chance."

"A letter from China says that the Chinese have succeeded by the skill of their cultivators in producing a new and delicious

variety of tea. We suppose they have accomplished this by *crossing their teas.*"

"A romantic poet sends us some stanzas addressed to a young woman and commencing—'We met as meet the day and night.' We can't encourage amalgamation."

"A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking and chewing. If she gives up her weeds for him, he should give up the *wced* for her."

"Two cousins named Crickett, were married last week in Jefferson County. We are opposed to cricket matches."

"Some publishers of periodicals publish on white paper, some on blue and some on yellow. A large portion of the political should by all means be of a color that *won't show dirt.*"

"'Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?' said a gentleman politely at table to an ancient maiden.

"'I am no waiter, sir.'

"'Well, I think you have been waiting a long time.'"

The publication of this volume brought me into very pleasant relations with this famous editor, who besides being a pronounced political writer was also a poet of no moderate claims; in addition to this he was always the encouraging friend of every young author of literary promise. It can be said of Mr. Prentice that he made and unmade poets and prose writers as well as politicians and statesmen. He it was that first brought to public notice that sweet poetess Amelia B. Welby who wrote so many beautiful poems for his columns, under the signature of "Amelia;" also Sally M. Bryan, John J. Piatt and Catherine A. Warfield. The latter was introduced to me in a note from Mr. Prentice, he sending me at the same time the MS. of her wonderful romance, "The Household of Bouverie," which is referred to elsewhere.

Many persons surmised that Mr. Prentice himself wrote the poems signed "Amelia," until he denied it one day, by saying, "I recognize their priceless beauty too well to spoil it in that way. I never wrote a word in any of her writings. On the few occasions when she had used a word which I would not have used, I sent her MS. back with the

defective word marked, and she corrected the diction herself. I never once aided or had occasion to aid."

I first met Mr. Prentice in 1860, soon after the publication of his volume, when I had the pleasure of introducing him at the Century Club and elsewhere in literary circles.

He was an excellent talker, and being a thorough Greek and Latin scholar, as well as French and German, he was at home among his favorite poets, Virgil, Byron and Shelley. His favorite German author was Jean Paul Richter; he always read everything the latter wrote, and his advice to young writers was to adopt Richter's style, if they must have a model.

Mr. Prentice, like Horace Greeley, was passionately devoted to the political fortunes of Henry Clay. Each of them have written most interesting biographies of that eminent Kentucky statesman.

At one time, Mike Walsh, a notorious and prominent Loco Foco (the name given to the Democrats in those days) by some action on his part provoked a quarrel with the Louisville editor, for which he was handled without gloves in the witty and sarcastic columns of Mr. Prentice's paper. Mike Walsh was a member of Congress from New York City, at the time, and a brave but illiterate man. Mr. Prentice happened to be in Washington during a session of Congress when he met Walsh at a dinner party; the former advanced toward and was about to offer his hand to the Irish politician, when the latter fixing his piercing eyes on him without offering his hand, exclaimed, "You are George D. Prentice, are you?" Mr. Prentice bowed in assent, when Walsh said, "You must know, sir, that I like you, although you have skinned me from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet; your instrument was so sharp and so skillfully used that the operation was rather pleasant than otherwise." Of course Mr. Prentice could not help liking his political foe after this keen and delicate compliment.

About this time an editor of one of the Louisville

papers who had become frenzied by a stinging editorial thrust in the *Louisville Journal*, with the addition of copious drafts of the well known Kentucky Bourbon, fired a shot at Mr. Prentice without the slightest warning, wounding him near the heart. Mr. Prentice instantly threw him to the ground, disarmed him, and with knife in hand, held him like a vise in his grasp. A large crowd gathered around the scene. Nearly every one of them cried out, "Kill him, kill him!" Mr. Prentice at once let go his hold and said, "I cannot kill a disarmed man."

About the year 1867 Mr. Bonner engaged Mr. Prentice to write for the New York *Ledger* once a week a column under the heading of "Wit and Humor," which was continued to the time of his death.

One of Mr. Prentice's literary friends in speaking of Prenticiana says :

"We see the phenomenon of the poet, the philosopher and the politician combined in one. Falstaff-like, he is not only witty in himself, 'but the cause that wit is in other men.' So popular is he as a paragraphist that a volume of his wit and wisdom has been widely circulated. The many-sided mind that made the masterly editor and politician has given to Mr. Prentice that universality of genius that can alone constitute the truly great poet—the possession of that common sense which corrects the erratic caprices of genius, and gives its true weight and value to every subject and idea. Such is the kaleidoscopic nature of the brain of George D. Prentice. His pathos is counter-balanced by his humor; his sublimity is matched by his wit; the keen subtlety of his sarcasm finds its counterpoise in that overwhelming fountain of sentiment, in whose translucent depths, gems of beauty dance forever. No proposition is too broad for his comprehension, no abstraction too evasive, no flower of fancy too delicate, and no microcosm too minute for his inspection. In wit he catches a joke in the very seed, as it were, before it blossoms into a laugh."

It is not generally known that Mr. Prentice gave our Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, the first start in his literary career. In a recent conversation, the latter said :

“My first real work was done when George D. Prentice was editor of the *Hartford Review* ; although I had written considerable before, I wrote and sent him a few things and he encouraged me, when he recommended me to take his place. The publisher met me and I went down, and for two years I remained with the *Review*.”

Mr. Prentice was a great sufferer from a disease called “chorea scriptorum,” sometimes called the writer’s cramp, which shows itself only when the hand tries to write. For a long time after this trouble began he was able to write many words with the thumb pressed towards the index finger when the pen would fly from him as if some one had struck it.

One morning not long before his death, while suffering in this way, Mr. Prentice composed a beautiful song, for his faithful friend Dr. T. S. Bell, who had been his family physician for nearly forty years. He stepped over to the Doctor’s office and asked him to write something for him, saying, “It is for you and your wife.”

Mr. Prentice then dictated the following beautiful lines, which were afterwards set to music by a distinguished composer.

“We’ve shared each other’s smiles and tears,
Through years of wedded life ;
And love has blessed those fleeting years—
My own and cherished wife.

“And if at times the storm’s dark shroud
Has rested in the air,
Love’s beaming sun has kissed the cloud,
And left the rainbow there.

“In all our hopes, in all our dreams,
Love is forever nigh,
A blossom in our path it seems,
A sunbeam in our sky.

“For all our joy of brightest hue,
Grows brighter in love’s smile,
And there’s no grief our hearts e’er knew
That love could not beguile.”

CHARLES G. HALPINE (MILES O’REILLY.)

A Young Irish Poet appears—Chuck full of Wit and Humor—Lyrics by the Letter “H”—“Haul down the Starry Flag”—Sambo’s right to be kilt—Private Miles O’Reilly settles it—Major Halpine warns Lincoln—A night ride with Miles O’Reilly—“Oh! Chemisette! the fairest yet”—Miles O’Reilly elected Register of New York—Halpine’s unexpected Death—Forney’s Tribute to his Memory.

IN the autumn of 1854 a fine-looking young man brought me a letter of introduction from B. P. Shillaber, of the *Boston Post*. The substance of the letter gave me to understand that the bearer was an educated young Irishman who had been employed on the *Post* and also on the *Carpet Bag*, a weekly humorous paper on which both of them had been associated.

The letter also stated that the bearer was not only a brilliant writer on any subject, but a born poet and a real genius in wit and humor.

After reading the letter I congratulated Charles G. Halpine, for such was his name—better known a few years later as Miles O’Reilly—on being in possession of so much literary talent. Young Halpine disclaimed any of the attributes which the letter conveyed; he thought it might be one of Mrs. Partington’s last jokes.

Mr. Halpine, who at that time was about twenty-five years old, handed me the MS. of some verses, which he offered to let me have without copyright, if I would risk an edition at my own expense. I liked the man and his

verses, and published a small edition of them under the title of "Lyrics, by the letter H."

The book was published anonymously, for the purpose, he said, of testing the public pulse as to his poetic talent, if he had any.

This little volume of poems was the beginning of Halpine's brilliant literary, military and political career. The author easily found employment as an editorial writer on the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Times*, where he was liberally paid for his ably-written editorials. And subsequently he was connected with several weekly semi-literary papers. His great versatility of talent enabled him to write on almost any subject. He was a great favorite of Horace Greeley, and indeed for that matter, of both Henry J. Raymond and James Gordon Bennett.

The impulsive young Irish poet on one occasion sent the editor of the *Tribune* the following verses, without any clue to the authorship :

["The United States cutter *Morris* has been ordered by President Franklin Pierce to carry Anthony Burns from Boston to Virginia, to be there enslaved for ever."]

"Hail to the Stars and Stripes !
 The boastful flag all hail !
 The tyrant trembles now,
 And at the sight grows pale ;
 The Old World groans in pain,
 And turns her eye to see,
 Beyond the Western Main,
 This emblem of the Free.

"Hail to the Stripes and Stars !
 Hope beams in every ray,
 And through the dungeon bars
 Points out a brighter way.
 The Old World sees the light
 That shall her cells illumine,
 And, shrinking back to night,
 Oppression reads her doom.

* * * * *

“ All hail the flaunting lie !
 The Stars grow pale and dim—
 The Stripes are bloody scars,
 A lie the flaunting hymn !
 It shields a pirate’s deck,
 It binds a man in chains,
 And round the captive’s neck
 Its folds are bloody stains.

“ Tear down the flaunting lie !
 Half-mast the starry flag !
 Insult no sunny sky
 With this polluted rag !
 Destroy it, ye who can !
 Deep sink it in the waves !
 It bears a fellow-man
 To groan with fellow-slaves.”

In the first volume of Horace Greeley’s “ History of the American Conflict ” the above song is given as a sample of the spirit aroused by the recent United States law returning fugitive slaves to their masters. For years Mr. Greeley was charged with being the author of the verses, and as late as 1872, when he ran for President, the Southern politicians repeated the story that he originated the “ Flaunting Lie.”

When the war broke out in 1861, Halpine sided with the Union army, rendering good service with both tongue and pen, thus illustrating in his own person the apothegm “ the pen is mightier than the sword ;” for although he was a brave and efficient Federal officer, one song of his alone was probably more effectual in inducing the Irish element of the country to enlist in the Union army, than all the recruiting officers in the Empire city.

It is well-known that negroes, especially the liberated slaves, were very repugnant to Irishmen, who, as a rule, would neither fight with a negro, or fight for his freedom.

During Major Halpine’s army life in the South, he assumed, in his correspondence to the Northern papers, the

soubriquet of "Private Miles O'Reilly," and was for a long time believed to be a genuine Milesian private soldier.

It was while playing this *role* that he wrote the following song, which became very popular among the Irish, and produced a revulsion in the feelings towards the contrabands, who had been armed by the Federal authorities.

"SAMBO'S RIGHT TO BE KILT.

" Some say it is a burnin' shame
 To make the naygurs fight,
 An' that the thrade o' bein' kilt
 Belongs but to the white;
 But as for me, upon my sowl,
 So liberal are we here,
 I'll let Sambo be murdered in place o' myself
 On every day in the year.
 On every day in the year, boys,
 An' every hour in the day,
 The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
 An' divil a word I'll say.

" In battle's wild commotion,
 I shouldn't at all object,
 If Sambo's body should stop a ball
 That was comin' for me direct;
 An' the prod of a Southern bag'net,
 So liberal are we here,
 I'll resign and let Sambo take it,
 On every day in the year.
 On every day in the year, boys,
 An' wid none of your nasty pride,
 All my right in a Southern bag'net prod,
 Wid Sambo I'll divide.

" The men who object to Sambo
 Should take his place an' fight,
 An' its better to have a naygur's hue,
 Than a liver that's wake an' white;
 Though Sambo's black as the ace o' spades,
 His finger a trigger can pull,

An' his eye runs straight on the barrel sights,
 From under its thatch o' wool.
 So hear me all, boys, darlin's!
 Don't think I'm tippin' you chaff,
 The right to be kilt I'll divide wid him,
And give him the largest half!"

Major Halpine was at one time during the war quartered at Washington, and while there on the staff of General Halleck, then Commander-in-Chief, he had occasion frequently to call on President Lincoln. On one occasion the following interview occurred :*

" 'There are two dangers, therefore,' I wound up by saying ; 'the danger of deliberate political assassination, and the mere brute violence of insanity.'

"Mr. Lincoln had heard me with a smile, his hands still locked across his knees, and his body still rocking back and forth—the common indication that he was amused.

" 'Now, as to political assassination,' he said ; 'do you think the Richmond people would like to have Hanibal Hamlin here instead of myself ? In that alternative, I have an insurance on my life worth half the prairie-land of Illinois. And besides'—this more gravely—'if there were such a plot and they wanted to get at me, no vigilance could keep them out. We are so mixed up in our affairs, that—no matter what the system established—a conspiracy to assassinate, if such there were, could easily obtain a pass to see me for any one or more of its instruments. To betray fear of this, by placing guards, and so forth, would only be to put the idea into their heads, and perhaps lead to the very result it was intended to prevent. As to the crazy folks, Major, why I must only take my chances—the worst crazy people I at present fear being some of my own too zealous adherents. That there may be such dangers as you and many others have suggested to me, is quite possible ; but I guess it wouldn't improve things any, to publish that we were afraid of them in advance.'

Not long before Mr. Halpine's death I had occasion to occupy a state-room with him on one of the Albany night boats. He was in the best of health and buoyant spirits,

* "From Baked Meats of the Funeral," by Miles O'Reilly.

and, as always, a delightful companion. I remember that although much fatigued after some journeying, I was very sleepy, but sleep and rest I knew not. He was continually bubbling over with his native Irish wit, improvising songs and relating laughable anecdotes.

I was not aware until that night that he was troubled with insomnia. A few days later I was painfully startled in reading in the morning papers the sudden and unexpected death of this brilliant man. The following very interesting account of the sad event was published in a biographical sketch of Halpine prefacing his poetical works, which were edited by his friend, Robert B. Roosevelt, and published by Harper & Bros. in 1869.

“Early in the last week of his life he had written his poem commemorative of the Irish Legion, and on his final Saturday he was at the office of the *Citizen* until about two o'clock, in gay and more genial mood than usual, although he was invariably a charming companion. Later he was attacked with violent pain in the head and he had recourse to chloroform. The apothecary, by a well-intentioned but unfortunate error, gave him a diluted article which had no effect, and which he detected as deficient in strength. Then he sent for more, and under the delusion that it also was weak or adulterated, while it was actually of full strength, inhaled too much of it and became insensible. Thus, by a mere accident, a most important life was taken away from the public at its period of greatest usefulness. He died ere more than half his natural term of activity had run, at the age of thirty-nine, at a period when his faculties were in their most perfect development.”

Some of the poems in the volume referred to were taken from his “Lyrics of the letter H.” There are a number of omissions, however; among others the following exquisite lyric; with which the latter volume opens:

“Oh, Chemisette! the fairest yet
 That e'er hid bosom purer, whiter!
 Thou dost not know what envious woe
 Thy veiling snow hath given the writer.”

- “ So neatly frilled—so plumply filled !
 And then the eyes that shine above it !
 I sing—I long—nor is it wrong—
 (At least in song)—dear girl to love it !
- “ Sweet Chemisette ! the coral set,
 To chain thy folds in gentle duty,
 Fling round a glow upon the snow
 To heighten so thy blushing beauty ;
 And ne'er before, on sea or shore,
 Did coral feel a softer billow—
 Nor could the gold around it rolled,
 Though ten times told, deserve the pillow !
- “ Oh, Chemisette ! below thee met,
 A rosy ribbon binds her boddice ;
 And in her mien is clearly seen
 One half the queen, and one the goddess.
 Her voice is low, how sweet its flow !—
 Her upper lip disdains the under ;
 Her hair is like dark waves that strike
 A marble cliff and rush asunder.
- “ Oh ! ripening grace ! Oh ! radiant face !
 When love is love, it knows no measure !
 Her hands are small, but yet can call
 The power of music at their pleasure.
 And as they peep from sleeves of deep
 Wide guipure lace, ‘ *la mode Ramilie,*’
 Her fingers seem, or else I dream,
 Like stamens in the bells of lilies.”

Halpine was also the author of two humorous volumes entitled “ Miles O'Reilly, his book,” and “ Baked Meats of the Funeral.”

“ Miles O'Reilly” Halpine became so popular among all classes of voters, that the year prior to his death he was elected to the important and lucrative office of Register of New York, by a majority of over 50,000 over the Tammany nominee.

Colonel Forney, in his *Anecdotes of Public Men*, in

printing the Lines of Miles O'Reilly on the Downfall of Richmond says, "they are among the most beautiful productions in the English language; recalling the handsome features and royal gifts of Colonel Charles G. Halpine, who was endeared to so many during his life and who is still so sincerely mourned." The following closing lines of one of Mr. Halpine's most beautiful poems were written not long before his death.

"Oh! in many a night of sorrow,
 When the hours have no relief,
 And the darkness seems to borrow
 Deeper shadows from our grief—
 Then again, with memory toying,
 Comes the vision of the past,
 And on these our thoughts employing,
 Daylight breaks on us at last."

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

Best Delineator of Negro Character—A Successful Writer of African Humor—"Uncle Remus" not born in Africa—Folk-lore in the Old Plantation—Squirrels, Jay-birds, and Wood-peckers—A Printing-Office in the Woods—General Sherman wipes it out—William H. Seward teaches School in Georgia—Harris meets author of Major Jones' Courtship—Charles A. Dana and John Bigelow—Wonderful Tar Baby Story.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS has recently come to the front as the very best delineator of Southern negro character which the country has developed. His wonderful "Tar Baby" and other dialectic stories, in which the shrewd wit and sententious sayings of "Uncle Remus" are given, have never been equaled. The negro dialect as depicted by him being true to the very life. His

sketches have been copied in the newspapers throughout the country, and have been read with pleasure and delight, especially among Southern people or those who have lived in the South.

Mr. Harris has become a successful writer, not only of African humor, but, as far as I have read, he pictures equally well the life and characteristics of the poor whites in the South. His "Teague Poteet," recently published in the *Century*, I consider the very best description of the "Moonshiners" and other kindred characters which has yet been written.

The following interesting item, which originated in a Kansas City paper, has been going the rounds of the Press, until it is believed that the statement made is literally true :

"Joel Charles Harris, the famous humorist of the *Atlanta Constitution*, has had a strangely romantic career. His father was a missionary, and it was at a small town of Booghia, on the Southern coast of Africa, that Joel was born. He was educated by his father and acquired a wonderful acquaintance with foreign languages. He is an adept Sanskrit scholar, and is deeply versed in Hebraic and Buddhist literature. The sweetly quaint legends of Indian and Judean mythology have found their way into his simple Southern tales, and the spirit of his philosophy is identical with the teachings of Moses and Buddha."

I have had the best of opportunities of knowing that all the Africa Mr. Harris saw when he was born, was in the State of Georgia.

On my return from a visit to Jefferson Davis, in 1880, I stopped over in Atlanta, Georgia, to meet Mr. Harris by appointment, having been in correspondence with him concerning the publication of a volume to be made up of his plantation stories which had appeared, from time to time, in the *Atlanta Constitution*, of which paper he was an associate editor, and through which he had, unexpectedly, become famous by his folk-lore sketches. I found Mr.

Harris a very agreeable and intelligent gentleman, although diffident in the extreme. Becoming much interested in my conversations with him, I asked him to tell me something about himself.

He told me that he was born in Eatonton, Ga., in the year 1848, that he early had a great desire, or as he expressed it, a desperate ambition, to write something that might appear in print. The people who lived in his native town seemed to be very much interested in him, and among those who lost no opportunity to manifest this feeling was Mr. Joseph A. Turner, whom he met on the street one day, and received from him a copy of his new paper, called *The Plantation*, and when he saw Mr. Turner's name printed on the cover it gave him a thrill of delight, not unmixed with awe, to know that he was on friendly terms with a *real* editor. The latter lived on his plantation, a few miles from Eatonton, adjoining that of his brother, W. W. Turner. (With this gentleman I was already acquainted, having formerly published a novel written by him called "Jack Hopeton and His Friends," and a very clever book it was.)

The Turner plantations were known as "Turnwold," and there, in 1862, Mr. Joseph A. Turner began the publication of the only real *country* paper that young Harris had ever seen, then or since, as he told me. It was called *The Countryman*, and were modeled, so the prospectus set forth, after *The Rambler*, *Spectator*, and other famous papers. The printing-office was in the woods, and the squirrels, the jay-birds and the woodpeckers had a lively time cracking nuts and pecking away on the roof.

Mr. Harris said the starting of *The Countryman* was a very fortunate thing for him, for in that paper he chanced to see an advertisement for a boy to learn the printing trade, which he lost no time in answering in person and was engaged at once as an apprentice.

He learned very readily to set type, but he said that was not all he learned, as the Turner Brothers owned two

of the finest private libraries in the South, containing about four thousand volumes, and they were open to him every night. He used to read by a lightwood knot fire until long after all others had gone to bed.

Mr. Harris said he was not sure that the opportunities afforded him for reading did him as much good as his associations with the simple-minded country people. He became also much interested in the negroes, and on the Turner plantations he heard the legends and folk-lore from the lips of the negroes themselves, which are depicted in the "Sayings of Uncle Remus."

All the education that Mr. Harris has received was in that little country printing-office in the woods, and reading the books from the Turner libraries.

He often made hunting excursions when a youngster of sixteen, with some of the country people among the mountains in the adjoining counties, which he enjoyed very much.

But all of this experience was put an end to by General Sherman, who marched through Eatonton on his way to Savannah, wiping out the Turners' mansions, printing-office and all.

I was much interested to learn from Mr. Harris that William H. Seward, when a young man, taught school on the Turner plantation. I was already aware that when Mr. Seward was about eighteen years of age he left Union College to teach in the South.

George E. Baker, in his interesting *Memoirs of William H. Seward*, relates the following incident :

"In the year 1819, young Seward, who was then in the senior class and in the eighteenth year of his age, withdrew from college for about a year, passing six months of the time as a teacher at the south. The spectacle of slavery could not fail to make a deep impression on his mind. He witnessed scenes which aroused him to reflection on the subject and produced the hostility to every form of oppression which has since become ingrained in his character. The following is one of the many incidents which occur-

red to him during his residence there. While traveling in the interior of the State, he approached a stream spanned by a dilapidated bridge that had become almost impassable. He forded the river with no little difficulty and met on the opposite side a negro woman with an old, blind and worn-out horse, bearing a bag of corn to the mill. The poor slave was in tears and manifested great distress of mind. She was afraid to venture on the bridge, and the stream seemed too rapid and violent for the strength of her horse. She was reluctant to return to her master without fulfilling her errand, being fearful of punishment. The heart of the young Northerner was moved. He went to her assistance and attempted to lead the horse across the bridge, but the wretched beast was not equal to the effort. He made a false step, falling partly through became wedged in among the plank and timber. Seward tried in vain to extricate him; despairing of success, he mounted his own horse and rode to the master's residence and informed him of the accident and attempted to excuse the slave. In return for his kindness he was met with a volley of imprecations on himself, the slave, the horse, the bridge and all parties and things concerned. His disgust at this adventure taught him a lesson of wisdom which he never forgot."

Soon after the close of the war, young Harris went to Savannah, where he became associate editor of the *Savannah News*; the editor in chief of which was the late Colonel W. T. Thompson, author of "Major Jones' Courtship" and other humorous stories. Mr. Thompson proved a good friend, and his early encouragement was of great assistance in the beginning of the young writer's editorial and literary career.

Mr. Harris told me that the beginning of the "Uncle Remus" stories was accidental; he wrote out two or three of them as an experiment, they becoming, much to his surprise, immensely popular.

It did not take me long to arrange with Mr. Harris for the publication of the volume, "Uncle Remus: His Songs and Sayings, the Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation." It was appropriately illustrated by Church and Moser, and pub-

lished during the year 1881, by D. Appleton & Co., the author introducing the book as follows :

“ I am advised by my publishers that this book is to be included in their catalogue of humorous publications, and their friendly warning gives me an opportunity to say that however humorous it may be in effect, its intention is perfectly serious; and, even if it were otherwise, it seems to me that a volume written wholly in dialect must have its solemn, not to say melancholy features. With respect to the “Folk-Lore” series, my purpose has been to preserve the legends themselves in their original simplicity and to wed them permanently to the quaint dialect—if indeed it can be called dialect—through the medium of which they have become a part of the domestic history of every Southern family; and I have endeavored to give to the whole a genuine flavor of the old plantation.”

A large sale of “Uncle Remus” was immediately assured. Charles A. Dana, one day while calling at Appleton’s, said to me, “Derby, you have made a great hit.” I asked him in what way? He answered, “‘Uncle Remus;’ it will not only have a large sale, but an enduring sale.” A few days later, Mr. John Bigelow dropped in, and made substantially the same remarks, adding: “It will live as long as ‘Æsop’s Fables.’” The prophetic words of these well-known critics have thus far proved true. Mr. Harris writes me that he has a new volume in the press of James R. Osgood & Co., his present publishers, entitled “Mingo, and Other Sketches in Black and White,” which will be looked for with much interest by those who have enjoyed “Uncle Remus and His Sayings.”

The following Tar-Baby story is taken from “Uncle Remus’ Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation.”

[To the readers unacquainted with Uncle Remus’s Stories, it may be well to explain that they are supposed to be told to a little boy on a Southern plantation before the war, by an old family servant.]

“Didn’t the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?” asked the little boy the next evening.

“He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho’s you bawn—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool ’im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got ’im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentine, en fix up a contrapshun wat he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot ’er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes for ter see wat de news wuz gwinter be. En he didn’t hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin’ down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin’ ’long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz ’stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘Mawnin’!’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—‘nice wedder dis mawnin’” sezee.

“Tar-Baby ain’t sayin’ nuthin’, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘How duz yo’ sym’tums seem ter segashuate?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

“Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’.

“‘How you come on, den? Is you deaf?’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Keze if you is, I kin holler louder,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘Youer stuck up, dat’s w’at you is,’ says Brer Rabbit, sezee, ‘en I’m gwinter kyore you, dat’s w’at I’m a gwinter do,’ sezee.

“Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain’t sayin’ nuthin’.

“‘I’m gwinter larn you howter talk ter ’specttubble fokes ef hit’s de las’ ack,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. ‘Ef you don’t take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I’m gwinter bus’ you wide open,’ sezee.

“Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“Brer Rabbit keep on axin’ ’im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin’ nuthin’, twel present’y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis’, he did, en blip he tuck ’er side er de head. Right dar’s where he broke his merlasses jug. His fis’ stuck, en he can’t pull loose. De tar hilt ’im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“‘Ef you don’t lemme loose, I’ll knock you agin,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch ’er a wipe wid de udder han’, en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

“ ‘Tu’n me loose, fo’ I kick de natal stuffin’ outen you,’ sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain’t sayin’ nuthin’. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low. Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don’t tu’n ’im loose he butt ’er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa’ntered fort’, lookin’ des ez innercent ez wunner yo’ mammy’s mockin’-birds.

“ ‘Howdy, Brer Rabbit,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee. ‘You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin’,’ sezee, en den he rolled on de groun’, en laft twel he couldn’t laff no mo’. ‘I speck you’ll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain’t gwineter take no skuse,’ sez Brer Fox, sezee.”

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

“Did the fox eat the rabbit?” asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

“Dat’s all de fur de tale goes,” replied the old man. “He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B’ar come ’long en loosed ’im—some say he didn’t. I hear Miss Sally callin’. You better run ’long.”

XXVI.

CHARLES SCRIBNER.—A. C. ARMSTRONG.

Baker & Scribner embark in the Book Business—The old Brick Church and Times Building—Andrew Armstrong as a young man—Wonderful Success of Headley's Books—N. P. Willis' Queer Book Titles—Ik Marvel a Successful Author—A \$100,000 Undertaking—Death of Charles Scribner—Marion Harland's "Common Sense"—Death of Blair Scribner and Edward Seymour—Encyclopedia Britannica—Five Million Dollars' Worth Sold—Charles Scribner's Sons.

NEITHER member of the firm of Baker & Scribner had any experience in the book business, when they established themselves as publishers, in the year 1846.

Having purchased the entire stock of John S. Taylor, whose publications were chiefly of a religious nature, they located themselves in the rear of Rev. Dr. Gardner Spring's church, between Park Row and Nassau Street, where the *New York Times* building now stands.

Mr. Baker had been in the dry-goods business, and Mr. Scribner a law student, having recently graduated at Princeton.

The congenial literary tastes of these gentlemen led them to embark in this new field of enterprise, and thus laid the foundation of a house which soon secured and has since retained a position in book publishing which has not been excelled by more than two or three other great houses in this country.

Soon after their establishment in business, the new firm

secured the services of Andrew C. Armstrong, a young man who had had experience while with James A. Sparks, then a publisher of church books and also of the *Churchman*, which was then edited by the Rev. Dr. Seabury, a sturdy advocate of the so-called Puseyite books, then being published by D. Appleton & Co., and which were attracting much attention in the religious world.

Soon after young Armstrong became connected with the house, Baker & Scribner published "Napoleon and his Marshals," by J. T. Headley, a book which immediately became immensely popular. It was soon followed by its counterpart in "Washington and his Generals," and after that "The Sacred Mountains." Of these three works, notwithstanding they were held very close in the price to book-sellers, the marvelous sale of more than a quarter of a million volumes was made within two years from the date of the publication. Mr. Headley was a brilliant writer, and Napoleon, at that time, was all the rage. The "Sacred Mountains" was even recommended to congregations by clergymen from their pulpits. The total sales have exceeded half a million volumes.

N. P. Willis was then in the height of his fame, and was naturally led to Baker & Scribner for his publishers, as young Armstrong had recently graduated from the *Home Journal* office. Although this was nearly forty years ago, Mr. Armstrong remembers very well the experience of the house in arranging with Mr. Willis for a new uniform edition of his prose works, with the attractive and taking titles of "People I have Met," "Life Here and There," "Famous Places and Persons," "Letters from Under a Bridge," "Out-doors at Idlewild," &c.

About this time Baker & Scribner arranged with Donald G. Mitchell ("Ik Marvel") to publish his first work, entitled "The Battle Summer," being the author's personal experience of the Revolution in Paris in 1848. This book was almost a total failure. His next work, "Reveries of a Bachelor," was received with great favor by

the critics and reading community. It was soon followed by "Dream Life." Both of these volumes became very popular and had a great sale at the time, and still continue to sell, new and uniform editions having recently been published. Mr. Mitchell's writings are now placed among the classic publications of the day.

When the late Henry Kernot commenced business in Broadway, near Bleecker Street, Mr. Mitchell arranged with him as the up-town publisher (while Stringer & Townsend, then occupying the store under Barnum's Museum, were the down-town publishers), of a weekly *brochure*, entitled *The Lorgnette*, or Studies of the Town, under the *nom de plume* of "John Simon," of which the following was the prospectus :

"This is a work for the express entertainment of all spinsters who wish husbands; all belles who admire their own charms; all beaux who are captivated with their own portraits; all old ladies who wish to be young; all authors studious of their own works; all fashionists in love with their own position; all misses eager to be seen; all rich men who are lovers of their money; all bachelors looking for a fortune; all poets infatuated with their powers; all critics confident of their taste; and all sensible men who are content to be honest."

For nearly an entire year the authorship by Mr. Mitchell was unknown, although many other *litterateurs* were named as the editor of this brilliant weekly without denying the charge.

Mr. Baker died in the year 1850. Mr. Scribner conducted the business for sometime thereafter in his own name.

About this time the late Doctor J. G. Holland brought to Mr. Scribner a letter of introduction from Henry Ward Beecher, and also a manuscript volume entitled "Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single or Married." Doctor Holland frankly told Mr. Scribner that the book had already been declined by Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, and by Derby & Jackson, in New York. In ex-

planation of this it is fair to say that I examined the manuscript personally and readily saw its salable qualities, but having just closed a contract with Henry Ward Beecher for his "Lectures to Young Men" I deemed it unwise to publish a book of similar character at that time.

Like Mr. Mitchell's, Doctor Holland's first book, "The Bay Path," was a failure. This did not deter Mr. Scribner's prompt acceptance of the manuscript of "Timothy Titcomb" for publication. The book immediately captivated the critics and public, and the large sale of more than one hundred thousand copies soon followed. His next volume was a poem entitled "Bitter-sweet," soon followed by "Katrina" and "Mistress of the Manse," all of which sold more largely even than "Timothy Titcomb's Letters."

The next important publication of Mr. Scribner was an American edition of Lange's Great Commentary of the Bible. This was an immense undertaking, requiring an outlay of nearly one hundred thousand dollars to produce the twenty-five large volumes which completed the work. Lange's Commentary is edited by Rev. Dr. Phillip Schaff and has proved a great commercial success. About this time, Mr. Armstrong, who had been with Mr. Scribner, as before stated, until 1847, was admitted into the firm.

Mr. Charles Scribner died in 1871, having been in active business for a quarter of a century. His unexpected death while traveling in Europe was much regretted by the book-selling fraternity. I had known and respected him,—as well as Mr. Baker,—from the time he commenced business. Mr. Scribner seemed to know by intuition the merits of a good book. He was conscientious in the highest degree in giving his imprint to any book published by his house.

After his death the firm was re-organized as Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

The first great hit of the new firm was a book by Marion Harland, entitled "Common Sense in the Household." The author had suggested such a work to her publisher G. W. Carleton, who did not encourage her in the

undertaking ; but, nothing daunted, she set to work, prepared the MS. and offered it to Scribner, Armstrong & Co. They accepted it, not expecting, however, to realize more than a moderate profit. Both author and publishers were greatly surprised, as the sale reached the extraordinary figure of nearly 200,000 copies.

Mr. Armstrong retired from the firm in 1878, and since that period has conducted a successful publishing business under the name of A. C. Armstrong & Son.

The firm was again re-organized under the style of Charles Scribner's Sons, Mr. Scribner's eldest son, Blair Scribner, becoming the head. The house was again to suffer a great loss in the death of this young man, who bid fair to worthily fill the vacant place left by his father. His death and that of Mr. Edward Seymour, who had recently been admitted as a partner, occasioned much sorrow and regret among all who knew the worth of these intelligent and enterprising gentlemen.

A younger brother, Charles Scribner, now continues the large business of this concern, under the same style as that of his predecessors.

The most notable among the publications of the present firm, is "The Encyclopedia Britannica," which in one sense is the greatest cyclopedia ever published. It may be well called the cyclopedia for the specialist, treating as it does, exhaustively, on science, philosophy, history, literature and biography, an exceptional feature of the last subject being the absence of any biographical notice of living persons, no matter how important such a personage may be.

Unlike the other large publishing houses, that founded by Charles Scribner has never printed or bound a single volume of its own publications, having no printing-office or bindery connected with the establishment. This is an advantage in many respects, as the attention of the house if not diverted into other channels than that of the publication of their own books.

XXVII.

THE BEECHER FAMILY.

Lyman Beecher and his Gifted Children—Remarkable family of Authors—Six Sermons on Intemperance—The aged Pastor's Return—A young Wife at seventy-five—Catherine Beecher as an Author—Gayest, kindest and merriest of Women—Tragic Death of her Lover—Her success as a Teacher—Yankee Girls go West to get married—Edward Beecher as an Author—We're going to give you Hell to-morrow—A religious and commercial standpoint—George Beecher's wonderful Memory—How Henry Ward was cheated—Tragic Death of George Beecher.

THIRTY years ago a writer in the *North American Review* said, "The Beecher family almost constitute a genus by themselves. The same type of mind and style is reproduced in the writings of the venerable father and his singularly gifted children."

Nearly three decades have passed since the above assertion was made, and many additional volumes have been given to the world, written by this remarkable family of authors. There is no record of any such distinction in letters in this country, or indeed in the world.

I may be allowed to talk *of* if not *for* the Beecher family, as authors of books, inasmuch as I have been the publisher of works written by at least five of them. Although I had met and conversed occasionally with the venerable founder of the family, the late Rev. Lyman Beecher, D.D., I was familiar with but one of his books,

and that was his "Six Sermons on Intemperance," the eloquence of which has never been equalled in any discourses on that subject. "Beecher on Intemperance" was a familiar volume in book-stores half a century ago.

In Henry Ward Beecher's "Star Papers," under the title of the "Aged Pastor's Return," he gives the following interesting account of his visit to his native place, Litchfield, Connecticut, with his venerable father, who had been absent from his former parish for nearly forty years :

"The next day it was sent out far and wide that Dr. Beecher was in town. Though the great body of his former parishioners had passed away, some remained that were old when he preached here. As we passed the graveyard coming into town, my father, pointing to it said, 'There is the congregation to which I preached when I was here.' Silent now and without memory. The unconscious assembly gave no greeting as we passed, but kept their long Sabbath without bell or tithing-man! But some yet remained alive. Men now of fifty years were boys when my father left. Those who blushed to think of love and husband then, now rocked their grandchildren's cradle! Those who were then in the prime of middle life were now venerable. And, indeed, Litchfield is the last place in which one should settle who desires to go early to his rest. It seems difficult to obtain release from earth on this clear hill-top. Men are counted very young at fifty and sound at seventy-five, and not very old at eighty. One old man, near ninety, modestly told us that his mind had been affected by a shock; but surely he had more wit and sprightliness, after all his loss, than most men have to begin with. He was peculiarly thankful that while he was too old to do much himself, God had been pleased to give him a young wife. She was only seventy-five, he informed us.

"A man past eighty, going through the streets to visit all the fathers and mothers in Israel, who had been young in his ministry there, was a scene not a little memorable.

"One patriarch, in his ninety-ninth year, when his former pastor came into the room, spoke not a word, but rose up and putting his trembling arms about his neck, burst into tears. Did he see in that moment, as by the opening of a door, all the way he had walked till that hour, and all the companions who had

walked with him ? And did he feel, standing by the venerable pastor, two old men, how few there were that yet kept step with him upon the bleak way of life ?

“Passing his own former home, my father broke out with a swing of his arm, ‘Oh, how many thoughts and associations hang about that place ! They fill the air like swarms of bees, and yet I cannot speak to one of them.’

“The particular errand which brought us to Litchfield was a lecture. A new organ was to be bought. All Litchfield boys were permitted to help. Our contribution was asked in the shape of a lecture, and it was soon done. Then the aged pastor came forward. A crowd of old and young gathered at the pulpit stairs to grasp the hand that had baptized them, or had broken to them the bread of life. It was a scene of few words. One woman gave her name, but was not recognized in her married name. She then mentioned her maiden name. That touched a hidden spring. Both burst into tears but spoke no words. The history came up instantly before both, but silently, which had occasioned the preaching of those ‘Six Sermons upon Intemperance.’ That volume is in every land on earth, and in many languages. It is preaching and working with unwasting vigor. Those that read it know only that it is a cry and pleading that few men can hear without deep feeling. But not many know that it was a cry of love, the utter effort of a heart of love to save a dear friend imperilled, or two friends, rather closely related.”

Catherine E. Beecher, the eldest child of Lyman Beecher, was the author of no less than ten different works published by Harper & Bros. The most popular of these was “Domestic Economy” and “Domestic Receipts.” The annual income from her copyrights enabled her to exercise those educational charities for which she was noted. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in a recent interesting interview, said to me :

“My sister Catherine was one of the gayest, kindest and merriest of women in early life, until the loss of Professor Fisher, of Yale College, to whom she was engaged at the time he was wrecked off the coast of Ireland in the ship Albion. His tragic end nearly killed her. She used to be in floods of grief. It nearly upset her faith. Finally,

she began to feel that her life must be saved by attempting to do good. This resolution was the means of her going to teach. She founded the celebrated Hartford Female Seminary. For all sports and fun, and games and frolics, writing snatches of poetry and everything of that kind, she was as finely equipped as any person I ever knew in my life. She was very industrious, always busy and very faithful, and she was a companion to her older scholars and one of the merriest of the merry. There was nothing on earth more delightful and happy than the relations she bore to her upper classes in school.

There was some theological question up at one time at Andover, and Dr. Leonard Woods, one of the professors, had made some statements, which Catherine reviewed and published it anonymously in one of the magazines. It was so vigorous that Dr. Woods thought he had found an antagonist worthy of his steel, and elaborately answered it. Catherine replied, and he answered that, and then, to his infinite disgust, he found his opponent was a woman, and he dropped his pen, for at that time people did not think women were worth much as controversialists.

Catherine afterwards became eminently practical. After leaving her school she devoted herself to establishing normal schools in the West. She was very much interested in sending classes of teachers to the Western States through Governor Slade of Vermont. Some ridiculed the plan by saying they never taught a year, as they were all very soon married off. Governor Slade's reply was 'that is the best thing about it. You will find every lawyer, physician and professor all through the West will select one of these educated Yankee girls. Then when any enterprise requiring public spirit is started, you will find every man who has married one of these Yankee school-ma'ams will become an enthusiastic advocate of it.'

All her life long Catherine dreaded pain, and it pleased God to let her go to sleep without consciousness of feebleness and to wake up in Heaven."

The last time I met Miss Beecher was during her visit to the South at Aiken in 1870. She was then planning, in connection with the late George Merriam, the organizing of outdoor schools to educate young ladies in botany and floriculture, in which undertaking she was much interested.

Rev. Edward Beecher, D.D., is the author of several works upon theological subjects, the most prominent of which are the "Conflict of Ages" and the "Concord of Ages," the latter having been published by my firm in 1860.

His latest work, entitled "Future Retribution," was published by the Appletons. A friend, who was connected with the publishers, meeting *Rev. Henry Ward*, one day said: "We're going to give you hell to-morrow, Mr. Beecher." The Plymouth pastor looked at the speaker in astonishment, and asked, "What's up now?" "Oh," replied his friend, "I refer to your brother Edward's book on 'Future Retribution,' which the Appletons publish to-morrow." Mr. Beecher said, "You are getting blasphemous." His friend replied, "I am only following your pulpit remarks made some years ago." "But," said Mr. Beecher laughingly, "I used them from a religious standpoint." "And," replied the friend, "I used mine from a commercial standpoint."

In a recent conversation with the Plymouth pastor about the several members of his family, he spoke as follows of his brother, *Rev. George Beecher*:

"The first year or two of my preaching, I did not enjoy it. At one time my brother George came to Lawrenceburgh to preach for the communion season, which lasted for a week. We preached alternately. When George preached the first sermon, I came home and said to my wife: 'I never felt as much indisposition to go into the pulpit again as I do now.' But I struggled against it. The next night I preached, and George came home and said to his wife: 'Well, Sarah, since I have heard Henry preach I feel as if I had not been called to the ministry.'

"If George had lived he would have been one of the ablest

of the family. He was the next oldest brother to me. He was naturally very high-strung, of very fine fibre, and in intense sympathy with all natural sciences. He had a wonderful memory. He could repeat the Bible from beginning to end as thoroughly as I cannot. I have heard him give a sermon on the character of God, which consisted of texts strung together from the beginning of the Bible to the end, which such wonderful facility, I never heard the like before.

“The fact is, I was cheated when I was born. Hattie Stowe and George took all the memory and left me without any. I do not dare to lead in the Lord’s Prayer. I couldn’t repeat correctly one commandment from beginning to end. I cannot repeat a verse of any hymn in the English language. They could repeat everything they had ever read. George grew sweeter, deeper and more thoroughly Christ-like in his nature. He was very fond of flowers and gardening, and had, at Chillicothe, where he was settled, a charming garden. He had some cherry trees he was desirous of testing; on the day of the tragedy, he returned from market and found the robins were at his cherries. He took his double-barreled gun with the intention, we suppose, of shooting them, but never lived to tell what he did. He had a bad habit of blowing the smoke out of his gun, and we supposed he undertook to do that, and hit the trigger and the gun discharged, the whole of the contents passing through his brain. I had gone out to deliver a lecture before the Jacksonville college, and my wife, my cousin and my daughter, Hattie, who was then a baby, were with me. We were on our way home, and had crossed the State line of Illinois, and got into Indiana, and were singing and having a very lively time, when we met old Daniel Yandes, a Pennsylvania Dutchman whom we knew. After shaking hands with us in his long-armed way, he said, ‘I suppose you have heard the news?’ ‘No,’ said I, ‘what is it?’ ‘Why, your brother George has killed himself!’ We were all struck so dumb we could not ask

a question. We started right off, and there wasn't one word spoke in the carriage all the way home. The manner in which he said it led me to suppose that George had deliberately committed suicide. It was not until we got home that we learned what the facts were. The relief was so great that it almost took away the sting of his death. I have often had the curiosity to know how George would have met all the changes that have taken place from that day to this."

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's fame as an Author—Immense Sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—Its Publication in all Languages—Magnificent Testimonial to its Author—"Uncle Tom was given to me"—"I will have some supper"—Archbishop Whateley, Gladstone and Dean Alford—They praise "The Minister's Wooing"—Professor Stowe an Author.

THIS most famous writer of the Beecher family, and author of the most celebrated work of fiction ever published in America or indeed in the world during the present century, first became well known as an author in 1852, when the world-renowned "Uncle Tom's Cabin" first appeared as a serial in the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper then published in Washington.

It was afterwards issued in two volumes in book form by John P. Jewett & Co. The sale of nearly a half million of copies in this country alone in five years, is without a parallel; this was more than thirty years ago, and its sale has continued unabated, many thousands being sold annually. That the interest in the story of Uncle Tom does not readily die out, is manifested by the continual representations in the theatres, for which it has often been dramatized. The sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in foreign

countries is thus graphically described in a long article published in the *Edinburgh Review*, of April, 1855.

“The first London edition was published in May, 1852, and was not large; for the European popularity of a picture of negro life was doubted. But in the following September the London publishers furnished to one house 10,000 copies per day for about four weeks, and had to employ 1,000 persons in preparing copies to supply the general demand. We cannot follow it beyond 1852; but at that time, more than a million copies had been sold in England, probably ten times as many as have been sold of any other work, except the Bible and Prayer Book. In France, ‘Uncle Tom’ still covers the shop-windows of the Boulevards, and one publisher alone, Eustance Barba, has sent out five different editions in different forms. Before the end of 1852, it had been translated into Italian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish and Magyar. There are two different Dutch and twelve different German translations, and the Italian translation enjoys the honor of the Pope’s prohibition. It has been dramatized in twenty different forms and acted in every capital in Europe and in the free States of America.”

The sales abroad have been so large that they cannot be computed, and on them no copyright returns have ever been received by the author. She has, however, something which she values more than copyright, and that is, in addition to the place assigned her in English literature by the most eminent critics in the world, the letters and addresses which she has received from foreign states, cities and towns as noted below.

The following statement appears in a bibliographical account prefixed to a late edition of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

“The next step in the history of ‘Uncle Tom’ was a meeting at Stafford House, when Lord Shaftesbury recommended to the women of England, the sending of an ‘affectionate and Christian address to the women of America.’ This address, composed by Lord Shaftesbury, was taken in hand for signatures by energetic canvassers

in all parts of England, and also among resident English on the Continent. The demand for signatures went as far as the City of Jerusalem. When they were all collected, the document was forwarded to the care of Mrs. Stowe in America, with a letter from Lord Carlisle, recommending it to her to be presented to the ladies of America in such way as she should see fit.

“It was exhibited first at the Boston Anti-Slavery fair and now remains in its solid oak case in Mrs. Stowe’s possession, a lasting monument of the feeling called forth by ‘Uncle Tom’s Cabin.’ It is in twenty-six thick folio volumes, solidly bound in morocco with the American eagle on each. On the first page of the first volume is the address beautifully illuminated on vellum, and following, the subscriber’s names, filling the volumes. There are five hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and forty-eight names of women of every rank of life, from the nearest in rank to the throne of England to the wives and daughters of the humblest artisan and laborer.”

During a recent visit to Mrs. Stowe at her beautiful Hartford home, I was favored with an opportunity to examine the treasures above referred to. I was also both interested and amazed to see the different editions of Uncle Tom’s Cabin. Besides the thirty-five different editions of that work in London and Edinburgh, there were nineteen translations in different languages, in which Uncle Tom appears under the following curious titles. It is called in French, “La Case de l’Oncle Tom;” in German, “Onkel Tom’s Hütte;” in Danish, “Onkel Tomas;” in Dutch, “De Negerhut;” in Flemish, “De hut van Onkel Tom;” in Hungarian, “Tama’s Batya;” in Italian, “La Capanna dello Zio Tommaso;” in Polish, “Chata Wuja Tomasz;” in Portugese, “A Cabana do Pai Thomaz;” in Spanish, “La Cabana del Tio Tomas;” in Russian, “Khizhina dyadi Toma;” in Swedish, “Onkel Tom’s Stuga.”

Blackwood’s *Magazine*, in an article of more than

thirty pages, devoted to the examination of the literary merits of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," viewing it solely as a work of art, thus summed up its opinion of the author :

"Mrs. Stowe is unquestionably a woman of genius, and that is a word we always use charily, regarding genius as a thing per se different from talent, in its highest development, altogether, and in kind. Quickness, shrewdness, energy, intensity, may and frequently do accompany, but do not constitute genius. Its divine spark is the direct and special gift of God ; we cannot completely analyze it, though we may detect its presence and the nature of many of its attributes, by its action ; and the skill of high criticism is requisite in order to distinguish between the feats of genius and the operation of talent. Now, we imagine that no person of genius can read Uncle Tom's Cabin and not feel in glowing contact with genius—generally gentle and tender, but capable of rising with its theme into very high regions of dramatic power. This Mrs. Stowe has done several times in the work before us—exhibiting a passion, an intensity, a subtle delicacy of perception, a melting tenderness, which are as far out of reach of mere talent, however well trained and experienced, as the prismatic colors are out of reach of the born blind. But the genius of Mrs. Stowe is of that kind which instinctively addresses itself to the affections ; and though most at home with the gentler, it can be yet fearlessly familiar with the fiercest passions which can agitate and rend the human breast. With the one she can exhibit an exquisite tenderness and sympathy ; watching the other, however, with stern but calm scrutiny and delineating both with a truth and simplicity in the one case touching, in the other really terrible."

Mrs. Stowe once said to me, while speaking of her brother, "Henry wrote me he wouldn't read Uncle Tom's Cabin, but he couldn't help it." And said he, 'If you ever write such another book, I will kill you, if I have to go around the world to find you. You have taken more out of me than a whole year of preaching. I wish that all the slaveholders in the South and all the Northern sympathizers with them were shut up for a century and obliged to read Uncle Tom's Cabin.' I will say this for Henry. I

never heard him speak a cross word in all my life. I have been very intimate with him and have seen him under very trying circumstances. He is the sweetest tempered person, although he is my brother ; he is a mighty fellow and all feeling. When he is angry he doesn't say anything ; he shuts his mouth and sits still. Henry doesn't look like the traditional idea of the saints, but he is one. Those saints were generally rolling up their eyes and wearing long faces. He doesn't do anything of that kind. He jokes and says good-natured things. I think good-nature is a virtue. I consider that God loves good-natured people."

At the garden party given in honor of Mrs. Stowe to commemorate her seventieth birthday, in June, 1882, I had the pleasure of hearing Oliver Wendell Holmes refer to these different editions of Uncle Tom's Cabin in foreign languages, in the following felicitous lines :

"If every tongue that speaks her praise,
For whom I shape my tinkling phrase,
Were summoned to the table,
The vocal chorus that would meet,
Of mingled accents, harsh or sweet,
From every land and tribe, would beat
The polyglots of Babel.

"Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,
Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,
Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,
High Dutchman and Low Dutchman too,
The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,
Arab, Armenian and Mantchoo,
Would shout, ' We know the lady ! ' "

Mr. Beecher, on the occasion referred to above, in his eloquent and feeling remarks, said :

"I don't know whether it is in good taste for any other member of my father's family to join in the laudation of Mrs. Stowe, but if it is, I am a very proper one to do it. I know that for a long time after the publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin there were a

great many very wise people who said they knew that she never wrote it herself, but that I did. The matter at last became so scandalous that I determined to put an end to it, and therefore I wrote 'Norwood.' That killed the thing dead.

* * * * *

"Now, I think we might have a good experience meeting here this afternoon, if every one would tell under what circumstances he read the book, and how he acted. I can still remember plainly the circumstances under which I finished it. I had got well into the second volume. It was Thursday. Sunday was looming up before me, and at the rate at which I was going there would not be time to finish it before Sunday, and I could never preach till I finished it. So I set myself to it and determined to finish it at once. I had got a considerable way into the second volume, and I recommended my wife to go to bed. I didn't want anybody down there. I soon began to cry. Then I went and shut all the doors, for I did not want any one to see me. Then I sat down to it and finished it that night, for I knew that only in that way should I be able to preach on Sunday. I know that many of you must have read it something as I did at that time."

In one of my conversations with Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, I asked him to tell me how Mrs. Stowe came to write the book. He replied, "Sister Harriet said to me one day, 'Have you ever seen the National Era?' (It was an anti-slavery paper established in Washington.) I said, 'No, I don't see it, but I can.' She said, 'Dr. Bailey, the editor, has sent a request to me to write him a story. I am going to send him one I think that will run through three or four of the papers.' That was the beginning of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Instead of running through three or four papers, it ran through about fifty, nearly a year. It produced such an effect that it was soon published in book form. It had got up to the point where it could be published in book form. Her publisher, John P. Jewett, was very anxious she should put it into one volume and not by any means into two, and he got me to write to her. I accordingly wrote, 'You know what difficulty there is in laying before the public any matter that is prejudicial to

slavery. You have succeeded in this story, and if you do not make it too long, I think it will be a book that will have an important influence.' She never answered my letter and never said a word, but went on writing until she got to the end.

"Some one said to Mrs. Stowe one day, 'I don't see how you could have suffered Eva to die.' 'Well,' said she, 'I was sick in bed three days after her death.' The story was written every week and read in the family before it went off. Some of them said it was exactly like a history going on in some neighboring family and the news being brought over to them every day of how they were getting on. When Eva died, the house was as still and solemn as at a funeral."

"Mrs. Stowe always speaks of that book as not being hers. Sometimes people would speak to her of working up something else, and would say, 'You know how it was with "Uncle Tom's Cabin."' 'Well,' she would answer, 'that wasn't mine, that was given to me.'"

"The persons in her story were not real, living characters, except so far as to give her a hint. There was a man said to be the original of Uncle Tom, who pleased her very much, and may have contributed one or two ideas. For one accustomed to writing fiction, only one or two hints are needed, and the whole scene pictures itself. Many of the characters in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' were suggested by the people in her own house."

"There was one character named 'Sam,' who is represented early in the story as ingeniously assisting the escape of Eliza. The original of Sam was a very curious fellow. At one time he was convicted of stealing and was put in prison at Columbus. He afterwards came back to see us, and said he had been in the service of the State for a year or two. On making inquiries we found he had been in the state prison. Mrs. Stowe once said, 'I always have been sorry I let Sam die off, but I had nothing for him to do. Topsy had an original. She was just such a creature as is

described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She lived on Walnut Hill, Cincinnati. Her name was Celeste.

"Mrs. Stowe's conversations about negro people, when she is in a narrative mood, are equal to anything in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' Sojourner Truth once gave Mrs. Stowe an account of her life. It is a most extraordinary narrative of events which never could have occurred anywhere except among these American negroes. Mrs. Stowe's recital of this story is very touching. When she was in Rome she related it to Mrs. Browning and the sculptor Story, at the house of the former. They were so struck with it, that parties were afterwards formed there to hear her give narrative accounts of some of these negro characters. I have sometimes thought she narrated better than she wrote."

After this, I said, "Mr. Beecher, this is very interesting. Tell me more about your sister's habits while writing." He went on to say: "Harriet Stowe's habits in those days were peculiar. She would owl about all day, go to look at a picture, get a book, and sit down in a corner and read; if anyone talked to her she couldn't hear what was said and did not know. In the afternoon she would go to sleep. About five or six o'clock she would begin to twinkle and look around and perhaps make some comical remark. Towards evening she would commence to talk for two or three hours, and her conversation was perfectly fascinating. She had a wonderful memory. She could recite pretty much all of the English classics, among others passages from Goldsmith, Dryden, Shakspeare and Milton. I don't mean that she could recite the whole of their poems, but passages that would come in pat. If one was talking about anything and should say, 'How does that run?' she would catch the note and recite it. So with the Bible; she could recite it almost from beginning to end.

"I remember at one time when she was a child, so young as to be subject to discipline, her mother for some reason, boxed her ears and refused to give her any supper. She

went out into the garden and picked a lot of quince blossoms and brought them up into the chamber where I was, I believe, in equal disgrace, and commenced pulling off the petals and eating them, saying: 'I will have some supper.'

Mrs. Stowe's next novel was called "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp," an interesting account of which is given in another chapter. This title was subsequently changed, and it is now published under the name of "Nina Gordon, a Story of Slavery."

In the year 1859, my firm became the publishers of her next book, entitled, "The Minister's Wooing," which many consider her best work next after Uncle Tom. In an unpublished letter of Archbishop Whateley, he pronounces "The Minister's Wooing" to be superior, from a literary point of view, to anything Mrs. Stowe has ever written. Mr. Gladstone also wrote that "he had just been reading the book and expressed himself much delighted with it. He considered it one of the most charming pictures of Puritan life possible, and he thought the different characters were differentiated remarkably well."

In another letter to Professor Stowe Dean Alford wrote: "I read the Minister's Wooing with interest and pleasure. You will allow me to say that I like it best of all Mrs. Stowe's tales. The picture which it gives of the Calvinistic Life of New England is most interesting and informing." Professor Stowe himself is the author of a very able work on the origin of the Bible, and several theological works.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Henry Ward Beecher as an Author—Great Success of his Star Papers—Beecher and Randolph the Publisher—A Preacher appropriates Beecher's Sermons—Rather be executed than read a Book—How Henry Ward began to buy Books—Martin Van Buren hears him preach—Trousers did not set very well—Beecher's attachment to Bonner—He smokes cigars with Stanton—Washington Irving hears bass to the tune of Thunder—A Texas Tribute to Henry Ward Beecher—Charles Beecher as an Author—Henry Ward Beecher and his Nephew—Mrs. Beecher's "Dawn to Daylight."

NEARLY thirty years ago I became the first New York publisher of Henry Ward Beecher, by issuing for him a new book, entitled "Star Papers, or, Experiences of Art and Nature." This volume was a collection of his contributions to the *New York Independent*. They were received with so much favor that the author was induced at the solicitation of many friends to collect them for publication, and as soon as the volume was ready for sale it was in great demand, edition after edition following each other in rapid succession.

The author introduces the volume to his readers, as follows :

"The author has been saved the trouble of searching for a title to his book, from the simple circumstance, that the articles of which the work is made up appeared in the columns of the *New York Independent*, with the signature of a *star* ; and, having been

familiarly called the STAR ARTICLES, by way of designation, they now become, in a book form, STAR PAPERS.

“Only such articles as related to art and to rural affairs have been published in the volume. It was thought best to put all controversial articles in another, and subsequent volume.

“The letters from Europe were written to home friends, during a visit of only four weeks ; a period too short to allow the subsidence of that enthusiasm, which every person must needs experience, who, for the first time, stands in the historic places of the Old World. An attempt to exclude from these letters, any excess of personal feeling, to reduce them to a more moderate tone, to correct their judgments, or to extract from them the fiery particles of enthusiasm, would have taken away their very life.

“The other papers in this volume, for the most part, were written from the solitudes of the country, during the vacation of three summers. I can express no kinder wish for those who may read them, than that they may be one half as happy in the reading, as I have been in the scenes which gave them birth.”

A second volume, entitled “New Star Papers, or, Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects,” which was also made up from like contributions to the *Independent*, followed in 1859. Of this volume the author says in his preface, “If unworthy of a book form the public has itself to blame in part, for encouraging a like collection of Star Papers some years ago.”

His third volume was entitled “Plain and Pleasant Talks about Fruits, Flowers and Farming,” which title was selected by myself. The prefatory remarks in this volume are in a measure autobiographical, and cannot fail to prove interesting to the friends of Mr. Beecher, in what he says of himself when a young minister nearly forty years ago, then living in Indiana :

“It is now twenty years since we settled at Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, a place then of four, and now of twenty-five thousand inhabitants.* At that time, and for years afterwards,

* In 1859.

there was not, within our knowledge, any other than political newspapers in the state—no educational journals, no agricultural or family papers. The *Indiana Journal* at length proposed to introduce an agricultural department, the matter of which should every month be printed, in magazine form, under the title, *Indiana Farmer and Gardener*, which was afterwards changed to the more comprehensive title, *Western Farmer and Gardener*. It may be of service to the young, as showing how valuable the fragments of time may become if mention is made of the way in which we became prepared to edit this journal. The continued taxation of daily preaching, extending through months, and once through eighteen consecutive months, without the exception of a single day, began to wear upon the nerves and made it necessary for us to seek some relaxation. Accordingly we used, after each week-night's preaching, to drive the sermon out of our heads by some alterative reading. In the State Library were Landon's works, his encyclopædias of horticulture, of agriculture, and of architecture. We fell upon them, and, for years, almost monopolized them. In our little one-story cottage, after the day's work was done, we pored over these monuments of an almost incredible industry, and read, we suppose, not only every line, but much of it many times over; until, at length, we had a topographical knowledge of many of the fine English estates—quite as intimate, we dare say, as was possessed by many of their truant owners. A seedsman's list, a nurseryman's catalogue, are more fascinating to us than any story. In this way, through several years, we gradually accumulated materials and became familiar with facts and principles which paved the way for editorial labors. Lindley's 'Horticulture,' and Gray's 'Structural Botany' came in as constant companions. And when, at length, through a friend's liberality, we became the recipients of the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, edited by Professor Lindley, our treasures were inestimable. Many hundred times have we lain awake for hours, unable to throw off the excitement of preaching, and beguiling the time with imaginary visits to the Chiswick Garden, to the more than Oriental magnificence of the Duke of Devonshire's grounds at Chatsworth. We have had long discussions in that little bedroom at Indianapolis, with Van Mous, about pears, with Sibert about roses, with Thompson and Knight of fruits and theories of vegetable life, and with Landon about everything under the heavens in the horticultural world. This employment of waste

hours, not only answered a purpose of soothing excited nerves then, but brought us into such relations to the material world, that, we speak with entire moderation, when we say that all the estates of the richest duke in England could not have given us half the pleasure which we derived from pastures, waysides and unoccupied prairies."

Mr. Beecher has now in his large and choice library every known treatise on trees, flowers and plants, and at his beautiful summer residence at Peekskill, on the Hudson, over six thousand ornamental shade trees.

"Beecher's Life Thoughts," a volume of gems selected by Edna Dean Proctor from his sermons, had an enormous sale. Although the Plymouth pastor gave his consent that a volume of that kind might be published, he never received a penny copyright for it. The same is true of "Notes of Plymouth Pulpit," by Augusta Moore. The two were published together in England under one title, "Life Thoughts."

Mr. Beecher tells an amusing story about my good friend A. D. F. Randolph. The latter, meeting a friend of his one day and handing him a small volume said: "Take this and see how you like it; I am just bringing it out." The friend took it home. The next time Randolph saw him he asked: "How did you like that little book?" "I always did like it," was the reply. "What do you mean?" asked Randolph; "it is a new English book just reprinted here." "I mean," said the man, "I read all of those papers when they came out in the *Independent*; they are all Beecher's articles." Randolph then wrote Mr. Beecher a letter about it, and said he had no intention of violating his copyright. Mr. Beecher answered, "Go ahead! I shall not object to your publishing it." In this book there was no hint given of the authorship.

When Mr. Beecher was in London in 1863, he searched out the English publisher and said: "What under the heavens is the reason, when you took that book of mine, you did not refer to me?" "I had no intention of defraud-

ing you," was the reply, "but if I had printed your name in the book, other publishers would have known it was an American book, and they would have printed it too" — (another argument for an International copyright).

When Mr. Beecher was in Wales, a little Welsh clergyman came to call on him, and in the course of conversation spoke of being quite familiar with his works, "Life Thoughts" and "Royal Truths." It struck him at once that the clergyman was trying to make out that he knew more about his writings than he really did. "You refer to 'Life Thoughts,'" said Mr. Beecher, "I never wrote a book with such a title as the latter." "Oh, yes," said he, "I will get it." He went home and brought back a book with Mr. Beecher's name on it, different from "Life Thoughts," but which was made of whole pages from his sermons, and called "Royal Truths." He had never seen it or heard of it before. When he came back to this country he brought over a copy, and Ticknor, Fields & Co., published it under the title of "Royal Truths." "So you see," said Mr. Beecher, after relating to me this incident, "I had two children born and wasn't aware of it."

Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, whom I recently met at Mr. Beecher's beautiful Peekskill residence, gave me as his opinion that no man has exercised a more stimulating and ennobling effect upon the pulpit life and literature of England than Mr. Beecher. His sermons in newspapers and in volumes are to be found in every quarter of the old country, and ministers of every age are not afraid to say that they have founded their ministry upon the lines of the illustrious Plymouth Church pastor.

Dr. Parker is the author of those well known Evangelical volumes "Ecce Deus" and "The Inner Life of Christ."

Another of Mr. Beecher's clerical friends writes :

"As an author, Mr. Beecher may, by the number of his

works published, justly rank among the most prolific writers. He is the literary father of thirty-five volumes, and if the writings published without his sanction should be added to the list, the number would increase to over fifty. His intenser sympathy with the living questions of the hour, have been, perhaps, an inevitable hindrance to literary finish and completeness."

Mr. Beecher once gave me an account of the origin of his first book, his "Lectures to Young Men." It grew up in his parish. Ministers were accustomed, he said, to give lectures, and he concluded to give these. One subject suggested itself after another, and he wrote them all carefully. They attracted a good deal of attention at the time.

There was a man in Indianapolis named Cutler, who was a journeyman in the printing-office of John W. Defrees, who afterwards became Congressional printer. This Cutler, who was a member of Mr. Beecher's church, came to him at one time and said he would like to start in the publishing business, and wanted to know if he would give him those lectures to start on. Mr. Beecher consented to do so, and an arrangement was made. Cutler was to have the whole copyright to encourage him, for a term of years. Said Mr. Beecher, "When I first sat down to prepare them for the press, I took up the lecture on 'Industry and Indolence.' Said I to myself, 'I have gone through these with my own ideas, now perhaps it might be well to see what others have written also; it might suggest something.' I then took up a work containing two or three sermons on the same subject by Isaac Barrow, who was a great favorite of mine. Before I had read them half through, I found Barrow had said all I had, and had said it a great deal better. I then slung my manuscript under the bookease and there I left it. A man by the name of Eckert," continued Mr. Beecher, "a harness-maker, was all the time talking to me about some lectures to young men written by Rev. Mr. Smith of Washington, and he wanted me to read them. After I had finished two of the lectures, I said, 'My goodness! If

these lectures can be read with such ardor, I think my poor little book might as well come out from under the bookcase there.' So I went on and finished it."

Beecher's "Lectures to Young Men" was first published more than forty years ago. It has gone through many editions and was published in an enlarged form by my firm in 1859, and is now published by D. Appleton & Co.

While Mr. Beecher was preaching in Indianapolis, Martin Van Buren (afterwards President) was passing through the place, and as he intended to spend Sunday there, some friends of the former called on him and informed him that Van Buren would attend services at his church the next day. "He is certainly welcome," said Mr. Beecher, "there is plenty of room there." "We thought, possibly, you might like to know it as it might make some difference," said one of them. "Oh, no," said Beecher, "no difference. I should preach to him just as I would to any other sinner." Van Buren attended the service. Mr. Beecher afterwards met some of the gentlemen who had called upon him. They were laughing about it, and one of them said, "Perhaps you would like to hear what the Ex-President had to say about your sermon. He said he thought your trousers didn't set very well!"

I once asked Mr. Beecher if he had read all the books written by his brothers and sisters. He replied "I have made it a rule of my life to read none of the writings of my relatives, and with two or three exceptions have adhered to that rule." He then related an anecdote of a man that was condemned to death in Italy for some political offense. Numerous petitions were made for his pardon. His sentence was afterwards commuted, on the condition that he should read a certain voluminous, but not very entertaining History of Italy. He as a matter of course chose the latter alternative and commenced reading the work, and in the course of a week sent in word that "he would rather be executed."

To my question as to whether he had read any of

Ouida's works, he replied : "I have. She is a powerful writer. Her descriptions of the horse are vigorous enough to raise a man from the dead. Her writings have not much repose, they are full of fire and thunder. And that may be one cause of their popularity."

I then asked him what were the first books he bought. He replied : "I early had a passion for books. When I was in college and had begun to lecture, I was invited to go to Brattleboro' to deliver an address at a temperance celebration on the fourth of July. The honor of an invitation was considered sufficient compensation for the lecture, but they paid me ten dollars for my expenses. I walked from Amherst to Brattleboro' and walked back again. I saved all the money to buy books. When I was at Amherst I had money sent to me to come home, and I walked home and saved that money also to buy books. I had got about two dozen volumes together in that way. Among the books obtained in this way were Burke's works, in three volumes, and John Milton's poetical works in two volumes, which I bought in Boston. I remember those two for this reason : When I graduated there was no railway to convey anything to Cincinnati, and all freight going to that city was sent by way of New Orleans. I had orders from my father to pack my things in a box and send them in that way, but they never reached their destination. About two years, or more, after that, a cousin of mine, David Beecher, was in New Orleans, and as he was going by an auction shop, he heard an auctioneer shout, 'Letters from Lyman Beecher.' He stepped in, bid off the whole lot, and he found among the books my college exercises. There had been some misdirection on the box in which these books were sent, and they were put in a warehouse and afterwards sold for storage. In this box I had put all the books in my library and all my college letters and papers. After I began to write for Mr. Bonner, in the *Ledger*, I wrote an article describing my loss. This article came into the hands of an old merchant, who had bought

my books at the auction in New Orleans. His name was John Walton, and he did me the kindness to send to me my copy of John Milton."

This book Mr. Beecher has now in his possession. He greatly values it, not only from its romantic history, but as his first purchase of the beginning of an extensive collection of standard authors in every department of literature which now enriches his extensive library.

Mr. Beecher removed to Brooklyn, from Indianapolis, in the year 1847. That excellent authority the American Cyclopedia speaks of him as follows :

"Here almost from the outset he began to acquire that reputation as a pulpit orator which has been maintained and increased during a quarter of a century. The church and congregation under his charge are probably the largest in America. He has always discarded the mere conventionalities of the clerical profession. In his view humor has a place in a sermon as well as argument and exhortation. He is fond of illustration, drawing his material from every sphere of human life and thought; and his manner is highly dramatic. Though his keen sense of humor continually manifests itself, the prevailing impression given by his discourses is one of intense earnestness. The cardinal idea of his creed is that Christianity is not a series of philosophical or metaphysical dogmas, but a rule of life in every phase. Hence he has never hesitated to discuss from the pulpit the great social and political questions of the day, such as slavery, intemperance, licentiousness, the lust for power and the greed for gain. He is an authority in music, a connoisseur in art, a lover of flowers and animals, and I may add in addition a bibliophile in the fullest sense of the word."

Before Mr. Beecher was installed as the Plymouth pastor he was examined as to his theology by a Congregational Council. One of the questions asked him was, "Do you believe in the perseverance of the saints?" The good Doctor, who propounded the question, was his college father, and thinking his son was not doing himself much credit in the theological line, hoped to put a question which he could not fail to answer right.

“I was brought up to believe that doctrine,” said Mr. Beecher, “and I did believe it till I went out West and saw how Eastern Christians lived when they went out there. I confess since then I have had my doubts.”

Mr. Beecher immediately announced in Plymouth pulpit the same principles that he had in Indianapolis, namely, his determination to preach Christ among them, not as an absolute system of doctrines, not as a by-gone historical personage, but as the living Lord and God, and to bring all the ways and usages of society to the test of His standard. He announced to all whom it might concern, that he considered temperance and anti-slavery a part of the gospel of Christ, and should preach them accordingly.

The New York *Tribune*, in speaking recently of the eloquent eulogy of Mr. Beecher on the late Wendell Phillips, says :

“When the life of Henry Ward Beecher comes to be written after his work is finished, his biographer will not easily find for him a higher claim to the esteem of his fellow-countrymen than is involved in the following sentence from his discourse of last Sunday : ‘There never has been a day since I became the pastor of Plymouth Church that a respectable colored man or woman could not have come in and taken a seat in this church.’ It wears on its face a commonplace statement, but to all who remember the past it means that here was a man with courage to preach the gospel as it was written, at a time when many churches had agreed to dehumanize the negro.”

Mr. Beecher is very strong in his attachments. In talking with him on one occasion about Robert Bonner, he spoke of him as follows :

“I have had a good deal to do with many men, and my business experience with them has been quite a checkered one, but I have never been connected with anybody, friend or stranger in business, who has treated me with so much generosity or as much delicacy as Robert Bonner. I always made it a point of honor, never to fail in any en-

gement I made with him, from week to week. Frequently, when it seemed to me that I hadn't anything to say, I would go right to the office and write, forcing nature, rather than fail in an engagement made with him. This is what I would not have done for any other man living. I shall always retain to my death very warm and grateful appreciation of his services to me. He got out of me what nobody else could.

“When Bonner proposed that novel, ‘Norwood,’ to me, I had no idea of writing it. I was conducting a prayer-meeting one morning, when a boy came in with a little note which said, ‘You asked me how much I gave to Edward Everett for all his writings in the *Ledger*. I allowed him \$24,000, and if you will write a story for the *Ledger*’ (covering a given number of columns), ‘I will pay you an equal amount.’ A clap of thunder would not have been more astounding to me. I laughed as I read the dispatch. I refused at first, but he continued to talk to me about it, until finally I agreed to do it. Then I couldn't get myself to begin. I didn't believe I could accomplish it. It was entirely out of the line of all my habits of thought. But Mr. Bonner encouraged me, and I finally commenced it. When I had got about two-thirds through, he wrote me a little note one day, saying, ‘When all the matter which is now in type shall have been published, you will have fulfilled your part of the contract. I do not wish to have the book brought to a precipitate close, but I wish you to go on and complete it as you desire, and I will pay you \$500 for each of the additional chapters.’ Of course I felt as though it would not be honorable to do other than bring it to a close as quickly as I could consistently with the story. The sum paid for *Norwood* amounted to \$30,000.”

I once asked Mr. Beecher if he ever indulged in smoking, and to my question he said :

“After the death of Lincoln, I went to Washington to preach the funeral sermon of young Dahlgren. President Johnson and his Cabinet were at the funeral. At the close

of the services the President asked me to call upon him in the afternoon. Johnson was at that time hanging in the wind, not knowing which way he should go, and Stanton and all his Northern friends were extremely anxious that every influence should be brought to bear upon him to bring him right. It was on that errand I was sent. Stanton said to me, 'Come right down to my house, as soon as you see him.' After my interview with Johnson, I went to Stanton's house the same evening. He introduced me hastily to his family, then drew me across the hall into his study, and we sat down to have a right good talk on poetry, literature and so on. You know how I abhor tobacco in all its forms. Stanton was staggering under the weight he was carrying in that war period. He brought out his box of cigars. I knew instantly that if I refused to smoke, he would refuse, and have a miserable evening of it; so I quietly took a cigar. He commenced smoking his. I played with mine for some time, till I saw that he noticed that I was not smoking, then I took a match, lighted my cigar and drew a few puffs every time he looked up. When I saw his was coming to an end, I quietly hid mine behind a book. He thought I smoked the cigar. Stanton and asthma are the only influences that have ever induced me to try to smoke, and I made a poor fist of it every time."

On another occasion I asked Mr. Beecher if he had ever met Irving. He said:

"The only time I ever met Washington Irving was at a dinner given by the printers in New York. I was called upon to speak. In the remarks I made I had occasion to allude incidentally to the man who had such a voice that he said he could sing base to thunder. Irving at that time had never heard the phrase and it convulsed him. He broke out into laughter again and again."

"Brady, the photographer, gave me an account of how the representations of Irving, which are now universal, came to be circulated, instead of the one he intended to send to posterity. The latter, I think, was painted by Inman,

and he was represented as a man in the prime of life, and very handsome. He refused to sit or have anyone else paint him. He had a couple of nieces to whom he was very much attached. On the eve of his going to the West Indies, thinking they might never see him again, they persuaded him to go down and get them a photograph. He consented on the condition that they would never part with it. Brady, to whom he then went, found fault with the first sitting as imperfect, and he sat the second time. This picture proved to be a good one. But, said Brady, with a wink, "I put the first one away and kept it." The very week that Irving died he brought out the negative and commenced issuing the picture of Washington Irving as he looked in his old age. From that picture, all of the others have been derived. It is the one that now is universally prevalent, and has thus defeated Irving's life-long plan of being known only as he looked in middle life. "What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue."

Mr. Beecher has recently returned from a lecturing tour through the far West and extreme South. He was received in almost every place he visited with the greatest interest and sometimes with enthusiasm, especially in the Southern States, where, a quarter of a century ago, he would not have been permitted to discourse on any subject whatever.

To illustrate the great change in public opinion in the South, the following description of Mr. Beecher from a recent number of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, is a good example.

"Such eyes, such a brow, such a countenance one does not often see. The face which the pictorial papers have made so familiar to the country is dull, heavy, gross. But the face of the man who stood before us the other night was reverend, spiritual, majestic, and when in repose as tender as a woman's. His mind is trained to what would seem the last degree of culture. It obeys him like a well-oiled machine, without halt or friction. His language is pure, beautiful, vigorous and seemingly exhaustless. He

can harness as many adjectives to a noun as one Esquimau does dogs to his sled, and have some to spare. His powers of illustration are phenomenal. Through these open windows the light rushes upon his discourse, no part in obscurity. His delivery is not that of oratory, as it is commonly understood. It is rather a sublime kind of talking. Yet from this level he is ready at any moment to rise. Closely observing him you see a peculiar shrug of the right shoulder—then look out! The face glows, the shoulders square themselves, up goes the voice and down comes a grand period, while you hold your breath until it is over. In delivering himself upon his audience the whole man comes into play. You see reason, memory, imagination, judgment, fancy. You hear wit, humor, sarcasm, pathos, thought, sentiment. You listen to the eye and the hand as well as to the tongue. Body, mind and soul speak at once. Every string of the harp is touched. All the octaves tremble. And whatever the music be the harp is golden. An old man past seventy, after fifty years of steady labor standing before an audience for two hours, with so perfect a command of mind and body as to remain during all that time master of himself and them, and looking at the end as fresh as at the beginning, is a phenomenon that sets one thinking. What is behind all that! Men do not come into that power suddenly. Something behind it there is. What? Culture—long years of culture—culture for both mind and body. The very sight of such a training is a lesson to every man who is trying to fill a pulpit.”

Rev. Charles Beecher has written several volumes, one of which, “*Pen Pictures of the Bible*” was published by my firm in 1855. He also assisted his brother in preparing the celebrated *Plymouth Collection of Hymns and Tunes*, now in use in the pastor’s church. He was also one of the authors, in connection with *Mrs. Stowe*, of “*Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands*,” of which I was the New York publisher in 1854.

It is fitting that the name of *Frederick B. Perkins*, the well known librarian of the *San Francisco Library*, should be mentioned in this sketch of the *Beecher* family, his mother being one of the daughters of *Lyman Beecher*. *Mr. Perkins’* novel entitled “*Serope, or the Lost Library*,”

published some years since, was very well received by the public. He was at one time editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, and later associate author with G. Haven Putnam, of the book entitled "Best Reading." Rev. Henry Ward Beecher once said of him, "Fred is a perfect encyclopedia; aside from a great deal of useful knowledge, political, scientific and philosophical, he knows more things that are absolutely worthless than any man living. For instance, about a button that somebody wore a thousand years ago. He is an archæologist though of the first water."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is not without claim to authorship. In the year 1859 she called upon me with a manuscript which she told me was a simple record of the early career of the married life of herself and husband. She wanted it published anonymously, which I was willing to do, provided her husband would give his consent. She said she wanted to keep it a secret from him until the book was ready. Finally, however, she agreed to see her husband on the subject, which she did, and told him the conditions on which the book would be published. He said, "Tell Derby if he wants to be fool enough to publish a book written by my wife, to go ahead."

Mrs. Beecher bore me the message with a knowing smile. She said the manuscript was written by her on a sick bed. It fell into her daughter's hands and pleased her so well that the latter begged her to publish it. She consulted Mr. Beecher about it and he said that anything that pleased a young girl of thirteen and without being harmful, must be good. The original title of the book was "Reminiscences of a Missionary's Wife." My firm issued the volume "From Dawn to Daylight," which without any knowledge of its authorship was well received by the public. Several editions were sold.

Among other favorable notices at the time, is the following written by Robert Bonner.

"'From Dawn to Daylight, or, The Simple Story of a Western Home; by a Minister's Wife.' It is not often that we call attention

to new books in the *Ledger*; but this is a work of such peculiar interest that we must deviate from our rule. Were the name of the author given to the public, we think the work would make a decided sensation. This much, however, we will say of her, that her husband is one of the most distinguished and popular clergymen in the country, so much so indeed that you can scarcely pick up a newspaper in which you do not find his name. The book is one which, as a contemporary remarks, will make the reader the better for the reading, while at the same time it abounds in entertaining sketches of experiences and scenes which must interest the general reader."

Mrs. Beecher is also the author of two excellent volumes—"Motherly Talks" and "All around the House," both admirably adapted to the use of young housekeepers.

XXVIII.

GEORGE E. BAKER.

A Political Historian and Modern Boswell—Life and Works of Seward—Founder of Prison Association—Disbursing Agent for State Department—An Excitement in the Cabinet—Author startles Government Officials—Old James Gordon Bennett—"I guess it's true, we'll prent it"—Kossuth makes Daniel Webster Weep—Greeley proposes Bryant for Secretary of State—Splendid Tribute to Seward's Works.

THE name of George E. Baker may well be classed among the writers of political literature in this country. He has made that field of research richer by his many years of patient toil in gathering together the political writings of one of the foremost statesmen which this country has produced. I refer to the works of William H. Seward, which have just been published in five large volumes, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. As Boswell was to Johnson, so has Mr. Baker been to Seward, the confidential friend and biographer.

It is just thirty years since J. S. Redfield, formerly a well-known book publisher, issued in three octavo volumes the works of William H. Seward, which Mr. Baker modestly introduces to the public as follows :

“In this collection of Mr. Seward's works, it is intended to present to the public, not only with his more elaborate speeches and writings, but also with his occasional and unstudied efforts. The principles and measures of public policy, which he has

maintained, receive as clear an illustration from the latter class of his productions, as from his more systematic and finished performances. They are accordingly, important at a time when the political views of Mr. Seward have become the subject of discussion, in every quarter of the Union.

“It has often been regretted that so few of the speeches of the eminent men of a former age have been preserved. The history of our own country especially has suffered from this neglect. We search in vain for the speeches even of James Otis, which, in the words of one of his contemporaries, ‘Breathed the breath of life into this Nation.’ The facilities of the present day leave no excuse for a similar neglect in regard to our own orators and statesmen.

“The editor of these volumes though by no means unconscious of his slight qualifications for so important a task, has attempted to collect and prepare for publication the following works of William H. Seward. A desire to aid in disseminating the doctrines and principles they contain, as well as to preserve them in a permanent form, must plead an apology. For a number of years it has been his wish to bring these works before the public. He has only waited for the time when they could be produced without exciting a suspicion of personal or partisan objects. That time, in his opinion has arrived. It is, however, perhaps, too much to expect, even now, a candid hearing from all parties. ‘Nothing,’ says Mr. Seward in one of his letters, ‘that I can say or do, or that can be said or done by my friends, is suffered to pass without exciting alarm, lest it may have an ambitious design that I almost despise.’

“To the friends of Republican principles, and of the claims of justice and freedom everywhere, the editor believes these volumes will be welcome, and to such they are respectfully dedicated. To the friends of Mr. Seward, also, they will be acceptable as a complete refutation of the various misrepresentations of his acts and opinions, current in the community, supplying a want long felt and frequently expressed. To many of these friends the editor is already indebted for assistance and encouragement in his undertaking, for which he avails himself in this place to express his acknowledgments.”

About the same time Mr. Redfield published, in a smaller volume, a “Life of William H. Seward,” by Mr.

Baker, which was well received by the public. Being a resident of Auburn at that time and a personal and political friend of the subject of Mr. Baker's memoir, it naturally brought me into a friendly acquaintance with the latter, who, although a native of Massachusetts, has spent the larger portion of his life in the State of his adoption.

Indoctrinated in early manhood with the political views of Horace Mann and Charles Sumner he, on becoming a citizen of New York, naturally recognized in William H. Seward, who was then governor of the State, the leader of political reforms, including the abolition of slavery. Time and experience, he says, only confirmed his faith. To make Mr. Seward's principles known, became the ruling passion and has been the labor of Mr. Baker's life. He was elected to the Legislature of his adopted State from one of the Brooklyn districts in 1850 as a "Seward Whig," and in his speeches and votes maintained the doctrine of Sewardism during his legislative career.

In 1854 Mr. Baker was appointed private secretary to Myron H. Clark, who had been elected governor of the State on a temperance issue. Governor Clark had little, if any, experience in administrative duties, and Mr. Baker, being thoroughly posted in such matters, was considered at one time as the real acting governor of the State, the Legislature, without opposition, voting him a considerable sum for services rendered the State.

Mr. Baker was among the founders of the Prison Association of New York in 1844, and was a friend and coadjutor of the late Isaac T. Hopper in the reform instituted by that society. In 1851 he was appointed by the Legislature to investigate the condition of the State prisons and spent a good part of the year in the prisons at Auburn, Sing Sing and Clinton. The report made by him at the ensuing session of the Legislature and many of the reforms recommended were afterwards enacted into laws.

When Mr. Seward, in March, 1861, entered upon his duties as Secretary of State he appointed Mr. Baker to the

responsible office of Disbursing Agent of the Department of State, which brought him into close relations with all those engaged in diplomatic service of the United States, including the charge and disbursement of the Secret Service Fund. This important position was held by him through the whole time of Mr. Seward's official life as Secretary of State.

He was continued by Mr. Seward's successor, the Hon. Hamilton Fish, and held the position during the session of the Joint High Commission and until July, 1871, when he resigned to take the office of Comptroller of the District of Columbia. Under his administration the loans by which the great improvements in Washington were made were negotiated through the First National Bank of New York, of which his son, George F. Baker, is now president.

About the close of the year 1862, owing to the repeated defeats of the Union Army, a caucus of Republican senators was held, and passed resolutions advising President Lincoln to remove the chief member of his Cabinet, they believing Mr. Seward, by his advice to the President was the cause of the military disasters. Mr. Seward, hearing of this unusual action on the part of the senators, immediately sent in his resignation, which was quickly followed by that of Mr. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury. The result of their action is explained in the following letters :

“Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 20, 1862.

“Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD and Hon. SALMON P. CHASE.

“GENTLEMEN:

“You have respectively tendered me your resignations as Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury of United States. I am apprised of the circumstances which may render this course personally desirable to each of you; but, after most anxious consideration, my deliberate judgment is, that the public interest does not admit of it. I, therefore, have to request that you will resume the duties of your departments respectively.

“Your obedient servant,

“A. LINCOLN.”

“Department of State, Washington, Dec. 21, 1862.

“Sunday Morning.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I have cheerfully resumed the functions of this department, in obedience to your command.

“With highest respect, your humble servant,

“WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

“The President of the United States.”

This digression is made to enable me to state here an incident which occurred at the time.

Mr. Baker's confidential relations were of such a nature that he was aware of this action before it was made public. He communicated to me by midnight mail the startling news which I (then the Despatch Agent at New York), at once communicated to Hiram Barney, then Collector of the port of New York, Abram Wakeman, Postmaster at New York, and the late John J. Cisco, then Assistant-Treasurer of the United States in New York. None of them could hardly believe the startling information so unexpected to them all. I then called upon Frederick Hudson,* then managing editor of the New York *Herald*, and gave him the information I had received from Mr. Baker. He at once conducted me to the editor-in-chief, the late James Gordon Bennett, who at first was not inclined to believe my informant. Scanning me closely with those penetrating eyes of his, that could see in two directions, he finally said, “I guess it's true; we'll *print* it.”

An extra was immediately gotten out headed “Important news direct by telegram from Washington.” As the only information received was communicated in a letter to me, I then learned for the first time how important news from distant places is really written in a newspaper office.

Mr. Baker is full of interesting recollections of eminent

*Author of that interesting volume published by Harper & Brothers, “History of Journalism,” and whose tragic death at Concord many of my readers will remember.

men ; he said to me recently that after Kossuth's arrival in this country in 1851, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, in a private letter to a friend, said : " His presence here will be quite embarrassing (owing to our friendly relations with Austria), I am at a good deal of a loss what to do or what to say." When Kossuth arrived in Washington, Webster by appointment met him at Mr. Seward's house, thus avoiding anything like an official reception of the great Hungarian. Mr. Seward described the meeting as one of intense feeling on the part of Webster and Kossuth alike. The latter plead the cause of Hungary in such eloquent terms as to draw tears from Mr. Webster's eyes, while he remarked : " O ! he is a royal fellow ! " Mr. Seward always regarded Kossuth's speech as the most eloquent he ever heard. The next day Mr. Webster, accompanied by Mr. Seward, presented Kossuth to the President. Mr. Seward describes Mr. Fillmore's interview with Kossuth as cold and formal, in marked contrast with Mr. Webster's affecting meeting with him at Mr. Seward's house.

On another occasion Mr. Seward went with Mr. Baker to hear Henry Ward Beecher preach, and was filled with enthusiasm. The next day, meeting Sumner, he said to him : " You ought to have heard Beecher yesterday. There was more eloquence in his one sermon than in fourteen of your orations."

Mr. Seward and Mr. Sumner were on very intimate terms while they were Senators. There was always a seat at Mr. Seward's table for Mr. Sumner. The former generally showed his written speeches to the latter, before he made them in the Senate and invited criticism. Once, Mr. Sumner induced Mr. Seward to change the verb " loan " to " lend." Mr. Sumner was a worshipper of Judge Story, and Mr. Seward often chaffed the Senator by referring to Judge Story's defense of the Fugitive Slave Law in the Prigg case.

Mr. Baker had been for many years a friend and correspondent of the late Horace Greeley. It will be seen in

one of the following letters, that the latter suggested, strange to say, William C. Bryant, with whom he never had any intercourse whatever, for Secretary of State.

“New York, August 17, 1855.

“MY DEAR BAKER:

“I want to suggest a new name for Secretary of State in case we concede that office (as I think best) to the Democracy. I propose William C. Bryant. You know I don't like him personally, nor he me, but I can't think of any men of greater mark; and I think he is thoroughly honest and capable. Depend on it, there are a good many of all parties who would gladly and proudly vote for him. If we can only keep off the ticket names of all who want to be put on, I think we must succeed. And I don't believe there is a man in the State who has less idea of being a State officer than Bryant. Don't make us swallow Ben. Butler,* if there is any help for it. He would go very hard.

“Yours,
“HORACE GREELEY.”

“New York, June 29, 1852.

“MY DEAR SIR :

“I can't make a pyrotechnic ten-minute speech. I can't say anything worth hearing unless I have time to say it in my own way. I was over to Williamsburg last Fall and tried to say something, but the chairman put me down as speaking too long, which I presume was the fact. You must, therefore, excuse me as unfit for this sort of business, and call in —— and —— and our boys who can melt the 4th of July into Lundy's Lane,* and serve it up with Chepultepect† for gravy. I am nothing in that line.

“Yours,
“George E. Baker. HORACE GREELEY.”

Mr. Baker says that Mr. Seward once said to him : “What great men ever made almanacs but Franklin and Greeley?” and then added that full justice had not been done to the subject by Mr. Parton in his interesting biography. “I had hoped,” said Mr. Seward, “to write the

* Of New York.

† Two of General Scott's battles.

life of Mr. Greeley myself some day, as a labor of love," and then he ran a parallel with the two "philosophers." "But," said Mr. Baker, "Greeley has some striking weaknesses." "So had Franklin," rejoined Mr. Seward, and added: "the faults of great men drop out when their history is written."

Mr. Seward was always much pleased with the selections made by Mr. Baker, in the volumes of his works. In looking over them on one occasion, he said: "I know why the Democrats hate me, but I don't understand why the Whigs do!" On another similar occasion, placing his hand on the volumes, he said: "These will be good books to die on. The heresies are all in!"

The *Boston Daily Advertiser*, in a long review of the new edition of William H. Seward's works just completed, says:

"It is something more than the biography of a man—it is the biography of a nation. The collection is well edited by Mr. Baker, and is an important addition to our political literature."

In a similar extended review the *New York Evening Post* closes as follows:

"The reading of Mr. Seward's speeches in the period before the war is, and will long be a high course of political education. . . . The record is now complete, and there is hardly any other similar monument of American statesmanship of more enduring value for the student of history."

XXIX.

FRANK B. CARPENTER.

A Great Historical Painter—Opens a Studio in New York—Conceives a Grand Picture—Friends appear in Time of Need—Reception by President Lincoln—"We will turn you loose in here"—The Cry of Ethiopia for Help—Pope's Disaster at Bull Run—Emancipation Proclamation Issued—Immense Sale of the Picture—Mrs. Thompson's Munificent Gift—Original Painting presented to the Government—Abraham Lincoln and Artemus Ward—Six Months' in the White House.

FRANK B. CARPENTER, whose name is now recorded among the historical painters of the country, is a native of Homer, N. Y.

Although his father was a farmer, his young son took no interest whatever in tilling the soil, and, much against his father's wishes, was continually experimenting with a common house-painter's brush in making portraits. One day his father, becoming impatient, and wanting his help for farm work, instead of calling him, went directly to the attic where the embryo artist was just finishing a picture. Striding angrily into the room, he suddenly stopped short. "Who is that?" he asked abruptly.

"Don't you know, father?" said the boy, with a roguish though earnest look.

"It is your mother, I suppose," replied the father gruffly, yet honestly, and he was somewhat conscience-stricken when he saw that his boy, who did not like farming, could actually make a likeness.

The first sum of money earned by young Carpenter was ten dollars, when at the age of seventeen he painted the portrait of Hon. Henry S. Randall. The latter was afterwards elected Secretary of State, and was also the author of the interesting and valuable life of Thomas Jefferson, which was published by my firm in the year 1858.

In 1851, Mr. Carpenter opened a studio in New York City, where he speedily became known as an excellent portrait painter. The conception of the idea of a picture representing the President's Emancipation Proclamation before the Cabinet, came to him in the latter part of 1863.

To carry out his cherished idea concerning the picture, two things were necessary : the first, to procure the President's consent, and the co-operation of his Cabinet, the second, a sufficient sum of money to enable him to spend the necessary time in Washington to paint the picture. Through some intimate friends, and especially Hon. Schuyler Colfax and Hon. Owen Lovejoy, who represented Mr. Lincoln's district in Congress, satisfactory arrangements were made with Mr. Lincoln. The money question had a curious and almost providential solution. A former acquaintance, whom Mr. Carpenter had not seen for some years, happened to be looking with him into a window on Broadway, where some pictures were exposed to view. He had heard that this friend had been successful in business ventures, and there seemed to come into his mind the words "this man has been sent to you." Full of this impression, he laid before the friend the conception of what he wished to undertake, and being informed of the consent and co-operation of President Lincoln, his friend said, "You shall paint the picture. Take plenty of time. Make it the great work of your life, and draw upon me for whatever funds you may need."

On February 4th, 1864, the artist went to Washington and made all the necessary arrangements for the work he had to do, and here let me quote from his interesting

book "Six Months in the White House," to which I shall have occasion to refer again.

"The appointed hour found me at the well-remembered door of the official chamber—that door watched daily with so many conflicting emotions of hope and fear by the anxious throng regularly gathered there. The President had preceded me and was already deep in Acts of Congress, with which the writing desk was strewed awaiting his signature. He received me pleasantly, giving me a seat near his own arm-chair, and after having read Hon. Owen Lovejoy's note, he took off his spectacles and said: 'Well, Mr. Carpenter, we will turn you in loose here and try to give you a good chance to work out your idea.'"

Then, without paying much attention to the enthusiastic expression or ambitious desire and purpose of the artist he proceeded to give him a detailed account of the history and issue of the great proclamation.

"'It had got to be,' said he, 'mid-summer, 1862. Things had gone on from bad to worse, until I felt that we had reached the end of our rope on the plan of operations we had been pursuing, that we had about played our last card and must change our tactics or lose the game. I now determined upon the adoption of the emancipation policy; and without consultation with, or the knowledge of the Cabinet, I prepared the original draft of the proclamation, and after much anxious thought, called a Cabinet meeting upon the subject. This was the last of July, or the first part of the month of August, 1862.' (The exact date he did not remember.) 'This Cabinet meeting took place, I think, upon a Saturday. All were present except Mr. Blair, the Postmaster General, who was absent at the opening of the discussion, but came in subsequently. I said to the Cabinet that I had resolved upon this step, and had not called them together to ask their advice, but to lay the subject-matter before them; suggestions as to which would be in order after they had heard it read. Mr. Lovejoy,' said he, 'was in error when he informed you that it excited no comment, excepting on the part of Secretary Seward. Various suggestions were offered. Secretary Chase wished the language stronger in reference to the arming of blacks. Mr. Blair, after he came in, deprecated the policy, on the ground that

it would cost the administration the fall elections. Nothing, however, was offered that it had not already fully anticipated and settled in my own mind, until Secretary Seward spoke. He said in substance: 'Mr. President, I approve of the proclamation, but I question the expediency of its issue at this juncture. The depression of the public mind, consequent upon our repeated reversés, is so great, that I fear the effect of so important a step. It may be viewed as the last measure of an exhausted government, a cry for help; the government stretching forth its hands to Ethiopia instead of Ethiopia stretching forth her hand to the government.' 'His idea,' said the President, 'was that it would be considered our last shriek, on the retreat.' (This was his precise expression.) 'Now, continued Mr. Seward, 'while I approve the measure, I suggest, sir, that you postpone its issue, until you can give it to the country supported by military success, instead of issuing it, as would be the case now, upon the greatest disasters of the war!' Mr. Lincoln continued: 'The wisdom of the view of the Secretary of State struck me with very great force. It was an aspect of the case that in all my thought upon the subject, I had entirely overlooked. The result was that I put the draft of the proclamation aside, as you do your sketch for a picture, waiting for a victory. From time to time I added or changed a line, touching it up here and there, anxiously watching the progress of events. Well, the next news we had was of Pope's disaster at Bull Run. Things looked darker than ever. Finally came the week of the battle of Antietam. I determined to wait no longer. The news came, I think, on Wednesday, that the advantage was on our side. I was then staying at the Soldier's Home (three miles out of Washington). Here I finished writing the second draft of the preliminary proclamation, came up on Saturday, called the Cabinet together to hear it, and it was published the following Monday.' "

"Having concluded this interesting statement, the President then proceeded to show me the various positions occupied by himself and the different members of the Cabinet, on the occasion of the first meeting. "As nearly as I remember," said he, "I sat near the head of the table. The Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War

were here at my right hand ; the others were grouped at my left."

The artist was assigned the state dining-room for a studio by Mr. Lincoln, and was engaged on the work, the dimensions of which are fourteen feet six inches by nine feet, from February to August, 1864.

On its completion, by Mr. Lincoln's consent, it was exhibited for two days in the East room of the White House to crowds of people. Immediately after the artist entered into a contract with my firm to have the painting engraved on steel by A. H. Ritchie, Derby & Miller to be the publishers. The price paid Mr. Ritchie was six thousand dollars for the steel plate, which occupied him eighteen months to engrave. For several months after the plate was finished the orders could only be supplied by printing from the plate day and night. The subscription list for the engraving was headed by President Lincoln and his entire Cabinet, and before it was closed embraced the names of almost every distinguished man in the Northern States. Nearly thirty thousand impressions were printed from the steel plate, which is now worn out.

In 1877, Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, a wealthy and public-spirited widow lady of New York City, learning that the painting was still in Mr. Carpenter's possession, fearing its destruction by fire, and considering that the rightful destination of this painting was in the Capitol at Washington, as it commemorated an event in our history second only to that of the Declaration of Independence, recently purchased the painting for the artist's price—twenty-five thousand dollars, and on Lincoln's birthday, February 12, 1878, it was formally presented to the United States on behalf of Mrs. Thompson, both Houses of Congress adjourning in honor of the event.

The painting was placed for the ceremony, over the Speaker's desk and chair, occupying considerable space in front of the Reporters' gallery. The House of Representatives was crowded with spectators, hundreds being unable

to gain admittance. The presentation speech was made by Hon. James A. Garfield on behalf of Mrs. Thompson. He paid a high compliment to the fidelity of the painting, its historic value and the generosity of the donor, and then entered upon an eloquent panegyric of Mr. Lincoln and his work, followed by individual tributes to the different members of the War Cabinet.

The painting was received on behalf of Congress by Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, late vice-president of the Confederate States, who at the beginning of the war announced "slavery" to be the "corner-stone of the new confederacy." It was a sublime sight to see this man on behalf of the Re-United States, accepting a painting commemorating the downfall of slavery. Mr. Stephens spoke of Mrs. Thompson's patriotic action, as the most valuable offering ever made to the Nation by a private individual. His tribute to Mr. Lincoln and his work was very remarkable, coming from the vice-president of the defunct Confederacy, and the speech throughout excited the liveliest interest in all who heard it, and was widely commented on by the newspapers of the country.

The painting was placed in one of the only two vacant panels in the Capitol, the panel in the eastern staircase of the House of Representatives. In the panel on the western side is Leutze's "Westward the Course of Empire takes its way."

Both Houses of Congress passed a joint resolution conveying the thanks of Congress to Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, for her patriotic action in the presentation of the painting, an honor never before conferred upon any lady. This entitles her to the privileges enjoyed only by Ex-Senators, Ex-Members and Ex-Governors, as to admission to the floor of both Houses. Mrs. Thompson is the only lady in the United States who can rightfully claim this privilege and honor.

During Mr. Carpenter's stay at the White House he had many pleasant conversations with President Lincoln.

On one occasion the latter said, "There are some quaint, queer verses written, I think, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, entitled 'The Last Leaf,' one of which is to me inexpressibly touching." He then repeated from memory the verse which occurs in about the middle of the poem, which reads as follows :

" The mossy marbles rest,
On the lips that he has pressed,
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year,
On the tomb."

As he finished this verse he said in his emphatic way, "For pure pathos, in my judgment, there is nothing finer than those six lines in the English language." And I think President Lincoln's judgment coincides with that of all readers of that exquisite lyric.

On another occasion Mr. Lincoln repeated the lines of the now famous poem,

" Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?"

which the artist wrote down one by one as they fell from his lips. This beautiful poem soon became famous, although at that time the author was unknown. It was subsequently ascertained that it was written by Richard Knox, a young Scotchman, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott. This poem has been published complete in the beautiful Golden Floral Series by Lee & Shepherd.

After the painting was completed and Mr. Carpenter was about returning home, the President called on him and said :

" Well, Carpenter, I must go in and take one more look at the picture before you leave us." So saying, he accompanied the artist to the East Room, and sitting down in front of it remained for some time in silence.

After a while he said, "There is little to find fault with," he replied, "the portraiture is the main thing, and that seems to me absolutely perfect."

The late Henry J. Raymond once related a curious anecdote about the Proclamation of Emancipation. He said that Secretary Chase told him that the President came into the meeting of the Cabinet after the battle of Antietam, and said he had come across something very amusing in one of Artemus Ward's letters, and he read it through for the edification of the Secretaries. He then said he had brought another document to read to them—not for their advice and criticism, for his mind was fully made up on the subject, but for their information.

It was the Proclamation of Emancipation. He said he had promised himself and his God that if the rebels were driven out of Maryland he would issue such a proclamation, and he was about to do it. Mr. Chase said the words "and my God" were uttered in a low tone, and he thought no one but himself heard them. Some days after he recalled them to the President's notice, and told him it seemed to him to indicate that he had issued the Proclamation in fulfillment of a religious vow. The President half assented to the inference which Mr. Chase had drawn.

In a copy of Mr. Carpenter's book, "Six Months at the White House; or, Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln," which lies before me, I find the following inscription:

"To my friend, JAS. C. DERBY, Esq.,

"Who suggested the title of this book, 'Six Months at the White House,' and whose constant friendly interest in it from the beginning, greatly encouraged and helped me in its progress.

"FRANK B. CARPENTER.

"New York, 1869."

The volume was published by Hurd & Houghton in the year 1867, and has reached a sale of nearly thirty thousand copies. }

XXX.

JEFFERSON DAVIS—A. H. STEPHENS.

“Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government”—A Visit to Jefferson Davis—Hospitable Reception at Beauvoir—A Yet Unfinished Book—Judge Tenney Comes to the Rescue—Sarah A. Dorsey’s Bequest—The Ex-President’s Complimentary Letter—Ravages of Yellow Fever—Noble Action of Northern People—A new Version of the Capture of Davis—Beautiful Home at Beauvoir.

IN the year 1875, the house of D. Appleton & Co., with which I was then connected, entered into an agreement with an authorized agent of Jefferson Davis, to prepare under his dictation a book on the late war between the States, the title of which, afterwards agreed upon, being “The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.” The book was to have been completed in two years’ time, the publishers agreeing to advance on account of copyright a specified sum for the services of the agent referred to, and to defray the expenses of gathering material for the use of the writer.

The time having expired in which the book was to have been finished, with but little progress towards its completion, and the sums advanced, as agreed upon, having considerably increased, without any near prospect of getting the book, the publishers became concerned, regarding the non-fulfillment of the contract. In consequence of this I was deputed by the house to visit Mr. Davis, at his home in Mississippi, according to the following instructions :

“New York, Jan. 28, 1880.

“DEAR MR. DERBY :

“With respect to the unfortunate delay in completing the work on the Confederacy by Mr. Davis, and the very considerable amount we have advanced, we wish to say, first; we have extended the first agreement to suit all parties, and have advanced money until the sum is too large and we can advance no more. We do not desire to find fault with any one; we simply claim that we are entitled to consideration under the agreement. We do not wish to push unreasonably our claim. We anxiously desire the work, but will forego it altogether, if the money we have advanced is returned to us. You must judge for yourself, but we think the past clearly shows we can place no confidence in any future promises. We have every confidence and respect for Mr. Davis, but do not believe he can ever complete the work on his present plan. And for this reason we are anxious it should pass into other hands. It is now two years since Mr. Tenney was with Mr. Davis and saw the manuscript, and he left with the impression it would be all completed in from three to six months. We have no doubt if the material is placed in his hands now, he could do it within that time. Most truly,

D. APPLETON & Co.”

I started immediately for Beauvoir, the residence of the ex-President of the Confederate States, arriving there in February, 1880. Mr. Davis had been prepared by correspondence to expect my arrival, and I was received with great cordiality at the hospitable mansion of Beauvoir, and soon after my arrival we commenced to talk about the book.

I found Mr. Davis in blissful ignorance of the progress of his work, he trusting entirely to his agent, in whose literary attainments he placed the utmost confidence, and towards whom he seemed to cherish the most affectionate regard.

Mr. Davis had occasionally seen a few pages of the manuscript, and he said he wished my visit had been earlier, as the gentleman who had the preparation of the manuscript in charge, lived at some distance, and he himself had been utterly unable to visit him in person.

According to his request, I called upon this party and asked to see the manuscript of Mr. Davis' book, which was reluctantly shown me. I soon saw that there was not enough copy to make three hundred pages of one volume, and even that was not in necessary shape. On returning with the manuscript to Mr. Davis, he seemed greatly surprised at the result of four years' literary labor, and looking it over said there was hardly any more ready than when Judge Tenney examined it two years previously.

Mr. Davis took in the situation at once, and remarked that the publishers under the contract which he had guaranteed, were entitled to the manuscript complete, or the return of the money advanced by them.* But the former not being ready, and his large cotton crops requiring all his available means just at that time, it would be inconvenient to return the latter. He said also he had made a binding contract with the house which was satisfactory to him, and he was willing to do anything reasonable to expedite matters.

Calling Mr. Davis' attention to the suggestion made in my letter of instructions regarding Judge Tenney, as a competent and ready writer to aid him in completing the long-delayed work, he said that nothing would please him better, as he entertained a high regard for the latter's fairness and literary capacity, and he would be glad of his speedy assistance.

Soon after my return to New York, the publishers despatched Judge Tenney without further delay to assist Mr. Davis in the preparation of the manuscript for the press. It was soon completed, and thus, after the protracted delay, the book made its appearance. Mr. Davis introduces his "Rise and Fall of the Confederacy" as follows :

* Over eight thousand dollars had been advanced towards the preparation of the work, not a dollar of which had Mr. Davis received. It was paid out, however, on his order, to the agent referred to, and was ultimately deducted from the copyright.

“The object of this work has been to show, from historical data, that the Southern States had rightfully the power to withdraw from a union into which they had, as sovereign communities, voluntarily entered ; that the denial of that right was a violation of the letter and spirit of the compact between the States, and that the war waged by the Federal Government against the seceding States, was in disregard of the limitations of the Constitution, and destructive of the principles of the Declaration of Independence. The author from his official position may claim to have known much of the motives and acts of his countrymen, immediately before and during the war of 1861-65, and he has sought to furnish material for the future historian, who, when the passions and prejudices of the day shall have given place to reason and sober thought, may better than a contemporary investigate the causes, conduct and results of the war.”

Soon after my return home from my business trip to Beauvoir I received the following letter :

“Beauvoir, Feb. 14th, 1880.

“J. C. DERBY, Esq. :

“MY DEAR SIR : I hope your remembrance of your visit to us may not be exclusively of your business troubles. In that connection, however, you must have the consolation of having achieved as much as was practicable to expedite the completion of the preparation of my manuscript for the press. The disappointment felt by your house at the slow progress of the work was certainly not greater than my own, and strange as it may appear, I was but little better prepared than yourself to find how little had been done in a form to be sent to the press. It is proper that you should know that much correspondence to obtain material for the second volume which is on hand, did not appear in what was submitted to you, but is valuable and did consume much time. If your associates can be made fully to appreciate the difficulties you encountered and the obstacles you overcame, they will accord to you the credit of having achieved as much as was practicable. Hoping that in the future more efficient conduct of the work may repay your past disappointments, as far as what is lost may be compensated for, and that you suffer no further inconvenience from your recent illness, I am respectfully and cordially,

“Yours,

“JEFFERSON DAVIS.”

The book, although published at a high price in two large volumes, met with a large sale, reaching many thousands of copies.

Judge Tenney, to whose untiring industry was mainly due the speedy appearance of the book, had been with D. Appleton & Co. for nearly thirty years, previous to which he was one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*, and well known in literary circles. In the summer of 1883, while visiting Mr. Davis, Judge Tenney was taken sick, and, returning to his home, died most unexpectedly, much to the regret of all who knew him.

Beauvoir, the home of Jefferson Davis, is situated on the Gulf of Mexico, midway between Mobile and New Orleans. The property was purchased by Mr. Davis from Mrs. Sarah A. Dorsey soon after her husband's death, for a pleasant residence for the summer months; it was not willed to him by Mrs. Dorsey, as the public generally believe; at her death, however, she did will some plantation property in Mississippi and Louisiana to Mr. Davis, which will has been contested and is still in the courts. Mrs. Dorsey was a great admirer of Mr. Davis and sustained with great ardor the cause of which he was the acknowledged head; they were born and lived on neighboring plantations, and her affection for him was that of a devoted sister. Mrs. Dorsey was an authoress of some repute; she was known in literary circles in New York and elsewhere. She was a niece of that brilliant writer, Mrs. Catherine A. Warfield, author of the *Household of Bouverie*.

The following letters received by me from Mr. Davis will doubtlessly interest my readers :

“ Beauvoir, Feb. 6th, 1874.

“ The time is near at hand when frost may be expected at Memphis, and the effect it produces has usually been felt for several degrees of latitude south of the place it occurred; we are here surrounded by yellow fever, and the circle steadily narrows, but my residence is so isolated, that we may fairly hope not to be invaded by the infection. The disease this year, however, has

some characteristics hitherto unknown, and the suffering has been and is more severe than any previous epidemic. The noble generosity of the northern people in this day of our extreme affliction, has been felt with deep gratitude, and has done more for the fraternization of which many idly prate, than would many volumes of rhetorical assurance."

"Beauvoir, Sept. 4th, 1878.

"Herewith is enclosed the marked article in reference to important documents on Exhibition in Toledo. Statements in regard to such matters are generally so unreliable, that one cannot form a conclusion from them; for example, in this recital articles are mentioned as taken by Michigan soldiers at the time of my capture. It may be true that they were taken by Colonel Pritchard, of Michigan, or his staff-officers, when they pillaged my wife's trunks after I was imprisoned in Fortress Monroe, or, they may have been found in a trunk belonging to me, which a party going from Virginia to Florida had carried to Florida, and left there, but they were not taken as reported. Again, the government of the C. S. A. was never transferred to Greensboro, N. C. I stopped there, after the surrender of Lee, for a conference with J. E. Johnston and Beauregard, but never designed to establish the government there, yet, there may be important documents obtained by means which it is sought to conceal by a misstatement; but of that I have no power to judge."

"Beauvoir, Oct. 29th, 1878.

"DEAR SIR:

"When your kind letter of the 15th inst. was received, domestic affliction, in the loss of my last surviving son, who died far from me, and the serious illness of my wife, who alone of my family is with me, prevented me from making an early acknowledgment.

Isolation, which has heretofore given security, no longer affords safety from infection. Creole children and full-blooded negroes, who were generally exempt from yellow fever, have been in no wise spared by this pestilence. These and other characteristics of this year's disease have caused such discussion without satisfactory conclusion, as to whether it is pure yellow fever or a combination of that disease with other fevers. The benevolence of your city and other places can never be forgotten by our people, and will remain a lasting memorial of the civilization of our day and country."

The following picturesque description of Beauvoir, and its surroundings, written by Mrs. Frank Leslie, and published in her *Illustrated Newspaper* of March 24th, 1883, will no doubt be interesting to many.

“Among my most pleasurable reminiscences, a visit to Beauvoir, the stately home of Jefferson Davis, is cut in boldest relief.

“It was a balmy March morning—the idea of a balmy morning in this monster month!—that we left the Crescent City—a party of a dozen or more en route to Mississippi City, close to which lies the Davis domain and mansion. The train ran into the station at Mississippi City, where we found carriages, sent from Beauvoir, awaiting us.

“Beauvoir is a stately mansion, reminding one of an old English home. It is approached by an avenue of superb and venerable trees. At the gate, in a spirit of true Southern courtesy, Mrs. Jefferson Davis awaited us. As we walked up to the old manor-house, beneath the arching boughs of lordly trees that stood like sentinels presenting arms as we passed, I felt its fascination to the full. Ascending a steep flight of steps, we were ushered into the reception room, an apartment at once as elegant as it is cozy. A bright log fire smiled on us, and great easy chairs received us with open arms. Miniatures of many generations gazed at us from the walls, and books, old and new, were at our beck. Pictures and portfolios, dainty bits of work and all the costly knick-knackereries that bespeak refinement and culture blossomed in this charming old room, and as if to complete the picture, a huge shaggy Newfoundland dog sprawled before the fire, even in his sleep ever and anon wagging his bushy tail for very hospitality.

“After a delightful chat, Mrs. Davis volunteered to show us her husband’s study—the workshop in which he turned out the ‘History of the War’—and in which he passes so much of his waking hours. This sanctum is a verandaed building with a conical roof, standing apart from the manor-house and in the midst of the most magnificent trees. The interior presents all the rude reality that actual work ever imparts, and is lined with two tiers of books. Everywhere are evidences of Jeff. Davis’ individuality in the form of pictures and statuettes. Mr. Davis will not permit any profane hands here, and everything must remain as he leaves it. While he is closeted in his sanctum no one may disturb him. This law is Draconian.”

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Stephens Hears Seward Speak in 1854—A Visit to Liberty Hall—It does not Believe its Name—"Retract, or I'll Cut"—"Never! Cut"—Devotion of Former Slaves to "Mars Aleck"—John Quincy Adams writes Verses to Stephens—The latter Opposes the War, then follows his State—Becomes Vice-President of Confederacy—Negro not equal to White Man—Illinois "All Noise"—Speech on Carpenter's Picture—His Death while Governor of Georgia—Eloquent Tribute to His Memory.

IN the year 1854 during a visit to Washington, I first saw Alexander H. Stephens, then a Member of Congress from Georgia. He was listening to a speech of William H. Seward, then U. S. Senator, on what was called the Missouri Compromise Bill. He at that time, like Mr. Seward, belonged with Clay and Webster to the Whig party, which was destroyed by the repeal of the Compromise bill, and on the ruins of which party the Republican party was built. I remember hearing Mr. Stephens while he was conversing with a fellow-member, a Northern Whig, belonging to what was then known as the Silver Gray faction of that party. The conversation of these Congressmen was very bitter towards Mr. Seward, who was at that time very obnoxious to the Southern Members of Congress.

The next time I met Mr. Stephens was in 1870, at Liberty Hall, his well-known home at Crawfordsville, Georgia. I was accompanied in my visit by James R. Randall, then editor of the Augusta, Ga., *Constitutionalist*, and an intimate personal and political friend of the Georgia statesman. Mr. Stephens gave us a cordial greeting, and I was

soon made to realize that his hospitable mansion did not belie its name. I was struck with the personal appearance of our host, with his boyish stature and delicate frame.

Not long since I met Mr. W. F. Herring, a well-known Georgian, now living in New York. He said to me that when a boy in Atlanta he witnessed the attack made on Mr. Stephens by a desperate man of giant frame. He saw the strong man's knife raised above the throat of his weak and prostrate victim, and heard the hoarse imprecation with which he said, "Retract, or I'll cut!" Looking his foe in the face, the blood streaming from the wounds he had already received, and the blade about to descend in a last fatal blow, the almost dying but dauntless man answered, "Never! Cut!" Mr. Herring says he can never forget that exhibition of the most utter fearlessness which human nature can possibly exhibit.

His conversation, like his appearance, was very remarkable. At that time he could neither stand or walk, being wheeled about in a chair, or carried by his body servant. His most remarkable feature was his bright and piercing eye. His voice was as effeminate as a woman's, except when aroused in conversation, or in making one of his brilliant speeches. His former slaves remained with him as freedmen, and were devoted to the interests of "Mars Aleck," as they called him.

I was greatly interested in his anecdotes of public men whom he had met in Congress, among others, those about John Quincy Adams, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. He showed among other mementoes the following stanzas from Ex-President Adams, who was his intimate friend:—

"TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, ESQ., OF GA.

"Say, by what sympathetic charm,
 What mystic magnet's secret sway,
 Drawn by some unresisted arm
 We come from regions far away?"

“ From North and South from East and West
 Here in the people’s hall we meet,
 To execute their high behest
 In council and communion sweet.

“ We meet as strangers in this hall,
 But when our task of duty’s done,
 We blend the common good of all,
 And melt the multitude in one.

“ As strangers in this hall we meet;
 But now with one united heart
 Whate’er of life awaits us yet,
 In cordial friendship let us part.

“ JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.”

The following amusing anecdote was related by Mr. Stephens: “ On a certain occasion when the House was in session, a dispute arose between Hardin and others of the Illinois delegation as to the proper pronounciation of the name of their State. Some insisted it was ‘ Illinoy,’ others as stoutly that it was ‘ Illinois.’ Hardin at length appealed to the venerable John Quincy Adams. ‘ If one were to judge from the character of the representatives in this Congress from that state,’ said the old man, with a malicious smile, ‘ I should decide unhesitatingly that the proper pronounciation was ‘ All noise ! ’ ”

During my visit Mr. Stephens presented me with a copy of his History of the Late War between the States, with this inscription.

“ This work is commended to the careful perusal and study of his friend J. C. Derby; upon the principles herein presented depend the future welfare of our country, as well as the hope of mankind—this at least is the opinion of

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.”

This work referred to was published in two large volumes and over 100,000 copies were sold.

I next met Mr. Stephens in Washington, where he had again taken his seat as representative in Congress as a pronounced Unionist.

It will be remembered that Mr. Stephens was decidedly opposed to the secession of his State from the Union, and threw all his influence against the course adopted, believing it would be better for the State to remain in the Union than to follow the action of South Carolina. When, however, Georgia *did* secede, Mr. Stephens, like most of the people believing in the doctrine of States Rights (owing first allegiance to the State), went with his State out of the Union.

In his famous speech delivered on the 21st of March, 1861, in Savannah, he said, "Our new government is founded upon exactly the opposite idea; its foundations are laid, its corner-stone rests upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery—subordination to the superior race—is his natural and normal condition."

It seems strange that in the logic of events Mr. Stephens should have been selected, when a member of Congress, to receive from the hands of the donor, F. B. Carpenter's picture of the "Emancipation Proclamation," which duty he performed in an eloquent speech on the 12th of February, 1878, which opens as follows :

"Mr. President and Mr. Speaker :

"There is but little left to say in the performance of the part assigned me in the programme arranged for this august occasion. Upon the merits of the picture and the skill of the artist, my friend from Ohio (Mr. Garfield) has dwelt at large. I can but indorse all he has so well said on that subject. As to the munificent gift of the donor, he has also left me nothing to add. The present of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar painting to the government well deserves commendation. Few instances of this sort have occurred in the history of our country. I know of none. The example of

this generous lady in the encouragement of art may well be followed by others.

“Mr. President, with regard to the subject of the painting, I propose, if strength permits, to submit a few remarks; first, as to the central figure the man, after that, as to the event commemorated. I knew Mr. Lincoln well. We met in the House in December, 1847. We were together during the Thirtieth Congress. I was as intimate with him as with any other man of that Congress except one. That exception was my colleague, Mr. Toombs. Of Mr. Lincoln’s general character I need not speak. He was warm-hearted; he was generous; he was magnanimous, he was most truly, as he afterwards said on a memorable occasion ‘With malice towards none, with charity for all.’ ”

* * * * *

Although Mr. Stephens had been a great sufferer for half a century, and had reached the age of threescore and ten, he was elected Governor of Georgia, over all opposition, by a majority of sixty thousand votes, living but a short time, however, after his inauguration. His death was a national loss, more especially to his State, whom he had served so long and well. A most interesting life of Mr. Stephens has recently been published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., written by Richard Malcolm Johnston, a gentleman of fine literary attainments and a life-long friend of the subject of his memoir.

Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, editor of the *Sunny South*, published at Atlanta, Georgia, an authoress of considerable merit, known to me, as a special protégé of Mr. Stephens, writes of his death as follows, “He died just as the day was breaking. It was the hour he had lately said he looked for death to come. Once, this winter, a friend took him some flowers. In the conversation that ensued he spoke of Henry Timrod’s poems—of that saddest, sweetest one, his favorite, called ‘A Common Thought’—the poem Timrod had whispered with husky lips just before he died. Mr. Stephens repeated it almost in full.

“Somewhere on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be—
In the dewdrop and the sunshine
Waits a solemn hour for me.

“At the wakeful hour of midnight
I behold it dawn in mist;
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness,—hist! oh, hist!

“In a dim and murky chamber
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broad’ning day.

“As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There’s a hush of death about me,
And a whisper, ‘He is gone.’”

XXXI.

THURLOW WEED.

Albany Evening Journal Fifty Years ago—A Modern Warwick—Wiley & Putnam's London House—Thurlow Weed's Autobiography—Walking barefoot through the Snow—Advocates School Libraries—Paulding and the Dutchman's Fireside—Thurlow Weed writes a Novel—Fennimore Cooper gets a Verdict—Noble Charity to Edwin Crosswall—Thurlow Weed Barnes' Final Memoir—Thurlow Weed and Abraham Lincoln.

NEARLY fifty years ago, while residing in Auburn, I became familiar with the *Albany Evening Journal*, the leading Whig paper in the State and a powerful factor in the politics of the times. It was usually called Thurlow Weed's paper, and the question was often asked by politicians on arrival of the Albany paper, "What does Thurlow say to-day?" My acquaintance with Mr. Weed dates back to the fall of 1838, soon after the election of his friend and protege William H. Seward as Governor of the State of New York.

Mr. Weed has been called a modern Warwick, which term is not inaptly applied to one who has been the maker as well as unmaker of Presidents, Governors and Senators during more than half a century of an eventful political life. But Mr. Weed was not always the politician; he was a good friend of booksellers and authors, besides being a great reader of books himself. Thurlow Weed first became an author in 1866; an involuntary one, I might say,

as "Letters from Europe and the West Indies," written to the *Albany Evening Journal* from 1843 to 1852, were printed and published in an octavo volume at Albany, for private circulation only, by a few personal friends unbeknown to the author.

In one of these letters, dated London, July 12th, 1843, he says of the London house of Wiley & Putnam, just established by the junior member of that firm :

"I walked through Paternoster Row, among the booksellers, to-day, and into the London house of Wiley & Putnam, who you know are leading booksellers and publishers in New York, and to whom I had a letter from my friends the Harpers. These gentlemen are doing much to enforce a knowledge of American books upon the British public. But they find many discouragements. With the exceptions that exist among enlightened men of liberal minds, the great mass of Englishmen look upon us as a people scarcely able to read and comprehend, and much less qualified to write and think, and yet, in looking upon themselves and running over the 'American Bookseller's Circular,' which these gentlemen have pushed all over Europe, I was proud of the literary wealth of my country, and of the array of names we present, that even British supremacy in letters and science does not cast in the shade."

Mr. Weed's next volume was posthumous ; his interesting autobiography was not published until a year after his death.

I had, on several occasions, conversed with Mr. Weed in reference to his writing his memoirs. He consented to do so, and I made, at his request, at least two appointments for him to receive the stenographer and dictate his reminiscences ; but on each occasion he was unable to give the necessary attention, owing to some indisposition.

Thus has posterity been deprived of much interesting political history which was lost to the world when Thurlow Weed died.

The autobiography referred to was written as dictated by him, to his daughter Harriet, who was her father's second self

in all his wishes, aims, and desires, while he lived. This part of the story of Mr. Weed's life is touchingly referred to in the preface to the *Autobiography* :

“My father's own story of his life, so far as he committed it to paper, will be found in this volume. Written at various periods, and frequently in detached fragments, these reminiscences are sufficiently full to make, when arranged in due order of time, a connected narrative of the events and experiences of the years he deemed of chief interest or importance. Failing health prevented the accomplishment of his purpose to describe, much more fully, two periods—1842 to 1848 and 1852 to 1860—which are but briefly alluded to.

“My duties have been confined to the verification of the dates, and in placing, as far as was practicable, the several sections of the manuscript in chronological order. I am under great obligations to my own and my father's friend, Mr. Frederick W. Seward, for the assistance he has afforded me in preparing the volume for publication.

“HARRIET A. WEED.”

“New York, April, 1883.

Even as a youngster Mr. Weed was very fond of books. In his *Autobiography*, he says :

“I borrowed books wherever I could. I remember to have heard that a neighbor, some three miles off, had borrowed from a still more distant neighbor, a book of great interest, and after this book had been read by those better entitled to the privilege, I started off, barefooted, in the snow to obtain the treasure. There were spots of bare ground upon which I would stop to warm my feet, and there were also along the road occasional lengths of log fence from which the snow had melted and upon which it was a luxury to walk. The book was at home, and the good people consented, upon my promise that it should be neither torn nor soiled, to lend it to me. In returning with the prize I was too happy to think of the snow or my naked feet. Candles were then among the luxuries, not necessities, of life. If boys, instead of going to bed after dark, wanted to read, they supplied themselves with pine knots, by the light of which (in a horizontal position) they pur-

sued their studies. In this manner, with my body in the sugar house and my head out of doors where the fat pine was blazing, I read with intense interest a 'History of the French Revolution.'

When the project for District School Libraries throughout the State, which Mr. Weed had advocated with so much earnestness, had become a law by legislative action, Harpers' School District Library received the warm commendation of Mr. Weed, in an article in the *Evening Journal*, which brought forth the following letter :

"New York, Jan. 2nd, 1841.

"THURLOW WEED, Esq.,

"DEAR FRIEND:

"Your gratifying letter of the 31st ult. came to hand this moment. You have indeed made us very happy. This is a glorious beginning for us, for which we beg you to accept our unbounded and inexpressible thanks. We feel better and more thankful than though we had been presented with the sum of five thousand dollars. The 'Brothers Cheeryble' (if we may be allowed for once to apply your beautiful compliment to ourselves), will ever remember your kindness. Individually and collectively wishing a Happy New Year to the dictator, we remain your obliged friends.

"HARPER & BROTHERS."

Those of my old bookselling friends who remember the popular demand for Captain Riley's Narrative will be interested to know what Mr. Weed says of the way it came to be published :

"When James and John Harper established a small office of their own, I reluctantly left Mr. Seymour's office to take a situation in that of William A. Mercien in Gold Street, that I might have Thomas Kennedy, who was considered the best pressman in New York, as a partner. Here too I found much enjoyment. I soon became a favorite with Mr. Mercien and always had the best work in the office. Here Captain Riley's narrative of a remarkable shipwreck on the Coast of Africa, was first printed. Making his acquaintance the day he brought the manuscript of his book to the office, and reading the first chapter, I ventured to suggest

that it was carelessly written and needed revising, and although at first annoyed, he finally took it away and availed himself of the services of a school teacher, who improved the whole narrative in its style and grammar. The work was a great success, keeping its author before the people for fifteen or twenty years."

Again an amusing account is given in which a famous author and famous publisher were interested parties.

"After reviewing the 'Dutchman's Fireside,' a novel by Mr. Paulding, I was subjected to a ludicrous and embarrassing interview with the author. Calling at the Harper's a few days after my notice appeared, my old friend James, the senior of that house in taking me by the hand, abruptly said: 'You are just in time to give an account of yourself. Here is Mr. Paulding against whom you have brought the charge of plagiarism. We generally swear by the '*Evening Journal*,' but of course you are mistaken in this case, and I have assured Mr. Paulding that you will cheerfully make an apology.' Mr. Paulding very courteously remarked that he was not conscious of being obnoxious to the grave charge, but that authors not unfrequently fell into a train of thought which might subject them to criticism. 'That won't do,' said Harper, 'our friend Weed has either made a great blunder, or he has found something to justify his accusation; he must, therefore, either back out, or prove his assertion.' Mr. Paulding politely expressed a desire to know upon what part of his book the charge of plagiarism was founded. Harper then produced a copy of the 'Dutchman's Fireside' and I turned to the following:

"'A bashful man is like a tiger; he makes but one effort and if that fails slinks away to his jungle and essays not another. I, myself, have my own experience to vouch for this.'

"I then asked for a copy of Moore's 'Life of Byron' and I turned to a letter of the latter written to Murray in which Byron said: "With regard to what you say about retouching the Juan and the hints, it is all very well; but I can't furbish. I am like the tiger (in poesy), if I miss the first spring, I go growling back to my jungle. There is no second.'

After an embarrassing pause, Mr. Paulding frankly admitted that the criticism was just, but said that while it was quite evident that he had used both the figure of speech and the language, he was oblivious while writing of the fact that he was indebted to

Lord Byron for both. When Mr. Paulding retired I expostulated with Mr. Harper for placing strangers in a position of such peculiar embarrassment. He replied laughingly, that he supposed he was putting me in a tight place, but knew that I would work out of it in some way, but that he regretted having touched Mr. Paulding on the raw."

It will be news to most of my readers to learn that Mr. Weed had composed a novel in his own mind but had never written it out. His daughter Harriet used to beg of him to dictate to her so that it might sometime be published. He had planned the entire plot of the novel and intended to put it in shape, but never did.

Mr. Weed was a great reader of novels. His favorite authors were Sir Walter Scott and Charles Dickens.

It is believed that Mr. Weed was the first in this country to discover the authorship of *Waverly*, which as is known was published anonymously. After reading some of that author's subsequent novels, acknowledged to be Sir Walter Scott's, Mr. Weed insisted that Scott was the author of "*Waverly*," before the latter admitted the authorship.

Mr. Weed preferred Dickens to all other authors, his works having been read and re-read to him many times, and was much interested in their circulation, so much so as to present many sets to those who admired Dickens, but could not afford to buy his works.

It is well known that J. Fenimore Cooper sued Mr. Weed repeatedly for libels in reviewing his books. At one of the trials, while the lawyers were engaged in arguing the case, and the judge afterwards making his charge to the jury, Mr. Weed was reading Cooper's last novel, "*The Deer Slayer*," in which he became so deeply interested, he let the trial go on without notice, nor was he aware it was over until the jury brought in their verdict of "guilty." This incident was told afterwards to Mr. Paul Cooper, nephew of the great novelist, who said he very

much regretted his uncle did not know about it at the time.

After Mr. Weed removed to New York, he learned incidentally that Edwin Croswell, who had been his contemporary for so many years as the editor of the *Albany Argus*, the organ of the Democratic party of the State of New York, but who had retired with a competency, had, by some unfortunate investments, lost all of his property, in addition to which misfortune he had recently been prostrated by a paralytic stroke. He had requested his creditors to take his residence, the mortgage on which he was unable to pay the interest, and cancel the same; he had also been compelled to sell his household effects to help liquidate his indebtedness, and went to live with a married daughter in New Jersey. As soon as Mr. Weed heard of the trouble of his former political enemy, he called upon a wealthy friend, from whom, with some other associates and his own subscription, \$10,000 was raised for the benefit of Mr. Croswell. This money was invested in Government bonds, and handed to the latter, as a New Year's testimonial, with this correspondence:

"New York, Jan. 1, 1871.

"DEAR MR. CROSWELL:

"Some of your old friends and neighbors, availing themselves of the festive season, have united in a testimonial expression of their sense of your public services and personal character, which, together with their best wishes for your restored health, will be presented to you by our mutual friend, Mr. Augustus Schell.

"Yours truly,

THURLOW WEED."

"Princeton, N. J., Feb. 7, 1871.

"DEAR MR. WEED:

Our mutual friend, Mr. Augustus Schell, handed me yesterday your highly esteemed favor of the 1st January ultimo, together with the valuable testimonial by which it was accompanied, and to which it refers. I find great difficulty to command fitting terms of acknowledgment of this generous and liberal offering. Large as its pecuniary worth is, and as such, a source of grateful

thanksgiving, it is especially precious in my eyes as an expression of approval of my public services and personal character, coming from a body of intelligent and enlightened friends whose good opinion and favorable judgment are of inestimable value. To you, my dear Mr. Weed, allow me to say that I feel a particular consciousness of your voluntary kindness and action in this matter, springing from emotions of an ever-generous nature ; and I beg you to convey to my friends in your own good time and manner, my cordial and grateful acceptance of their testimonial.

“ Very truly yours,

EDWIN CROSWELL.”

The memoirs of Thurlow Weed by his grandson, Thurlow Weed Barnes, have recently been published, thus completing the life history of this venerable printer, journalist, diplomat and statesman. The work is very ably written. Mr. Barnes says in the preface :

“ In devoting the ensuing pages largely to the period between 1840 and 1882, and more particularly to that between 1850 and 1867, the writer is but carrying out the purpose which his grandfather cherished. When possible—as it has been often—Mr. Weed’s own words, in well remembered conversations, in newspaper articles, or in unpublished fragments of autobiography, have been employed. As frequently the narrative is carried on by selections from the letters which passed between him and other public men, written without reserve, and, of course, without a thought of publication, these letters illumine with wonderful distinctness and fidelity, not only the characters of those who wrote them, but the times in which they lived.”

It will be seen from the following extract from this interesting volume, what were Mr. Weed’s intentions had he lived to carry them out :

“ It was now with abundant leisure and deprived of all other former methods of occupation, that he began to jot down reminiscences of his life, thinking, as his daughter told him, that at some future day they might interest his children. They were written without thought of publication. In fact, when he started for home, he forgot all about the manuscript, which was, how-

ever, secured by Miss Weed, as she was leaving for the ship. Then for twenty years it was not mentioned, until one day in 1865, when finding the papers, she took them to him and began to read them aloud. 'What is all that?' he asked. She recalled to his mind the neglected narrative, and hoping thus to give him congenial employment, declared that it ought to be finished and published. 'I don't know about that,' said he, with a smile."

" Washington, Dec. 30, 1865.

" MY DEAR WEED:

" Our friends are so faithful that we ought to be tolerant of their weaknesses. They do not see always as we do the wisdom that lies in the exercise of reasonable self-confidence, especially where we are dealing with strangers.

" As for writing a book, you ought to leave one. I ought not. How either could make one without making the other *seem* responsible, is a difficulty. My book, if I wrote one, would be charged to you, just as much as if you wrote it, yours, in like manner to me.

" Perhaps the ostensible link may be severed by death or political accident, and it may be well for you to be prepared for it.

" Your faithful friend,

" WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

" So many friends concurred in this view—that Mr. Weed should go on with his writing—that finally in 1869, though in poor health, he took up the work, with his daughter Harriet as amanuensis. And thus, with the exception of a few introductory pages, his " Autobiography " was written entirely by dictation, after he had passed his seventy-first year.

" Often Mr. Frederick W. Seward took Harriet's place. He had grown up from boyhood as much at ease and as welcome in Mr. Weed's house as that of his father, dividing his early life between Auburn and Albany. In the preparation of a volume requiring constant reference to newspaper files, letters, and public documents, loss of vision was a very serious deprivation.

" Mr. Seward's genial presence and accurate knowledge of public affairs, constituted a refreshing and a sustaining influence. When he went to Washington in 1867, as Assistant Secretary of State, the position which he filled during the administration of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, the narrative was laid aside un-

til his return. As time went on it came to be Mr. Weed's hope that under the Providence by which he was so long and so mercifully guided, he might finish the book."

An interesting incident is told which occurred early in 1863. Mr. Weed was summoned to Washington by a telegram from the President. At the White House, Lincoln, taking him by the hand in his cordial fashion, said :

"Mr. Weed, we are in a tight place. Money for legitimate purposes is needed immediately ; but there is no appropriation from which it can be lawfully taken. I didn't know how to raise it, and so I sent for you."

"How much is required ?" asked Mr. Weed.

"Fifteen thousand dollars," said the President. "Can you get it ?"

"If you must have it at once, give me two lines to that effect."

Mr. Lincoln turned to his desk and wrote a few words on a slip of paper. Handing it to Mr. Weed, he said, "Will that do ?"

"It will," said Mr. Weed ; "the money will be at your disposition to-morrow morning."

On the next train Mr. Weed left Washington, and before 5 o'clock that afternoon the slip of paper which he carried in his pocket, and which read as follows :

" Washington, Feb. 19th, 1863.

" MR. WEED: The matters I spoke to you about are important. I hope you will not neglect them.

" Truly yours,

" A. LINCOLN."

—was indorsed by fifteen of the richest men in New York, who subscribed one thousand dollars each. That evening the fifteen thousand dollars was sent to Washington.

Following the delivery of that inaugural address in 1865, in which Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity to all," took up the great work of "healing the nation's

wounds," and "achieving a just and lasting peace," Thurlow Weed, in fervent admiration of the sublime spirit which animated the famous address, wrote a congratulatory note to the President. "Lincoln," says Mr. Barnes, "seems to have felt that nothing which he ever wrote would sink so deep into the hearts of his countrymen, would live so long—would so entitle him to the gratitude and admiration of the world, as this same address. Shortly after it was spoken, and less than a month before his death, he wrote to Mr. Weed a letter, than which none in this volume is more worthy to be preserved :"

"Executive Mansion,

"Washington, D. C., March 15th, 1865.

'DEAR MR. WEED: Every one likes a compliment. Thank you for yours on my little notification speech and on the recent inaugural address.

"I expect the latter to wear as well as—perhaps better than—anything I have produced; but I believe it is not immediately popular. Men are not flattered by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them. To deny it, however, in this case, is to deny that there is a God governing the world.

"It is a truth which I thought needed to be told, and as whatever of humiliation there is in it falls most directly on myself, I thought others might afford for me to tell it.

"Truly yours,

"A. LINCOLN."



William Lee

XXXII.

LEE AND SHEPARD.

A well-known and popular Firm—William Lee as Clerk and Partner—He Sells out for \$65,000—John P. Jewett and “Charlie” Shepard—Lee and Shepard become Partners—Anecdote of Emerson—“I am waiting for the inspiration”—“Mrs. Emerson wants some Money to-day”—Phillips & Sampson decline “Uncle Tom”—Mrs. Stowe writes “Dred” and takes a Glass of Wine—The Origin of the “Atlantic Monthly”—Prescott, the Historian, changes Publishers—Underwood as an Author—President Wayland finds a Publisher—“Oliver Optic’s” popularity—Lee, Shepard & Dillingham.

THE Boston firm of Lee & Shepard, now so well known throughout the United States and Dominion of Canada, have been in business under the present style of the firm for nearly a quarter of a century.

This house is without doubt the largest concern in New England which combines the publishing and vending of books other than their own publications, and, with one exception, the largest in America. Both of the gentlemen comprising the firm are well and favorably known among the book trade in this country, with whom they are so deservedly popular.

My own pleasant relations and personal friendship with each of them dates back more than thirty years.

In the year 1848 Mr. William Lee became the junior partner of the then well-known Boston publishers, Phillips,

Sampson & Co. He had begun to learn the bookselling business when but a youngster of eleven years. His first employer was Samuel G. Drake, who was not only an antiquarian bookseller, but also a historian of some repute. Young Lee learned the bookselling business very rapidly, and when eighteen years old entered the employment of Phillips & Sampson, who were at that time the most wide-awake, ambitious, and enterprising publishers in Boston.

About 1854, having commenced business on my own account in New York, I also became the agent for the sale of Phillips, Sampson & Co.'s publications, which brought me into close relation with that firm, and especially with Mr. Lee, who was considered the active business man of the house. Mr. Lee's industrious habits and thorough knowledge of all kinds of books made him a valuable auxiliary to the house, and up to the time of his retirement an important factor in their eminently successful career.

In the year 1857, Mr. Lee's health failing from close application to business, he sold out his entire interest in the firm to his partners for the sum of \$65,000, the largest portion of which was in promissory notes.

In the spring of 1858, he visited England, France, Spain and other foreign countries. While in France, he learned of the death of Mr. Phillips—Mr. Sampson having died several months before—just as he was starting on a second trip to Spain. He thought he would wait until the next mail from the United States came in, which brought him the astonishing news that the firm had failed, when he immediately returned home and found a disastrous state of things which compelled liquidation.

Three years later in February, 1862, he entered into partnership with Charles Augustus Billings Shepard, who, like Mr. Lee, had been brought up in the bookselling business, entering when but a youngster the employ of the late John P. Jewett, who afterwards became famous as the publisher of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Mr. Jewett has said that much of his success in business was due to his young and energetic clerk, Charlie Shepard. Mr. Shepard was for a time senior partner of Shepard, Clark & Brown, who discontinued business in the year 1859. William Lee and Charles Shepard have been intimate friends for nearly half a century and both of them have a thorough knowledge as well as a genuine love for the vocation of their calling. They seem to know intuitively the salable qualities of a book.

Mr. Lee's long connection with Phillips, Sampson & Co. gave him an opportunity of meeting many of the noted authors of the day.

In a recent conversation with him he said, while he was a member of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., they published Ralph Waldo Emerson's Essays and also his "Representative Men." These books had been previously published by James Munroe & Co., having met with but little sale, and as Mr. Emerson owned the plates he arranged with the more enterprising firm to publish them. There was quite a call for his essays, which were out of print, and Mr. Lee influenced Mr. Phillips to ask Mr. Emerson to allow them to get out a new edition, which he declined on the ground that he wanted to make some alterations, as some of them were written when he was quite a young man. One morning Mr. Phillips said to Mr. Emerson, "Why not let us print from your plates a small edition of your essays?" The latter replied: "I want to re-write some and leave out some of them." Said Phillips: "Why don't you do it? You have been saying that for many months." "Mr. Phillips," said Mr. Emerson, in his peculiar manner of speech, "I am waiting for the *inspiration*. I can't do much without the *inspiration*." He made the changes, leaving out some of the minor poems, after which an edition was printed and sold readily.

Mr. Lee says, when Emerson wanted any copyright money he would come into Mr. Phillips' private office and say: "Mrs. Emerson says she would like to have some

money to-day, so I told her I would go in and ask the Barons of Winter Street for a check." He was in the habit of designating his publishers in that way, their place of business being on Winter Street at that time.

Soon after Phillips, Sampson & Co. published Catherine Beecher's "True Remedy for Woman's Wrongs," she called on Mr. Phillips and told him she was authorized to negotiate with him for the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This was before the author had closed with John P. Jewett & Co. One day, after she had gone out, Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lee and said: "William, what do you think of publishing an anti-slavery story by Harriet Beecher Stowe? It has been running in the *National Era*, and her sister says it is a very powerful story." Mr. Lee said in reply, that of an anti-slavery novel published in an anti-slavery newspaper, they never could sell a thousand copies in book form; besides, there was so much feeling against interfering with what was then called "The rights of the South," it would not pay. Both Phillips and Sampson were Democrats; Mr. Lee was a Whig, but the firm agreed never to let politics interfere with their business. Their firm had at that time a very large Southern trade, and Mr. Lee argued, that if they published an anti-slavery novel, it would disturb their business relations with the South, beyond any compensation that would result from its sale—a purely mercantile view. Accordingly, the firm declined "Uncle Tom," and Mr. Jewett became its publisher. All the members of the firm lived long enough to regret their great mistake in declining a fortune.

They afterwards became the publishers of Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," of which they sold in one day, fifteen thousand sets; and then, of her "Dred, a Tale of the Dismal Swamp."

Mr. Lee says he heard Mrs. Stowe once say that she walked the floor and dictated to an amanuensis when she wrote the latter. She came into the store one day after the book was written and said to Mr. Phillips: "I'm entirely

exhausted!" Mr. Phillips called Mr. Lee, and said: "Mrs. Stowe is feeling very much exhausted. She has just finished her book 'Dred.' Perhaps if she could get a glass of wine it would revive her." Lee put on his hat and went to the Tremont House to get a bottle of champagne, and on his return poured out a couple of glasses. Mr. Phillips took it to her, and he said afterward that Mrs. Stowe was very grateful and that it had refreshed her very much. When she was going home she said to Mr. Phillips: "Creating a story is like bearing a child, and it leaves me in as weak and helpless a state as when my baby was born." Her whole mind was wrought up in the story and she would pace the floor late at night dictating to her amanuensis. The book is now published under the title "Nina Gordon." Mr. Phillips heard Mrs. Stowe say that when she was about in the middle of the book the assault on Charles Sumner took place, and she was so indignant at the outrage, that instead of carrying out some of her characters and making them like little Eva, charming and tender, she introduced this spirit of revenge under the name of the negro Dred. There were criticisms at the time which stated that she was not artistic in the formation of her story; the story bears internal evidence of the truth of this statement.

Mr. Francis H. Underwood, who was then connected with the firm, came in from Cambridge one morning and said: "The contract for 'Ferdinand and Isabella' and the 'Conquest of Mexico and of Peru' has run out, and Mr. Prescott has got a new work under way," and urged Mr. Phillips to call on Mr. Prescott at his fine residence in Lynn. Mr. Prescott frankly told Mr. Phillips that his contract with the Harpers had run out. He said he felt bound in courtesy to give them an opportunity to renew it, but there was nothing to prevent his receiving any proposition for the publication of the new book and a contract for the old one from any other house. The Harpers were paying fifty cents per volume copyright on each book they sold. The wholesale price was one dollar and fifty cents.

Mr. Phillips then made him a proposition guaranteeing a sale of twelve thousand sets of "Philip II.," and that they would pay him six thousand dollars when the two volumes were published, and at the end of six months from the day of their publication six thousand dollars more. For the other books they offered to pay him a half dollar a volume on all that were sold. Mr. Prescott was very much pleased with the proposition. He wrote to the Harpers asking if they wanted to make a new contract, and intimating that he would like to receive a proposition guaranteeing the number of copies they would sell of "Philip II." They wrote a very manly business letter back, saying they should be very glad to renew the contract, that they would sell all the copies they could, but didn't feel it was necessary for them to guarantee any number. Of course, that relieved Prescott and left him at liberty to make a contract with Phillips, Sampson & Co. Another provision of that contract was if Phillips, Sampson & Co. didn't sell that number within the specified time it was their loss. After they had got the book out and were selling it, Mr. Prescott came in one day and said, "Will you allow me to take that contract, which we signed the other day? I want to make an alteration or two in it and submit it to you." It was delivered to him. When he returned it the contract read, that, in case the publishers did not sell the twelve thousand volumes of Phillip II., as agreed, they should not pay any copyright on those volumes until the same accrued by actual sales. This was entirely voluntary on his part. The work was very successful, and started up the large sales of the other works of Prescott all over the country.

Mr. Underwood was the original projector of the *Atlantic Monthly* but under another title. He first proposed the plan of the magazine to Mr. Phillips, the senior partner of the firm of Phillips Sampson & Co., of which *William Lee was the junior member. The latter strongly advocated the undertaking, and his influence with

* Lee & Shepard.

the firm prevailed. Mr. Underwood was then engaged by the house to open correspondence with leading writers in this country and Europe, with a view to securing their contributions to the proposed magazine. When the project finally took shape, a dinner was given by Phillips, Sampson & Co., at the Parker House, to a number of prominent literary people, among those present were Longfellow, Holmes and Lowell. It was decided then and there, on the proposition of Mr. Underwood, that James Russell Lowell should be the editor-in-chief. He also proposed that the magazine should be called *The Orient*. Dr. Holmes said “*The Orient* is too much affected with the mysticism of the other side of the world. Why not give it a geographical name : *The Atlantic* ? No matter what the name may be when it is given, after the thing for which it stands has manifested its quality, then that quality will be transferred to the name. *The Atlantic* may mean something or nothing ; if you can make it a success, it will mean everything.” Afterwards, the publishers and contributors to the *Allantic* dined together at Parker’s once a month.

Mr. Underwood is the author of two excellent hand-books of English and American literature, published by Lee & Shepard. The latter volume is most worthily dedicated as follows :

TO
WILLIAM LEE,
AS A TRIBUTE TO THE INTELLIGENCE, UPRIGHTNESS
AND LIBERALITY, MANIFESTED IN HIS
DEALINGS WITH AUTHORS,
AND
AS A RECOGNITION OF HIS CONSTANT FRIENDSHIP
FOR TWENTY YEARS,
THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,
BY THE AUTHOR.

When the celebrated Dr. Francis Wayland had finished his “*Life of Dr. Judson*,” he invited proposals from all publishers. Among others, Phillips, Sampson & Co., sent in

their proposal, to pay 20 per cent. royalty. There was a good deal of complaint made by the friends of the Baptist houses when it was decided to give Phillips, Sampson & Co., the contract. They were called an irreligious house, being the publishers of Bulwer's and Byron's works. The charge started up the old doctor considerably. Mr. Phillips finally said to him : " Our Mr. Lee is a great orthodox man. We publish for Dr. Edward Beecher, and Lee goes to his church." That settled the case. Mr. Lee carried religion enough to carry the book. The sale was very large, advance orders reaching thirty thousand sets.

One of the most famous authors of Lee and Shepard's list is J. T. Trowbridge, author of " Father Bright hopes." Besides his novels, they publish many of his juvenile books, some sixteen volumes, all of which are very popular. Sophie May is the *nom de plume* of Rebecca S. Clark ; she is the author of " Little Prudy," " Dotty Dimple " and " Flaxy Frizzle." They are the most popular juvenile books published in this country at the present time. Lee & Shepard have published twenty-eight different books of hers alone. Mr. T. W. Higginson, in an article in the *North American Review*, after mentioning the different authors up to that time, commencing fifteen years ago, speaks of " Little Prudy " and gives the author of that series the highest praise of all.

Speaking of the immense sales of the celebrated Oliver Optic books, Mr. Lee relates the following incident which recently occurred, as giving the key-note to their great popularity :

" One day, about a dozen years ago, the good City of Newburyport, was very much excited over the disappearance of a bright ten-year-old boy, a son of one of the most prominent citizens of the Merrimac port. Untiring search and widespread inquiry on the part of anxious persons and sympathetic neighbors were alike unavailing, until, on the second day, the missing lad reappeared as suddenly as he had vanished. It then transpired that the boy had been reading Oliver Optic's books, and had been impelled, not to

fight the red-skinned hair-lifters of the prairie—for his books never incited a boy to do that—but to make a pilgrimage to Dorchester, and visit, at his own home, the author over whose entrancing pages he had hung with such absorbed interest; and the little fellow returned from his Mecca strongly impressed and enthusiastic in his praises of the personality of the writer whose books are so familiar to thousands of young readers.”

Of the hundreds of thousands of copies published and scattered broadcast through the land, thousands found a ready market in Sunday school libraries of Western towns. So clamorous was the demand for these books, augmented by the fact that the scarcity of public libraries put them beyond the reach of many, that in some places the one or two Sunday schools which first placed the coveted treasures upon their shelves, soon found their churches far too small to hold their accessions of scholars from far and near; and not only did recruits pour in from the ranks of habitual non-attendants, but there was a general exodus from the Sunday schools of less enterprising denominations.

“The Golden Floral” is a series of fourteen popular hymns and ballads, among which are, “Rock of Ages,” “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” “Abide with me,” and “Oh, why should the Spirit of Mortal be proud,” which have met with immense success. This firm claims to be the originators of this novel way of decorating holiday books.

The New York house of Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, was merged into that of Charles T. Dillingham in 1875. Mr. Dillingham is well-known as one of the youngest of our wholesale booksellers, being the proprietor of one of the largest jobbing houses in this City. He is still Lee & Shepard’s representative for their publications, and special agent for the sale, at the publisher’s prices, of the books of the leading publishers in New York and Boston.

XXXIII.

A POETESS AND HER SON.

ELIZABETH CLEMENTINE KINNEY.

Mother of Stedman the Poet—Marries an Ambassador to Italy—The centre of Literary Society—Griswold's Tribute to her Genius—She spends a day with the Brownings—Browning's Romantic Marriage—Beautiful Tribute from a Son.

AS stated in the sketch of Edmund Clarence Stedman, that author inherits much of his literary talent from his mother, who was married for the second time in 1840, to Hon. William B. Kinney, then the editor of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*, a gentleman well known in political and literary circles.

Soon after Mrs. Kinney's marriage she became the charming centre of a brilliant literary circle in Newark.

The language of song seems to have been one of the instincts of her nature, and if she did not actually "lisp in numbers" her poetical temperament was very early manifest, and has always been very strong.

Rev. Rufus W. Griswold says, in speaking of Mrs. Kinney in his *Female Prose Writers of America* :

"One of her friends whose opportunities to know are as great as his acknowledged sagacity of criticism to judge, observes, in a letter to me, that 'decidedly the most free, salient, and character-

istic effusions, of her buoyant spirit, have been thrown off *currente calamo*, in correspondence and intercourse with her friends. With a modesty equal to her genius, and an adequate sense of their function, she never deemed herself of the company of poets; possessing in a remarkable degree the 'fatal facility,' she has written verse from childhood, but never with any of the usual incentives, except the desire of utterance, and the gratification of her friends. 'The Spirit of Song,' one of her latest pieces, is but a simple expression of her habitual feelings on the subject."

In 1850 Mr. Kinney was appointed charge d' affaires at Sardinia, by the new Whig Administration, which his influential paper had done so much to bring into political power.

Soon after Mrs. Kinney's arrival in Europe with the new Ambassador she contributed articles for *Blackwood's Magazine* and wrote a series of letters to the *Newark Advertiser* from Florence, Italy, where she resided for many years. These letters were collected by her and were ready for publication by my firm, under the title of "Pictures of Italy," when the civil war broke out and we discontinued business. While in Florence she saw much of the poets Mr. and Mrs. Browning, the Trollopes and Owen Meredith. Her house was the well known centre of English and American literary society.

In an interesting account written for *Scribner's Monthly* of December, 1870, in the article, "A Day with the Brownings at Pratolino," Mrs. Kinney says she "spent the whole day with them in strolling and lounging, admiring and commenting, poetizing and philosophizing, conversing and enjoying." She further says that: "So familiar had become the united names of these wedded poets, that we can hardly speak of them separately now, yet never were two made more dissimilar, in every feature of body and mind, than Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, still never were an endowed couple more truly united than they."

Continuing, she says :

“To return to Pratolino! The poet’s story of his love had sharpened our appetite, and we gathered at the rustic table in the grove, where our queen Elizabeth crowned the feast. Recovered by rest from the morning’s fatigue, she was able to join, though not again to lead, our conversation. Under the stimulus of appetizing viands and good wine in moderation, Robert Browning’s spirits overflowed, even to the confession of telling us their romance, receiving only from its heroine the slight punishment of her, ‘Robert, dear! how could you?’ After lunch we all went to the brow of the hill, and together looked out on that marvelous view, backed by the Apennines in their afternoon glory; while before us lay dreamily, under a softening mist veil, Florence the beautiful. All that Elizabeth Browning said, after gazing a while in silence, was, ‘How it speaks to us!’

“We returned to Florence just as the sun was setting behind the Tuscan Hills, and the moon rising on our forward path as a welcome. When we rolled under the arched gateway of Casa Guidi, a tired voice said, faintly, ‘How I thank you!’ While in heartiest tone Robert Browning repeated, ‘Ay, thanks for a real pleasure-day!’ As for us, we could only claim our right to all the thanksgiving, and respond, ‘Yes, a day to be remembered, and—’ recorded here!’”

The literary public are already aware of the romantic introduction of Robert Browning to his future wife. Mrs. Kinney gives the following interesting account of his first interview and its consequences—the story as told her by the poet himself:

“Finding that the invalid did not receive strangers, he wrote her a letter, intense with his desire to see her. She reluctantly consented to an interview. He flew to her apartment, was admitted by the nurse, in whose presence only could he see the deity at whose shrine he had long worshipped. But the golden opportunity was not to be lost; love became oblivious to any save the presence of the real of its ideal. Then and there Robert Browning poured his impassioned soul into hers; though his tale of love seemed only an enthusiast’s dream. Infirmary had hitherto so hedged her about, that she deemed herself forever protected from all assaults of love. Indeed, she felt only injured that a fellow

poet should take advantage, as it were, of her indulgence in granting him an interview, and requested him to withdraw from her presence, not attempting any response to his proposal, which she could not believe in earnest. Of course he withdrew from her sight, but he withdrew the offer of his heart and hand au contraire, to repeat it by letter, and in such wise as to convince her how 'dead in earnest' he was. Her own heart, touched already when she knew it not, was this time fain to listen, be convinced, and overcome. But here began the tug of war! As a filial daughter, Elizabeth told her father of the poet's love, of the poet's love in return, and asked a parent's blessing to crown their happiness. At first, incredulous of the strange story, he mocked her; but when the truth flashed on him, from the new fire in her eyes, he kindled with rage, and forbade her ever seeing or communicating with her lover again, on the penalty of disinheritance and banishment forever from a father's love. This decision was founded on no dislike for Mr. Browning personally, or anything in him, or his family; it was simply arbitrary. But the new love was stronger than the old in her—it conquered. On wings it flew to her beloved, who had perched on her window, and thence bore her away from the fogs of England to a nest under Italian skies."

While in Italy Mrs. Kinney published a romance in verse entitled "Felicita," and since her return to America she has published two volumes of poems, besides numerous contributions of prose and poetry to leading papers and periodicals. Her son the poet and critic understands better than any other person the literary gifts of his mother. In the collective edition of Edmund Clarence Stedman's poetical works published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, in 1883, the following filial tribute appears:

THIS COLLECTION
IS AFFECTIONATELY AND REVERENTLY
DEDICATED
TO MY MOTHER,
IN GRATITUDE FOR WHATSOEVER I INHERIT
OF HER OWN SWEET
GIFT OF SONG.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

The Poet as a lad—Related to Distinguished Authors—Famous Yale Class of '53—Seeks his Fortune in New York—Wakes up to find himself Famous—Old January and Young May—Challenged to Fight a Duel—Romantic ending of Diamond Wedding—Ballad of Lager Bier—How old Brown took Harper's Ferry—First meets Bayard Taylor and Stoddard—Wall Street's place in Poetry—New Literary Enterprise.

MORE than forty years ago I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time, Edmund Clarence Stedman, then but a lad of about seven years. He was on the occasion referred to in charge of his young widowed mother, Mrs. Elizabeth C. Stedman, who, with her son, was visiting some friends in the then village of Auburn. The embryo poet was at that time too young to "lisp in numbers," but his mother was already known among her friends as a clever writer of verses. Since that time, as we have already seen, she has become well and favorably known in literary circles.

Twenty years later, in 1860, young Stedman had begun to make his mark in literature, and now, a quarter of a century later still, he stands as is well-known in the front rank of American men of letters.

Besides being the son of a poet, Mr. Stedman is a great-grandson of Rev. Aaron Cleveland, the New England divine and poet, and thus related to T. W. Higginson, W. E. Channing, Bishop Arthur Cleveland Coxe, and Grover Cleveland, Governor of New York, all of them distinguished writers of prose and poetry, or eminent in public life.

Young Stedman entered Yale College in 1849, and was a member of the famous class of 1853. Among his class-

mates were President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, Hon. Wayne McVeigh, late U. S. Attorney-General, George W. Smalley, the well-known London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, of whom Mr. Stedman speaks as a superb Greek scholar, Professor Charlton T. Lewis, editor of Andrew's Latin Lexicon, Hon. Randall L. Gibson, at present U. S. Senator from Louisiana, Isaac H. Bromley, late editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, the late Delano A. Goddard, former editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, and the late Benjamin K. Phelps, who was District Attorney for New York at the time of his death.

Young Stedman began his newspaper life at Norwich, Conn., as early as 1852. He afterwards became editor of the *Herald*, at Winsted, Connecticut, in which paper he frequently reviewed the publications of my firm, which were sent to him for that purpose. Removing to New York in 1855, he became a member of the staff of the New York *Tribune* in 1859—afterwards joining the editorial staff of the New York *World*, and becoming its war correspondent from 1861 to 1863. His description in that paper of the battle of Bull Run, was considered, at the time, the most graphic account given of that disastrous route of the Union army.

During the last quarter of a century Mr. Stedman has contributed to *Vanity Fair*, *Putnam's*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's* and the *Atlantic Monthlies*. He has also contributed articles to the New York *Independent and North American Review*, all of them poems or interesting literary essays.

When Mr. Stedman first arrived in New York he was determined to devote himself to a literary life. He had set a high standard at that time, which he determined to reach, and events have proved that he has succeeded very well in the object of his ambition.

For several years he struggled for the support of himself, young wife, and infant child, managing, however, by journalistic work to pay his living expenses until the year 1859, when he awoke one morning to find himself famous

as the author of the "Diamond Wedding," a poem which he contributed to the New York *Tribune*.

This famous poem he hastily wrote as a *jeu d'esprit* without thinking of having it published. A friend of his, E. F. Underhill, at that time a reporter of the *Tribune*, took it to Isaac W. England, then city editor, but now the well known publisher of the New York *Sun*. The next day our poet was surprised to see on the news bulletins "Read Stedman's Great Poem, 'The Diamond Wedding' in this evening's paper!" The poem was republished in the different city papers, and ran through all the editions of the *Tribune* over and over again. His friend, Underhill, headed the poem "written *expressly* for the *Tribune*," when, of course, it was not. The poet looked upon it as a good joke at the time, as he considered it an inferior order of poetry, nothing more than a bright piece of society verse. It was copied throughout America and Europe, and republished in book-form by G. W. Carleton & Co.

One cause of the great popularity of this poem was the extraordinary marriage of the rich Cuban Oviedo to the beautiful Miss Bartlett. The father of the latter, who was at that time a lieutenant in the United States Navy, became very angry about the poem, because of the sensation it created in the fashionable world. He challenged Stedman to fight a duel, which the latter promptly accepted. Lieutenant Bartlett, however, finally backed out, saying that he had come to the conclusion that Stedman's family was not equal to his in the social world. The following extracts from the "Diamond Wedding" will indicate the nature of the poem :

* * * * *

"But now, True Love, you're growing old—
 Bought and sold, with silver and gold,
 Like a house, or a horse and carriage!
 Midnight talks,
 Moonlight walks;
 The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh
 The shadowy haunts with no one by,

I do not wish to disparage;
 But every kiss
 Has a price for its bliss,
 In the modern code of marriage;
 And the compact sweet
 Is not complete,
 Till the high contracting parties meet
 Before the altar of Mammon;
 And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
 Where pearls and rubies fall in a shower
 That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

“I need not tell
 How it befell
 (Since Jenkins has told the story
 Over and over again,
 In a style I cannot hope to attain
 And covered himself with glory!)
 How it befell, one Summer’s day,
 The King of the Cubans strolled this way,—
 King January’s his name, they say,
 And fell in love with the Princess May.
 The reigning belle of Manhattan;
 Nor how he began to smirk and sue,
 And dress as lovers who come to woo,
 Or as Max Maretzek and Jullien do,
 When they sit, full-bloomed, in the ladies’ view,
 And flourish the wondrous baton.

* * * * *

“ She stood such a fire of silks and laces,
 Jewels, and golden dressing cases,
 And ruby brooches, and jets and pearls,
 That every one of her dainty curls
 Brought the price of a hundred common girls ;
 Folks thought the lass demented !
 But at last, a wonderful diamond ring,
 An infant Koh-i-noor, did the thing,
 And, sighing with love, or something the same,
 (What’s in a name !)
 The Princess May consented.”

It is both curious and interesting to note here the happenings of a quarter of a century later. Mrs. Oviedo, who had become a widow, expressed a desire, when recently in New York, through a mutual friend, to meet the author of the "Diamond Wedding." The poet responded to the lady's wish, called and found her to be a very interesting and beautiful woman. She told the author that she had always read everything written by him, and had made up her mind that he would learn some time that she was not so foolish a woman as she had been when a girl.

(Many of my readers will remember that the latter was a bride when scarcely out of her teens, while the Cuban bridegroom was both very old and very rich. The marriage was arranged by her parents, as such important events often are.) Mr. Stedman also found her to be a highly cultivated and intelligent lady, very fond of poetry and a good writer herself. Indeed she has contributed recently to the *Manhattan Magazine*, and by a singular coincidence the same number contained a poem by the author of the "Diamond Wedding." Mr. and Mrs. Stedman and Mrs. Oviedo became very good friends. They afterwards gave her a complimentary dinner at their residence in Fifty-fourth street, where among a distinguished assemblage she was the attraction of the evening. It seemed very strange to the poet to be sitting, twenty years later, by the side of the bride of the "Diamond Wedding." Since the occurrence above referred to, Mrs. Oviedo, who had been a widow for a number of years, has married Baron Von Glümer, an officer in the Mexican Army, residing in Mexico, and is contented and happy in her new marriage relations.

Another strange circumstance connected with this celebrated marriage was the fact that Lieutenant Bartlett met his death indirectly through a friendly action of Stedman. The former went to Washington during the war with letters to various officials, and also bore one to Stedman (who was at that time in confidential relations with the government), and said to him, "during public calamities private enmity

should cease." He wanted to get authority from the Navy Department, to raise a thousand men as mariners, to get up a naval brigade for use in the Union Army. Stedman introduced him to Secretary Cameron and Secretary Welles, who were at that time respective heads of the War and Navy Departments. He was given by them full authority to raise a number of troops and start a Naval Brigade. He was put in charge of the Rip Raps at Fortress Monroe, and one day, while walking on the battlements, he fell off and was killed.

Mr. Stedman's next hit was the amusing "Ballad of Lager Bier." That, together with another ballad "How old Brown took Harper's Ferry," were published in book form by Scribner under the title of "The Tribune Lyrics." The ballad of "Old Brown" was published while the trial of the latter was going on, and attracted wide attention. Mrs. Browning wrote the author from Italy a very complimentary letter about it, and Ralph Waldo Emerson has paid it the compliment of incorporating it in his "Parnassus." It was really the first ballad that Stedman ever wrote, and was the indirect cause of the beginning of a lasting friendship with Bayard Taylor. The latter, at the time it was published in the *Tribune*, was lecturing in the West, and on several occasions read the ballad to his audiences. When Bayard Taylor returned to New York the two poets met for the first time. Stedman soon asked him about Stoddard, the poet, whom he always wanted to know. The next day Taylor introduced him to the latter and the two poets became intimate friends ever after.

The death of Bayard Taylor was a great blow to his brother poets, and both Mr. Stedman and Mr. Stoddard have in prose and poetry rendered affectionate tributes to the memory of their friend, the distinguished poet, traveler and diplomat, whose death created a vacancy in American literature which has never been filled.

About this time Stedman was appointed a reporter on the *New York Tribune*, of which Charles A. Dana was

then the managing editor, at a salary of eighteen dollars a week. His first report for that paper was the interesting account of the death of Washington Irving. The first and only time the poet saw that noted author, was in his coffin.

A few years later, Mr. Stedman gave up journalism altogether, in order to devote himself to literature. He studied very hard and wrote a good deal, but it was not at that time remunerative. He had saved a thousand dollars with which to begin operations in Wall Street, where he operated and became a popular and successful banker. Out of the one thousand dollars invested he soon made from ten to twelve thousand dollars. Mr. Stedman has often been criticised for being in Wall Street. He has been there solely for the purpose of having Sundays and evenings and summer vacations for poetry and critical literary work, which time he has studiously utilized.

Wall Street has enabled him to accomplish this desire. Mr. Stedman has never lost any money in his Wall Street operations, although a heavy sufferer by forgery and fraud in that locality.

Professor David Swing, of Chicago, at one time criticised Mr. Stedman very severely for his connection with Wall Street. The latter wrote him a letter explaining his position, when that distinguished preacher promptly replied, apologizing for what he had said.

Although Mr. Stedman is a member of the Stock Exchange, he has never tried to be a large operator; all he desires is a sufficient income from that direction to enable him to carry out his literary undertakings. He has, however, a handsome annual income from the copyright of his works, which are very popular. His "Victorian Poets" show him to be a master critic as well as a born poet. He has constant applications from the magazines and leading newspapers for poems at his own price. Only a few days since he furnished Harper & Brothers, at their request, two short poems for the coming Christmas number of their magazine. When he took them to the publishers they

asked him how much he wanted. "Well," said Stedman, "I will be satisfied with fifty dollars apiece for those little poems." The editor looked up and said that was very low; that he expected he would charge a great deal more for them.

These poems were written in two evenings, and Stedman laughingly says he could have supported his family on the amount received for them for one month, when struggling for a foothold in the world of letters a quarter of a century ago.

Mr. Stedman is now at work on a new volume to be entitled "Poetry in America," covering a complete history of poetry in this country, with selections from the leading poets. It is to be a companion volume to his "Victorian Poets," which has been received with such great favor by the most eminent critics of this country and Europe.

Another most important literary enterprise is a library of American literature from the earliest settlement to the present time, compiled and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, in ten elegant large octavo volumes of over five hundred pages each, illustrated with portraits of distinguished authors. A work of this kind is urgently called for by the literary intelligence of the country, and in the competent hands of its accomplished editors, a work of great value may be expected.

XXXIV.

FREDERICK S. COZZENS.

Pleasant Memoirs—Irving, Halleck and Thackeray—The Sparrowgrass Papers—The Horse that had the Heaves—Richard Hayward and his Friends—Irving's opinion of Sparrowgrass—"It Drops from him like Whisky"—Thackeray at the Century Club—"The Song that Martin Luther Sang"—Washington and Astor's Spectacles—"Please give me some Gapes"—Halleck's opinion of Cozzens—"To my big Sweet-heart"—"But the Bitter keeps on and on."

AMONG the pleasantest of the memories of my intercourse with authors are those connected with the late Frederick S. Cozzens. It was through his friendly attentions that I first became acquainted with Washington Irving, Fitz Greene Halleck and Thackeray, with all of whom he was on intimate terms of friendship, and each of whom I had the pleasure of meeting at his business office, or his former residence, Chestnut Cottage, in Yonkers, where for years he was a near neighbor of mine.

In the year 1856, I published his famous "Sparrowgrass Papers," which became immensely popular among the lovers of humorous literature. The volume was a collection of contributions to Putnam's *Monthly Magazine*, depicting in an inimitable manner the experience of a young city-bred couple in their new home in the country.

Mr. Putnam was also a near neighbor of ours at Yonkers, and was very much interested in the Sparrowgrass Papers as they appeared from time to time in the Magazine. The author, in one of these contributions

indulged in the pleasure of making fun of his own publisher. On one occasion, in the hurry of getting the Magazine through the press, Mr. Putnam, who was also the editor, did not always have the opportunity of reading the material paragraph by paragraph, as was his wont to do, and it was not until this particular number of the Magazine had been before the public for some days that he found out it contained quite a good description of his publisher's residence in Yonkers, including a very dramatic narrative of his "horse with the heavens," and "had them bad."

Mr. Cozzens' first published volume was a series of sketches in prose and verse entitled "Prismatics," by Richard Haywarde. It was very handsomely illustrated from designs by his intimate artist friends, Elliott, Darley, Kensett, Hicks and Rossiter.

His second volume, the "Sparrowgrass Papers," was greatly admired by Washington Irving. Speaking of it one time, the latter said to me, that he considered it by far the best representation of the humorous side of country life which had yet appeared. Mr. Irving also said, he did not believe my sensational style of advertising the book would aid in its circulation; a good book, he thought, would always find its way to public favor without a needless display of printer's ink. I afterwards thought how much money could have been saved by less liberal advertising of the book, if what the creator of Rip Van Winkle believed to be true, was true.

Mr. Cozzens often talked about Irving, to whom he was much attached. He once said, that when Irving was introduced to D. Cogswell, the first superintendent of the Astor library, at J. J. Astor's table, after dinner the latter asked him, "What do you think of Cogswell? He is very full, is he not?" (of information). "Yes," replied Irving, "but it drops from him like whisky from a private still."

Mr. Cozzens once asked William Cullen Bryant about Irving's altering the copy, when arranging for the publica-

tion of the former's poems in England. Mr. Bryant said that he only altered the lines,

“ The British soldier trembles,
When Marion's name is told,”

to

“ The foeman trembles in his camp,
When Marion's name is told.”

The reason for making this change was the repugnance of the British publisher to printing any lines reflecting on a British soldier.

The first time I met Thackeray was at the Century Club, of which association Mr. Cozzens was one of the earliest and most esteemed members. I was introduced by the latter to the great novelist as his neighbor, publisher and the banker of his copyright money, when Thackeray said, “the amount thus received, with the publisher's profits, would make both of you rich.”

The club house was at that time located in Clinton Place, and was a favorite resort of Thackeray while in New York. He was the centre of an admiring group of authors, artists and men of literary tastes. He often favored those present by singing some of his favorite songs. The following was one of them.*

“ Doctor Luther—A cool, green glass with a long necked flask of Rudesheimer, or a round-shouldered bocksbeutel of Stein to ‘Doctor Luther.’ There are two translations of that famous Rhine song; the first from of Pynnshurst; the last was given me by Mr. Thackeray, just before he left us disconsolate. Neither have appeared in print until now, and why should they? Among the legends of old wine, and good wine, in good company only, should Dr. Luther be said or sung.

For the soul's edification
And this decent congregation,
Worthy people! by your grant,
I will sing a holy chant. (*bis*)

* From Cozzens' “Wine Press.”

If the ditty sound but oddly,
 'Twas as a Father, wise and godly,
 Sang it so, long ago.

Then sing as Dr. Luther sang, as Dr. Luther sang,
 "Who loves not wine, women, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long."

He, by usage patriarchal,
 Loved to see the beaker sparkle,
 And he thought the wine improved,
 Tasted by the lips he loved. (*bis*)
 Friends! I wish this custom pious
 Daily were adopted by us,
 To combine love, song, wine.

And sing as Dr. Luther sang, as Dr. Luther sang,
 Who loves not wine, women and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.

Who refuses this our credo,
 And demurs to sing as we do;
 Were he holy as John Knox,
 I'd pronounce him heterodox; (*bis*)
 And from out this congregation,
 With a pious commination,
 Banish quick the heretic.

Who will not sing as Luther sang, as the
 Reverend Doctor Luther sang,
 Who loves not wine, women, and song,
 He is a fool his whole life long.

Mr. Cozzens said, on one occasion, in December, 1855, he visited Sunny Side in company with Thackeray. The day was 'inexpressibly balmy and beautiful as they rode along the banks of the Hudson. Thackeray would say: "This is very jolly, how jolly, how jolly!" as view after view appeared. They found Irving in fine spirits. Thackeray said, after looking round the room, "I must make some notes of the furniture and other things I see about me in this room, so that when I write my book on America, I shall be able to put it all in." "Ah!" said Irving, catch-

ing the joke, "you must not forget my nieces," introducing them again with mock courtesy, saying: "This is the one who writes for me; all my stories are from her pen. This young lady is the poet of the family; she has a collection of sonnets that will astonish the world some day. Another niece of mine is up-stairs, she is the musician and painter, a great genius, only she has never come out. Here is a pair of spectacles that belonged to General Washington, and here is another pair that belonged to John Jacob Astor. I thought with Washington's and Astor's spectacles, I might be able to see my way pretty clearly through the world."

The morning after Thackeray lectured on "Wit and Humor," while a guest at the house of Mr. Cozzens, during breakfast, a little three-year-old daughter of the latter asked Thackeray to "please give me some *gapes*." He said to her, "If you had been at my lecture last night you would have had all the 'gapes' you wanted."

Fitz Greene Halleck, in a letter to General James Grant Wilson, who was afterwards the poet's biographer, said:

"Allow me to beg you to read Mr. F. S. Cozzens' recently published volume, 'The Sayings of Dr. Bushwhacker,' etc., where you will see and hear the Doctor (assuming that you have known him more or less intimately), alive and speaking before you. The 'Faculty Divine,' the power of invention, the wit, the wisdom, the stories of miscellaneous literature, the doctor did not possess. Your admiration of all these belongs to Mr. Cozzens, but the doctor dramatically represents them to your perfect delight. I have long more than fancied, I have felt that Mr. Cozzens, in that department of genius to which Mr. Irving's "Knickerbocker"—a work superior in my estimation to the "Sketch-Book" belongs, is the best or among the best writers of our time in any language. Analyze his lines closely and critically, and I have little doubt of your concurrence in my belief."

One day Mr. Halleck in talking with Cozzens about Joseph Rodman Drake said, that after the latter's proposal

to make a poetical firm, many of the croakers were written in this wise : he or Drake would furnish a draft of a poem, and that one or the other would suggest any alterations or enlargements of the idea, a closer clipping of the wings of fancy ; a little epigrammatic spar upon the heel of a line.

Mr. Cozzens afterwards said, "I doubt very much whether I have a right to disclose the methods by which poets work in their workshops, but as I am only repeating Halleck's ideas, I hold it to be no base betrayal of the craft. To show how delightful these joint labors were to both of these illustrious men, Halleck told me that, upon one occasion, Drake, after writing some stanzas and getting the proof from the printer, laid his check down upon the lines he had written, and, looking at his fellow poet with beaming eyes said, 'Oh, Halleck, isn't this happiness!'"

My firm next published another volume by Mr. Cozzens entitled "Arcadia ; or, a Sojourn among the Blue Noses." A charming account of a summer residence in Nova Scotia.

His last literary effort was a memorial of Fitz Greene Halleck, which was delivered before and printed by the New York Historical Society a short time previous to his death.

The following is from the beautiful chapter, "A Leaf from Child Life," in the Sparrowgrass Papers :

"We begin to think our eldest is nourishing a secret passion, under his bell buttons. He has been seen brushing his hair more than once lately ; and not long since, the two youngest came home from school, crying, without him. Upon investigation we found our eldest had gone off with a school-girl twice his size ; and when he returned he said he had only gone home with her because she promised to put some bay rum on his hair. He has even had the audacity to ask me to write a piece of poetry about her, and of course I complied.

"TO MY BIG SWEETHEART.

"My love has long brown curls,
 And blue forget-me-not eyes;
 She's the beauty of all the girls—
 But I wish I was twice my size;
 Then I could kiss her cheek,
 Or venture her lips to taste:
 But now I only reach to the ribbon,
 She ties around her waist.

"Chocolate-drop of my heart
 I dare not breathe thy name:
 Like a peppermint stick I stand apart
 In a sweet but secret flame.
 When you look down on me,
 And the tassel atop of my cap
 I feel as if something had got in my throat
 And was choking against the strap.

"I passed your garden, and there
 On the clothes-line hung a few
 Pantalettes, and one tall pair
 Reminded me, love, of you;
 And I thought, as I swung on the gate,
 In the cold by myself alone,
 How soon the sweetness of hoarhound dies,
 But the bitter keeps on and on.

"It was quite touching to see how solemnly the old soldiers listened, when this was being read to them; and when I came to the lines

"I feel as if something had got in my throat,
 And was choking against the strap,"

Ivanhoe looked up with questioning eyes as if he would have said, 'How did you know that?'

XXXV.

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

Literary Celebrities Forty Years Ago—"The Sinless Child"
—Charles Fenno Hoffman—Edgar Allan Poe's Criticisms—"Gentle she was and full of Love"—Poe Talks about the "Raven"—A Love-letter to the Poet—Mrs. Smith as an Author—Tribute from George D. Prentice.

IN the brilliant coterie of men and women who graced the literary circles of New York forty years ago, none excelled in intellectual capacity the subject of this sketch.

Elizabeth Oakes Smith began to write verses when a mere child, and now, at an advanced age, her contributions to the literary journals and magazines of the day are full of the grace and beauty that marked her earlier efforts.

Her first literary success was a poem originally contributed to the *Southern Literary Messenger*, entitled, "The Sinless Child," which, with other of her poems, was subsequently collected and issued in one volume, edited by John Keese, a name well known among the *litterati* of New York.

The late Charles Fenno Hoffman was a great admirer of the poem referred to. He once said of it: "Mr. Keese certainly deserves well of the republic of letters for bringing out this singularly beautiful poem in its present dress. His frank and manly preface, with the interesting accompaniment of John Neal's biographical sketch and Tuckerman's analysis of the genius of the author, awakened

in us a strong and lively expectation as to what was to follow ; and so perfect and pleasurable is the realization of both interest and expectation that we are half-disposed to cry 'Eureka !' and declare that The American Poem has at length been produced by our fair countrywoman."

When Edgar Allan Poe published his sketches of the *litterati* of New York City, in 1846, he placed Mrs. Smith in the front rank among the poets of this country. He thus closes the lengthy critical review which he gives to the author of "The Sinless Child."

"We proceed to cull from the poem a few brief but happy passages at random :

"Gentle she was and full of love,
 With voice exceeding sweet,
 And eyes of dove-like tenderness,
 Where joy and sadness meet.
 * * * *

"And wheresoe'er the weary heart
 Turns in its dim despair,
 The meek-eyed blossom upward looks,
 Inviting it to prayer.
 * * * *

"The very winds were hushed to peace
 Within the quiet dell,
 Or murmured through the rustling bough
 Like breathings of a shell."
 * * * *

"Bright missals from angelic throngs
 In every by-way left—
 How were the earth of glory shorn
 Were it of flowers bereft !"

With the above quotations of these really noble passages—noble, because full of the truest poetic energy—we take leave of the fair authoress. She is entitled, beyond

doubt, to all, and perhaps more, than the commendation she received. Her faults are among the peccadilloes, and her merits among the sterling excellencies of the muse."

Edgar Allan Poe was often the guest at the home of Mrs. Oakes Smith. Talking with her one day about the poet she said: "I first met him when I was living in Brooklyn. He called on me with his child-wife, who was very pretty, she had eyes just like a fawn. She was but sixteen years old when she married, and talked very little indeed, but had the greatest admiration for her husband's genius, and fairly worshipped him. When I last saw her, she said: 'I know I shall die soon; I know I can't get well; but I want to be as happy as possible, and make Edgar happy.'"

"Mr. Poe called on me a great many times, and was always the gentleman. His conversation without being fluent was ready and pointed; he could turn a compliment almost as elegantly as N. P. Willis. Oftentimes, Poe would converse with me upon literature, metaphysics, poetry, and everything in that direction, but he never talked about his immediate surroundings. When he was talking and interested he had that far-away look which was so usual with him."

"The *Raven* was first published in the *New York Review*. I had not yet seen it, when one evening Charles Fenno Hoffman called with the *Review*, and read it to me. He was a fine reader, and read the poem with great feeling. His reading affected me so much I arose and walked the floor, and said to him, "It is Edgar Poe himself." He had not told me who the author was; indeed, it was published anonymously. "Well," said I, "every production of genius has an internal life as well as its external. Now, how do you interpret this, Mr. Hoffman?" The latter, who had had many disappointments and griefs in life, replied, "It is despair brooding over wisdom."

The next evening who should call but Mr. Poe. I told him what Mr. Hoffman had said. Poe folded his arms and looked down, saying, "That is a recognition." Soon the

Raven became known everywhere, and everyone was saying "Nevermore."

"One afternoon Poe called on me and said, "I find my Raven is really being talked about a great deal. I was at the theatre last night, and the actor interpolated the word 'Nevermore,' and it did add force to the sentiment that was given, and the audience immediately (he looked so pleased when he said this), evidently took the allusion."

"One day he said to me, as he rolled up some of his MS., 'Sometimes I think that all my success is due to my good penmanship, my writing with such care, finishing my paragraphs, and the care I take of my manuscript,' which was really equal to copper-plate."

"A certain lady of my acquaintance fell in love with Poe and wrote a love-letter to him. Every letter he received he showed to his little wife. This lady went to his house one day; she heard Fanny Osgood and Mrs. Poe having a hearty laugh, they were fairly shouting, as they read over a letter. The lady listened, and found it was hers, when she walked into the room and snatched it from their hands. There would have been a scene with any other woman, but they were both very sweet and gentle, and there the matter ended."

I first became Mrs. Oakes Smith's publisher in 1854. My very first publication after my arrival in the City of New York, was her romance entitled "Bertha and Lily, or The Parsonage of Beach Glen," the MS. of which was strongly recommended to me by the late George Ripley, who was a great admirer of the intellectual qualities of the writer. I remember on one occasion, shortly after the publication of this book, at a social gathering, at the house of the authoress, Mr. Ripley gave the following toast in honor of this, my first publication in New York: "In the stakes may the Derby win."

The New York *Christian Enquirer*, which was considered good literary authority in those days, in a review of "Bertha and Lily," said :

“This book is certainly one of true genius. As might be expected, coming from the pen of Mrs. Oakes Smith, there is in it at times, a tinge of *transcendentalism*; yes, and of *spiritualism* too; to say nothing of a strong flavor of *Swedenborgianism*, all through. It makes us ask the question, whether sensualism may not be spiritualized, and so made fascinating? The accomplished authoress seems to us to prove the possibility. Still, we repeat, the book *has* true genius. Altogether, it is a remarkable book. It has passages of surpassingly fine writing. It is brimfull of true poetic sense and feeling, besides some exquisite scraps of genuine poetry.”

Her next novel published by my firm was a sensational romance, “The Newsboy,” which in publishers’ parlance, was a decided hit, the sale reaching many thousands. In speaking of the authoress, the late George D. Prentice once said :

“Mrs. Oakes Smith is one of the truest, as well as one of the most fearless interpreters of humanity that has yet appeared. Her insight is equally delicate and profound, and her utterances ring out upon the murky cloud of selfishness that envelopes the race, like the clear tones of a bugle upon the evening air. Her mind is a charming compound of instinct and philosophy, inspired by an exquisite poetic sense and luminous with divine intuitions of all that is holy and beautiful in the potential relations of man. She is among the sweetest and noblest of the priestesses who minister at the altar of poor, fallen, yet radiant human nature.”

Mrs. Smith contributes occasionally some very beautiful poems to literary journals, and it is understood she is writing her *Reminiscences of Noted Men and Women in the World of Letters*, which cannot fail to be interesting.

XXXVI.

ABRAHAM HART—HENRY CAREY BAIRD.

Popular Publishers of Belles-Lettres Books—A Clerk at Thirteen—A Partner at Eighteen—A stage-coach full of Books—Triumphs over Harpers—Fenimore Cooper makes a failure—David Crockett “Fodder, or no fodder”—Crockett’s Adventures in Texas—Captain Maryat makes a Failure—Fanny Kemble’s Portrait on a finger-nail—Longfellow collects copyright promptly—Griswold and his poetical volumes—Grand Dinner to Abraham Hart, Washington Irving and Moses Thomas—Abraham Hart’s quiet Retirement.

THE firm of E. L. Carey and A. Hart was established in the year 1829, and ten years later were the best-known and most popular publishers of belles-lettres books in America.

Mr. Carey was a son of the celebrated Mathew Carey, the founder of the business in 1785, and a brother of the eminent political economist, Henry C. Carey, who was also a prominent publisher about that time, being the head of the firm of Carey & Lea.

Abraham Hart was early inducted into the bookselling business. He was a clerk when a boy at thirteen, and in business for himself when seventeen years of age, then a year later became a partner of the late E. L. Carey, and in the same store he conducted a thriving business for a quarter of a century.

Edward L. Carey died in the year 1845. The business, however, was continued by his surviving partner, and Mr. Carey’s nephew, Henry Carey Baird, until 1849, and sub-

sequently Mr. Hart alone, under the style of A. Hart (late Carey & Hart), until the year 1845, when he retired with a competency.

During a recent visit to Philadelphia, Mr. Hart related to me some of the interesting incidents of his book-publishing career.

In 1836, Carey & Hart had received an advance copy of Bulwer's "Rienzi," from the English publisher, for which they paid a liberal sum. The Harpers had also received an advance copy by the same packet, there being no steamers in those days; then came the rivalry to see who would first supply the market with early copies. Mr. Hart says, that on the day it was received, they distributed the sheets of this advance copy among twelve different printers, in order to produce the book before the Harpers put theirs on the market; and by nine o'clock the next morning, the sheets of the whole edition were delivered to the binders, who had the cases already made in shape for binding. That same afternoon, 500 complete copies were forwarded to New York booksellers by the mail stage, the only conveyance by which they could reach New York by daylight the following morning, and this could only be accomplished by hiring all the passenger seats. Mr. Hart was the only passenger of the stage that morning, the remaining space in the coach being taken up with Bulwer's "Rienzi." The volume was for sale in all the New York book-stores, one day earlier than Harpers' edition of the same work.

Lea & Blanchard were the publishers of Cooper's novels. Mr. Cooper came to Carey & Hart one day with the manuscript of a novel entitled "Eleanor Wyllis." The book was published anonymously; Mr. Cooper never acknowledged the authorship, although the copyright was paid to him for which he receipted in full for his own account. Mr. Hart believes that Mr. Cooper was the author of the book, and wished to test its merit without any reference to the name of the author. It was not a success. My

readers will remember an experiment akin to this as related to me by John Wiley.

Carey & Hart were the publishers of a series of humorous volumes in illuminated covers which were very popular in their day; among others, Major Jones' Courtship by W. T. Thompson, Tom Owen, the Bee Hunter, by T. B. Thorpe.

At an earlier day they published the "Life of David Crockett," written by himself (according to the title-page). This book became famous all over the country. Col. Crockett, it will be remembered, was at the time a member of Congress from Tennessee, an eccentric backwoodsman. The fact was, that the book was not actually written by David Crockett, but for him, by Mathew St. Clair Clarke, then Secretary of the Senate.

In this book originated the well-known expressions attributed to David Crockett, "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder," "Be sure you're right, then go ahead," and other sayings, which became household words. Col. Crockett was interested in the copyright, and enjoyed his fame as an author very much. Tens of thousands of copies have been sold, and the sale continues.

The late Richard Penn Smith was in Carey & Hart's one day, when Edward L. Carey told him that they had a large number of copies of Crockett's "Tour Down East" which didn't sell. Crockett had just then been executed by the Mexican authorities at the Alamo, and Mr. Carey suggested to Mr. Smith, that if they could get up a book of Crockett's adventures in Texas, it would not only itself sell, but get them clear of the other books. They secured all the works on Texas they could lay their hands on, and Smith undertook the work. Mr. Carey said he wanted it done in great haste, and asked him when it would be ready for the printer; his reply was, "To-morrow morning." Smith came up to the contract, and never kept the printer waiting. The result was that a great many thousands of

copies of the book were sold and all the balance of the edition of the "Tour Down East."

Among the popular publications issued by this firm, were Capt. Marryat's "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," and other of his novels. They became so very popular that Capt. Marryat decided to come to this country. On the author's arrival in New York, Carey & Hart, as a compliment, and thinking he might perhaps write more good selling novels, presented him with a check for two thousand dollars. When he went on to Philadelphia, he called on his publishers and thanked them, as he did not expect anything of the kind, considering *all* American publishers—Pirates. Notwithstanding this uncomplimentary remark, they arranged for the publication of his new and last novel, "Snarleyow ; or, The Dog Fiend," for which they paid him a copyright; an unfortunate investment for them, as it fell almost dead from the press, the author himself dying soon after. This was about the first copyright paid to a foreign author.

Carey & Hart were the publishers of an annual, entitled "The Gift," of which 40,000 copies were published and sold in five years. It was elegantly illustrated by such engravers as Cheney, Dodson and Pease (the former still living at the age of 90). In one of these gift-books was a picture of Fanny Kemble, the original of which was taken from a painting by the great artist—Sully, which he sketched on his thumb-nail, while she was acting in Philadelphia. This was considered a great achievement, as she declined to have her likeness produced by any process whatever.

Carey & Hart published the first illustrated edition of Longfellow's poetical works, for which they paid the author five hundred dollars for each thousand copies printed. The author was very prompt in drawing his copyright money, on the very day the edition was published. Mr. Longfellow, about 1844, accepted a proposition from Mr. Carey, to prepare a volume entitled, "Poets and Poetry of

Europe," which was eminently successful. It now bears the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Carey & Hart first proposed to Rufus W. Griswold, to prepare the "Poets and Poetry of America." It was an immense literary and commercial success, and was soon followed by "Poets and Poetry of England," "Female Poets of America," and "The Prose Writers of America," all by the same author. They were all successful ventures, and are standard works to this day.

Mr. Hart informs me that their relations with Rev. Dr. Griswold were all of the pleasantest kind. He was a careful, plodding, and he believes, a conscientious compiler of the several volumes of the Authors of America, bearing his name as editor.

The world is indebted for the first collected volumes of Macaulay's Essays to American enterprise. These were selected from the *Edinburgh Review*, and published in five volumes. There was an immediate and eager demand for them in this country as well as in England, but Carey & Hart never sent a copy for sale to Great Britain, although they were charged with so doing by the *Edinburgh Review* — a charge which was indignantly denied in correspondence with the publishers of the *Review*.

To James T. Fields and George P. Putnam, a like credit is due for the first published volume of the works of De Quincy and of Thomas Hood, which were selected by them respectively from the newspapers and periodicals in which they first appeared.

On the retirement of Mr. Hart from business in 1854, a complimentary dinner was given him by a committee of the Philadelphia Book Trade, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed by the many friends who were present on the occasion. The following letter of invitation and two of the responses from the senior members of two well-known firms will interest those who were booksellers thirty years ago :

“Philadelphia, May 15th, 1854.

“DEAR SIR:

“The members of the book trade, and its kindred branches, in this city, as a mark of personal and professional regard for Mr. A. Hart have tendered him a dinner on the occasion of his retirement from business. He has accepted the invitation, and appointed Wednesday the 24th inst., as the time most convenient for himself. As your company on the occasion will be very gratifying to the gentlemen who will compose the party, we enclose you a ticket and trust that your engagements will allow you to be present. Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience,

“We are, very respectfully,

M. THOMAS,	} Committee.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT,	
T. K. COLLINS,	
L. A. GODEY,	
MORTON McMICHAEL.	

“JOHN GRIGG, Esq., and about 200 others.”

FROM JAMES HARPER.

“No. 4 Gramercy Park, New York, May 23rd, 1854.

“Allow me to return you my cordial thanks for your invitation to be present at the dinner to be given by the ‘Trade’ in Philadelphia on the 24th inst., as a mark of personal and professional regard for our old and honored *friend*, Abraham Hart. I regret, however, that circumstances beyond my control, compel me to be in New York on the day referred to. I need not assure you, gentlemen, of the high esteem I entertain for our friend—an esteem founded upon personal acquaintance and business relations which have lasted for a quarter of a century. Nor need I tell you that I should be proud of the opportunity to give evidence of that esteem in any and every way. Indeed, gentlemen, so confident am I that our worthy friend could be called upon to fill no post that he would not occupy with honor to himself, that were I an inhabitant of the City of Brotherly Love or of your noble Keystone State, I would ‘go in’ strongly for his nomination as *Mayor* of the City or *Governor* of the State.

“Accept, gentlemen, for yourselves and for the members of our Trade whom you represent on this occasion, the assurance of my most cordial esteem and regard.”

FROM WILLIAM H. APPLETON.

“ Mr. Hart truly retires from business after maintaining for many years a high position for his uniform gentlemanly courtesy and honorable dealing.

“ It is understood by the members of the trade, how many conflicting claims may arise in reference to the publishing of books, the conflict of editions, and how often self-interest may govern to the injury of another, and I wish to bear testimony after many years of intimate business relations with Mr. Hart of his careful regard to the rights of others, so much to be encouraged and honored.”

Previous to the festival above referred to, and during the sale of Mr. Hart's stereotype plates, not only the following remarks of the former, but those of the late Moses Thomas were made, and will be interesting to those who knew the venerable senior of the well known and honorable firm of M. Thomas & Sons.

Mr. Hart said: “ You Sir, were the first person to introduce me into the book business, having given me a letter of credit to purchase, at the Boston trade-sale, held in 1827, when I was but sixteen years of age, an amount of five thousand dollars, on my own judgment, a confidence which I have remembered to this day; and two years afterwards, you were instrumental in arranging the partnership for me with the late Edward L. Carey; and now, after twenty-five years of successful business, you are about to conduct me out of the trade, by disposing of my stereotype plates; and I must here acknowledge my gratitude to you for those acts of kindness and confidence extended towards a mere boy.”

“ At the close of the sale, Mr. Thomas took occasion to remark that he could not allow the expressions of gratitude that fell from Mr. Hart, at the opening of the sale, to pass without an acknowledgment from him, that the obligations had not been altogether on one side—that, although at the commencement of their intercourse, he had no other object in view than to promote the interest of a deserving and enterprising young man, yet it happened, some years afterwards, that Mr. Hart had it in his power to render him, in return, important and valuable services; and that he had never failed to avail himself of every opportunity to

do so—that to no man in this community was he under greater obligations than to his friend Hart, and he took pleasure in thus making a public acknowledgment.”

It may not be out of place to quote here the following interesting portions of a letter from Washington Irving to his brother Ebenezer Irving, dated London, January 29th, 1822.

“MY DEAR BROTHER:

“By the packet from Liverpool which brings this letter, I forward you a parcel, containing the first volume of ‘Bracebridge Hall ; or, the Humorists,’ a medley in two volumes.

* * * * *

“The work had better be printed in duodecimo, and to save time in binding, let the volumes be put up in lettered covers like the ‘Sketch Book.’ The second edition can be got up in better style. The first volume runs, as near as I can guess, between 340 and 350 pages of the American edition of the ‘Sketch Book.’ The second volume will be about the same size. You can make your estimates accordingly. Put what price you think proper. I do not care about its being a very high one. *I wish, expressly, Moses Thomas to have the preference over every other publisher.*

“I impress this upon you, and beg you to attend to it, as earnestly as if I had written three sheets full on the subject. Whatever may have been his embarrassments, and consequent want of punctuality, he is one who showed a disposition to serve me, and who did serve me in the time of my adversity, and I should despise myself, could I, for a moment, forget it. Let him have the work on better terms than other publishers, and do not be deterred by the risk of loss.”

It will be remembered that Mr. Irving exhibited the same attachment to the late George P. Putnam, under similar circumstances.

I first met Mr. Hart in 1838, at the book-trade sales in Philadelphia, and for years had large dealings with him. He was a most admirable auctioneer, and was then selling his own invoice of books as was his custom.

Frequently, in after years, his cheery voice and urbane courtesy, and his well-known happy and persuasive powers as an auctioneer, were frequently brought into requisition by leading publishers, who were always anxious to procure his services when practical, in disposing of their several invoices at the trade-sales. Mr. Hart is now living in quiet retirement, in the city of his birth, respected and honored by all who know him.

HENRY CAREY BAIRD.

Becomes Partner at twenty—Earliest Publisher of technical books—A Student of Political Economy—Fenimore Cooper—Dr. Francis Lieber—"No Right without its Duty"—"No Duty without its Right"—Baird meets William Wordsworth—Copyright Laws a bundle of Absurdities.

ON the death of Edward L. Carey, in June, 1845, Henry Carey Baird, a nephew of the former, succeeded to his interest in the house of Carey & Hart, although not then twenty years of age. Mr. Baird continued a member of the firm until its final dissolution in the fall of 1849, when he commenced business on his own account.

Early in his career as a publisher, his attention was directed to the publication of technical books, and he soon conceived the idea of covering the whole field of technical literature, and has almost ever since kept this aim in view, and his firm—Henry Carey Baird & Co., consisting of Mr. Baird and Mr. John F. Garde—has more fully accomplished this specialty than any other house which has ever existed on this Continent. But Mr. Baird by no means considers the work complete, and is still adding to the variety of his list, which will rank with any of its special character published anywhere in the English language.

Mr. Baird is one of those men who contend that a man does not need to make himself a mere devotee to business in order to be successful. He has therefore felt himself at liberty, consistently with his calling, to devote no inconsiderable time to economic pursuits. He has studied and written much upon social questions, and always writing and speaking in such a manner that there is no difficulty in finding where he stands. In a word, he is a man of very decided opinions, and expresses them freely. On this subject he is deeply imbued with the doctrines of his kinsman, the late Henry C. Carey, and in pursuing these studies and engaging in these discussions he is the third generation in his family to follow this pursuit with enthusiasm; his grandfather, Mathew Carey, who, in 1785, founded the house which he now continues, having been quite as enthusiastic in the dissemination of economic doctrines as Henry C. Carey or Henry Carey Baird has been. Mr. Baird has traveled much in Europe and met with many distinguished men, and he is not wholly without a European reputation as a writer on economic subjects. Especially is such the case in Germany, where some of his writings have been translated and published. He is the author of the economic articles in all of the editions of the American Cyclopaedia. He has written quite enough to make a good-sized volume, and contemplates at an early day collecting the more important of them, and publishing them under the title of "Miscellaneous Papers on Economic Questions."

It is Mr. Baird's deliberate opinion, after considerable thought on the matter, that in proportion to the population of the United States, there are not so many books published and sold in this country to-day as there were in Carey & Hart's time. While there is a vastly larger number of readers, most people now do not read books, but read magazines and newspapers. He says, when you come across a man who is a great newspaper reader, you will find a man who never reads books. Dr. James Rush of Philadelphia, when he left his estate to the Philadel-

phia Library, did so on the condition that none of it should be used for the purchase of newspapers, which he called "disjoined thinking." In this connection Mr. Baird tells a good story about newspapers as authority. Some years ago, Henry C. Carey saw something in a newspaper in regard to what was likely to transpire (some public legislation) in Washington, which alarmed him very much; he mentioned it to his friend Morton McMichael, the editor and publisher of the *North American*, and McMichael replied, "Oh! Carey, don't worry yourself about it; I never believe anything I see in a newspaper."

On one occasion Mr. Baird said to me, "J. Fenimore Cooper was in the habit of coming into the store very often, and one day, the principal clerk of Carey & Hart, thought it was a remarkably creditable thing for a boy of my age to illustrate with inserted plates as I did Cooper's *Naval History*, then recently published, and said to me, 'You had better show this book to Mr. Cooper, it will please him very much.' Cooper came in in a day or two, and was shown the book, which he looked over very critically, and then said, 'I don't think either you or I have done credit to these great officers of the Navy.'"

The circumstances upon which Mr. Baird was called upon to write the article on banks were these: Mr. Carey had just come home from Europe, in 1857—the panic year, and found on his arrival, an application from Charles A. Dana, to write an article for Appleton's *Cyclopedia* on banking. Mr. Baird was just at that time beginning to make himself acquainted with economic questions, having been impelled to it by the crisis of 1857, and was full of enthusiasm on the subject. Mr. Carey handed him Mr. Dana's letter, and said he didn't want to write the article; but, added, "you want to understand the subject of banking, and the right way to study a subject is to teach it." So he wrote that article, and it was very well received. This was followed up by articles on that class of subjects, both for that edition and subsequent ones.

Henry Carey was the one who started the "Cyclopedia Americana." It was commenced by Carey & Lea, and finished by Lea & Blanchard. They employed Dr. Francis Lieber to edit it. The latter published a pamphlet once in favor of what is called "free trade," and he put the following motto on the title-page :

" No right without its duty,
No duty without its right."

Mr. Baird says regarding the same, " I saw it was such a fine one in favor of protection, I put it on a pamphlet of mine, and thanked him for giving it to me, but I never got an answer."

"Dr. Lieber thought a man who was a producer in this country, had no rights, overlooking the fact, that according to his own doctrine when a man pays taxes, he performs a "duty" and thus acquires "rights." If an American producer had no rights, except to pay taxes, he didn't recognize the fact that the State owed him anything in the way of protection, and so he wrote his pamphlet in favor of what he called "free trade." I came across it just about the time I was writing a pamphlet on the Rights of American Producers."

When Mr. Baird was quite a young man, he learned that Samuel Rodgers, the poet banker, was extremely anxious to get a book printed by Benjamin Franklin, as printer. He ascertained this from James T. Fields. Such a book was found and he had it nicely bound and sent to Rodgers. In 1847, when Mr. Baird was in London, Mr. Carey's brother-in-law, Charles R. Leslie, the painter, took Fields and himself to Rodgers' house to see his pictures, and they saw on a table in his drawing-room the little book printed by Franklin, the receipt of which had never been acknowledged.

Mr. Baird informs me that the first piece of real literary work that he ever did was after he came home from Europe ; on that occasion he wrote quite a detailed account of

a visit that James T. Fields and himself paid to Wordsworth, which was published at the time. On that occasion Mr. Baird was impressed with the fact that by far the best portrait of Wordsworth that was ever painted was that by Henry Inman for Professor Henry Reed, of Philadelphia. When he was subsequently in the neighborhood of Ambleside, he stopped at the "Salutation Inn," where on one occasion, Sir Walter Scott, on his way to dine with Wordsworth, told them at the Inn that he knew that Wordsworth's dinners were rather slim, so he took the precaution of eating dinner there before he visited the poet; he accordingly did so, and then went to Wordsworth's to dine.

Mr. Baird is probably the only publisher who takes broad and decided grounds against the copyright laws. He is in favor of the entire revision of our copyright laws, which are considered by him a bundle of absurdities and inconsistencies. He, however, never reprints an English book, preferring to make those which are better adapted to American technical wants and can be protected by copyright.

XXXVII.

THREE FAMOUS NOVELISTS.

MARION HARLAND.

A call from the Father of the Author—"Marion Harland" a young Virginian—Enormous sale of "Alone"—"The Hidden Path," another success—Tribute of Anna Cora Ritchie—A big fire and an Author's loss—"Common sense in the Household"—What one Publisher gains another loses—Copyright of one book, and Governor's salary—A Christmas visit to Richmond—Letter from Marion Harland to her first Publisher.

IN the year 1854, soon after I had established myself in the publishing business in the City of New York, a gentleman called upon me with a volume which had been printed in Richmond, Virginia, and for which he desired a New York publisher. It was a new novel entitled "Alone," by Marion Harland, of which I had already heard through some friendly criticisms of the press, and was therefore prepared to arrange for the publication of the book without delay.

The gentleman referred to was Samuel P. Hawes, a well-to-do merchant of Richmond, and Marion Harland was the *nom de plume* of his eldest daughter, Mary Virginia. From him I learned that the book had been written by his daughter when yet in her teens, and that a small edition had been printed in Richmond by a bookseller of that city,

he himself guaranteeing the expense of bringing out the edition already printed.

We soon came to terms, and I became the first New York publisher for an authoress whose career in the literary world has been an uninterrupted success. More than one hundred thousand copies have been sold of the volume referred to, beside the English and Leipsic editions, it having been added to the Tauchnitz series of English novels.

Not unlike that of "Beulah," "Rutledge," and many other of what eventually proved to be immense successes, "Alone" was declined by a literary gentleman known to fame. The Richmond bookseller to whom the manuscript was submitted, handed the MS. for examination to John R. Thompson, at that time editor of *The Southern Literary Messenger*, and more recently literary editor of the New York *Evening Post*. After keeping the manuscript several months, he reported that it had been impossible to read but few pages of the story, but that he had read sufficiently, however, to give his opinion that it would not be safe to publish it except at the expense of the author.

After the success of "Alone," and Marion Harland's subsequent volumes, Mr. Thompson admitted that he erred in his judgment, which probably would have been different had he read the whole book.

It may not be out of place for me to state here that Mr. Thompson himself came very near being the author of a published work. I had engaged to publish an edition of one thousand copies of a volume of his travels, entitled "Over the Ocean." The edition was all printed and ready to be bound at the bindery; an advance copy for the author was handed me by the binder; the same night the bindery burned, and every copy was destroyed except the one sent the author. It was never reprinted, and therefore never published.

Marion Harland's next volume, "The Hidden Path," like its predecessor, was well received by the critics, and like "Alone," met with great success.

Mrs. Anna Cora Ritchie, renowned as an actress as well as a successful authoress, residing at that time at Richmond, Virginia, wrote me as follows :

“Let this *noble* production (we use the adjective in its fullest sense) lie upon the table, enliven the hearth, be the household companion of every true-hearted Virginian. Foster this gifted daughter of the South with the expanding sunshine of appreciation, the refreshing dews of praise—stimulate undeveloped genius, which has never yet ‘penned its inspiration’ to walk in her steps, emulate her achievements and share her honors—let Virginia produce a few more such writers, and the cry that the South has no literature is silenced forever ! ‘The Hidden Path’ is a work that North or South, East or West, may point to with the finger of honest pride, and say *our daughter* sends this message to the world—pours this balm into wounded hearts—traces for wavering, erring, feet this ‘Hidden Path,’ which leads to the great goal of eternal peace.”

“The Hidden Path” was followed by “Moss Side” and “Nemesis,” the latter of which was published by me, preceding the outbreak of the Civil War, at which time my firm discontinued business.

During the Christmas holidays of 1860, my firm had ready for publication an elegantly illustrated volume entitled, “The Women of the South, distinguished in Literature,” by Mary Forest, the *nom de plume* of Julia D. Freeman, who had prepared the work with conscientious fidelity, and although the book was got up with great expense it was destined to commercial failure owing to the causes already stated.

Among the “Women of the South,” which Mary Forest so eloquently described was Marion Harland (with a life-like portrait on steel), of whom she says :

“At the age of fourteen, without confiding to anyone what she considered a daring project, she contributed, under an assumed name, a series of papers to a weekly city journal. The notice which these sketches attracted, the conjectures as to their authorship, and the commendations bestowed upon them by those whose

opinion she valued, were precious encouragement to the youthful writer. From that time her pen was never idle, though a larger proportion of its productions met no eye except her own. Tales, essays, and poems were sent from time to time anonymously to the different periodicals of the day, and, stimulated anew by the approval of her readers, she wrote and studied with greater assiduity. It is well to mention this, as a hint to young and ardent aspirants for literary honors who are apt to attribute to natural gifts the vigor of expression and grace of style which are only acquired by diligent practice.

“A fugitive sketch written by our author at sixteen, and entitled ‘Marrying through Prudential Motives,’ appeared a year or two later in ‘Godey’s Lady’s Book,’ and had a somewhat remarkable career. From the ‘Lady’s Book’ it was copied into an English paper, thence transferred to a Parisian journal, re-translated for another English periodical, and finally, copied in America and extensively circulated as an English story, until claimed by Mr. Godey as one of his publications.”

Mr. George W. Carleton became, and still continues to be, the publisher of Marion Harland’s novels, which have already reached the number of sixteen.

Marion Harland has said, that if she had all her writing to do over again, she would write but one book where she has written five, or, to use a culinary phrase, she would “boil them down.”

She has written one volume, entitled, “Eve’s Daughters,” at the special solicitation of its publishers, to be sold by subscription, and I am informed that its sale has already been very large.

But Marion Harland has not been successful as a novelist, alone.

Strange to say, the most successful of all her books, is one devoted to cookery and the kitchen. Before she had written “Common Sense in the Household,” she spoke of it to her wide-awake publisher, who generally knows intuitively, the salable qualities of a book; he however considered it was out of his line, and thought it would not

sell; but, of course he would be glad to publish any number of *novels* she would bring him.

Marion Harland, nothing daunted by this publisher's refusal, took the manuscript to the late Charles Scribner, who, after looking it over, said, that he did not believe it would be a success; but he would take the risk of the publication, on account of the excellent reputation of Marion Harland, as a writer of good and pure fiction; and thus he became the publisher of that famous volume, the nucleus of the "Common Sense Series," the copyright of which has yielded the author, a sum equal to three years' salary of the Governor of New York.

Mr. Carleton once said to me, that Mr. Scribner told him distinctly, that when he first talked about publishing "Common Sense in the Household," he believed it would only pay expenses, but nothing more.

In the year 1855, I accepted an invitation from Mr. Hawes to visit them during the Christmas holidays, at their Richmond home, where I met, for the first time, the author of "Alone." It was a very enjoyable occasion to me, as it was my first visit south of "Mason & Dixon's line," and I saw for the first time, slavery, perhaps, in its pleasantest phases, as Christmas in those days, was the happiest and jolliest of all the year.

In the following year, the young authoress visited my family, when she saw New York and its vicinity for the first time.

It has not been my fortune to meet this gifted writer for nearly a quarter of a century. In a recent letter received from her she says,

"It is rather a singular coincidence that I should have thought much of your proposed book, and the old days at 'Glenwood,' within the last week. I was told in New York, a few weeks ago, that 'Fifty Years Among Authors and Publishers' would not be published until the Autumn. . . . 'My subsequent literary career!' I am somewhat at a loss to tell you anything of it that will be of use in

your volume. The said 'career,' is, I think, a little remarkable, in that, after thirty years in the field, I was never so busy before as now. Fortunately, while American fiction still 'paid,' and 'Franklin Square Library' was an unknown quantity in casting up one's future accounts, I published 'Common Sense in the Household.' The step was a bold one, opposed by friends and publishers. More than 100,000 copies of the book have been sold, and its successors in the series have met with flattering success. . . . Believe me, it gives me unfeigned pleasure, to see your familiar handwriting once more. Also, in memory of the happy days passed under your roof I am, my dear Mr. Derby, gratefully and affectionately yours,

M. V. TERHUNE."

MIRIAM COLES HARRIS.

How Manuscripts should come to Publishers—Rejected by one House, Accepted by Another—A Heroine without a Name—"Rutledge" an instantaneous Success—Attributed to many Authors—Her Portrait in "Vanity Fair"—Mrs. Harris a successful Writer.

WHEN a manuscript is brought to a publisher to read, with a view to publication, it stands a better chance of being accepted, if written in a clear and readable hand. I was at once attracted by the chirography as well as the singular title of "Rutledge."

The gentleman who brought the MS. to me said that it had been already declined, but that he wished it published if he had to bear the expense himself. I replied that I would look it over and would advise him of the result in due time. The gentleman referred to was the late E. A. Weeks, the uncle and guardian of the author, who called, as soon as notified of the acceptance of "Rutledge," to arrange for its publication.

The book was published anonymously, and its history is interesting. After its refusal by Harper & Bros., the young author, in great discouragement, put it away under lock and key, thinking never to offer it again; but a few months after, her courage revived, and she confided the MS. to her uncle, whom she bound to secrecy.

As already said, I promptly accepted the book, but I told Mr. Weeks it would be impossible to publish it without seeing the writer and knowing her name.

This the young lady thought very hard terms, but at last she consented to meet me at her uncle's house, the latter promising that her name should not be mentioned during the interview. So the introduction was "Mr. Derby, my niece. She is the author of the story you have been looking at." "Nameless, like her heroine," I said, taking her hand in an assuring manner, which reconciled the youthful aspirant for literary fame. When in the course of the interview her uncle made the mistake of calling her by name, there was a laugh, but I promised to keep her secret, and did.

For many months the question, "Who wrote 'Rutledge?'" was being constantly answered in the daily papers. It was attributed to many clever girls in many clever circles throughout the country. Fanny Kemble exclaimed, when reading it, that no girl in America could have written the book but her daughter Sarah, and upon the strength of this maternal conviction, for several weeks the author of "Rutledge" was declared to be Sarah Butler, to be in turn displaced by Harriet Lane, Miss Minturn, Miss Tracy and a host of others.

The sale of the book was enormous, each new name of the supposed author giving it a fresh impetus. The incognito of the author was very well preserved, few people really suspecting her, even near members of her family denying with emphasis what they considered a most absurd report.

During the height of the interest manifested in the

matter, there appeared a notice that the next week's *Vanity Fair* would contain a portrait of the author of "Rutledge." The paper sold very largely that week, but the inquisitive buyers found only the half-length figure of a young lady *holding a fan before her face*. The indifference of the author to fame appears to have been a strong temptation to unscrupulous lovers of notoriety, for a number of women have personated her, in different parts of the country, and carried on for months, and in one case for years, a most extraordinary sort of deception.

Among all the criticisms that have been passed upon Rutledge, the shortest, but perhaps the most comprehensive, was made by the late Henry T. Tuckerman at a dinner at which he was present, when her book being mentioned he exclaimed, "That lady knows how to tell a story—she knows *just* how to tell it."

Mrs. Harris's second book was thought to be something of an autobiography, under the veil of fiction; it was entitled "Lonie's last Term at St. Mary's," the author having been educated at that school at Burlington, N. J., under the supervision of the late Bishop Doane. Mrs. Harris is a devoted adherent of the Episcopal Church. She is the author of a beautiful devotional volume entitled 'A Rosary for Lent.' She is also the author of ten different successful novels, all of which are now published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

A recent work, entitled "Phœbe" is thus spoken of by that excellent critic R. H. Stoddard, in the *New York Evening Mail*:

"A marked contrast to the fiction in vogue among us twenty-five or thirty years ago and that in vogue to-day is a new story, Phœbe, by the author of Rutledge. The author, whose name escapes us, if we ever knew it, is a healthy, right-minded and very womanly writer, and in Phœbe she has delineated a character which will commend itself to a great many healthy and right-minded people. She is a story-teller, not an analogist."

MARY J. HOLMES.

Immense Sale of her Novels—Large Sums received in Copyright—A Precocious Writer—Early Marriage and Literary Success—Income from Authorship, Ten Thousand a Year—Why so Popular an Author—Like Topsy, “She grewed so”—The Author’s Elegant Home—Beautiful Tribute from her Pastor.

THE novels of Mary J. Holmes have undoubtedly yielded the author a larger sum than that received by any other American authoress, with the possible exception of the author of “Uncle Tom’s Cabin.”

Mrs. Holmes comes of literary stock on the paternal side. Her father’s brother, Rev. Dr. Joel Hawes, was the author of the celebrated “Lectures to Young Men,” which was a popular book among book sellers forty years ago. Dr. Hawes was also the author of the “Looking Glass for Ladies; or, the Formation and Excellence of Female Character,” which volume, no doubt, had an influence on the mind of his precocious niece, who was from her earlier years a great reader of books, whether they were “Baxter’s Saint’s Rest,” Goethe’s “Sorrows of Werther,” or similar works. Mrs. Holmes read whatever came in her way; when quite young she developed a taste for fiction.

In early life she was married to Mr. Daniel Holmes, a graduate of Yale, and a lawyer by profession.

Soon after their marriage the young couple removed to Kentucky, where is laid the scene of her first novel,

* She is also the sister of the Hon. Kirk Hawes, one of the judges of the Chicago Superior Court, a gentleman well-known for his legal acumen, and of wide reputation as an honorable and upright judge. The affection existing between the brother and sister is very marked, each being deservedly proud of the other and exulting in each other’s success.

“*Tempest and Sunshine*,” which was very well received as the work of a young author, though the first notice she ever saw of it was particularly severe, and headed “A novel boiled down.”

Her second book, “*English Orphans*,” was very favorably noticed in the *North American Review*, and although both of the novels were published by the house of D. Appleton & Co., neither of these early efforts was crowned with the success which has attended her later books. The next three volumes were published by my Auburn successors, Miller, Orton & Co., all meeting with a fair sale.

It was not, however, until 1863, when Mr. G. W. Carleton became the publisher of the author of “*Lena Rivers*” and “*Meadow Brook*,” that the sale of Mrs. Holmes’ books began to reach large numbers, and her popularity and success became so marked.

My friend, George W. Alexander, now the oldest book-binder in New York, tells me he has frequently had orders from the publisher, to bind fifty thousand volumes of her novels at one time.

Up to 1884 Carleton & Co. have published for Mrs. Holmes, twenty-two different works, the aggregate sales of which have been something immense.

Mrs. Holmes receives from contributions to the *New York Weekly*, a family story-paper published by Street & Smith, from four to six thousand dollars, according to the length of the story, before it is issued in book-form by Carleton & Co.

It is often asked why Mrs. Holmes’ novels should be so exceedingly popular; undoubtedly, the secret of her success arises from the natural way in which she tells her story, and the life-like character and scenes introduced to the reader. She aims to give also, and I think she has succeeded, a pure and moral tone in every story she has written. This is the general verdict of her readers. Mrs. Holmes does not introduce robberies, murders or sensational scenes, nor does she attack social evils or write up

some great disputed subject, but endeavors to produce such stories as parents are willing their daughters or any members of their family should read. Mrs. Holmes thinks that she was born to be a writer of romance ; or, like Topsy, she *grewed* to be one. As far back as she can remember, she was holding converse with people unseen, yet real to her. She remembers in her childhood, when creating and inventing stories, of hearing it said of her, "that child will be crazy some day." She thinks at that time, that the shadow of authorship was over her.

A school friend wrote to her of an incident which occurred when the budding authoress was about ten years old. She was sitting on the grass one summer afternoon near the old school-house, where she learned her lessons, talking with other little girls, her schoolmates, about what she intended to do when she grew up. She said she would write a book, and when the girls laughed and jeered at her she grew more earnest and insisted on her assertion, saying *she should* write a book and all of them would read it too. Well, the book was written and all of the then schoolmates *did* read it, as well the others which followed it.

Mrs. Holmes' novels are sold largely by the newsboys on the steamboats and railroads. She remembers that one day, while traveling on the cars, and occupying the same seat with a lady, a juvenile bookseller offered them Mrs. Holmes' latest and most popular work. The lady sitting by her, a stranger to her, said to her, that "Mrs. Holmes might be a very popular writer, but as for herself, she did not think much of her as an author."

Mrs. Holmes resides with her husband at Brockport, New York, in a lovely and refined home surrounded by all that can make life pleasant and enjoyable.

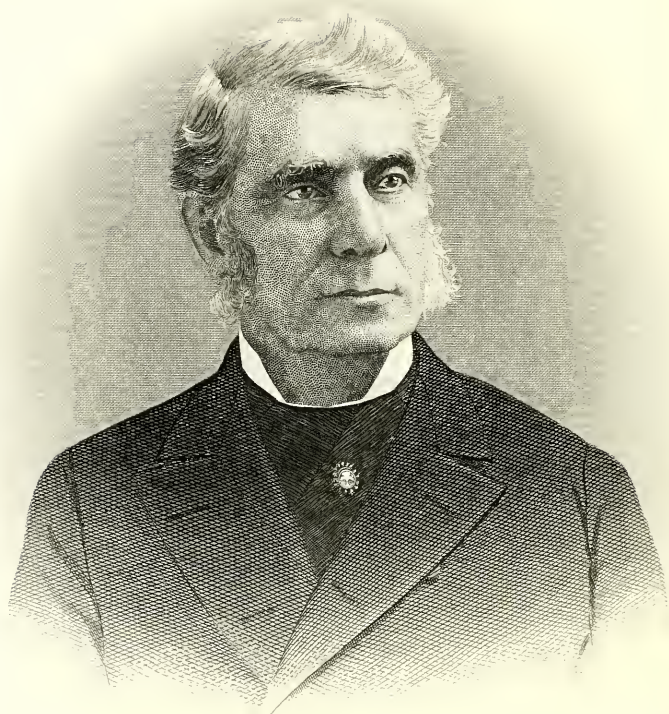
Her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Seibt, has kindly furnished me the following account of the esteemed authoress, which I am sure my readers will be glad to see :—

"Aside from her literary qualifications and merits as an authoress, Mrs. Holmes has other excellences that should be put on

record in a description of her life. The esteem and affection in which she is held by those who have come directly under her influence, and who have observed her every day life, show that she possesses in a high degree, those Christian graces and virtues which alone give lustre to mental accomplishments. Her relations to society are marked by undeviating correctness and suavity; and while she prefers the quiet of home life, and is fond of spending her evenings in her own favorite room—the library—conversing with and listening to the reading of her accomplished husband, a gentleman of profound and varied learning, she is ever ready to open her pleasant home, for social gatherings, whenever occasion requires, and those who have had the pleasure of attending the receptions and entertainments which are given, from time to time at the Brown cottage—the name by which her residence is known—are invariably struck with her refined and affable manners, and with the quiet dignity and ease with which she maintains the position of hostess. Another prominent trait of her character is her benevolence.

“For many years she has made it a rule to devote, at least, the tenth part of her income to charitable purposes. Her name is found among the active members and liberal supporters of some of the most valuable public institutions; the cause of missions is always near her heart, and the parish to which she belongs is greatly indebted to her generous gifts for its prosperous condition. Her piety is deep, serene and unostentatious, and the aliment on which it feeds is the word of God. She nourishes and cherishes it, by daily intercourse with heaven, and by her faithful and constant attendance at the services of the sanctuary. For many years she has had charge of the infant class of the Sunday-school, and her instruction and example have exerted an influence for good, not only upon the pupils, but also upon the congregation at large, which it is impossible to over-estimate.

“May her life be long spared; and may many who shall read these lines, be induced to copy the lovely character and Christian virtues of Mary J. Holmes.”



Eng^d by Geo. S. Peckham N.Y.

A. J. Barnes

XXXVIII.

ALFRED S. BARNES.

*Friendship of Half a Century—Singular Coincidences—
Young Barnes finds a New Home—Begins his Book
Career—Professor Charles Davies—Begins as a School-
Book Canvasser—Becomes a Large Publisher—His
Motto—" Good Books Only"—A Successful Book
House—Retires from Active Business—A Silver Wed-
ding.*

THE friendship for nearly half a century which has existed between the subject of this sketch and myself, is fraught with many pleasant memories. It may not be out of place for me to refer to some singular coincidences in our respective lives. Mr. Barnes and myself began our book life about the same time fifty years ago, each of us was placed in the business, which was to be our life-work, through the influence of our devoted Christian mothers in securing us a home in the families of our respective employers. We were married about the same time, and each were blessed with ten children, five boys and five girls; both of us have met with the greatest of all losses in the death of the mothers of our children,—and there the parallel ends.—At the age of sixteen, young Barnes secured a position as clerk in the book publishing house of D. F. Robinson & Co., Hartford, Conn., where the late Henry Z. Pratt was chief clerk; this house at that time were the largest school-book publishers in America. Mr. Barnes well remembers the first day when he commenced his career. The senior partner, Mr. Robinson, a

man of fine personal appearance, eminent Christian character and excellent business habits, took young Barnes one side and gave him some hints and practical advice in regard to a clerk's duties and the formation of character, which were invaluable to him. He spoke of the unlimited extent of the growing book business, and the prospect of its future in this country, which greatly inspired the young clerk's ambition. Mr. Robinson impressed him with the fact,—which afterwards proved true in his case,—that all a young man needed for success in life was good principles, strict integrity of character, a faithful discharge of duty in life, and an interest in his employer's business. Young Barnes' salary for the first year was fixed at thirty dollars, he to live with Mr. Robinson's family, and he well remembers the kindly manner in which he was received by the wife of his employer, who took an affectionate interest in him, treating him with all the attention a son could ask of a mother, and it is pleasing to record the fact that the lady now in her eighty-third year retains the same friendly interest in Mr. Barnes, with whom she is a constant correspondent.

The list of publications of Robinson & Co., embraced many school-books familiar to all booksellers of forty years ago, Comstock's Philosophy, Olney's Geography, Daboll's Arithmetic, Murray's Grammar and Webster's Spelling Book. All have been superseded by modern school books except the latter. The house removed to New York in 1835 and established their business in Pearl street opposite Holt's, now the United States Hotel, under the firm name of Robinson, Pratt & Co., which soon became one of the largest book jobbing houses in the country. Here it was that I purchased the first bill of books, on my first trip to New York, when a clerk for H. Ivison & Co., then of Auburn, N. Y. At this place and time Mr. Barnes and myself first met and formed our life-long acquaintance.

Soon after becoming of age, Mr. Barnes received a letter from a friend in Hartford, introducing him to Profes-

sor Charles Davies, an American mathematician of distinction at that time, but whose reputation was destined to become national as author of the most celebrated series of mathematical text books ever published in this country. This introduction led to closer business relations for nearly forty years, and was the beginning of an arrangement for the publication of school books, which carried the young publisher to fame and fortune. Mr. Barnes first established himself in the publishing business in the city of Hartford, with Professor Davies as a partner, in a small room 20 feet by 12, and here, without any cash capital, the nucleus was formed which has grown into the present immense business. Mr. Barnes deserves great credit for his early and industrious habits in introducing his school books to the attention of those interested in education, instead of school book agents (as is the general rule nowadays with school book publishers), the young publisher went himself, by private conveyance or stage coach, with a few books in his trunk, journeying from town to town, actively canvassing teachers of schools, principals of academies and professors in colleges, for the purpose of introducing Professor Davies' mathematics, and Mrs. Willard's Histories.* Although the young publisher's sales in this way were not very extensive, they laid the foundation for his present prosperous business.

Two years later Mr. Barnes moved to Philadelphia, where in 1840 I met him again, and having commenced business on my own account, purchased my first bill of books from him, he having at that time become a wholesale dealer in the publications of other houses. His business in Philadelphia prospered, but believing that New York offered superior advantages for his growing trade, he removed to this city in 1845, where his career as a successful publisher has been uninterrupted, although the panic year of 1857 and the breaking out of the war in 1861, were espec-

* Mrs. Willard's sister, Almira Lincoln Phelps, the authoress, died July 15th, 1884, her ninety-first birthday.

ially trying, the strong and untarnished credit of his house, however tided them over both of these exigencies. Besides the successful publication referred to, their list embraces, "Barnes' Arithmetics and Algebra," "Monteith's series of Geography," "Alphonso Wood's series of Botany" and "Worman's French, German and Spanish series." Of "McNally's Geography," "Clark's Grammar," "Davies' Arithmetic" and "Barnes' United States History;" the phenomenal sale of over one million copies of each is the best evidence of their popularity. The firm publish but few miscellaneous books, the most important of which is "Martha Lamb's History of the City of New York," an exhaustive work, the product of twenty years' literary application. George Bancroft says, "In his opinion it is far the best work yet published on the subject, marked by good judgment, honest research and clear and attractive style." When Mr. Barnes first entered the business life of a publisher he decided in his own mind to publish "Good books only," and he has adhered to that principle. Mr. Barnes has retired from active business, with a competency, leaving the affairs of his house in charge of his sons.

In a volume published in Hartford in 1870, entitled, "Men of Progress," I find a chapter on Alfred S. Barnes, by the late Professor Charles Davies, who knew him so long and well, from which the following is quoted :

"We were present at the celebration of the silver wedding. The parlors were filled with pious and loving friends, merrily chatting with each other, when suddenly the parlor doors were opened, and the family, led by their parents, came in to greet and cheer us.

"We shall never forget that beautiful sight—the sons on the one side with their father, and the daughters on the other with their mother, and one grandchild, like a little flower just appearing above the ground. A clergyman present expressed the common sentiment of us all, when he said that the family and the scene reminded him of a sun-dial, which he had seen in an European city, bearing this inscription : 'I record only the hours

that are pleasant.' The writer is not insensible to the sacred character of that veil which hangs around the domestic circle, but he has felt that, without slightly raising it, he could not well explain why Mr. Barnes after six days of toil in the counting room, should be found steadily on the Sabbath at the church and Sunday school. Why, in the days of short receipts as well as in those of abundant means, he had always something to spare for religious culture and the churches, and why, amid a press of business in New York he has found time to do his whole duty to the city of Brooklyn where he has long and permanently resided. He has meant to raise it only so far as is necessary to the fulness of truth and history. No account of the house of A. S. Barnes & Co., would be intelligible without some knowledge of the motives and inner springs that have contributed so largely to its success."

I was present with Mrs. Derby at the interesting gathering referred to, and well remember the happy event, Mr. and Mrs. Barnes having attended a like occasion on the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of myself and wife the month previous.

The present members of the firm are : Alfred S. Barnes, and his sons Alfred C., Henry B., Edwin M., and his nephew Charles J. Barnes, under the style of A. S. Barnes & Co. The two youngest sons, Richard S. and William D. L., are also in the business. The senior son has recently been elected Colonel of the Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., a place most fittingly earned by him by his military experience and services.

XXXIX.

VETERAN PUBLISHERS ON RETIRED LIST.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS.

A Book Publisher Eighty years old—A famous Boston house—Shakespeare Works and “Mother Goose”—De Witt Clinton, Aaron Burr and Audubon—A thousand-dollar publication—Southern planters buy expensive books—“A new home, who’ll follow”—A notable Booksellers’ Festival—“I say Mister, I guess you’re stuck!”—Washington Irving’s famous Speech—Mr. Francis gives a Toast.

A BOOK publisher who has lived fourscore years and nearly three-score years and ten, may be termed a *rara avis*, and yet such are the facts of the case in the person of my venerable friend Charles S. Francis, who is still mentally and physically active and ever ready to supply the “best books only” to needy book-buyers.

Mr. Francis, now in his eightieth year, is without doubt, the oldest bookseller in continuous business in America. Crocker & Brewster of Boston, who retired from business with a competence some years since, are older men, and the venerable Isaac C. Lea, formerly Lee & Blanchard, Philadelphia, who long since retired from business, still lives at the advanced age of ninety-two.

Charles S. Francis is a son of the late David Francis of

the old and well known firm of Munroe & Francis, who were eminent publishers in Boston in the early part of the present century. They were the first publishers of Shakespeare's works in this country the type for three different editions of which was set up with their own hands. They were also the first American publishers of the famous "Mother Goose Melodies," another illustration of the axiom that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Mr. Charles S. Francis learned the mysteries of the trade of bookselling and book publishing from the firm of Monroe & Francis, and established himself in New York in 1826, at which time he was twenty-one years of age,—and where for half a century his name has been familiar to the book-buying community. Although not now in active business, Mr. Francis can occasionally be seen at the bookstore of his brother D. G. Francis in Astor Place. My first acquaintance with Mr. Francis commenced in 1840, when I purchased from him a supply of his then well known publications.

The bookstore of Mr. Francis in Broadway was the popular resort of many noted people of literary tastes. Among his customers were De Witt Clinton, Aaron Burr and John James Audubon, for the latter of whom he was the New York publisher of his great works on Natural History, of which "The Birds of America" was the most important, containing four hundred and thirty-five plates of birds, showing their natural size and colors, making four volumes elephant folio, the price being *one thousand dollars per copy*. As a matter of course, works of such magnitude were of necessity at that time manufactured in Great Britain. This work was sold by subscription, the largest sales were in the South, the planters being large buyers of expensive books in the old plantation days. Audubon died at Audubon-Park-on-the-Hudson, where his sons resided.

Mr. Francis was also the publisher of the works of William Ellery Channing, William Ware, whose "Zenobia"

was so popular; also the sermons of Rev. Orville Dewey and Rev. Henry W. Bellows, all of whom were authors of Unitarian books. Mr. Francis' store was the headquarters of that denomination, a very natural consequence, as he was christened by Rev. William E. Emerson, a prominent Unitarian clergyman, and the father of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Another of Mr. Francis' popular authors in those days was the late Caroline M. Kirkland, whose "A New Home, who'll Follow," a very clever book, giving an account of her sojourn in the Western wilds, was so well received by the literary public.

Mrs. Kirkland, as many of my readers will remember, occupied a well deserved place in American literature. In 1848, while sojourning in London, the *Union Magazine*, of which she was the editor, was suspended, very much to her surprise. It was at that time jointly published by John Sartain, of Philadelphia, and Israel Post, of New York. In a letter to Mr. Francis, dated London, September 7th, 1848, she says: "My little world has been turned upside down, as I hear—the *Union* is dissolved for *Sartain!* and I am—nowhere. This is delightful to return to England from the Continent, to find one's office gods shivered against a *post*."

Mr. Francis is full of interesting reminiscences of authors and publishers. In an old number of the *New York American* which he has preserved, dated April 3d, 1837, eight columns are devoted to an account of the booksellers' dinner, a complimentary entertainment given by the New York book trade to authors and men of letters, and to publishers and booksellers from Boston and Philadelphia, at the City Hotel, on the 30th of the previous month. The entertainers with their guests numbered about three hundred. Among the eminent men were, John Trumbull, Albert Gallatin, Chancellor Kent, J. K. Paulding, Fitz Greene Halleck and William Cullen Bryant. The committee of arrangements on behalf of the New York Trade, were

David Felt, Fletcher Harper, George Dearborn, William Jackson, John Keese, H. Z. Pratt, George B. Collins, William Robinson, and George P. Putnam. John Keese the witty book publisher—afterwards trade-sale auctioneer,—gave the address of welcome which was enthusiastically received. Among other toasts was the following from Samuel T. Armstrong, at that time the oldest bookseller in Boston.

“The booksellers of New York : liberal, enterprising and prosperous. May prosperity still wait on their enterprise, and enterprise follow prosperity.”

The toast, after repeated calls, was responded to by James Harper, as follows :

He said he was at a loss to know why he should be singled out to respond to the compliment of Governor Armstrong, as there were many of the trade present greatly his seniors. Besides, it was well known to his brethren, that he was no orator—that it was entirely out of his line to make speeches—that he was simply an humble maker of books—and that this alone was his profession. Therefore, although the subject and the occasion were of a highly prolific character—still he should not attempt a speech for if he should, he would assuredly find himself in the dilemma of a certain Massachusetts orator, who, while addressing a public assembly, unfortunately lost the thread of his discourse, and, hesitating to recover his lost ideas, was addressed from the gallery by a raw country lad, “I say, Mister, I guess you’re stuck!” And Mr. President (added Mr. H., after a pause), so am I!

The most remarkable incident of the occasion was the remarks made by Washington Irving, probably the longest address on record from that author.

Mr. Washington Irving being called upon for a toast, rose and said, that he meant to propose the health of an individual whom he was sure all present would delight to honor—of Samuel Rogers, the poet.

“Mr. Irving observed, that in a long intimacy with Mr. Rogers, he had ever found him an enlightened and liberal

friend of America and Americans. Possessing great influence in the world of literature and the fine arts in Great Britain, from his acknowledged soundness of judgment and refinement of taste, he had often exerted it in the kindest and most gracious manner, in fostering, encouraging and bringing into notice the talents of youthful American artists. He had also manifested on all occasions the warmest sympathy in the success of American writers, and the promptest disposition to acknowledge and point out their merits. I am led to these remarks," added Mr. Irving, "by a letter received yesterday from Mr. Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Halleck's poems which I had sent to him, and expressing his opinion of their merits." Mr. Irving here read the following extract from the letter:

"'With Mr. Halleck's poems, I was already acquainted—particularly with the two first in the volume; and I cannot say how much I admired them always. They are better than anything we can do just now on our side the Atlantic. (Hear, hear!) I hope he will not be idle, but continue long to delight us. When he comes here again, he must not content himself with looking on the outside of my house, as I am told he did once—but knock and ring, and ask for me as for an old acquaintance. (Cheers.) I should say, indeed if I am here to be found—for if he or you, my dear friends, delay your coming much longer, I shall have no hope of seeing either of you on this side the grave.'"

"(Mr. Rogers is now in his seventy-fifth year, and has recently been much out of health.)*"

Mr. Irving concluded by giving as a toast:

"Samuel Rogers—the friend of American genius."

In looking over the long list of names of those present at this festival, I do not find one who still survives with the single exception of the subject of this sketch, whose toast on that occasion was as follows:

By C. S. Francis. "The author of 'The Linwoods'—in the midst of the bright lights around us, let us not forget those at *home*."†

* Mr. Rogers died in 1855, at the age of ninety-three.

† Referring to Catherine M. Sedgwick's new book.

J. S. REDFIELD.

Another Veteran of the Book trade—William Gilmore Simms and his Romances—Rufus W. Griswold's friendly aid to Authors—Edgar Allan Poe finds a Publisher—Redfield's defense of Griswold—"Give these young Scribblers Jesse"—Poe tells how he wrote the "Raven"—"You have more Brass in New York than we in Philadelphia."

ANOTHER old-time publisher whose name was well-known in the book world fifty years ago, still lives, and, like Mr. Francis, can interest his hearers with accounts of the notable authors he has met and whose literary productions bore his imprint as publisher.

I refer to J. S. Redfield, whose list of publications at one time included the works of William Gilmore Simms, Alice Cary, Caroline Cheesebro, Edgar Allan Poe, Cornelius Matthews and many other American authors.

Mr. Redfield's editions of the novels of William Gilmore Simms, then the most noted of Southern authors, are now published by A. C. Armstrong & Sons in seventeen volumes. Mr. Redfield says that twenty years before he knew Mr. Simms, he had read with intense interest his border stories, "Yemasee," and "Guy Rivers," also "The Partisan," and other of his Revolutionary romances, and this reading influenced him to undertake the republication of the works of that notable novelist. Edgar Allen Poe in a review of one of Mr. Simms, "Martin Faber," thus speaks of that author as a writer :

"The fiction of Mr. Simms gives indication, we repeat, of genius, and that of no common order. Had he been even a Yankee, this genius would have been rendered immediately manifest to his countrymen, but unhappily (perhaps) he was a Southerner, and united the Southern pride—the Southern dislike to the making of

bargains—with the Southern supineness and general want of tact in all matters relating to the making of money. His book, therefore, depended entirely upon its own intrinsic value and resources, but with these it made its way in the end.

“The ‘intrinsic value,’ consists: first, of a very vigorous imagination in the conception of the story: secondly, in artistic skill manifested in its conduct: thirdly, in general vigor, life, movement—the whole resulting in deep interest on the part of the reader. These high qualities Mr. Simms has carried with him in his subsequent books, and they are qualities which, above all others, the fresh and vigorous intellect of America should and does esteem.”

Simms' life of General Francis Marion, a work of great historic value, was published by my firm and always sold steadily and largely.

Mr. Redfield was the first New York publisher for Alice Cary. A volume of her poems and also her “Clovernook” stories, were brought to him by Rufus W. Griswold, who Mr. Redfield says, not only prepared the copy for the press but read the proofs, and, through his painstaking attention, all of her works as they appeared were well noticed by the press; thus much of her earlier literary reputation was due to Dr. Griswold's friendly services.

Among other of Mr. Redfield's authors was the late Caroline Cheesebro, who has written some very excellent books now out of print. None of her volumes proved commercially a success, although she ranked well among the litterati of her day. Her books deserved to be successful, but literary success was not meted out to her. The last two productions from her pen were published by my firm.

The most important of all of Mr. Redfield's publications, however were the works of Edgar Allan Poe. It was also through Dr. Griswold that he was induced to undertake the publication of Poe's works, now one of the most popular authors of the day. Dr. Griswold had offered the works to nearly all the leading publishers, who declined to undertake the publication. He finally persua-

ded Mr. Redfield to try the experiment of issuing two volumes first, which were published and had a fair sale—then the third, and finally the fourth volume were added to complete the works. The sale reached about fifteen hundred sets every year. The copyright was paid at first to Mr. Poe, and after his death to his mother-in-law, Mrs. Clemm, who received the copyright on several editions. She came to Mr. Redfield one day in a great strait—saying she was going to Baltimore to enter a home for aged females. She wanted to raise two hundred and fifty dollars, and if he would let her have that amount, she would relinquish all claims to copyright. Mr. Redfield hesitated at first, but finally yielded to her importunities and paid her the money, thus becoming owner of the copyright as well as stereotype plates of Poe's complete works. Mrs. Clemm removed to Baltimore, where, soon after, she died.

Mr. Redfield's successor, the late W. J. Widdleton, became the owner of Poe's works, and subsequently sold them to A. C. Armstrong & Son, who are now the publishers of a new and revised edition.

Mr. Redfield thinks great injustice has been done by certain critics to Rev. Dr. Griswold, in reflecting upon him as Poe's biographer.

In a recent letter to me, he says: "Griswold never received a cent for his labors. Poe named him as his literary executor, shortly before he died, although they had quarreled not long before. Griswold's labor was no joke. Few men would have undertaken it with no hope of reward. It is fashionable now-a-days to throw mud at him. Knowing as I did, both of the men, and knowing also how assiduously Griswold labored to say everything he could in the biography in Poe's favor, it is very annoying to read these things. The matter of the biography was all read over to me, talked and discussed before printing, and I *know* he did his best to 'set down naught in malice.' He was obliged, as he thought, to state the facts in all cases, and he did state them, favorably as he could to Poe. I *know*

he tried to do so. Now he is accused everywhere by people who know nothing about it, of vilely slandering Poe. I had a better opportunity than anyone else to know all about it, and I know he did not. If I had not entirely rusted out of the use of the pen, I should like to write a magazine article on Griswold and Poe, and would give these young scribblers 'Jesse,' who are so fond of throwing mud at Griswold and lauding Poe."

Another author on Mr. Redfield's list was Cornelius Matthews, who was the editor in connection with the late Evert A. Duyckinck, of a literary magazine of considerable merit called "*Arcturus*, a journal of Books and Opinion," in which appeared his "Career of Puffer Hopkins," afterwards published in book form. Edgar Allan Poe, said at the time, of "*Arcturus*": "It is decidedly the very best magazine in some respects ever published in the United States." Mr. Matthews also was the author of some well-written works of fiction and Indian legendary lore.

Mr. Matthews knew Mr. Poe very well, was a personal friend, and often saw him at his editorial rooms, as well as at his city residence and his home in Fordham, of which the following interesting account is given me in a recent letter received from him.

* * * * *

"On the next occasion the author of the 'Rue Morgue,' appeared in a different light. It was at the bedside of his wife Virginia, his cousin, the daughter of Mrs. Clemm, then lying very sick in their chambers on East Broadway. His bearing was brave, sympathetic and affectionate, that of the *gentleman* in grief."

"My next interview with this singular genius had a less serious complexion. He, now a widower, settled in a little cottage on the rocks at Fordham, just across Harlem Bridge. There was quite a little party gathered to take tea with Poe and his mother-in-law and aunt, Mrs. Clemm. When we were summoned into the supper-room we found to the open-eyed wonder of the company, the floor laid

with a brand-new rag carpet, an ample table, sumptuous with delicacies, and Mrs. Clemm at the head of the table, decanting, from a new silver-plated urn, amber coffee, which glowed as it fell in the light of the setting sun. All this was in strong contravention of Poe's proclaimed abject poverty, unless observers had brought to mind that the equipage represented in part of the proceeds of a libel suit collected by the poet in the previous week from Hiram Fuller, editor of the *Evening Mirror*. We walked about the roads after supper discoursing on one subject and another, in which the poet took part, confining himself as usual to abstract subjects and analytic disquisitions. Much as he had traveled, and much as he must have seen, I never heard an anecdote nor personal trait nor incident or circumstance having any color in it as introduced by him."

"Another occasion in keeping with Poe's character was an encounter with him at the old Olympic Theatre (Mitchell's), emerging from which together after the play, he invited me to join him in a stroll down Broadway. We had reached a lamp-post at the foot of the City Hall Park, then standing on the site of the present post-office. He brought up along side of the post, and embracing it partially, proceeded to give me the history of the "Raven," which was then beginning to command attention in the literary world. The explanation was substantially this: That when he made up his mind to write a poem that should be popular, he took into account these conditions. First, it must be of such length as to be embraced at one reading. Secondly, it must be serious and sentimental, rather than light and romantic. To this end also, the measure should be rather long than short. In the next place, it must have a refrain melodious and mournful. The word so chosen was "Nevermore," beyond which in the qualities required, no word in the language could go. Read the "Raven," and you will find all these ingredients and essentials faithfully provided. And now, continued Mr. Matthews, we have announced but not builded a monu-

ment to be erected in Central Park, to "That illustrious poet, Edgar Allan Poe."

Among the amusing anecdotes connected with the book trade, Mr. Redfield relates the following :

Some of the older members of the trade will have pleasant remembrances of the late John Doyle, an Irish Catholic publisher and bookseller, who did business in the city for many years. He was a good deal of a wag and was very fond of a joke, and it was not easy to get ahead of him. When he and Mayor Harper met, the sparks used to fly. At a trade-sale in Boston years ago, which was attended generally by the booksellers, Doyle among the rest, the invoice of J. B. Lippincott, was begun with some very elegant family Bibles, in superb binding, and heavily-gilt clasps. Some one bid three dollars a piece. "Why, gentlemen," said Lippincott's representative, "these clasps alone on this Bible cost five dollars." Doyle was sitting directly in front of the auctioneer's stand. He got up and examined the Bible and stamps, and says: "Why, Mr. Lippincott, we can buy such stamps as these in New York for two dollars and a half!" "Yes, Mr. Doyle," was the reply, "but you know, you have more *brass* in New York than we have in Philadelphia." The roar that shook that salesroom made the welkin ring, and Doyle subsided.

DANIEL BIXBY.

A Publisher can keep a Hotel—A famous literary Resort—Fenimore Cooper's city Home—Fitz Greene Halleck, and the Astors—Interesting Letter 'o Bixby—He meets London Celebrities—"You see him before you now"—Bixby's quiet Retirement.

THE problem was solved more than thirty years ago, that a good man could publish good books, and also keep a good hotel.

Daniel Bixby had twenty-two years' experience in the

bookselling business at Lowell, Massachusetts, before he removed to New York. While a bookseller in the former place he published Cousin's "Philosophy of the Beautiful," Southey's "Chronicles of the Cid," Goethe's "Correspondence with a Child" and "Faust," the last named from the prose translation of Abraham Hayward, whose recent death in London at an advanced age, has been widely noted. This edition is now published by James R. Osgood & Co., and I believe is the only prose translation of that great German writer.

I once asked Mr. Bixby how he came to begin the publication of such choice books in a country town.

He replied, that his own tastes were in that direction, and that he had some literary friends, who wanted him to publish something that no other bookseller had done or would do.

The publication of those volumes was so successful, that he determined to remove to New York, and continue the publishing business on a larger scale.

Removing to the city and not finding a suitable location Mr. Bixby was offered at a great bargain the lease of a hotel at the corner of Broadway and Park Place, and, although he had no experience whatever in that line, he accepted the offer with the determination to make it not only a good hotel but an inviting resort for his bookselling friends.

Bixby's Hotel, as many of my readers will remember, became the favorite resort of publishers, booksellers and authors. Often in the large parlors of the hotel, many of the literary celebrities would congregate to discuss the topics of the day.

Among others, J. Fenimore Cooper, Fitz Greene Halleck, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Bayard Taylor, Rufus Griswold, and Alice and Phœbe Cary, the latter three residing there during the first year of Mr. Bixby's hotel experience.

J. Fenimore Cooper was a very peculiar man about his hotel accommodations. Hisson-in-law, Henry F. Phinney—afterwards of the firm of Ivison & Phinney—called one day to see Mr. Bixby concerning accommodations for his father-in-law, who, he said, was a very difficult person to suit when away from home, because of his exacting requirements. Mr. Bixby told Mr. Phinney that when Mr. Cooper came to his hotel, his own room would always be at his disposal, so that he could always depend on having the same apartments. Mr. Cooper always felt at home at Bixby's Hotel, and his presence there was pleasant, agreeable, and delightful. He received many calls from the literati of New York and vicinity soon as his arrival in the city became known.

When Hawthorne came there he was generally accompanied by either W. D. Ticknor or James T. Fields. He left Bixby's Hotel on the morning of his departure for Europe to assume the lucrative position of United States Consul at Liverpool, to which he had been appointed by his classmate at college, Franklin Pierce, then President of the United States.

Fitz Greene Halleck was a constant guest and was very fond of that part of the city. Every day after breakfast, and again after dinner at the hotel, he would go down to Bowling Green, there to meet his old acquaintances. At that time he was one of the trustees of the Astor Library, and always spoke very kindly of its founder, and of his son, William B. Astor, and in the warmest terms of the pleasant relations they held towards each other.

Mr. Bixby remained in the locality referred to, nine years, when he removed his hotel up town to the corner of Broadway and Eleventh Street. Mr. Halleck's home at that time was in Guilford, Connecticut, and that he did not take readily to Mr. Bixby's change of locality may be seen from the following letter, of which Mr. Bixby has favored me with a copy.

“ Guildford, Connecticut,

“ May 3rd, 1858.

“ MY DEAR MR. BIXBY:

“ On my return home I am favored with the circular announcing your intention of taking for your establishment a more aristocratic position, and placing it among the ‘Upper ten.’ I take pleasure for your sake in congratulating you upon this removal, and I hope and trust that it will be advantageous to you in all respects. Still, for my own sake, I cannot but regret it, for I fear that you will be too far ‘up’ for my purpose while I am a visitor in your city, and I am certain to be the loser of a good home which your old and favorite house has so often and so agreeably proved itself to be for me during the seven or eight years past.

“ The experience of our late friend, Mr. Cooper, the novelist, which preceded mine, enabled him to recommend it highly to me, and he as you know had a very high standard of domestic comfort, and never willingly overpraised anything; and my own experience has most pleasantly confirmed his opinion of its merits.

“ Allow me to add that I feel greatly indebted to your personal courtesy, for frequent introductions to the gentlemen, your guests, among whom I am now proud to number many of my most valuable acquaintances.

“ Repeating best wishes for your perfect success in your new enterprise, I beg you to believe me, my dear sir,

“ Truly yours,

“ FITZ GREENE HALLECK.”

In 1841, the year after Mr. Bixby’s publication of Hayward’s “Faust,” he took with him to London, a letter of introduction from Charles Sumner, to the translator. Mr. Hayward received him very cordially, introducing him to many distinguished persons, among others, the banker poet, Rogers, who entertained Mr. Bixby at breakfast.

On another occasion, Mr. Bixby called with the celebrated publisher, Henry G. Bohn, with whom he had long been on friendly terms. The latter was very anxious to meet George Bancroft, then representing the United States at the court of St. James. Mr. Bixby introduced the publisher to the historian and diplomat. The visit was a memorable one, as Mr. Bixby met there Hallam and Alison, the great historians, and also had the

good fortune to see the original manuscript of Woodfall's "Junius," which the publisher's grandson had brought with him to show to Mr. Bancroft, and these pages, as a matter of course, were examined with curious interest.

Soon after James Russell Lowell was appointed United States Minister to Great Britain, Mr. Bixby called upon him with a note of introduction from a mutual friend. Mr. Lowell during their conversation said to Mr. Bixby, "There was a gentleman of your name who published Hayward's translation of Faust, in Lowell, forty years ago, whom I would very much like to meet, to thank him for the good work he did to the literary world at that time, in bringing out that volume.—"Well," replied Mr. Bixby, "if it would prove any gratification to you to meet that gentleman, you see him before you now."

Mr. Bixby has resided in quiet retirement for many years, at the New York Hotel, in this city, spending his summer months, however, in Europe.

XL.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Mary Russell Mitford's Tribute—Writes for Jack Downing's "Tover"—Finds a Friend in N. P. Willis—Meets a Friend in Bayard Taylor—"I am he"—"My name is Stoddard"—Stoddard receives his first Ten Dollars—Prints a Book and sells two Copies—Baron Humboldt and Bayard Taylor—Loves and Heroines of the Poets—Oliver B. Bunce and "Don't"—Wittiest Woman in America—Distinguished Compliment from Bryant—The Wife of a Poet.

IN one of Mary Russell Mitford's letters to the late James T. Fields, she says: "Mr. Stoddard is one of the poets of whom America may well be proud."* This was said more than thirty years ago, soon after Ticknor, Reed & Fields had published his first volume of poems. America is proud of Mr. Stoddard's poetical talents, and no critic of authority will deny that that writer possesses the true poetic gift of imaginative composition.

Beginning at an early age to write verses, his first printed contribution in rhyme appeared in 1843, when about nineteen years old, in the *Rover*, a literary paper, edited by Seba Smith, himself a poet,—author of "Pocahontas,"

*"I dined, the other day, with dear old Miss Mitford, who has your book; but it is always lent to somebody or other and liked by all, which should encourage you, for their judgment on your poems, is like that of posterity."—*Bayard Taylor's Letter to Stoddard.*

published about that time by Harper & Brothers. (Mr. Smith is better known as the author of the celebrated "Major Jack Downing Letters," which were so famous forty years ago, and of which Lord Brougham once said : "The Jack Downing humor is the irony of a statesman.")* Mr. Stoddard says, Mr. Smith was a success as a delineator of Yankee humor but the *Rover* was not.

Soon after this Mr. Stoddard took to N. P. Willis a few manuscript poems, and asked if he would be kind enough to read them and write his opinion. Some weeks later the young poet called at the office of the *Home Journal*, where he found a note from Mr. Willis, which read as follows : "I should think the writer of these poems had genius enough to make a reputation. Pruning, trimming and condensing is necessary to make them what they should be ; the same labor was necessary to Lord Byron's genius, and that of Tom Moore. It is hard work to do, but well paid when done."

These words were the first real encouragement that he had ever received, and Mr. Stoddard further says, that no young person possessing any kind of talent ever appealed to N. P. Willis without receiving aid and encouragement. When Bayard Taylor, who was always a favorite with Mr. Willis, returned from Europe, the first time, he took the letters which he had written to a Philadelphia paper to Wiley & Putnam to publish in book form, and that firm agreed to do so, provided Mr. Willis would write an introduction for the same, and this secured the publication of "Views Afoot."

Not long after this, young Stoddard sent some verses to Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, who had just become editor of the *Union Magazine*, and in that she published the second

* A humorous volume of Yankee sketches by the same author, entitled, "Way Down East," was published by Derby & Jackson in 1855. Mr. Smith also subsequently published on his own account, "My Thirty Years out of the United States Senate"—by Jack Downing.

poem he ever had printed. Mr. Stoddard speaks of Mrs. Kirkland with much feeling, as she was very kind to him, placing her library at his disposal and aiding him by suggestion and advice which proved of great value to him in those early days of his literary struggles.

When Mr. Stoddard visited her on one occasion, she showed him the manuscript of Edgar Allen Poe's "Ula-lume" and asked him to read it, and give his opinion. After complying with her request, he told her, he could not understand it. She said that it had been offered for publication in the "*Union Magazine*," but that it would be returned to its author. In 1848, Mrs. Kirkland went to Europe* leaving the Magazine in charge of Bayard Taylor. She told Mr. Stoddard, that during her absence, he had better call upon the latter, as he would be sure to like him.

Mr. Stoddard did not delay in complying with that friendly lady's suggestion, and with the following result.

"The first time I ever set foot in an editorial office was the day I sought Bayard Taylor in the editorial room of the *Tribune*. If it had occurred a few years later I should write editorial rooms; but at that time a single room had to suffice for all the editors and reporters, and a shabby old room it was. My recollection is that it was on the top floor of the *Tribune* Building, which then, as now, was set apart for the compositors, and that when I reached it, after climbing several pairs of dark stairs, I saw a score or more of these dingy men of letters working at their cases. I asked for Mr. Taylor, and was directed to two desks, placed back to back, in the middle of the room, and littered over with books and papers, pens, ink, and paper, a paste-pot, and a large pair of shears. At their desks, facing each other, sat two men, whose heads were bent down over what they were writing. 'Is Mr. Bayard Taylor here?' I asked, and the man who was farthest from me looked up, and said, 'I am here.' 'My name is Stoddard,' I replied, 'and I have come to see if you can use in the *Union Magazine*'—I named something of mine which Mrs. Kirk-

* See ante, p. 582.

land had left in his hands before her departure for Europe, or which I had sent to him as the then occupant of her chair editorial, and was gratified to learn that he not only could, but would, use that immortal production, and very speedily. My impression is that he rose from his desk when he answered my question, for I have a vision of him as he was then, before me now. He was larger than I, somewhat tall, indeed, with an erect figure, a look of activity and manliness, a roman, or rather aquiline, nose, thin nostrils, tender, loving eyes, and the dark, ringleted hair which I had always associated with the head of a poet—a remembrance, no doubt, of the portraits of Byron. What he said must have been very kind, for it went straight to my heart. I needed a friend, and I felt that I had found one. . . .

“There is a critical period in the career of most men of letters, upon which much in their after life depends. I had reached such a period when I met Bayard Taylor, and from that day my life, which had gone on darkling like an underground river, flashed out into the sunshine with a jubilant song.

“It was understood between Bayard Taylor and myself, that we were to meet as often as possible, which, under the circumstances wherein we found ourselves, was not likely to be more than once or twice a week. He had his daily work to do, and I had mine, for to neither had fate granted the ripe, poetic leisure that he craved. There was one night in the week which both could call his own (Saturday night), and when that came we were sure to spend it together. What did we do, and what did we say, on those ambrosial nights? Our doing was mostly confined to the smoking of indifferent cigars, our talking was entirely confined to literature, to the books that we were reading, and the poems that we were writing. We were young, we were simple, and we were very enthusiastic. Different in many things, we were alike in our love of poetry, and in our belief that we were poets. At any rate, I was sure that Bayard Taylor was a poet, who had written nobly, and would write more nobly still. I felt a fresh intellectual growth in him every time we met, and every new poem of his that he read to me, was more wonderful than the last. I looked up to Bayard Taylor then, as I had never looked up to man before, and as I have never looked up to man since. He knew more than I knew, not merely of the world of men, in which he mingled and I did not; but in the world of books, wherein he was more largely and more carefully read than I. He was comparatively learned when

I was absolutely ignorant. I compared my verse with his verse, and always to the disadvantage of my own. There was a splendor and a grandeur in what he wrote, a wild, stormy music in his rhythm, and a sense of magnificence in his color, which I was hopeless of attaining. Beyond all other qualities, I admired his originality and imagination. I never think of those Saturday nights in Bayard Taylor's sky-parlor in Murray Street, without recalling Cowley's noble poem on the death of Mr. William Harvey, particularly the fifth and eighth stanzas:

“ ‘ Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights,
 Till the Lydæan stars, so famed for love,
 Wondered at us from above.
 We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry,
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.’ ”

“ My feeling for Bayard Taylor, and our common feeling for poetry, inspired me at this time to add what I thought was a sonnet to my worthless rhymes. It was to the effect that we were squires of poesy, behind the belted knights, whose prowess fired us to do what noble deeds remained.”*

Mr. Stoddard had contributed some poems to the *Union Magazine*, and wanting some money, called on Israel Post, the publisher, and received ten dollars, which was the first money he had ever received for his literary work.

In the fall of 1848, Mr. Stoddard collected the various poems he had written for the *Knickerbocker* and other magazines and had them printed in a little volume called “Foot Prints,” which reached the extraordinary sale of *two copies!* After which the limited edition which was printed at the young author's expense was committed by him to the flames except one copy, which he still retains as, he says, a monument of his youthful indiscretion.

* From recollections of Bayard Taylor, contributed to the *New York Independent*—by R. H. Stoddard.

In 1853, Mr. Stoddard was appointed to a position in the Custom House through the influence of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had recommended the appointment. This was during the administration of Hawthorne's friend, President Pierce,—which position he held for seventeen years, writing continually during that period for magazines and papers.

Mr. Stoddard's next book was the *Life of Baron Humboldt*, who had recently died.

Mr. Carleton, the publisher, engaged him to write it, but on condition that Bayard Taylor should write the introduction, the latter not only being a friend of Baron Humboldt's, but at that time already something of a traveler himself. For this work Mr. Stoddard received six hundred dollars, the largest amount he had ever received for any literary work. The book was a successful undertaking, owing, no doubt, to Bayard Taylor's introduction, as the country booksellers sold it for Taylor's *Life of Humboldt*.

In the year 1860, Mr. Stoddard prepared for my firm a large and attractive volume, entitled "The Loves and Heroines of the Poets," which consisted of biographical sketches, pertinent to the subject. *The Atlantic Monthly*, in a notice of the book said, "It is a happy thought happily realized;" and Mr. Bryant also said, "Mr. Stoddard has admirably executed his task in every respect."

The volume was illustrated with elegant steel portraits. It was suggested by me to Mr. Stoddard, who afterwards concluded to extend the plan of the work beyond that proposed, inducing him to make a collection of the old English poets, the beginning of a library of English poetry, which is said to be a very good one for an American scholar to possess. From this library he prepared the beautiful volume entitled "Madrigals from the Old English Poets."

Mr. W. J. Linton, the artist, who has been connected with Mr. Stoddard in making one of these collections, Mr. Stoddard considers a remarkable man,—a genius in art and literature.—He also looks upon Mr. Oliver B. Bunce as the

most admirable book-maker he ever knew, whose exquisite literary tastes, tact and adaptations he considers most remarkable.

Mr. Bunce would no doubt say in reply to any such praise as this, "Don't!"*

The Bric-a-Brac Series, of which Mr. Stoddard is editor, was projected by the late Blair Scribner. It is completed in ten volumes, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, proving a great literary success, nearly one hundred thousand volumes having been sold, and for which literary work he has already received a liberal sum.

Mr. Stoddard has been on familiar terms with most of the literary people of the day; he became acquainted with the Cary Sisters soon after their arrival in New York. Alice Cary he considered a natural born poet—she wrote very rapidly, and entirely from feeling. She once said to him, that she frequently wrote two or three poems a day, and without correction. She had an instinctive genius which art would have made a great deal of; the very want of art and the natural feeling that her poems expressed made them so popular, with that large class of readers with whom poetry is a feeling and not an art. The tenderness and the pathos contained in them went right home to simple people, and this accounts, Mr. Stoddard thinks, for the commercial success of her published volumes.

Mr. Stoddard thinks Phœbe Cary the best parodist that America ever produced.

He says her parodies were sometimes superior to the originals. Bayard Taylor wrote a California ballad called "Manuela," and she parodied it as "Martha Hopkins." The merit of her parody was not merely that she paraphrased the text of the author comically, but that for every serious

* A little *brochure*, just published by D. Appleton & Co., entitled "Don't," of which Mr. Bunce is author; more than fifty thousand copies have been sold. Mr. Bunce is also the author of "Bachelor Bruff," a charming little volume of essays—and "My House," an ideal volume, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

situation in his poem she found a corresponding comical one. Mr. Taylor was very much complimented by this parody, as he should have been. Mr. Stoddard says he never knew her equal among women, as to wit. She had both humor and wit. The quality of her wit was like that of Douglas Jerrold, with the difference, that his was lightning that flashed and killed his victim, whereas hers, though equally instantaneous, was the summer heat lightning that did no harm. It was just the same flash.

Probably the very last letter ever written by Mr. Bryant was to his friend Stoddard, and it is produced here as an evidence of the painstaking kindness of Mr. Bryant.

On the 27th of May, having received from Mr. Stoddard, a poem of which his opinion was asked, Mr. Bryant wrote the following reply, still showing the same friendly interest as he did when he had looked over the manuscripts of Dana and Hillhouse, his willingness to serve a brother poet :

“Roslyn, May 27th, 1878,

“I like your poem much, and am charmed with its beautiful ending. You ask for my criticism. It will not be of much value; but since you desire it, I will point out a few places where I would make a change if I were the author.

“Stanza III. ‘Their hearts rebellious cried’—an unpleasant inversion if ‘rebellious’ be an adjective, and not very good grammar if it be an abverb. ‘Rebelling’ would be better, *me judice*.

“Stanza V. Two ‘fors’ in two successive lines.

“Stanza VI. ‘And other horsemen’—if for ‘other’ one were to substitute some adjective in the comparative degree, as ‘fiercer’ it would give the passage more force.

“Stanza X. ‘Would never have permitted it so long’ seems to me prosaic.

“Stanza XIII. ‘Such strength as you displayed.’ ‘Displayed,’ for ‘put forth’ or some such word is not quite right.

“Stanza XVI. ‘Superstructures.’ I should have preferred ‘structures’ with some alteration of the stanza to give it the required length.

“Same Stanza—‘and batter against’—why not beat ?

“Stanza XIX. Second line something omitted.

“Stanza XXII. ‘Produces’ for ‘brings forth.’

“Stanza XIX. Another phrase in this stanza which I do not like is ‘and all triumphal strains.’ I do not quite see its pertinency. There is in Stanza IV. a grammatical slip, ‘the hand of God was *lain*.’

“You see that although I have read your poem several times over, I have gleaned very little in the way of objection, and nothing to the thought or plan, which is excellent. Looking again at Stanza V. the line ‘And all men have submitted to his reign,’ strikes me as wanting in force. If the meaning were extended to every living thing, it seems to me that something would be gained in vigor of expression. But the blemishes I have noticed are trivial ones, and all of them may not seem such to others.

“Faithfully yours,

“W. C. B.”

Mr. Stoddard has been a resident of New York for nearly half a century, and is at present connected with the editorial department of the New York *Evening Mail*, to which position he is eminently fitted, by his long experience as a literary critic. As a poet, Mr. Stoddard ranks in public estimation with his friends and fellow poets, Edmund C. Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich, contributing more frequently, however, to magazines and other literary journals of the day.

Mr. Stoddard’s wife, Elizabeth B. Stoddard, is the author of three clever novels, “The Morgesons,” published by G. W. Carleton, in 1862; “Two Men,” published in 1865; and “Temple House,” published in 1867. She has also contributed sketches in prose and poetry to the principal magazines of the country. A lady of cultivated tastes, she is a very efficient aid to her husband in his literary pursuits.

The pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard is filled with many mementoes of their literary and artistic tastes, gathered together with much care, during their eventful literary career.

XLI.

TWO VETERAN EDITORS AND AUTHORS.

REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

Five Generations of a Book-Making Family—An Author who never sought a Publisher—Authorized Life of Professor Morse—Dr. Prime on His Travels—A thousand a year from Harpers—How a Profound Secret is Kept—Printing-Office Destroyed by fire—Narrow Escape of the Editors—Quick Writing and Quick Printing.

IN the library of Dr. Prime's study are manuscripts and printed books of five generations of the Prime family. Of these five generations of book-making people, there has never been an infidel or a prodigal. There are more than one hundred volumes of these works, and every one of those volumes has a right to have the name of Prime on its title-page. In this library is a copy which lacks only three years of being three hundred years old of the "Exposition and Observations of St. Paul," by John Prime. There is also a Greek Testament, which has been used by five successive generations in the same family.

Dr. Prime never went to a publisher in his life to offer any of his books for publication, they always came to him. The first book that he ever wrote was called "Elizabeth

Thornton," published forty years ago by M. W. Dodd, who was at that time the publisher of Dr. Gardner Spring's works. Mr. Dodd, whom I knew more than forty years ago, has long since retired from the business, in which he was succeeded by the present house of Dodd, Mead & Co.

The executors of the estate of Professor Samuel F. B. Morse applied to Dr. Prime to write his life; he consented very reluctantly to do so, and produced a work of great interest, making a large octavo volume, which was published in 1875 by D. Appleton & Co.

In his last will and testament, Professor Morse gave to his executors authority "to place his manuscripts in the hands of some suitable person, for the purpose of examining and using the same in preparing a biographical or historical note relating to himself." The family of the great inventor, and the executors of his estate united in an urgent request, that the author of this volume would take charge of the papers, and prepare and present to the public a biography of Professor Morse, in such a style that it would be generally read.

Professor Morse and Dr. Prime had been intimate friends for many years. The brothers of Professor Morse, Sidney E. and Richard C., were the founders of the New York *Observer*.

Professor Morse invented the telegraph in 1832, and Dr. Prime became acquainted with him in 1840, when he was engaged upon it, but had not perfected it. Dr. Prime says that Professor Morse never seemed to be elated at his great discovery, but had a feeling of intense solemnity in regard to it. He felt that God had used him as an instrument for the accomplishment of a great undertaking, and fully comprehended it. He told Dr. Prime that he saw no reason why we shouldn't go around the world with it, and afterwards conceived the idea of surrounding the globe with the wire, under the ocean and over the mountains.

The most popular book which Dr. Prime has written and that which has the largest sale, is his book of travels.

When he returned from his first journey in Europe, his letters during his absence having been published in the *Observer*, and having attracted considerable attention, he received offers, entirely unsought, from three different publishers, two in New York and one in Philadelphia, requesting him to furnish them with the book. Two of the publishers offered him twelve per cent.; Harper & Bros. offered fifteen per cent. copyright; he accepted the latter proposition, and the book was published by that house.

He had never written a line for this house previous to that time, but while he was engaged reading the proofs, and this book of travels was going to the press, they asked him to write for the magazine, and he accepted their proposal. From that time onward, for twelve years, he received from them on an average, more than a thousand dollars a year, for his contributions to that magazine. These were entirely anonymous, with the promise of secrecy. Before he entered into engagements with them he was living on a very limited salary and living up to it. This was in the year 1854, after having been fourteen years on the *Observer*.

Four years later he was offered an interest in that paper, and the money that he had made on "Harper's Magazine" alone, enabled him to make cash payments. He stated this fact to the late Fletcher Harper, at one time when they were dining together at Delmonico's, and they were both visibly affected.

At one time Dr. Prime said to the Harpers, "This Drawer in your Magazine contains a good many objectionable anecdotes, you sometimes admit a profane word, and sometimes allow matter that I do not think is in the highest degree delicate." Mr. James Harper interrupted him by saying, "Do you think you can make it any better?" The doctor said, "Certainly I do." Then Fletcher spoke up, said he, "Will you take an order?" "Yes," was the reply.

“Then,” said Harper, “we would like to have twenty pages.” Dr. Prime went home and in the course of a few days brought the twenty pages. From that time he went on with it, and they told him that they perceived, after he had been engaged on it some time, the Drawer sold more copies than any other contribution in the Magazine.

One day James T. Fields asked Fletcher Harper, “Who makes up your drawer?” The latter replied, “That is a profound secret.” “Yes,” said Field, “but I don’t ask the question from any idle curiosity; I should really like to know who the man is, who can get up such a mélange every month.” Fletcher said, “If you will keep it a profound secret I will tell you.” He promised to do so, and Fletcher told him it was made up by Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the Old School Presbyterian paper, the *New York Observer*. “Then,” said Field with surprise, “that is the greatest joke that has ever been in the drawer.”

Dr. Prime relates the following incident which occurred at a dinner given a few friends by the late Rev. Dr. Cummings of St. Stephen’s Church. “Fifteen or twenty gentlemen sat down; all but four were priests or eminent laymen of the Romish Church: Dr. Cummings at the head of the table, had two of us Protestants on one hand, and two on the other. The Austrian Consul presided at the other end of the long table. After we were seated, our host looking along the rows of guests, remarked with great glee, “Now we have these Protestants, we’ll roast them.” I returned his smile and said, “I thought we all belonged to the same sect.” “And which?” exclaimed some one. “The Society of Friends,” said I, and they gave me a cheer along the line, and did not try to roast a Protestant.

Dr. Cummings was in the prime and vigor of his life when disease overtook him, and with slow approaches wore his life away. His constitutional cheerfulness never failed him. I think an invitation he gave to our friend the late William A. Seaver, has no example in the speech of dying men of ancient and modern times. Socrates conversed

with his friends serenely. Philosophy and religion have both made death-beds cheerful. I have spoken of Dr. Cummings' love of music, and its exquisite culture at St. Stephen's. It was his pride and joy, and one who has no music in his soul, cannot understand his dying words. Mr. Seaver was in the habit of seeing him almost daily, and each visit was noted apparently to be the last. One day as the end was very near, and the two friends were parting, the dying said to the living, "Come to the funeral, the music will be splendid."

Of Dr. Prime's "Power of Prayer," published by Scribners, more than a hundred thousand were sold in this country and Great Britain, and two rival editions were published in France. It was also published in the East Indies in the Tamil language. This book has been the most widely circulated of any of Dr. Prime's works, and the latter thinks its usefulness has been greater than anything he has written in book-form.

On the 31st of January, 1882, the New York *Observer's* offices were destroyed by fire, and the four editors and proprietors, together with their assistants and clerks, had a very narrow escape with their lives. The son-in-law of Dr. Prime and his brother Edward escaped by walking along the ledge of the windows on the outside, and being taken through them into the *Times* office.

Dr. Prime has never recovered from the shock of this catastrophe so as to be able to speak of it without emotion. Not a scrap of paper was saved from this fire. The four outside pages of the *Observer* were printed and were lying down in the press-room in another street. The other four were destroyed in type. They were just ready to go to the press.

In the course of the day they resolved to restore the paper and go to press immediately, but the problem was how to get copy. Four of the editors had worked on the paper at the time it was destroyed, and each of them took a page to reproduce in such a way as he could. One took

the secular news, the other the religious news, another the advertising page, and the fourth—the editorial,—fell to Doctor Prime. He said that each of them ought to bring his page of copy the next morning, and that there should be no night work. This was about five o'clock in the afternoon. "Our health," said he, "is the first consideration; if we go through this awful calamity without sacrificing the life of any of us" (three of their men had been burned to death) "we shall have great occasion to be thankful. Let us employ the early hours of the evening, then go to bed, and, if possible, get a good sleep and come here tomorrow morning." They were then in a third story front room of the Astor House. Dr. Prime had not tasted anything since an early breakfast that morning. He sent over to the *Herald* office and asked them to send him two stenographers. They came over to his room in the Astor House at six o'clock. He said to them, "I want one of you to sit down and write an hour for me, and then I want the other one to take his copy and write it out." Doctor Prime then lay down upon the bed and proceeded to reproduce the destroyed editorial page of the *New York Observer*, to re-compose it. He could not recollect the subjects. His first dictation to this man was an account of the fire. He spoke with great feeling and earnestness, thrashing with his arms and knees to keep up the excitement. He was interrupted several times by persons coming to inquire if any news had been heard of those who had been burned. His son stood outside of the door to prevent interruption as much as possible. After Doctor Prime had spoken an hour he asked the stenographer how much he had probably got. The latter thought what he had taken would make about two columns and a half of the *Herald*. "Then," said Doctor Prime, "it will make three columns of the *Observer*." By this time the other man came and sat down, and Doctor Prime proceeded to orate to him on different subjects, such as he could recollect. At the end of an hour he asked him how much he

had, and found that he had enough to fill up the page, so that in two hours from the time he began he had a page of the *New York Observer* written. The next morning the stenographers returned with their copy written out and after looking it over and correcting it, it was handed to the printer. Thus one page of the *New York Observer* was produced in two hours, after a day of unparalleled excitement and confusion, and in the midst of the most profound agitation. Doctor Prime suffered no ill effects from the excitement and labor of that time. Each of the other editors produced their page, and they had four pages of the paper in the hands of the printer the next day after the fire. The *Tribune* association offered to do the printing and said they would put their entire force on it. The building was burned on Tuesday, on Wednesday the paper went into the hands of the printer, on Thursday it went to press, and on Friday the proprietors had the paper back in their office.

REV. HENRY MARTYN FIELD, D.D.

The Observer and the Evangelist—Early Life of Dr. Field—First Visit Abroad—Is a Witness of the French Revolution of 1848—"Letter from Rome"—Becomes an Editor in New York—"History of the Atlantic Telegraph" and other Books—Becomes a Great Traveller—Journey round the World—Publishes "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn"—"From Egypt to Japan"—"On the Desert," and "Among the Holy Hills."

THE name of the veteran editor of the *Observer* naturally suggests that of Dr. Henry M. Field, the editor of the *Evangelist*. The latter paper was not begun until some years after the *Observer*.

It was about the year 1830 that the revival labors of

Rev. Charles G. Finney produced a great excitement in the American churches, and especially in Central and Western New York, which demanded a paper that should minister to the new enthusiasm, and so the *Evangelist* was started by a number of ardent young men, of whom the late William E. Dodge was one, and exerted a powerful influence, not only in favor of Revivals, but of Temperance and Anti-Slavery.

Its course on these questions was more advanced than that of the *Observer*, which was regarded as the representative, and in that sense the organ, of the conservative portion of the Church, while the *Evangelist* aimed to be a leader of the progressive school.

The latter had been in existence nearly a quarter of a century before Dr. Field became connected with it. He was a native of Stockbridge, Mass., the son of a country minister, whose other sons, David Dudley Field, an eminent lawyer of New York, Justice Stephen J. Field, of the supreme court of the United States, and Cyrus W. Field, the projector of the Atlantic telegraph, are well known.

Henry M., the youngest son, followed his father's profession. At the age of twelve he entered Williams College, (which was also the alma mater of Dr. Prime,) graduated at sixteen, and immediately entered on the study of theology. After two years he was licensed to preach, though he continued his studies two years longer; but at the age of twenty, he went to St. Louis, and took charge of a Presbyterian church, and there began that active life which has continued for more than forty years. At St. Louis he remained nearly five years, when he resigned to go abroad.

A large part of the years 1847-8 he spent in Europe, where he was a witness of the French Revolution of 1848, of which he wrote a full account to the *New York Observer*, of which he was a correspondent. From Paris he went to Italy, where he was a witness of the revolutionary movements in Milan, Genoa, and Rome, on which he afterwards published an article in the *New Englander*.

Another fruit of his visit to Rome, was a pamphlet on "The Good and the Bad in the Roman Catholic Church," which was much more liberal towards that Church, than is common among Protestants. Returning to America he spent some months in New York, where he became acquainted with the families of the Irish exiles, Emmet, Tone, MacNeven, and Sampson, which led him to study that period of Irish history in which they had borne a part, and finally to write a book entitled "The Irish Confederates: and the Rebellion of 1798," which was published by Harper & Brothers. This was Dr. Field's first book.

About the same time he was settled over the Congregational church in West Springfield, Massachusetts, where he remained four years. While there he published several sermons and reviews.

In 1854, Dr. Field removed to New York, to become one of the editors and proprietors of the *Evangelist*, of which he is now the sole proprietor. After a continued service of thirty years, it is here that he has found his widest field and done his greatest work. But as it is the design of this volume to treat of authors rather than editors, it falls within its purpose to speak of his books rather than of his editorial career.

Dr. Field had married a French lady, long known in the society of New York for her remarkable powers of conversation, which quickened both his literary tastes and his fondness for travel. In 1858 they revisited Europe, extending their journey to Denmark on the North, and Italy on the South, the pleasant impressions of which were reproduced in a volume entitled "Summer Pictures: from Copenhagen to Venice."

It was during these years that Dr. Field's brother Cyrus was engaged in his daring project of laying a cable across the Atlantic Ocean—a work involving immense difficulties, which had repeated failures, and was only carried to success by the most heroic perseverance. With the progress of his brother's work Dr. Field was of course familiar,

and having the materials ready to his hand, he wrote the "History of the Atlantic Telegraph," which was published on the completion of the work in 1866. It is a full and authentic history of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times.

In 1867, Dr. Field went to Europe again, to attend the Paris Exposition of that year, which was the last of his visits in company with his wife, for in the year 1875 she died. This was the great blow of his life, breaking up his home and driving him abroad, accompanied now by a niece who had been one of his family from her childhood.

His travels now took a wider range than before. After six months in Europe, he crossed to Africa, spent some weeks in Egypt, going up the Nile, and then sailed for India, and so made the tour of the world.

During all this long journey he kept up a constant correspondence with the *Evangelist*, to which he devoted very great labor, often spending a week on a single letter.

These letters attracted unusual attention. The late Dr. William Adams said of them: "They are the best letters of the kind ever written, and have done, and will do, the writer boundless credit." Letters so highly commended were not to be allowed to drop into oblivion, and they were called for in a more permanent form. To prepare them for this they were revised with the greatest care. One volume, entitled "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn," was published at the close of 1876, and was very successful, the sale reaching many thousands. Nor was its success confined to this country. The *London Times* reviewed it to the length of a column and a half in most flattering terms.

The author now devoted a whole year to the preparation of the second volume, "From Egypt to Japan." He had the ambition to write, not merely a book of popular sketches, but one containing so much authentic information about foreign countries as should make it of permanent value. This required great research to add to his

own personal observations the knowledge which might be gained from other writers, on different parts of Asia.

When the book was completed, it was gone over in every page and line, by the late Dr. Wells Williams, who had spent forty years in China, and was the highest living authority in regard to that Empire, as well as familiar with India, Burmah, Java, and Japan. This labor was not spent in vain. The book immediately took rank among the best of its kind, and commanded respect from the highest authorities. Mr. Gladstone, with all his public cares, found time to read it, and wrote to a friend in America, that he had done so "with great interest." But perhaps the most remarkable proof of its engaging character was the way in which it took hold of men not supposed to be given to books. The late Thomas A. Scott, the railroad king, was in Europe the year before his death, and a gentleman who was traveling with him gave him a copy of this book, in which he became so interested that he *actually made the voyage to Egypt* that he might see for himself the country which the author had described! In the same way the late Moses Taylor, of this city, who was supposed to be too much absorbed in business (he left an estate of forty millions,) to have time for books, happened to get hold of these, and to one who expressed surprise that he should be interested in books of travel, as he was not at all given to travel himself, having never been out of his own country, and who asked incredulously, "Do you really mean to say that you have read these books?" he answered with emphasis, "*I have read every word, from the first line of the first volume to the last line of the second, and am ready for two more!*"

The success of these Books of Travel was indeed remarkable. Edition after edition passed through the press. And now, after more than seven years, they retain their popularity, and are in continued demand both for private and public libraries.

In 1881, Dr. Field again went abroad, and after spend-

ing some months in England and on the Continent, left his family in Italy while he made a second visit to the East. In his journey round the world he had been prevented by the cholera from going to the Holy Land. He now crossed the Desert to Mount Sinai, from which he returned by way of "the great and terrible wilderness," to Jerusalem, where he spent the Holy Week, and thence continued North, through Samaria and Galilee to Damascus and Beirut.

This journey through the sacred lands had to him a very great interest, and bore fruit in two volumes. Of the first "On the Desert," Canon Farrar wrote, "I found it so interesting that I could not lay it down till I had finished it." It has been republished in England in a very handsome volume, with a large number of illustrations. The latter, "Among the Holy Hills," was published only a few months since.

The preparation of so many books, with all his editorial duties, has made the life of Dr. Field, like that of Dr. Prime, a very busy one. Both are generally regarded as among the most successful and prosperous men connected with the religious press.

The following, from a recent editorial, shows that the writer, while moralizing on the past, still hopes for years of continued activity and usefulness :

"Alas! alas! we are growing old! Not that the *Evangelist*, with its heart of oak, feels the slightest touch of age, or weakness or decay; but those connected with it are not as young as they once were. It is thirty years this Autumn since the present Editor came to this city and entered on his work, which makes him, next to Dr. Prime, the oldest Editor (that is, the longest in service) of all connected with the Religious Press in this city, if not in the country. When he puts side by side the dates of 1854 and 1884, he cannot but confess that there is a long interval between; and yet he feels life still strong within him, and hopes it will be a good while before he joins his predecessors."

XLII.

TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.

A Publisher half a Century Ago—Begins to issue Belles-lettres Books—Pays Tennyson the first Copyright—The Manufacturing and Financial Partner—Intimate Relations with Hawthorne—"The Life of Franklin Pierce, I believe"—Hawthorne's Traveling Companion—The "Old Corner Book-Store"—Miss Mitford's Tribute.

MORE than half a century ago the late W. D. Ticknor, as the successor of the firm of Allen & Ticknor, was well known to the book-publishing world, conducting as he did an extensive business in his own name for a period of ten years. Although the list of the publications of his late firm was an extensive one, containing nearly two hundred Scientific, Educational, Religious, Medical and Juvenile books, it embraced but few, if any belles-lettres books.

Mr. Ticknor, soon after establishing himself alone, added to his publications the poems of Caroline E. Norton and Mary Howitt, Smith's Rejected Addresses, Motherwell's Poems, Lectures of William Ellery Channing, Addresses of Edward Everett, De Quincey's "Opium Eater," and the First American Edition of Tennyson's Poems—this was as early as 1842, and for an edition of two thousand copies Mr. Ticknor paid that author the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which is probably the first international copyright payment ever made to an English author. No American

edition bearing any other imprint, than that of Mr. Ticknor, was issued until November, 1845.

In 1843 Mr. Ticknor went abroad, visited De Quincy and other authors, and making the first definite arrangements ever entered into by the firm for joint publications. One of these arrangements was for an edition of the poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which was printed in London and the books sent in sheets to Boston.

And although later years necessitated a division of duties whereby Mr. Ticknor assumed main charge of the firm's manufacturing and financial interests, while Mr. Fields devoted himself to literary work, the former never lost his hold upon the business as a whole. His excellent judgment of books did not fail, as was shown by his republication of Charles Reade, when almost an unknown man, and his purchase of the *Atlantic Monthly*—both of which transactions he carried through alone during an absence of Mr. Fields in Europe.

The relations existing between Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Hawthorne were of the most intimate nature, the latter depending upon the former to attend to all his business matters.

On one occasion Mr. Ticknor, at an evening party at his house in Boston, introduced one of his guests, a Liverpool merchant, to Hawthorne, who as everybody knows, was singularly shy and retiring, in a mixed company. The English gentleman was a great admirer of Hawthorne, and shaking him heartily by the hand began in a loud voice to express his admiration of all that the romancer had written—how charmed he had been with his works, and how popular they were in England, and concluded by saying that he was quite ashamed to confess that, owing to pressing occupations of late, he had not read his last romance, the name of which he begged Hawthorne to tell him, that he might at once purchase and peruse the book. This was just after Mr. Pierce's inauguration as president, and it so happened that the last printed book of Hawthorne

was the life of the just-elected Chief Magistrate—a campaign document. With a twinkle of the eye, in strange contrast with the diffidence he had betrayed at the effusive expressing of his English admirer, he said, in answer to the inquiry, “Pray what is the name of your last published romance, Mr. Hawthorne?” “The Life of Franklin Pierce, I believe!”

Mr. Hawthorne would not travel, if it could be helped, with anyone but Mr. Ticknor; and even when this was the case, he would not permit his own name to be registered at the hotels. It was always entered on the books, “W. D. Ticknor and friend.” Mr. Hawthorne never carried any amount of money, leaving to Mr. Ticknor the paying of his hotel bill and other traveling expenses.

Mr. Howard M. Ticknor informs me that when his father died in Philadelphia, it was the first time since arriving at manhood, that Hawthorne had ever seen a dead person, and never before had seen anyone die. The state of mind in which young Ticknor found him was that of complete bewilderment.

Mr. Ticknor further said: “My father’s friends will remember, the quick nervous manner he had, and well as Hawthorne knew him, he never could accustom himself to it. I have seen him seated in the ‘Old Corner Bookstore’ beside my father’s desk, and when he asked a question, if my father looked up suddenly, as was his habit, Hawthorne’s face would flush like a bashful girl’s—then laughing he would resume the conversation.”

The firm of Ticknor & Fields was dissolved by the death of the former. In one of Miss Mitford’s letters to Mr. Fields she writes as follows:

“Never, my dear friend, did I expect to like so well a man who came in your place, as I do like Mr. Ticknor. He is an admirable person, very like his cousin in mind and manners, unmistakably good. It is delightful to hear him talk of you, and to feel that the sort of elder brotherhood which a senior partner must exercise in a firm is in such hands.”

JAMES T. FIELDS.

The Author's Friend, the Poet Publisher—Literary Landmark of Boston—“This is the new Sensation book”—Young Field's early literary Habits—E. P. Whipple's interesting Reminiscences—“A few Verses for a few Friends”—Literary Circles thirty years ago—Letters to Miss Mitford—Retires from publishing Books—Successful career as a Lecturer—Death, and tributes to his Memory—Memories of George William Curtis.

THE author's friend, the poet publisher, the popular lecturer, well known and beloved by all interested in the world of letters—such was James T. Fields, for full forty years of active business life, and to no one connected with the book-trade in this country or indeed the world, can the same attributes be so truthfully applied.

My first acquaintance with Mr. Fields commenced in 1850, at the “Old Corner Bookstore,” of Ticknor & Fields, who for a quarter of a century were well-known as the publishers of the leading poets and prose writers, in this country, as well as in Europe. This was long the leading literary landmark of Boston.

I can never forget Mr. Fields' kindly attention on this, my first visit to that city; and to meet with him was always a pleasure, as I afterwards did at Boston, New York and Philadelphia, where, among the book trade Mr. Fields was universally popular.

Mr. Fields became much interested in the publisher's festival which was given to American authors, at the Crystal Palace in New York, in September, 1855. On that occasion he read an exceedingly humorous poem, adapted to the occasion, of which the following is an extract :

“ This is the new ‘ Sensation ’ book—
 A work of so much force,
 The first edition all blew up,
 And smashed a cart and horse!
 A friend who read the manuscript
 Without sufficient care,
 Was torn to rags, although he had
 Six cables round his hair!

“ ‘ The Eggs of Thought ’ I’ll recommend,
 As very thrilling lays;
 Some poets pouch—but here is one
 That all the papers praise.
 The School Commissioners out West,
 Have ordered seventy tons,
 That widely they may be dispersed
 Among their setting suns!

“ And here’s a most astounding tale—
 A volume full of fire;
 The author’s name is known to fame,
 Stupendous Stubbs, Esquire!
 And here’s ‘ The Howling Ditch of Crime,’
 By A. Sapphira Stress;
 Two hundred men fell dead last night
 A-working at the press!”

Mrs. James T. Fields has prepared an account of her late husband, entitled “ Biographical Sketches, with unpublished Fragments and Tributes from Men and Women of Letters.” From this volume I learn that while yet a lad in the employ of Carter & Hendee, a noted book house at that time in Boston, that :

“ Young Fields quickly learned all details of business; wholesale and retail prices, orders needing to be filled, honest and dishonest buyers and sellers, persons prompt in payment and otherwise, and with especial quickness at once observed by his masters, he was able to discover what books were to be popular. He acquired also a power, considered ‘ very queer ’ by the other clerks, of seeing a

person enter the shop and predicting what book was wanted before the wish was expressed. For some time he kept this to himself, but after awhile, on its being discovered, it was one of the interests of the day, among the clerks, to see how many times James would be right, and he seldom made a miss. He thought no more of reading behind the counter, that idea was only remembered as a boy's idle fancy; but every night he would carry home an armful of books, and he became acquainted with a goodly portion of their contents before morning."

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, the well known critic and essayist, who was the earliest of Mr. Fields' intimate friends, in a recent article contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, says of the latter :

"One of the most notable facts in the lives of clerks with literary tastes and moderate salaries, is the mysterious way in which they contrive to collect books. Among the members of the Mercantile Library Association, Thomas R. Gould (now known as one of the most eminent sculptors of America), Fields and myself, had what we called 'libraries' before we were twenty-one. Gould was a clerk in a dry-goods jobbing house; Fields in a book-store; I in a broker's office. Fields' collection much exceeded Gould's and mine, for he had in his rooms two or three hundred volumes—the nucleus of a library which eventually became one of the choicest private collections of books, manuscripts and autographs in the city. The puzzle of the thing was that we could not decide how we had come into the possession of such treasures. We had begun to collect before we were in our teens, and as we had neither stolen, or begged, we concluded that our 'libraries' represented our sacrifices. In the evening, after the day's hard work was over, Gould and I drifted by instinct to Field's boarding-house; and what glorious hilarity we always found in his room! He was never dull, never morose, never desponding. Full of cheer himself, he radiated cheer into us. As years rolled on, and Fields became a partner in the house which he had served as a clerk, the proofs multiplied that he was among American publishers, one of the most sagacious judges of the intrinsic and money value of works of literature. As I happened to witness the gradual growth of what became one of the leading publishing houses

of the country, and as I know that its germinating root was in the brain of Fields, I may be able to give some testimony as to its rise and progress. Fields from the start had deliberately formed in his mind an ideal of a publisher who might profit by men of letters, and at the same time make men of letters profit by him. He thoroughly understood both the business and literary side of his occupation. Some of the first publications of the house belonged to a light order of literature, but they still had in them that indefinable something which distinguishes the work of literary artists from the work of literary artisans."

In 1858, Mr. Fields privately printed a small volume which he called "A few Verses for a few Friends." I count myself fortunate in being one of these few—when he had so many—with being favored with an autograph copy. He was also author of "Underbrush, a Volume of Essays," "Ballads and other Verses"—and in connection with Mr. E. P. Whipple, the editor of a handsome royal octavo volume entitled, "The Family Library of British Poetry, from Chaucer to the Present Time." In the year 1871, Mr. Fields gave to the public, his "Yesterday with Authors," which gives an interesting account of his personal reminiscences of Hawthorne, Thackeray and Dickens.

Referring again to Mrs. Fields' interesting volume, she writes as follows :

"We find the correspondence of this period includes, almost without exception, all the men and women of any literary note in America. His correspondence with some of them was only the beginning of friendships which were uninterrupted to the end, and bringing the fruitage he most valued to his life. Among the letters, beginning at this time, from those who have gone from this earthly scene, I find those of Hawthorne, Willis, Mrs. Anna Cora Mowatt, the actress, of whom Edgar Poe wrote: 'Her sympathy with the profound passions is evidently intense. This enthusiasm, this well of deep feeling, should be made to prove for her an inexhaustible source of fame. Her step is the perfection of grace. Often I watched her for hours with the closest scrutiny, yet never for an instant did I observe her in an attitude of the least awkwardness or even constraint, while many of her

seemingly impulsive gestures spoke in loud terms of the woman of genius, of the poet imbued with the profoundest sentiment of of the beautiful in motion. . . . 'A more radiantly lovely smile it is quite impossible to conceive.'

"Mrs. Mowatt was much beloved by her friends, and always counted Mr. Fields among them. Fitz Greene Halleck's letters are also before me, and brief notes of Margaret Fuller and Mrs. Kirkland; letters of Miss Catherine Sedgwick and Epes Sargent, Lewis Gaylord Clark, J. C. G. Brainard (whose beautiful Sonnet upon Niagara was one of Mr. Fields' favorite poems), Bayard Taylor, Charles Sumner and Henry B. Hirsch.

"The mention of Brainard's name recalls a half-forgotten anecdote Mr. Fields related of him, as told by Mr. S. G. Goodrich. Brainard was a young lawyer, and had an office very near Mr. Goodrich's. They were too poor to keep a boy to light their fire in the winters, so they were in the habit of going down together and making them with their own hands. One morning Brainard had his stove open to put in the fuel when the Sonnet of Niagara came to him. He called G. in and repeated the lines. 'Write it down, write it down,' said G., 'it is superb.'

"Mrs. Seba Smith, also, and the Davidsons, are found in this somewhat heterogeneous collection; and Dr. Channing, George P. Morris, Rufus Griswold, George S. Hillard, Thomas Crawford the sculptor, T. B. Read and many others."

The following portions of a few of Mr. Fields' letters to his friend and correspondent, Miss Mitford, give a good idea of what was taking place in American literary circles in those days :

"Boston, Nov. 10, 1849.

"DEAR MISS MITFORD:

"Many weeks have elapsed since I received your welcome letter, and I delayed answering till now, that I might send you a book I have been editing. It is called 'The Boston Book,' because it contains the contributions of our metropolitan writers. Among our Boston men you will find the names of Webster, Prescott, Longfellow, and others not unknown across the waters. I did not include Channing, because I have not printed the writings of any deceased authors. The book is intended as a souvenir to be handed to a friend as a memento of our city, and, I am happy to say, a large edition is already sold.

“Mr. George Ticknor’s ‘History of Spanish Literature’ is going through the press rapidly. It will be ready in a few weeks for publication. I made your compliments as expressed in your last letter, and, he in return, with his family, begs his kindest regards. I have read some portions of his book, those devoted to the ballad literature of Spain, and am greatly charmed with the perusal.

“I am busy just now superintending the republication of the complete poems of Robert Browning, the first American reprint. It will be issued by our house in a few weeks. I asked my friend, Mr. Whipple, to send you a copy of his ‘Lectures,’ which I am sure you will like.

“Mr. Prescott is still busy with his ‘History of Philip II. of Spain.’ He is not determined as to the extent of his labor, but it will undoubtedly, be one of his longest efforts, and I think one of his most successful ones.”

“Boston, Jan. 7, 1851.

“Pray accept my thanks for Carlisle’s speech. It is well done, and is another evidence of his honest good sense. I send you a brace of volumes by his friend, Charles Sumner, a man whose splendid talents (albeit his politics are unpopular) will send him to the Senate next spring we hope. I also send you Holmes’ other volume of poems and his late pamphlet. I am sure you will like Holmes. He is a prodigious favorite in Boston, and one of our most eminent physicians. Hilliard’s address, which I enclose in the same parcel, is very well thought of here and all over New England.”

During Mr. Fields’ connection with the house, it acquired the first reputation in the country by the high character of its publications, which embraced, among American authors, the works of Everett, Prescott, Bryant, Dana, Emerson, Hawthorne, Halleck, Whipple, Hillard, Holmes, Longfellow, Sumner, Parsons, Sprague, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, Lowell, Thoreau and Whittier.

The connection of the firm and of Mr. Fields personally with foreign authors was notable. Fields’ first visit to Europe, in 1847, resulted in the publication of De Quincey’s works, of which no collection had been made in England. Thackeray and Dickens also made the firm their

publishers in this country. Among the names of foreign authors whose works have been published by the firm are Tennyson, Barry Cornwall, Charles Reade, William Howitt, Lord Houghton, Charles Kingsley, Mayne Reid, the Brownings, and later came the names of Mrs. Jameson, Kingsley, Philip James Bailey, Thomas Hughes, Owen Meredith, Matthew Arnold, Miss Mulock, Leigh Hunt, and many others.

In 1870, Mr. Fields retired from the guild of publishers which he had so long adorned and of which he had been a conspicuous member for nearly thirty years. Soon afterwards he gave to the world his well known lectures on England, literature and literary topics, twenty-seven in all. Mrs. Fields says in her biographical notes :

“ I cannot however, allow Mr. Fields' lectures to pass into oblivion without striving to rescue some memory of their peculiar qualities and influence. For this purpose, in order that no mistake may be made by substituting private opinion for genuine public recognition, I turn to the tributes paid him through the newspapers and periodicals. In one of the Philadelphia newspapers I find : ‘ We do not attempt to criticise Mr. Fields. No one can, without loving him, listen to his soft, gentle voice in the quiet conversational tone with which he puts his audiences in warm personal relations with him.’ ”

On Sunday evening, April 24th, 1881, James T. Fields died—died as suddenly as did his brother publisher and friend George P. Putnam—died as did his author friends Hawthorne, Thackeray and Dickens, whom he knew and loved so well.

After his death, a meeting of publishers and booksellers was held at the bookstore of A. Williams & Co., who then occupied the “ Old Corner Book Store,” which was for so many years the headquarters of the late firm. Mr. Augustus Flagg was chosen chairman, and Benjamin H. Ticknor, secretary. After some feeling remarks by the chair, the following memorial was offered by Mr. James R. Osgood :

"We, the publishers and booksellers of Boston, assembled in the 'Old Corner Bookstore,' deplore the sudden death of our former associate, James T. Fields.

"Beginning business life here fifty years ago he rose, by industry and merit, to be a partner in the firm which identified itself with the best American literature, and rendered this corner famous, under the sign of Ticknor & Fields.

"During his career as a publisher he showed great sagacity in divining the taste of the public, and in discerning and encouraging merit in authors since become eminent.

"He united with the good sense and ability of a man of affairs, a taste in literature, and an aptitude for authorship, which gave him distinction also as a man of letters.

"His genial disposition, his rare social qualities, and his kindly sympathies, not only endeared him to his business associates in the book trade, but also, in a wider circle, attracted friendship wherever he was known, and made him, more than any other publisher of our day, the companion and friend of authors.

"Since his retirement from business, during ten years more of editing, lecturing and authorship, he has continued the acquaintances, preserved the associations, and shown in his writings the influence of his previous life as a publisher to such a degree that we could claim him to the last as a member of our fraternity.

"Bearing in mind, therefore, his worth and works, and our affection for him, we unite in expressing our profound sorrow at his death, and in tendering to his family our sympathy in their bereavement."

In offering the memorial, Mr. Osgood said :

"Others are present whose acquaintance with Mr. Fields began much earlier than mine; but few, perhaps, knew him as intimately. In sixteen years of business association with him, I had ample opportunity to know him under all aspects and in all relations. I early learned to appreciate and admire those qualities which gave him such marked success as a publisher, the quick literary instinct, the intuitive knowledge of the good and bad in a book, the ready apprehension of the popular taste, and the constant effort to lead that taste in a higher direction.

"We are assembled now in the place where he passed the most of his business life, and where it is most appropriate that we

should meet to pay our sad tribute to his memory. This place brings back to me the pleasantest recollections of my life with him. He was in every way a delightful business associate. He had the rare art of smoothing over the rough places—an art whose presence contributes so greatly to the comfort, not only of him who possesses it, but of all those about him. He was always considerate of the feelings of others, and uniformly courteous and liberal to those in his employ.

“One trait in particular characterized him—his readiness to listen to the story of any one who came before him as an applicant for a situation, and the sense of duty he always felt to give the applicant every possible chance. I myself have the most grateful remembrance of the kindness with which he received my first modest application for a situation in this store in the year 1855; and the kindness thus begun never varied nor faltered during the nine years in which I served him as clerk. His presence in moments of business anxiety and depression served as a tonic; in short, in his business life, as everywhere else, he was a signal illustration of that gospel of cheerfulness which he has so pleasantly proclaimed. Into the sacred precincts of his private life I shall not attempt to enter. It is enough to say that it was an altogether happy and useful life, marked by the same qualities of generosity, courtesy and forbearance which I have spoken of as attending his business career. Simple and frugal in his own habits of living, he was open-handed in his charity to the needy and in his generosity to his friends. The kindly welcomes and generous hospitalities of that home, now darkened by sorrow, will long be cherished in the the memories of all who have shared them.”

In closing this sketch of one of the brightest ornaments of American literature, it will interest my readers, I am sure, to read the following from George William Curtis, for many years an intimate personal friend of Mr. Fields, who thus graphically portrays the haunts of the poets, where the latter daily received his ever welcome friends.

“The annals of publishing and the traditions of publishers in this country, will always mention the little Corner Bookstore as you turn out of Washington Street into School Street, and those who recall it in other days, will always remember the curtained

desk at which poet and philosopher, and historian and divine, and the doubting timid young author was sure to see the bright face, and to hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books, and piles of books upon the counters and tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes, and turning the glossy new pages—loiterers at whom you look curiously, suspecting them to be makers of books as well as readers! You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh, and in common clothes, the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world, for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the great curtain, came a ripple of laughter—then a burst, a chorus; gay voices of two or three or more, but always of one—the one who sat at the desk, and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house, the friend of the celebrated circle, which has made the Boston of the middle of this century, as justly renowned as the Edinburgh of the close of the last century—the Edinburgh that saw Burns, but did not know him. That curtained corner in the Corner Bookstore, is remembered by those who knew it in its great days. What merry peals! What fun, and chaff, and story! Not only the poet brought his poem there still glowing from his heart, but the lecturer came from the train with his freshest touches of local humor. It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub.

“And it was the work of one man. Fields was the *genius loci*. Fields, with his gentle spirit, his generous and ready sympathy, his love of letters and of literary men, his fine tastes, his delightful humor, his business tact and skill, drew, as a magnet draws its own, every kind of man, the shy and the elusive, as well as the gay men of the world and the self possessed favorites of the people. It was his pride to have so many of the American worthies upon his list of authors, to place there if he could the English poets and *belles lettres* writers, and then to call them all personal friends. Next year it will be forty years since the house at the Corner Bookstore, issued the two pretty volumes of Tennyson's poems, which introduced Tennyson to America. Barry Cornwall followed in the same dress. They caught all the singing-birds at that corner, and hung them up in the pretty cages so that every body might hear the song.

“It was a very remarkable group of men indeed—it was the first group of really great American authors, which familiarly

frequented the corner as the guests of Field. There had been Bryant and Irving, and Cooper and Halleck, and Paulding, and Willis, in New York, but there had been nothing like the New England circle. It was that circle which compelled the world to acknowledge that there was an American literature. Of most of these authors the house at the corner came to be the publishers; and to the end they maintained the warmest relations with Field, who was not their publisher only but their appreciative and sympathetic friend."

Mr. H. M. Alden, editor of Harpers' *Monthly Magazine*, wrote :—"The Messrs. Harpers desire me to express their sense of the great loss sustained by American Literature, in the departure of one who, as author and publisher, contributed so much to its excellence, and to its good repute at home and abroad."

In expressing his own feelings of personal loss, he wrote: "Into the darkest hour of my life, he came, giving life and hope. I can never forget it. Turning to him first because I found help in him—how much else I found! Only those who knew him nearly knew his greatness and his goodness."

XLIII.

SOME WASHINGTON FRIENDS.

Hawthorne's early Friend—How "Twice-Told Tales" was published—"We were lads together"—"Journal of an African Cruiser"—Hawthorne's last Visit to Washington—Interesting letter from Commodore Bridge—What I saw in London—First Life of General Pierce—Hawthorne writes another—On the Ocean with Beecher and Chapin—Beecher sea-sick but "Always abounding"—Secretary of Chinese Embassy—Chilton's Author and Artist Friends—Anecdote of Thackeray—"Knick-Knacks from the Editor's Table"—Shelley's Widow in love with Irving—Amusing Anecdote of Elliott—The progress of half a Century—Interesting letter from Frances E. Spinner—How an old Court was abolished and a new one Created—"A woman's Letter from Washington," Mary Clemmer and Charles Sumner—A Novelist and a Poet—The Librarian of Congress—Spofford's long Experience—The right Man in the right Place.

IF the reader of this volume will turn to the sketch of S. G. Goodrich, on page 115, he will find a letter from that well-known author to Horatio Bridge, of Augusta, Maine, regarding the publication of a volume of Hawthorne.

HORATIO BRIDGE was a classmate of Nathaniel Hawthorne in college, and probably the most intimate friend that distinguished author ever had. To Mr. Bridge the world is

indebted for the publication of Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," the first work of the author published in book form.

That Mr. Hawthorne fully realized the value of the friendship, and pecuniary assistance of his early friend, is fully demonstrated in his preface to the "Snow Image," one of the sketches in "Twice-Told Tales," a portion of which is here given :

"Be all this as it may, there can be no question as to the propriety of my inscribing this volume of earlier and later sketches to you, and pausing here a few moments to speak of them, as friend speaks to friend, still being cautious however, that the public and the critics shall overhear nothing which we care about concealing. On you, if on no other person, I am entitled to rely, to sustain the position of my dedicatee. If anybody is responsible for my being at this day an author, it is yourself. I know not whence your faith came, but while we were lads together, at a country college, gathering blueberries in study hours, under those tall academic pines, or watching the great logs, as they tumbled along the current of the Androscoggin; or shooting pigeons or gray squirrels in the woods, or bat-fowling in the summer twilight, or catching trouts in that shadowy little stream, which, I suppose, is still wandering riverward through the forest, though you and I will never cast a line in it again, two idle lads, in short (as we need not fear to acknowledge now), doing a hundred things that the Faculty never heard of, or else it had been the worse for us. Still, it was your prognostic of your friends destiny that he was to be a writer of fiction. And a fiction-monger in due season he became. But, was there ever such a weary delay in obtaining the slightest recognition from the public, as in my case? I sat down by the wayside of life like a man under enchantment, and a shrubbery sprung up around me, and the bushes grew to be saplings, and the saplings became trees, until no exit appeared possible through the entangling depths of my obscurity. And, there, perhaps I should be sitting at this moment, with the moss on the imprisoning tree trunks, and the yellow leaves of more than a score of autumns piled above me, if it had not been for you. For it was through your interposition—and that, moreover, unknown to himself—that your early friend was brought before the public, somewhat more prominently than theretofore, in the first volume of 'Twice-Told

Tales.' Not a publisher in America, I presume, would have thought well enough of my forgotten or never-noticed stories, to risk the expense of print and paper. Nor, do I say this with any purpose of casting odium on the respectable fraternity of booksellers, for their blindness to my wonderful merit. To confess the truth, I doubted quite as much of the public recognition, quite as much as they could do. So much the more generous was your confidence, and knowing, as I do, that it was founded on old friendship, rather than cold criticism, I value it only the more for that."

In 1845, while living at Concord, Hawthorne edited a volume entitled, "The Journal of an African Cruiser." The origin of the book was this:— Early in 1843, he suggested to his friend and classmate Horatio Bridge—a paymaster—afterwards paymaster-general of the Navy, who was attached to a ship of war, under orders to the West Coast of Africa, the plan of keeping a journal during the cruise, for publication. To this Mr. Bridge readily assented, but with the condition that in the event of the journal being published, Hawthorne should have the sole profit of the copyright.

Paymaster Bridge thought if found too desultory to interest general readers, the keeping the journal would not have been an unpleasant occupation for the writer's leisure hours.

The outcome of this plan was the appearance in 1845 of the volume above mentioned.

It was brought out by Wiley & Putnam, the first of the series of volumes of the "Library of Choice Reading."

In relation to this book, the editor of the "Library," wrote Hawthorne as follows :

" 20 Clinton Place, October 2, 1845.

" . . . The Journal of the "African Cruiser" has just gone to a second edition of a thousand copies, the first, I believe, having been two thousand.

" W. and P. project a cheap series of these books for the School District Libraries, in the first of which the "Journal" will be included.

“The English notices are bounteous in praise. No American book, in a long time, has been so well noticed.

“Yours truly,

“EVERT A. DUYNCKINCK.”

Hawthorne took great interest in the journal and hoped that it would turn his friend's attention somewhat from the routine of his naval life to the more quiet field of authorship.

Knowing the intimate relations between Mr. Hawthorne and Commodore Bridge, I asked him during a recent visit to Washington if he would kindly favor me with some account of the former's last visit to Washington in 1862. To this request I have received the following reply, for which I am certain the admirers of that now famous author will feel greatly indebted :

“Washington, D. C., June 13th, 1884.

“J. C. DERBY, Esq.

“DEAR SIR :

“You ask me to give you some reminiscences of Hawthorne's visit to me in Washington in 1862, of which we spoke, when I had the pleasure of meeting you.

“Briefly then ; in reply to an invitation to spend a month or two with me, he wrote the following letter :

“Concord, February 13th, 1862.

“DEAR BRIDGE :

“Your proposition that I should pay a visit to Washington is very tempting, and I should accept it if it were not for several ‘ifs’—neither of them, perhaps, sufficient obstacle in itself, but, united, pretty difficult to overcome. For instance, I am not very well, being mentally and physically languid ; but I suppose, there is about an even chance that the trip and change of scene might supply the energy which I lack. Also, I am pretending to write a book : and though I am nowise diligent about it, still, each week finds it a lit-

tle more advanced; and I am now at a point where I do not like to leave it entirely. Moreover, I ought not to spend money needlessly, in these hard times: for it is my opinion that the book-trade, and everybody connected with it, is bound to fall to zero, before the war and the subsequent embarrassment come to an end. I might go on multiplying 'ifs,' but the above are enough. Nevertheless, as I said, I am greatly tempted by your invitation, and it is not impossible that in the course of a few weeks, I may write to ask you if it still holds good. Meanwhile I send you, enclosed, a respectable old gentleman, who, my friends say, is very like me, and may serve as my representative. If you will send me a similar one of yourself, I shall be truly obliged. . . .

“Your friend,

“NATH. HAWTHORNE.”

“In response to a renewed invitation to make the visit, whenever convenient, Hawthorne came to Washington in March, and spent a month with me—in the midst of the stirring scenes of the time and place.

“My own duties were too engrossing to allow me to give him all the personal attention desirable; but with the quiet of his room—the power to come and go at will—sitting to Lentze for his portrait—the association with our friends—an excursion, with me to Fortress Monroe, by steamer—an occasional visit to Congress or the White House—one or two trips to McClellan's headquarters in Virginia, and a visit to the Bull Run battle-fields and other points of interest, with Mrs. Bridge and Dicey the English writer—his time was pleasantly occupied, and he almost regained his old health and spirits.

“One of the results of this visit was the article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, published soon after, entitled ‘Chiefly about War Matters.’

“Another and a more important one, was the improvement in his health and spirits, as shown in the following letter, received just after his return home:

“Concord, April 13th, '62.

“DEAR BRIDGE:

“Yours, enclosing two photographs of Professor Henry, is received. I reached home safe and sound, after a very disagreeable journey. It is a pity I did not wait one day longer, to have shared in the joyful excitement about the Petersburg victory and the taking of Island No. 10. I found the family in good health. . . .

“They all think me greatly improved by the journey and absence, and are grateful to Mrs. Bridge and yourself for your kind attentions.

“Your friend,

“NATH. HAWTHORNE.”

“In that year, and the one next following, Hawthorne published ‘Our Old Home’ and did some other literary work: but the springs of life were running low, and the great brain was growing tired.

“Early in April, 1864—much debilitated—he left home for Washington with Mr. Ticknor. He had reached Philadelphia, and his health began to improve. I was looking forward to the pleasure of soon seeing him again in Washington, when the sudden death of Mr. Ticknor, by paralysis, caused Hawthorne to turn sadly homeward, and to abandon the hope that the approach to a more genial climate had given him.

“The shock, doubtless, accelerated his own death; which occurred a few weeks later, while, with his friend, ‘Frank’ Pierce, he was journeying slowly toward the White Mountains.

“They buried him under his own favorite pines; but I could not have the sad privilege of looking once more on that loved face, for it was impossible to leave Washington just at that time, to join the friends, who mournfully bore his body to its resting place.

“Very truly yours,

“HORATIO BRIDGE.”

At the time of Hawthorne’s visit above referred to, Commodore Bridge was Chief of the Bureau of Provisions

and Clothing in the Navy Department, a position which he held for fifteen years. Although the Commodore is now on the retired list he still retains the title of Paymaster-General of the Navy.

He still resides in Washington, where he and his accomplished wife are passing the afternoon of their lives, in the society of their friends, and their refined and pleasant home.

DAVID W. BARTLETT.

WHEN, in the year 1852, Franklin Pierce, was nominated for the Presidency by the Democratic party, there was a general desire among those interested in politics, to learn something of a candidate of whom little or nothing was known, and who was nominated over the old party leaders.

Accordingly, I determined to gratify their wishes, and immediately engaged a young writer to prepare a campaign life of General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, the man who was destined to defeat a greater general, in the "hero of Lundy's Lane."

David W. Bartlett, of Avon, Connecticut, was at that time in Auburn, reading the proof-sheets of a volume of his then going through the press of Derby & Miller, entitled "What I saw in London ; or, Men and Things in the great Metropolis."

Mr. Bartlett, although quite young, was a very expeditious writer, which is a necessary requisite in campaign biographers, and he proceeded at once on his trip to Concord, New Hampshire, the residence of General Pierce. Stopping at Hartford, he procured a very cordial letter, introducing him to Mr. Pierce, from General Pratt, chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Connecticut (and who had served with General Pierce in the Mexican war). The latter was aware, although an ultra pro-slavery Dem-

ocrat, that the young author was a fiery "Free-Soiler" but he had faith in Bartlett's ability and candor.

Arriving at Concord, General Pierce received him very cordially, and immediately put him in the way of procuring the necessary material for a campaign life. The first night he sat up with young Bartlett in his library, until long past midnight, relating interesting incidents in his career—these, with the anecdotes which afterwards appeared in the book, were all taken from his own lips. Bartlett's *Life of General Franklin Pierce* was published in the summer of 1852.

General Pierce became President of the United States, and soon after the inauguration, Bartlett, being in Washington, was taken by General Pratt, who had been elected a member of Congress, to the White House to see the President. Introducing him, he said, "Mr. President, I don't come this time to ask for an office. Mr. Bartlett is a rank abolitionist, and would not serve under a Democratic President, if we wanted him to—which we do not." The President was much amused on thus learning for the first time the politics of his youthful biographer.

When the volume was ready for publication, we announced it as the "*Authorized edition*," which led to a controversy with Ticknor & Fields, who had in press another biography of Franklin Pierce, by Nathaniel Hawthorne, the classmate and friend of the nominee. The matter was finally compromised by adopting the word "*authentic*," for Bartlett's "*Life of Pierce*"—Ticknor & Fields using the word "*authorized*." Mr. Bartlett relates in a note to me an incident which occurred while he was reading the proof-sheets in Auburn.

"I will in this connection recall a curious incident connected with this period, while I was reading the proofs of 'Pierce' in Auburn. You took me a fishing one day, and seeing two little boys near the stream, you offered to pay them to come along and take care of bait and 'the catch.' By some blunder, one of the lads caught the hook on your

line in his thumb, burying it so deeply that we had to take him to a surgeon to have it cut out. More than thirty years after, I was one day, asking the present clever and polite chief clerk of the State department, Sevellon A. Brown, Esq., where he was going for his summer vacation, and he replied, 'To Auburn.' That led to memories of my stay in Auburn with you, and finally to that day's fishing. When I was through, Mr. Brown exclaimed with evident astonishment, 'Is it possible that you are the young man who was that day with Mr. Derby. *Well, I was one of those two little boys!*' He was now (and has been for twelve years) the chief clerk of the State department, as I was (and am) American Secretary of the Chinese Legation, and after thirty years we thus strangely discovered our earlier meeting!"

Mr. Bartlett is also the author of a life of Lady Jane Grey and of "Pen Portraits of Modern Agitators."

He has long been a resident of Washington, where, for years, he was the Washington correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* and the *New York Independent*.

"What I saw in London" was of sufficient interest to receive from Dr. Ripley, a notice of several columns in the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Bartlett, referring to his last voyage to Europe, writes me as follows :

"The second trip I went in the sailing vessel 'New World,' Capt. E. Knight. The good captain was a member of Plymouth Church, and this time he had his pastor aboard as passenger ; Mr. Beecher, Rev. Dr. Chapin, the celebrated Universalist preacher, Dr. Bullard and one other clergyman were present. Indeed there were so many clergymen that the sailors predicted disaster."

"Mr. Beecher was very ill, not leaving his berth for a week. The first Sunday morning that he was on deck I remember that a group was gathered round him listening to his conversation, which happened to be upon his early ministerial life in Indiana. Just then his brother-in-law, Rev. Dr. Bullard, came up and notified us that divine serv-

ice would be held immediately in the cabin. Beecher turned to us young people and with a roguish twinkle in his eye, said: 'Go down, young men! but I think that my stories will do you more good in this salt air than brother Bullard's preaching in that stifling cabin!' With two passengers like Beecher and Chapin, it will easily be believed that we did not lack displays of wit and humor. Most of it has escaped me, but I remember that the second Sunday out was very tempestuous so that one could not stand alone on deck. Chapin was near the head of the companion-way holding on. Beecher came slowly up the stairs, and, as his head emerged, saw the former and exclaimed, 'Brother Chapin, "be ye steadfast, immovable!"' Dr. Chapin instantly continued the scripture quotation, "'and always *abounding!*"—moving his right hand up and down by way of illustration."

"Capt. Knight one day knocked down a refractory sailor—the punishment being richly deserved. Dr. Chapin said jocosely that 'Brother Beecher might have to *discipline* his stalwart church-member!' The latter replied, 'No, he is on his own deck now; when I get upon mine in Plymouth Church, I will attend to him!'"

"The captain was one of the noblest of men and was greatly beloved by his pastor. Two years before, I sailed out of the port of Liverpool with him, and a ship of the same line which sailed out with us—the 'Ocean Monarch,' caught fire, and burned down to the waters edge in full sight. The number lost was one hundred and seventy-five, and Capt. Knight's boats saved eighty. I had taken passage in the 'Ocean Monarch,' but finding to my surprise that the 'New World' was in port, I sought a release from my engagement with the owners of the former vessel, which they with courtesy agreed to."*

"In January, 1851, I received a letter from Mr. Beecher, asking me to take a little pains to see that Mr. Greeley, who was soon to be in London, received the attention which

* See page 273.

his great personal merits deserved, and which, owing to his modesty and the excitement attending the World's Fair might be overlooked. I find in the letter a few sentences full of interest in regard to the anti-slavery cause, which just then to the superficial observer seemed to be at a low ebb, not so thought Mr. Beecher. He wrote to me in 1851, 'The *outside* of things indicates *retrogression*, but it is not so. I am persuaded that it will be found that the anti-slavery cause has never gained so much in so short a time. Our friends abroad should remember that we are fighting a *moral* battle. The victory is not to be a mere term of offices but the moral growth of a whole land.' Subsequent history has proved the truth of this prophecy."

Mr. Bartlett has filled for a number of years the important position of American Secretary to the Chinese Embassy at Washington, with great ability and with satisfaction to the Chinese officials as well as the American people.

ROBERT S. CHILTON.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this sketch has never published a volume, he has written enough good prose and poetry to make a very creditable volume if put in book-form.

Mr. Chilton has been a resident of Washington the greater portion of his life, and was personally acquainted with the authors and artists who have resided temporarily at the capital. Among his special friends, were the late Frederick S. Cozzens, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, Charles L. Elliott, and Emanuel Leutze.

During my residence in Washington in the winter of 1861-2, I saw much of Mr. Chilton, who at that time was the head of one of the Bureaus in the Department of State. His position brought him into personal relations with the United States representatives abroad—among others,

Mr. W. P. Chandler, who succeeded John Howard Payne, author of "Home Sweet Home," as United States Consul at Tunis.

Mr. Chandler had in his possession, and submitted to Mr. Chilton, the MSS. left by John Howard Payne, which contained, with other interesting letters, the correspondence between the latter and the widow of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Mr. Payne had introduced Mrs. Shelley to Washington Irving, who became greatly attached to the latter. The former said in one of her letters that Mr. Irving was the only man in the world that she could marry, and not lose her station as the widow of Shelley. In the correspondence it appeared that Mrs. Shelley was very much in love with Irving, and that the latter felt rather shy of her.

When the handsome monument was recently erected in Washington by that noble philanthropist and patriot William W. Corcoran, the latter selected Robert S. Chilton to write the ode on the occasion of its unveiling, which he read as follows :

"The exile hath returned, and now at last
 In kindred earth his ashes shall repose.
 Fit recompense for all his weary past,
 That here the scene should end—the drama close.

"Here, where his own loved skies o'erarch the spot,
 And where familiar trees their branches wave ;
 Where the dear home-born flowers he ne'er forgot
 Shall bloom, and shed their dews upon his grave.

"Will not the wood-thrush, pausing in her flight,
 Carol more sweetly o'er this place of rest ?
 Here linger longest in the fading light,
 Before she seeks her solitary nest ?

"Not his the lofty lyre, but one whose strings
 Were gently touched to soothe our human kind,—
 Like the mysterious harp that softly sings,
 Swept by the unseen fingers of the wind."

- “ The home-sick wanderer in a distant land,
 Listening his song hath known a double bliss,
 Felt the warm pressure of a father’s hand,
 And, seal of seals! a mother’s sacred kiss.
- “ In humble cottage, as in hall of state,
 His truant fancy never ceased to roam
 O’er backward years, and—irony of fate !—
 Of home he sang, who never found a home !
- “ Not e’en in death, poor wanderer, till now ;
 For long his ashes slept in alien soil.
 Will they not thrill to-day, as round his brow
 A fitting wreath is twined with loving toil ?
- “ Honor and praise be his whose generous hand
 Brought the sad exile back, no more to roam ;
 Back to the bosom of his own loved land—
 Back to his kindred, friends, his own *Sweet Home !*”

Mr. Chilton, in a recent note to me, says :

“ A singular and pleasing incident occurred while I was reading the third stanza of the poem, “ *Will not the wood thrush*, etc.” I had just uttered these words when a bird—a thrush, I think—perched and sang from the limb of a tree over my head and towards which I chanced to look. Others observed this and spoke of it afterwards. Wasn’t it strange ? For the moment it possessed me with a feeling I cannot well describe.”

Mr. Chilton relates the following anecdote, which was told him by his friend, the late Frederick S. Cozzens.

“ When Thackeray was in New York in 1856, he often spent an evening at the Century Club, with many of whose members he became quite intimate. Frederick S. Cozzens (‘Sparrowgrass’) being of the number, at whose home at Yonkers (Chestnut Cottage) Thackeray once dined and passed the night. Before going to bed at a late hour, he asked his host for a book, stating that it was his habit to read himself to sleep. ‘Give me something new, something that I hav’n’t seen before, if you can,’ said he. Hav-

ing just received a copy of Lewis Gaylord Clarke's 'Knick-Knacks from an Editor's Table,' Cozzens handed him the volume, thinking it might amuse him. It was brought down by Thackeray in the morning and placed upon the library table with the remark—'Cozzens, you couldn't have been happier in your selection of a book for me last night. It was just what I wanted, for I hadn't finished reading the first page before I was so overcome with sleep that I had to put the light out.' This was rough on poor Clarke, but the dear old boy enjoyed the joke, when it was told him, as keenly as anybody—as who that knew him could doubt?"

Among Mr. Chilton's intimate friends, was the late Charles S. Elliott, whose portrait of Fletcher Harper is believed to be as near a perfect representation of the human face as was ever produced by a portrait painter. He relates of him the following amusing incident.

"Among the many anecdotes told of Elliott, the painter, which I recall, the following as illustrating a strong trait of his amiable character—a disposition to encourage young and struggling members of his profession—and being highly comic withal, is one of the funniest, and, as I happen to know, founded on fact.

"Elliott at one time occupied a studio on the upper floor of a building on Broadway opposite the Art Union Gallery. On the floor beneath, a young landscape painter, newly come to the city and quite unknown, had set up his easel and painted a few pictures. He had called several times upon Elliott, whom he greatly admired as artist and man, and begged him to call at his studio to look at what he had been doing, which Elliott had promised to do, and did so one day; unintentionally, however, for he was making his way, not without labor, to his own room on the floor above, and thought he had reached it, when he entered the young painter's studio, considerably 'set up,' as unfortunately was too often the case with him, poor fellow. He perceived his mistake, but made the best of the situa-

tion, and seated himself opposite an easel on which his young friend placed a half-finished landscape for his inspection. 'That's good,' said Elliott, '*very* good, 'at's capital head—good modelling, good color, I like the beard ev' so much.' 'But Mr. Elliott,' said the young artist, who had begun by this time to take in the situation, 'this is a landscape you are looking at. You know I paint nothing but landscapes.' 'O!' said Elliott, settling himself back in his chair and stroking his long beard, 'is 'at so? a landscape painter, eh? Well, s'pose you paint *my* landscape, jus' 's I am!'"

Mr. Chilton is at present filling the post of United States Consul at Goderich, Ontario.

FRANCIS E. SPINNER.

FRANCIS E. SPINNER, the late Treasurer of the United States, whose mysterious autograph became so familiar on the national greenback currency, was an early friend of my father as well as myself, both of us being natives of Herkimer, N. Y. Mr. Spinner was long a Democratic member of Congress from the Herkimer district, but after the outbreak of the Civil War, became a member of the Republican party. His position in Washington as United States Treasurer naturally brought him into close relations with many eminent men. In a recent note to me he says:

"It has been my good fortune to have known nearly all the great and good men of the country who have figured in public life within the last half century.

"You and I have lived in an age when the world made more progress than it had done in twenty centuries before our time."

In another letter, Mr. Spinner gives me the following interesting account of how an old court was abolished, and a new one created.

“When, in the early spring of 1861, I was appointed by President Lincoln, Treasurer of the United States, I called upon Judge Merrick, then the Chief Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, at his own house, in Washington, in order to take the oath of office prescribed by law. The judge refused to administer it to me. I said to him, ‘The law requires that the oath shall be administered by a judge of a United States court.’ He replied, ‘I am aware of that, but there is no law compelling me to do it.’ On my urging him for the reason for his refusal to act, he insolently replied, ‘I consider a man holding your political opinions, as being unfit to hold any office, and I will not be a party to qualify you to do so.’

“When, later, the assessment and collection of the income tax, was being put in operation, the question came up, whether it could be collected on the salaries of the judges of United States courts. I took the ground that it could, and deducted from my drafts for their quarterly salaries, the amount of said tax. Soon after the draft was sent to Judge Merrick, I received a letter from him, in which he stated, that the draft was for an amount less than usual, and that he thought it probable that I had deducted an income tax from his salary, and if that was the case, I must send to him the amount so deducted at once, or write him that I would add the amount, so deducted, to my next quarterly remittance to him. He argued that by the Constitution of the United States his salary was fixed, and that it could not be reduced by act of Congress, nor by an executive officer. At this time the judge was known to be an open secessionist, and a sympathizer with those engaged in rebellion. In the meantime, I had received a letter from the United States judge for the District of Delaware, in which he returned my draft to him, for the reason, that not enough had been retained to meet the tax. I returned him the draft and wrote him that the law levying the tax did not take effect until the middle of the quarter, and hence the tax was less than it would be for a full quarter. I caused the letter of the Delaware judge to be copied, and enclosed the copy in a letter in answer to Judge Merrick, in which I stated, that I did so, to point out to him the difference between a *loyal judge and himself*; and that, while I would not discuss with him the question whether Congress had, or had not, the constitutional right to tax the salaries of United States judges, I would suggest to him, that it certainly had the right to abolish his damned rebel court.

“ On the next day I received a letter from the judge, in which he said, that my letter to him was of such an extraordinary character that he had felt it his duty to send it to the President of the United States, in order to my removal from office. A day or two afterwards, I had occasion to submit a paper to Governor Chase, the then Secretary of the Treasury, and while he was reading it, he showed my letter to Judge Merrick, that was lying before him on the table, over to me, and asked me what I had to say to that. I answered that ‘ had I known, when I wrote the letter, that the judge would send the letter to the President, and that it would be submitted to you, I would have written it a damned sight stronger.’ ”

“ The Secretary undertook to give me, sternly, a lecture on official etiquette, urging that the different branches of the government should act in harmony with each other, and that comity required respectful language in all communications passing between them. Mr. Chase, finding that I would not yield as to the correctness of my conduct, at length said, good naturedly, ‘ Well, General, while I feel that your letter is *very pertinent to the subject*, it is *very impertinent to the judge*.’ ”

“ Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the now talented editor of the *Tribune*, was then the Washington correspondent of a leading Cincinnati newspaper. He was an intimate friend of Governor Chase, and from him he obtained these facts, and they were published in the paper of which he was the correspondent. His communication was extensively copied by papers in all part of the loyal States. Members of Congress saw it, laughed at it, as a good joke: but, after a little, viewed it in another light, and came to the conclusion to carry out the joke. So a bill was introduced in Congress, and became a law, by which the then United States Court of the District of Columbia *was abolished*, and the judges were *abolished* as well. The same act created a new court of which Judge Carter, of Ohio, became the chief justice, and Messrs. Wiley of Virginia, and Olin of New York, became associate justices. The last-named is dead, the other two now, after twenty odd years’ service, still hold their places. That’s the way, and the reason why, the present United States Court of the District of Columbia was created. The present judges have, no doubt, enjoyed the joke hugely, ever since: but, it is believed that it has never been fully appreciated by Judge Merrick.”

MARY CLEMMER HUDSON.

WHO has not read the bright sparkling and incisive letters, which have been published in the New York *Independent* for nearly twenty years, under the heading "A Woman's Letter from Washington?" Probably there has been no series of letters covering so long a time ever written from that city, or indeed any city, with so wide a range of descriptive thought and pen pictures of eminent men and women.

During the first year of the civil war, I had occasion to visit Washington, and also the good fortune to be the escort of this charming writer on her first visit to that city. This was the beginning of Mary Clemmer's residence at the capital, where for nearly a quarter of a century, she has been a feature in literary and social circles.

One of Mary Clemmer's earliest and valued friends in her new home was the late Charles Sumner, of whom she once wrote: "A man solitary by the primal law of his nature, preoccupied, absorbed, aristocratic in instinct, though a leveler in ideas, never a demagogue, never a politician—he is the born master and expounder of fundamental principles." Knowing Charles Sumner as I did, I believe this description of him is faithful in the extreme. The following note from that Senator indicates the value and esteem with which he regarded her.

"Senate Chamber, 22d March, 1871.

"I have always thought of you with honor, and with a constant desire to know personally one who does so much by her pen, for ideas which I have much at heart. I hope that you will pardon me if I say that we are co-workers in the same field. I am so little abroad, that we have not met, but I trust it may not be so always.

"Sincerely yours,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

Mary Clemmer is also a clever novelist and a fine poet. Two of her novels—"Eirene" and "His Two Wives," were well received by the public, also a volume of poems, "Life and Nature," and her beautiful memorial volume, "Alice and Phœbe Cary," is referred to at length elsewhere. Mary Clemmer Hudson died in Washington, August 18th, 1884.

AINSWORTH K. SPOFFORD.

AS Librarian, Spofford is the compiler of the valuable treasury of knowledge known as "The American Almanac," now in the seventh year of its publication, his name properly belongs in these pages. He was also a bookseller in Cincinnati, when I first knew him more than thirty years ago, when he was the junior member of the well-known book house of Truman & Spofford of that city. Mr. Spofford was appointed librarian of the Congressional library by President Lincoln in 1864, and has filled that responsible position, not only to the satisfaction of Congress, but to the public who have had occasion to visit that immense collection of books, most of which are published in this country.

Mr. Spofford's long experience in the book business, and especially as librarian, has eminently fitted him to become the expert that he is in the requirements which depend so much upon the knowledge of the books in the library, and in what place they may readily be found.

Mr. D. B. Cooke, long a well known bookseller of Chicago, but previously a neighbor of Mr. Spofford in Cincinnati, in his interesting "Memories of the Book-trade" in the *Publishers' Weekly*, says :

"Mr. Spofford, of the firm of Truman & Spofford, was always a studious bookseller, a young man whose aim was to be master of his business. His intuitive grace and his culture eminently fitted him for his present honorable and responsible position as Librarian of Congress."

XLIV.

NEW YORK VETERANS OF THE BOOK TRADE.

A Patriarch among Publishers—A School-teacher turns Bookseller—Cheapest book ever Published—Pluck and Enterprise Successful—Books for Sunday School Libraries—Peter Carter and Scotia's Bards—Randolph's Letter to Irenæus—A Favorite Bookstore for New Yorkers—Two Donkeys for Motive Power—Randolph a Good Talker—"What an Old Fellow You Are!"—Van Nostrand's Military Books—Important Engineering Works—A Monarch in his Chosen Field—A famous Law-Book House—Favorite resort of brilliant Lawyers—A book Clerk leaves the printing trade—Agreeable relations with Authors—An historical Book House—The record of many Firms—"In print or out of print"—Oldest Book Printer in America—Trow's City Directory—Made University Printer—John Keese the Witty Auctioneer—Fried, Roasted and Stewed—Charles Collins continues Business alone.

ROBERT CARTER, the venerable senior member of the firm of Robert Carter & Brothers, had no experience whatever in book publishing, or bookselling trade, on the day that he opened his book store in 1834.

Mr. Carter had been a successful school-teacher, numbering among his pupils many who afterwards became eminent in political and religious circles. He had determined in his own mind to change his vocation to that of a merchant, and without any mercantile experience, bought out the stock of an insolvent bookseller, and renting a store in

Canal Street, began selling books and stationery in the month of April, 1834.

It was in this bookstore, six years later, that I first met Robert Carter, who had then become a publisher of religious books. He had just published D'Aubigné's "History of the great Reformation," a work which was immensely popular at that time, especially in Auburn and its vicinity, where I had recently established myself in the book business.

The popularity of D'Aubigné's History (which was first published in three duodecimo volumes at three dollars), was so great that a rival publisher in Philadelphia brought out an edition in small type and cheap binding, at a very low price. The young publisher, however, was equal to the occasion, issuing immediately, on cheaper and thinner paper, an edition which he sold for one dollar per set. The cheapness of the work produced great excitement, and tens of thousands of sets were sold, as rapidly as they could be manufactured. Of course, such a book, at such a price, easily extinguished the piratical publisher, and although the profits accruing therefrom were not so large for the original publisher, it was a good indication of his pluck and enterprise.

Mr. Carter's first publication was "Symington on the Atonement and Intercession of Jesus Christ." It was the general impression that this work would have no demand, but a Christian gentleman of wealth, who is still living and well known as a liberal civic benefactor, ordered one hundred copies, which was considerable encouragement to the young bookseller and his friends.

In 1848, Mr. Carter took into partnership his two brothers, Walter and Peter Carter, and the style of the firm (Robert Carter & Brothers) has remained the same until this day. In the year 1874, Robert Carter, Jr., the son of the senior member, was admitted to the firm.

Their publications are chiefly of a religious nature, every evangelical denomination being represented in their

catalogue, the most important of which are, Matthew Henry's "Commentary on the Bible," Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit," the works of Jonathan Edwards, Thomas Chalmers, and many other distinguished divines. Their list also contains probably the largest series of juvenile books adapted to Sunday School libraries, ever issued by any single house in this country, and it also embraces some excellent books of fiction, numbering altogether more than fifteen hundred different kinds, theirs being the largest list of religious works published by any house in America.

Mr. Peter Carter is also something of an author, having written several juvenile books and also published a volume of travels in Scotland, and compiled a volume entitled "Scotia's Bards," being a selection of the best productions and biographical sketches of the Scottish poets.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH, the life-long friend of Robert Carter, voices the opinion of the latter's host of friends in the concluding paragraphs of the following letter to Rev. Dr. Prime, editor of the *New York Observer* :

"When you were a country pastor, and I was a boy in a bookstore in Nassau Street, there was on the corner of Canal and Laurens Street (now South Fifth Avenue) a small building, over the doorway of which was a sign, 'Robert Carter, Bookseller.' I am not sure that our friend began his business on this spot, but I do know that on the first of April, 1884, he will have been for fifty years a bookseller and publisher.

"I am aware that in the minds of some persons, the business of book-publishing and bookselling is nothing more than the manufacture and sale of merchandise; but this is not your opinion or mine. So you will agree with me, that fifty years of a life devoted as this has been to the making of books, not one of which might make men worse, but ought to make them better, may well have a word of recognition in the columns of the *Observer*. . . .

"And thus for half a century he has been doing a wholesome, honest, beneficent work. He has seen great changes; seen also the wonderful development of the publishing business in this country. He has passed through many seasons of general business

depression, and yet maintained his own credit unimpaired. Year by year, as his business grew into larger proportions, he still continued to conduct it with dignity, integrity and success . . . Who can estimate the value and the extent of his influence, as a publisher? What a factor it has been in the religious education of the country! . . .

“He has survived all those who were his early contemporaries in the trade. You will recall them all: the elder Harpers, Daniel Appleton, John P. Haven, Jonathan Leavitt, Roe Lockwood, George P. Putnam. He remains still vigorous, cheerful, hopeful; still interested in the world’s needs and progress, and ever ready to aid a worthy cause. Beloved and honored by all who personally knew him, he is not only without enemies, but with troops of friends the whole land over.”

Mr. Randolph is himself a publisher of many choice books, largely of a religious character, and some of them very popular. He is also very widely known as the proprietor of the oldest and best-appointed retail bookstore in New York. It is a favorite resort for the book-buyers of our oldest and best known families, he having occupied that position for more than thirty years.

It is nearly fifty years since I first met Mr. Randolph. We were then both clerks, he being employed at that time by the American Sunday School Union, of which J. C. Meeks was the New York agent, the office being held in the old American Tract Society building, where Daniel Fanshaw, the well-known printer, had his large offices on the top floor.

Mr. Randolph well remembers when two donkeys on the top floor were the only motive power which propelled Mr. Fanshaw’s printing-presses. Juvenile books in those early days were not very numerous, indeed so limited in number, that Mr. Randolph says he could probably have carried one of each kind in his arms.

I frequently had occasion to purchase books of young Randolph, when a bookseller at Auburn. We were younger then, it is hardly necessary to say, than now. He com-

menced as a boy clerk in 1830, serving a part at his apprenticeship, by wheeling books on a wheelbarrow, that being the method among the trade in those days, in delivering supplies to the booksellers.

Mr. Randolph is a good talker ; at the gatherings of the trade, whether for festival, discussing copyright questions, or bearing tribute on memorial occasions, his eloquent words have often been heard, and always received with marked attention. When Mr. Randolph first read the notice in the *Publisher's Weekly* "Fifty Years a Publisher," he wrote me from the country, as follows :

"What an old fellow you are ! Why don't you feel ashamed at being so old ? I went into the trade in 1830. I have been here since June 30th, and this with one exception is the longest holiday I have had in fifty-three years. But I have had a very good time in this life, and am grateful that I can say that life *is* worth living, and grateful, most of all, that I have been taught and believe that there is another life still better than this. May we know each other there !"

DAVID VAN NOSTRAND is well and favorably known in this country and also in Europe as the publisher of military books, and scientific publications. At the early age of fifteen he entered the services of John P. Haven, who was the New York agent for the important publications of Crocker & Brewster, of Boston. This was in the year 1826.

Mr. Van Nostrand first began business fifty-three years ago, under the firm of Van Nostrand & Dwight, which lasted for three years, when that firm dissolved, and an interregnum of twelve years enabled Mr. Van Nostrand to pursue his favorite scientific studies, and especially of books on Engineering—this brought him into close relations with the United States Military Academy at West Point, as well as various private military and scientific institutions, who gave him their orders for supplies on so large a scale as to finally induce him to open business again on his own account, which he did in 1848.

Beginning to publish books, he soon, by close attention to business, built up an extensive trade.

The late Mr. Trubner, in his London *Literary Record*, once said, "that the United States, although prolific in practical applications of science, had been, through obvious causes, somewhat sterile, until a quite recent date, of literary expositions of its works, but that, of late years, there had been a great and rapid development of such works, and with no name is this development more intimately associated than that of Mr. Van Nostrand." Again this English journal remarked that "as a gentleman of extensive and varied information, of genial and attractive character, eminent business capacity, and of important achievements in his profession, Mr. Van Nostrand stands prominent among the publishers of the day."

The following will give an idea of the extent and variety of the subjects embraced in the publications of Mr. Van Nostrand, which comprise thorough treatises, many of them elaborately illustrated, on architecture, carpentry, building, astronomy, navigation, shipbuilding, meteorology, brewing, distilling, wine-making, chemistry, physics, philosophy, coal, coal oil, gas, drawing, painting, photography, electricity, electric telegraph, engineering, machinery, mechanics, geology, mineralogy, mining, metallurgy, hydraulics, hydrostatics, iron, steel, life insurance, mathematics, ordnance and gunnery, military engineering, military history, records of war, and, in fact, almost every specialty in science and art.

Mr. Van Nostrand's most important books are Weisbach's "Mechanics," with nearly one thousand wood-cut illustrations, Francis's "Lowell Hydraulics," to produce which cost forty thousand dollars, Whipple and Roebling on "Bridge Building," General Gilmore on "Limes and Cements," Holly on "Ordnance and Armor," General Meyer's (Old Probabilities) "Manual of Signals," Scott's "Military Dictionary," Casey's "United States Infantry Tactics," of which more than eighty thousand copies have been

sold, Jomini's "Life of Napoleon," translated by the late General Halleck, and the "Rebellion Record" in twelve volumes, illustrated with many steel portraits.

There is probably no list of books in the country of so exclusively standard character as those which appear on Mr. Van Nostrand's Catalogue. He is indeed a monarch in his chosen field, and all his friends and patrons, indeed everyone, who has ever had any dealings with him will wish him all the prosperity which he merits and enjoys.

BAKER, VOORHIES & CO., the well known law-book house, was established by the late John S. Voorhies in 1842, and continued by him, on his own account, until his death in 1865.

I frequently had dealings with Mr. Voorhies, during that period. He had the confidence and patronage of the law booksellers and the leading lawyers of that time, his store being the favorite resort of such eminent men as Chancellor Kent, George Wood, Hugh Maxwell, Edward Sanford, Daniel Lord, J. Prescott Hall, Wm. Curtis Noyes, John Duer, James W. Gerard, Theodore Sedgwick, Charles O'Connor, David Dudley Field, William M. Evarts and Charles P. Daly, all of whom were known to many of my readers, and of whom only the last three survive.

After the death of Mr. Voorhies, the business was reorganized under the firm name of Baker, Voorhies & Co., the junior partner being a nephew of the founder, and having been connected with him for over twenty years in the business.

Mr. Peter C. Baker, the senior member of the new firm, began his career in the bookselling business, when quite a young lad, nearly fifty years ago, but deciding to become a printer, he entered the employment of the late William E. Dean, with whom he served his apprenticeship. Mr. Dean was an extensive printer and publisher of legal and classical books.*

Soon after Mr. Baker had served his time at the printer's

* See *ante*, p. 148.

trade, he became the superintendent of the extensive printing establishment of John F. Trow, whose New York City Directory has made his name so well known. Mr. Trow, at that time, was the printer for D. Appleton & Co.'s publications, as well as those of George P. Putnam, John Wiley, and many other prominent publishing houses.

In the year 1850 Mr. Baker, with the late Daniel Godwin, commenced business on their own account, under the style of Baker & Godwin, in the Tribune Building, where their well known printing establishment was so familiar, for many years.

The firm made the printing of law books a specialty, thus bringing Mr. Baker into close relations with Mr. Voorhies, which ultimately, through his familiarity with the different law-books published by the latter, induced him to become a law-book publisher, as before stated.

Among the most important law-books, published by this firm, the following may be named : Townshend on Slander and Libel, Shearman and Redfield on Negligence, Bliss on Life Insurance, Gerard on Titles to Real Estate, Kerr on Fraud and Mistake, Waterman on Set-off, Ram on Facts and the Science of Legal Judgment, and the important works of the Abbott Brothers.

The relations of this firm with the authors of law books have been of the most agreeable nature. One of the oldest authors in the state came to them unsolicited, to publish a new treatise, because he was so well pleased with the mechanical appearance of the books issued by that house. After the publication of the book referred to, and the first account of sales was rendered, the author wrote them as follows : " The statement is highly satisfactory. I feel that I am greatly indebted to your spirit, business tact and extended reputation and experience as publishers, for the rapid sale of the work."

BAKER, PRATT & CO., although not publishers, stand at the front of the largest wholesale venders of books and stationery in this country. The founders of the house bear

an historic name in the publishing trade. As previously noted in the sketch of A. S. Barnes, the firm of D. F. Robinson & Co. established themselves in New York in 1835, under the firm name of Robinson, Pratt & Co.

Five years later, I purchased from the latter house the general stock for my country book-store at Auburn, on an order given me upon that firm by Henry Ivison, who had at that time started me in the bookselling business, himself becoming a special partner.

In the year 1843, Mr. Robinson retiring from the business to become the president of the Hartford Bank, the firm was succeeded by Pratt, Woodford & Co., consisting of Henry Z. Pratt, O. P. Woodford, Elijah P. Farmer, and T. K. Brace, which in turn was succeeded by that of Farmer, Brace & Co., the same individuals comprising the firm with the addition of James S. Oakley. Mr. Farmer was the best salesman I ever knew. He sold me the first bill of books I ever bought—happy the bookseller who escaped with purchases double the amount originally desired. Mr. Farmer's sudden death in the prime of his busy life was sincerely regretted by all who had known him. A few years' intervened, when the firm was again changed to Pratt, Oakley & Co., and among their publications were the popular school books: Cooper's *Virgil*, Comstock's *Chemistry*, *Physiology*, *Botany*, *Mineralogy*, and *Natural History*. These elementary works of science, were the first school books of the kind published in this country. They were also the publishers of the celebrated Bullion's *English Grammar*, and *Latin and Greek series*, all of which reached immense sales. In the year 1862, Mr. Birdseye Blakeman, now the senior partner in the great school book house of Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., in connection with the late Albert Mason, became the successors of Pratt, Oakley & Co., under the firm name of Blakeman & Mason. In 1864, Mr. Blakeman retired, when a new firm was formed under the style of Oakley & Mason, Mr. Oakley bringing with him the good will of the old concern,

with which he had been so long connected. There were few, if any, men of more experience, combined with a natural taste for the bookselling business than James S. Oakley. At the end of four years Oakley and Mason associated with them as partners,—James S. Baker and William T. Pratt (nephew of Henry Z. Pratt of the old firm). Mr. Oakley retired in 1872, when the firm style again changed to Mason, Baker & Pratt, and two years later, the firm of Baker, Pratt & Co., was formed, consisting of the following members, James S. Baker, William T. Pratt, Charles D. Pratt and Robert L. Boyd.

Both Mr. Baker and the Messrs. Pratt, have, by their long and active experience in every department of the bookselling and stationery business, become famous for their rare faculty in supplying every book ever published in print or out of print, or indeed all supplies desired by the country bookseller.

JOHN F. TROW is undoubtedly the oldest book printer in New York City, if not in America, in continuous active business.

Mr. Trow was apprenticed to the printing business sixty years ago, with the well-known firm of Flagg & Gould, of Andover, Mass., whose "Codman Press" became celebrated for doing the first work for the American Tract Society.

A half-century ago, Mr. Trow removed to New York City, when for a few years, under the firm of West & Trow, he conducted business as a printer on hand-presses, printing, among other papers, the *New York Observer*.

After that he associated himself with the late Jonathan Leavitt as bookseller and publisher, under the name of Leavitt & Trow, continuing at the same time the printing business under the style of John F. Trow & Co.

Among other important publications issued by Leavitt and Trow some of my readers will remember, were the complete works of Jonathan Edwards, and also the classical series of Professor John J. Owen, so widely popular.

In the year 1852, Mr. Trow commenced the publication of the New York City Directory, with which his name has been so prominently identified for more than thirty years.

As early as 1836 Mr. Trow had imported complete fonts of Oriental type from the celebrated Tauchnitz foundry, viz. : Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Syriac, Ethiopian, Coptic, Samaritan, &c., and far surpassing in quantity and variety the famous "Codman Press," where he served his apprenticeship, or any other establishment in America.

His specimen book, published in 1855, a beautiful production of typographic art, contains specimens of these various and elegant fonts. In recognition of the beautiful and accurate, classical and Oriental productions that have issued from his press, the University of New York has conferred upon Mr. Trow the title of University printer.

COLLINS, KEESE & COMPANY were well known dealers in school books fifty years ago, and were not only publishers of some important school books, but large jobbers in books and stationery.

John Keese, then a member of the firm, was the wittiest man ever known in the book trade. His remarkably persuasive powers as salesman I had occasion to remember, mingled as they were with both method and wit.

About forty years ago Mr. Keese withdrew from the concern, forming a new partnership under the style of Cooley, Keese & Hill, book auctioneers; the senior member, the late James E. Cooley, had long experience as the head of the firm of James E. Cooley & Lemuel Bangs, the trade-sales auctioneers.

The keen and ready wit of Mr. Keese would always draw a lively crowd of purchasers, when he was the auctioneer, wit seeming with him as second nature.

On one occasion, during a sale of an invoice of books— "There was no quarter at the Battle of Waterloo, my dear sir," he said to a bidder of twenty-five cents for a narrative of that conflict. "Really, this is too much pork for a shilling," was his pathetic remark at the sacrifice of

“Bacon’s Essays” for twelve and a half cents. “Going—going—gentlemen—ten cents for Caroline Fry; why, it isn’t the price of a stew!” (a jest prompted, perhaps, by a thought of the supper awaiting him at Downing’s oyster saloon in Wall street), and the same reflection probably suggested his interpretation of the title F.R.S.: “Fried, Roasted and Stewed!”*

“I have the recollection of him,” wrote the late Evert A. Duyckinck, “as the wittiest book-auctioneer of his day in New York, and it may be said of any day, for there is no tradition of any predecessor of such powers, and he certainly left no successor in his peculiar vein. This may be said without disparagement to the intellectual cleverness of the Sabins, Leavitts and Merwins of the present day for Keese was really an extraordinary man, in the humorous handling of books and an audience, enlivening a sales-room on the dullest of wet nights and under the most disadvantageous circumstances with the brilliancy of his wit. Few who attended his sales did not carry away with them some recollection of his sparkling genius.”

Mr. Duyckinck wrote the above in 1877. Mr. Joseph Sabin, the distinguished bibliographer and sometime auctioneer, died in 1881. Mr. Andrew M. Merwin, so pleasantly remembered when of the firm of Bangs, Merwin & Co., died in 1871. Mr. F. H. Bangs still continues the book auction business in this city under the firm of Bangs & Co.

Collins & Brother, successors to the old firm, have been in continuous business as school book publishers and jobbers for more than forty years. They are well known in the locality of the great dry-goods center in which their store has long been located. Mr. Charles Collins, my long-time friend, has recently succeeded to the business, and the firm style is now in that of his own name.

* John Keese, Wit and Littérateur, a Biographical Memoir, by William L. Keese.

XLV.

TWO SOUTHERN POETS.

JAMES R. RANDALL.

*The Author of "My Maryland"—A Reconstructed Rebel
—"I see Thee ever in my Dreams"—Massachusetts
Troops through Baltimore—A Famous Poem in Half
an Hour—One Hundred Dollars in Confederate Money
—He heard it sung by a Russian Girl—An Incident
at Arlington.*

DURING a temporary sojourn in Augusta, Ga., in 1870-71, while representing the house of D. Appleton & Co., I was conversing one day with one of my friends, a well-known cotton factor of that city, and observing a gentleman haranguing bystanders on one of the ample sidewalks, I said to my friend "That must be one of the 'carpet-bag' politicians who have come from the North to reconstruct you rebels." At that time the "carpet-bag government" was in full sway, "reconstruction" not yet having become an assured fact. My friend laughed heartily, as did I, when he said, "Why, that is James R. Randall, the author of 'My Maryland,' which did such good Confederate service; he was a rebel, but he needs no reconstruction."

I was soon after introduced to the poet-journalist, and from that time have enjoyed the friendship of one of the most brilliant writers of the South. Although Mr. Randall has not published any volume, he has written enough of both prose and poetry to make a very entertaining one.

Who that has read the story of "Evangeline" can forget the gentle notary Rene Leblanc, and his score of children? From one of them was descended the mother of James R. Randall. His father was a merchant of Baltimore, and in that city he was born January 1, 1839. One of his earliest tutors was Professor Clark, who had taught Edgar Allan Poe, and who is now, or was recently, living in Baltimore, aged over 90 years. The years 1849-56 young Randall passed at Georgetown College, where was written his first poem on Professor Dimitry. It was published in the *Evening Star* of Washington, and attracted some attention in the college as a juvenile production of small merit. After a brief service as clerk in a Baltimore book-store, young Randall proceeded to Florida and taught school for a while in the wilderness, and finally drifted to New Orleans and became clerk in a shipping-merchant's office.

In spare moments he wrote poems that were published in the New Orleans papers. When twenty years of age, he was appointed professor of English and the classics in Poydras College, a tolerably well-endowed country college in Pointe Coupée Parish, La.

He had not been at the college long before the war broke out, and in common with the youth of the South, was intensely agitated on the subject.

The editor of the New Orleans *Delta*, who encouraged young Randall's efforts at poetry by giving him a volume of the poems of James Clarence Mangan, and the weird melodies and wasted life and melancholy death of the unfortunate Irish poet made an indelible impression upon his mind. He was especially struck with the rhythm of one poem purporting to be a translation from the Ottoman, entitled the "Karamanian Exile."

"I see thee ever in my dreams,
Karaman!
Thy hundred hills, thy thousand streams,
Karaman! O Karaman!

Mr. Randall received an autograph letter from a member of the family of Lord Byron, asking for a manuscript copy of "My Maryland" and stating their admiration for the poem and inviting him to visit them in London.

John R. Thompson, a well known literary man, long connected with the *Southern Literary Messenger*, was in England when the poem was first published. On his return he said to Mr. Randall, that he envied him beyond all living men, because he had met in a drawing-room in London, one of the most charming and beautiful of women who had asked him if he would like to hear a song of his Southern country. Upon his replying in the affirmative, she went to the piano and struck up "My Maryland." When she had finished, she returned to where he was sitting and said, "When you see your friend who wrote that, tell him you heard it sung by a Russian girl, who lives at Archangel, north of Siberia, and learned to sing it there."

Mr. Randall was one among a crowd of ten thousand who surrounded the Washington monument in Baltimore, at the reception given to the French visitors to the Yorktown Centennial, when Dodworth's band played "My Maryland." When the visitors learned it was a distinctive Maryland air, they arose and bowed profoundly, and the crowd cheered wildly. Unknown among the throng was the author. Some one near him asked if, as a Marylander, he did not feel very proud of the song. He said, no; that he had become very practical since he had written that song, and felt satisfied that not one man in that vast throng would lend him five dollars if he should ask the loan of that sum. The stranger replied, "When you are dead we will give you a grand funeral."

"My Maryland" was set to music by Miss Hettie Cary, of Baltimore, now the wife of Prof. Martin of Johns Hopkins University, to the German air "Tannebaum," and a great deal of money is said to have been made by the Baltimore music-seller who published it; but the author received none of it. All the money he ever received for the poem

was one hundred dollars in Confederate money from a publisher in New Orleans, with which he bought a much-needed suit of clothes.

Mr. Randall has written other poems that enjoyed popularity in the South, such as "There's Life in the Old Land yet," "Stonewall Jackson," "Idolon," "Alexandria," "The Cameo Bracelet," "John Pelham," "Why the Robin's Breast is Red." All these have had a temporary newspaper popularity, but never having been collected in a book, will soon pass out of recollection. A number of manuscript poems were lost during the war. Since the war, he has written little, besides what he considers his best poem "At Arlington," based upon an incident of peculiar poetic interest. On the day that the graves of the Federal soldiers buried at Arlington were decorated, a number of years ago, a party of ladies entered the cemetery for the purpose of placing flowers on the graves of thirty Confederates. Their progress was stopped by bayonets, and they were not allowed to perform their mission of love. During the night a high wind arose, and in the morning all the floral offerings that had been placed the day before upon the Federal graves, were found piled upon the mounds under which reposed the thirty Confederates. That which men had denied, nature had granted; nay, had taken into her own hands to perform.

Traveling north at the close of the war, on the train the poet borrowed a newspaper from a young lady. The lady was Miss Hammond, now the wife of Mr. Randall, and the paper, the *Augusta Chronicle*, of which he became and is now an editor. One of his daughters is named Maryland, so that Mrs. Randall said to her husband, "Should the poem die and our daughter live; or the daughter die and the poem live, in either case you will have "My Maryland."

The Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* recently sent the following to that paper:

“James R. Randall, who wrote ‘Maryland, My Maryland,’ is one of the most delightful men in Washington. You find it difficult to believe that this quiet, liberal, broad-minded man wrote that narrow, passionate appeal. He was very young, however. He is young still, but wiser and broader. He has come to that point where he is willing to admit that that disagreeable characterization ‘Northern scum’ in the last stanza was simply put in for the sake of the rhyme. He would not write such a song now. Yet he copies the old song again and again in response to requests that come from the four corners of the earth, whither its fame has spread. I saw a true copy of it yesterday. It is rarely printed correctly. It is generally mangled in quotation, and it is always mutilated in the newspapers. I hear that Mr. Randall contemplates gathering it and half a hundred other lyrics in a volume to be published shortly.”

To which Mr. Randall responds in the *Augusta Chronicle* as follows :

“I was surprised at the paragraph concerning me in the *Philadelphia Record*. The gentleman who wrote it is a friend of mine, and meant to do me a kindness ; but some of his deductions took the color of his own sentiments and antipathies. I never meant to impress him with the idea that I was ashamed of the song of ‘Maryland,’ or that, under the same provocation and circumstances, I would not write it again. The whole thing was based upon a statement of regret that the exigencies of rhyme, compelled me to use a word in the last stanza of the lyric that might seem to reflect offensively upon the Northern people as a class. I am not likely to cease loving the State of my birth any more than the State of my adoption. In remembrance of the first named commonwealth, I have called one of my daughters Maryland. In the soil of the last I expect to be laid at rest, some day,

“Where the grass above my grave will grow as long,
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to song!”

Mr. Randall resides in a pleasant home in Augusta, Ga., where he is one of the editors of the “*Chronicle and Constitutionalist*.” The cares of a large and increasing family, and the incessant drudgery of newspaper work, leave him no time to cultivate his poetic muse. As a news-

paper writer, he has gained distinction, and his letters from Washington during the session of Congress have been widely quoted by the press of the country.

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.

“The Most Brilliant Woman in New Orleans”—An Author meets Her First Publisher—“Xariffa” and the “Captain’s Story”—“And You Should Kiss My Eyelids”—Down the Bayou and other Poems.

IN the year 1877, while on my way to New Orleans, I stopped over in Augusta, to see my editorial friend, James R. Randall, then editor of the *Augusta Chronicle*. Learning my destination he said to me, “I want you to know, when you arrive there, the most brilliant woman in New Orleans.” He then gave me a note of introduction to Mrs. Mary Ashley Townsend. Upon my arrival at that city, I was unable to call upon her, owing to my recent indisposition. Mr. Randall’s note was sent by a messenger. Her surprise on reading it was only equaled by mine, on receiving the following from her :

“125 Carondelet Street, New Orleans.

MR. DERBY:

DEAR SIR :—Upon my return home yesterday evening, your card and Mr. Randall’s letter were handed me by my daughter Cora. I cannot express to you the surprise, the pleasure, the flood of memories which stirred my heart at sight of your once familiar signature. I do not flatter myself that Mr. Derby retains the slightest recollection of me ; but if, as I suppose from the similarity of name, he was the head of the firm of Derby & Jackson, of New York city, a most pleasant remembrance of him—which has

never died out—is connected with my youth, my earliest ambitions—my first book! It is with sincere regret I learn your ill health will deprive me of the pleasure of welcoming you to my house this evening; but may I not be allowed to call upon you with Mr. Townsend?

“If it will be convenient for you to have us do so this evening, will you have the kindness to send word by bearer at what hour?”

“Very sincerely,

MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND.”

I found on meeting Mrs. Townsend that I had published for her more than twenty years previous, a novel entitled “The Brother Clerks, a Tale of New Orleans,” by Mary Ashley, which was the only name that I had known her by.

It was very pleasant indeed to meet the author of that book face to face, in her own delightful home in the Crescent City. While there I learned for the first time that Mrs. Townsend was also a poetess of considerable merit, her volume of poems by “Xariffa” (her *nom de plume*) having passed through several editions, from the press of J. B. Lippincott & Co. She was the author also of a poetical romance entitled “The Captain’s Story,” the merit of which is testified to by autograph letters from Henry W. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and William Cullen Bryant.

Of her poem “Creed,” of which the following is an extract, John G. Saxe, in a letter to her, said, “I consider it one of the finest poems in the English language.”

“I believe if I should die,
 And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
 Cold, dead and dumb to all the world contains,
 The folded orbs would open at your breath,
 And from its exile in the isles of death
 Life would come gladly back along my veins!

“ I believe if I were dead,
 And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
 Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
 It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
 Of him it ever loved in life so much,
 And throb, again, warm, tender, true to thee.

“ I believe if on my grave,
 Hidden in woody deeps or by the wave,
 Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
 From every salty seed of your dear grief,
 Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf,
 To prove death could not make my love forget.

“ I believe if I should fade
 Into those mystic realms where light is made,
 And you should long once more my face to see,
 I would come forth upon the hills of night
 And gather stars like fagots, till thy sight,
 Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me!”

A new volume by Mrs. Townsend has just been published by James R. Osgood & Co., under the title “Down the Bayou and other Poems,” of which that excellent authority, the *Critic*, in a recent notice, says :

“ The writer has, among other merits, one precious quality, viz., a quick preception of natural beauties, and of their relation to the world of thought. To this she adds the grace of being able to show you what she herself sees, and that with a delicate and skillful tact. She comprehends the significance of the fair sights and sounds which the summer day unfolds to her. Flowers, insects, winds and waters awake in her no flat and simulated raptures, but a reverent heeding of their sweet meaning. She wins us to her mood, in which she says,

“ All life seemed
 Like the white fervor of a star
 That burns in twilight skies afar,
 Between the azure of the day
 And gates that shut the night away.”

XLVI.

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Oldest book house in Boston—Augustus Flagg becomes a Partner—Death of James Brown—"The Business he loved so well"—Hillard's Memoir of Brown—Mr. Flagg assumes Control—Active Career for quarter of a Century—Anecdote of Charles Sampson—Important Publications of the house—Russell of Charleston, and Berry of Nashville—Anecdotes of Story and Kent—"And then look out for thunder!"—Choate not to be dunned for 3,000 years—Augustus Flagg retires from Business.

THE oldest firm of book publishers and booksellers in the city of Boston, and one of the oldest and most substantial in this country, is the house of Little, Brown & Co.; their reputation, as great law-book publishers, and also that of being at one time the largest importers of the best editions of English books, is well known in this country and in Europe.

The firm was founded in the year 1837, under the style of Charles C. Little & James Brown. Mr. Augustus Flagg became a partner in the concern in the year 1840, since which time the style has been Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. James Brown died in the year 1855, greatly lamented. His unexpected death was a great shock, not only to his intimate friends, but to the bookselling fraternity, generally. Those of my readers who knew him personally, will bear testimony to his fine presence and affable manners, and agree with me that the eminence he attained in the business he loved so well and which he adorned, easily

placed him the acknowledged head, the most able representative of the book-publishing fraternity in this country.

In George S. Hillard's memoirs of James Brown, privately printed, appear some descriptive letters from Europe, in 1841. The following will interest my readers, picturing, as it does, the London book world forty years ago :

“The London Coffee House, Ludgate Hill, besides being one of the best houses in London, is the place where Franklin lived, and I sat in the very stall where he and Straham used to dine, and hold their political discussions. I called several times at Dr. Johnson's old home in Bolt Court, and drank a glass of ale to his memory. In the same dingy, dirty lane, is the printing-office where Franklin worked journey-work, if you know what that means. The building is occupied for the same purpose now. I looked into Will's and Button's also, and did not forget the Boar's Head, now the Saracen's, made classic by Dickens as the haunt of the hero of Dotheboys Hall. Paternoster Row I was greatly disappointed in. Instead of a fine street full of splendid bookseller's shops, it is a narrow lane barely admitting a carriage : dirty, dark, gloomy and disgusting.

“It is for the most part filled with booksellers ; but what gives a character to the whole lane is a large tallow-chandler's establishment, and the beef market. In this mean street, however, as you know, are sold more fine books than in any other in the world. Here, too, booksellers with their families live, and here, as elsewhere in London, you meet the bookseller's wife assisting in the labors of the shop and busy with the pen, or assorting parcels for distant customers, and in discussing the comparative value of the different editions of Boyle and Dumas ; and if you call to dine with her, you will find her at home, also, in all matters which with us are thought to be a woman's exclusive province—the management of household affairs.”

Augustus Flagg, when quite young, entered the book-

store of Clarendon Harris, a well known bookseller in Worcester, Mass. About the time he became of age, feeling ambitious to find a larger field of action, he went to Boston with letters from Mr. Harris to the principal booksellers in that city—among others, to Little & Brown, who told him that at that time they were not in need of additional clerical assistance, but, taking his address, said they would inform him should a vacancy occur. Young Flagg then went to New York, where he tried in vain to secure a situation, and became so home-sick, that he would have given anything to have been back on his father's farm. Finally, he secured a place with Robinson & Franklin, then a well known book firm in New York, and where at the same time George A. Leavitt became a fellow clerk. He had been there but a fortnight, when Mr. James Brown wrote that they wanted him to come on to Boston immediately, they having a situation for him. This was in the fall of 1838, and Mr. Flagg, soon responding, has been identified with that firm ever since.

C. C. Little died in 1869, when Mr. Flagg became the managing partner of the concern.

Among the standard important law publications of Little, Brown & Co., are "Story on the Constitution," "Kent's Commentaries," and "Wheaton's Law of Nations." In their catalogue of general literature are the "Life and Works of John Adams," "The Works of Edward Everett," "Rufus Choate" and "Francis Parkman's Historical Works." Mr. John Bartlett, one of the members of the firm, is also the author of a volume of Familiar Quotations, a valuable and popular work.

Little Brown & Co. were the publishers of George Bancroft's "History of the United States" in ten volumes. They were also the first publishers of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," which they ceased to publish when the Harpers offered a larger copyright and became Mr. Prescott's publishers. Subsequently Phillips, Sampson & Co. offered a still larger copyright and became the pub-

lishers of Prescott's Works. Referring to this change Mr. Flagg recently said :

“Mr. Sampson came to see me one day, and we talked about book publishing. I told him, among other things, there is a great difference in publishers: some are inclined to pay, what I call, ‘Money for glory.’ ‘Yes,’ said Sampson, I know that ; I have paid twenty thousand dollars, more or less, for glory. There is no money in it.’ ‘That won’t do,’ said I. ‘When Prescott’s folks came in and wanted me to take his histories, I told them I would advance a thousand dollars a volume copyright, but I could not afford to pay any glory money, as I thought I had made sufficient reputation, and I preferred to have less glory than to have my notes go to protest. The troubles of 1857 had taught me a lesson. At that time most every prominent house was obliged to take up both sides of the bill-book. I made up my mind if I ever got through that year, I would so shape the concern as to get along without giving notes, and from that time we have never asked a cent of discount or borrowed any money. The best investment a man can make is to pay his debts, and after that he can make any investment he likes.”

Little, Brown & Co. were also the publishers of Daniel Webster's Works, which were sold originally by subscription, the copyright of which on the first edition amounted to about forty thousand dollars. Mr. Flagg says the royalty upon the sales has been a source of revenue to the family ever since they were published. He thinks that Webster's Works are about the only published volumes of speeches that have been a financial success ; in which opinion, from some of my own experience, I fully concur. As before stated, Little Brown & Co. are large dealers in standard English books. They were the first importers of the great Encyclopedia Britannica, the retail price of which was nine dollars per volume, they having at the time the exclusive sale in this country, and of which they sold large quanti-

ties. The publishers, A. & E. Black, were astonished at the great success of the work in America.

That Little, Brown & Co. created the market for the best editions of English literature, there can be no doubt; they have always maintained that the taste of the public would be improved and cultivated by introducing good books. They saw clearly, very clearly, that if good English editions could be offered to the American public at moderate prices—for it must be remembered that at that time we were hardly emancipated from the paper reprint, and the yellow-covered literature—a great many more could be sold—books of sterling merit, and constant reference, and if they could induce the English publishers to sell them five hundred copies of a work at a little over cost of paper and printing, there was a market here for their disposal. This was Mr. Brown's discovery; this was his mission, and he put it into practice by the purchase of editions of such works as Pickering's Milton, Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, and the five editions of Gibbon's Rome, and Grote's Greece, and other standard works, which from time to time were added to their list, and offered to the American public at a good deal less than they were sold for in England. Mr. Flagg further says, in ante-bellum times, that John Russell, of Charleston, South Carolina, and W. T. Berry, of Nashville, Tennessee, sold more fine books in proportion to the population than any other cities in the United States. He also claims, that there are more good libraries in Boston and vicinity than any other locality in this country. He recently told me that Chief Justice Story was a frequent caller at their book-store. He would come in and lay out large supplies of old books, principally works on civil law, volume after volume, in all languages. He was always full of humor, and was so much of a talker that it was hard for anyone to get in a word. One time Chancellor Kent came into the store while William C. Rives, of Virginia, with some other eminent gentlemen were conversing together. Story and Kent had not met

for a long time. Kent was also a tremendous talker, and it was amusing to watch the race of words between them. When Story would get the floor he would stick to it as long as possible, then Kent would get ahead, struggling with equal vigor to hold on. They seemed so delighted to see one another, when they met, it was difficult for either one to find an opportunity to speak.

Daniel Webster was a large buyer of costly English books. His manners were generally very quiet, but sometimes he would get warmed up, and then look out for thunder! He used to be annoyed by people watching, and following him wherever he went. George Bancroft was also a large book-buyer, buying everything he could find pertaining to American history in every language.

Rufus Choate came into the store very frequently, and he seldom resisted the temptation of purchasing fine books, particularly classical works. One time he saw a number of books he wanted for his library, and he didn't feel as though he could afford to buy them. Finally he could stand it no longer and said, "I want those books, and I will take them under one condition: that I shall not be dunned for them under three thousand years." He was always as simple as a child. He would ask about books in a most charming manner, though he knew a great deal more about them than booksellers did.

Mr. Flagg, who has frequently visited Europe, where he is well known, to purchase large invoices of the best editions of books, recently went abroad to try the experiment of buying the most expensive books, and see how they would sell. The undertaking proved a great success.

In the year 1880, Mr. Flagg began to feel the effect of over-work, and thought he would make way for the younger men; he therefore withdrew from active business, with an ample fortune, the fruits of his well-spent life.

The present members of the firm are John Bartlett, Thomas M. Deland, John M. Brown and George Flagg. The style of the house, however, remains the same.

XLVII.

BIGELOW—GODWIN—CURTIS.

JOHN BIGELOW.

*The Pathfinder to the Rocky Mountains—Charles A. Dana
Protests—Bigelow has his Way—Both friends of
Tilden—United States Minister to France—Extraor-
dinary Discovery of Franklin's MSS.—Bigelow Edits
Franklin's Autobiography—Friendly Advice to the
Author.*

WHEN the Republican party was organized, in the year 1856, General John C. Fremont became its leader and first candidate for the Presidency. A great interest was manifested by intelligent voters to learn something more than was commonly known about the life and public services of the nominee of this new party.

I accordingly called upon Mr. John Bigelow, then the managing editor of the New York *Evening Post*, a gentleman of great ability and fine literary culture, and well equipped, as I knew, for such an undertaking, and proposed to him to prepare, with all possible dispatch, a campaign biography, which, after some hesitancy, he finally agreed to undertake, and soon after delivered to me the manuscript of a work entitled, "Memoir of the Life and Public Services of John Charles Fremont, including an account of his explorations, discoveries and adventures on five successive expeditions across the North American Continent, voluminous selections from his private and public correspondence, his defense before the court-martial, and full reports

of his principal speeches in the Senate of the United States." The biography was heralded by the publisher as "The Pathfinder to the Rocky Mountains and the White House." The general found the path to one if not the other.

The book contained a number of spirited illustrations by Dallas, then a well known artist. Its publication was opportune and tens of thousands were sold.

The author introduced the volume by saying :

"The engrossing and universal interest recently awakened in the subject of this memoir, by the presentation of his name as a candidate for the Presidency, is the Author's apology for the faults of hasty preparation, which appear in the following pages. He felt, however, that the public were more concerned with the matter than with the manner of his work, and would pardon almost anything in its execution more readily than delay. Under this impression he has aimed at but two results—fullness and accuracy. He has endeavored to lay before the reader every event in the life of Col. Fremont, and the substance of every letter, report, or speech of a public character that he has written or made, having a tendency to enlighten the country in regard to his qualifications for the highest honors of the Republic. The author is not conscious of having suppressed anything that ought to have been revealed, or of having stated a single fact which he did not believe susceptible of proof. To escape the suspicions, however, to which a biography of a presidential candidate is necessarily exposed, he has uniformly given official documents and contemporary evidence of the events he records whenever it was practicable, that his readers may have as little trouble as possible in adjusting the measure of allowance to be made for the partialities of political or personal friendship. A glance at the following pages will satisfy the most cursory observer that it is no mere eulogy, but a faithful record of the life of Colonel Fremont, prepared, if not with skill and elegance, at least with diligence, and a conscientious regard for truth."

By a previous arrangement with General Fremont's confidential political advisers, Mr. Charles A. Dana, then the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*,—recently the organ of the Whig party—(as the *New York Evening*

Post had been of the Democratic party), read the proof-sheets of Mr. Bigelow's biography of General Fremont as they came from the printer's hands.

One day, during the progress of the work, I received a telegram from Mr. Dana to stop the press until he could meet Mr. Bigelow, which he did the same day at my store on Nassau Street, when he told him that it never would do to publish an account of Fremont's duel, as it would turn the Quaker element of voters against him. Mr. Bigelow said in reply, that the omission of that incident in Fremont's life would be a more serious objection than its admission, for the charge would be made of suppressing an important event in his history. Mr. Dana was very decided in his opinions and plainly told Mr. Bigelow that if he published such an item in the authorized biography of the Republican nominee, it would defeat his election; that he would take no part in it, but would take a steamer to Europe.

Mr. Bigelow had his way. Mr. Dana did not sail for Europe, and General Fremont was defeated, but for other reasons, probably, than that of his fighting a duel. Curiously enough, these two eminent publicists twenty years later were acting again together, this time harmoniously in the Democratic party, in the interest of Samuel J. Tilden, and in direct opposition to the Republican party, of which they were two of the founders. Both of them were the confidential friends of Mr. Tilden, and each of them believed, with many others, that that eminent statesman was elected President of the United States in 1876.

Mr. Bigelow first became an author in 1852, when he published a volume called "Jamaica in 1850; or, the Effects of Sixteen Years of Freedom in a Slave Colony." The book gave an interesting account of the author's experience during a tour of that island. Soon after the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, Mr. Bigelow was appointed United States consul at Paris, which office he filled with marked ability

until the death of Minister Dayton, in 1864, when he became United States minister plenipotentiary.

“During his consulship, Mr. Bigelow rendered an important service in making known to the Parisians the extensive resources of the United States, by the preparation of a valuable work of statistics, which was published in the French language. It bore the title: ‘*Les Etats Unis d’Amérique en 1863 : Leur Histoire Politique ; Leurs Ressources Agricoles, Industrielles et Commerciales.*’ The information set forth in this work was well calculated to serve the Government at home at the critical period of the war, by exhibiting the means possessed by the country for prosecuting to a successful issue the contest into which it had been plunged by the rebellious states.”*

Mr. Bigelow’s eminent services while minister to France are well known to the public. He resigned that position in 1867, not, however, without making his countrymen richer by securing the original manuscript of Franklin’s Autobiography, which was published the following year by J. B. Lippincott & Co., under the title, “The Life of Benjamin Franklin, written by himself: Now first published from original manuscripts, and from his printed correspondence and other writings.” The singular and extraordinary discovery of this most valuable of manuscripts is thus stated by Mr. Bigelow in his introduction :

“It is well known that Franklin prepared so much of the celebrated Memoirs of his life as was originally intended for publication, mainly at the solicitation of one of his most cherished friends in France, M. le Veillard, then mayor of Passy. Toward the close of the year 1789 he presented to this gentleman a copy of all this sketch, that was then finished. At the doctor’s death, his papers, including the original of the MS., passed into the hands of one of his grandsons, William Temple Franklin, who undertook to prepare an edition of the life and writings of his grandfather for a publishing house in London. For the greater convenience

* Duyckinck’s Cyclopaedia, Vol. 2, pp. 8, 11.

of the printer in the preparation of this edition—so goes the tradition in the le Veillard family—William Temple Franklin exchanged the original autograph with Mrs. le Veillard, then a widow, for her copy of the Memoirs, and thus the autograph passed out of the Franklin family. At the death of the widow le Veillard, this MS. passed to her daughter, and at her death, in 1834, it became the property of her cousin, M. de Sénarmont, whose grandson, M. P. de Sénarmont, transferred it to me on the 26th of January, 1867, with several other memorials of Franklin, which had descended to him with the MS. Among the latter were the famous pastel portrait of Franklin by Duplessis, which he presented to M. le Veillard; a number of letters to M. le Veillard from Dr. Franklin and from his grandsons, William Temple Franklin and Benjamin Franklin Bache, together with a minute outline of the topics of his Memoirs, brought down to the termination of his mission to France.

“I availed myself of my earliest leisure to subject the Memoirs to a careful collation with the edition which had appeared in London in 1817, and which was the first and only edition that ever purported to have been printed from the MS. The results of this collation revealed the curious fact that more than twelve hundred separate and distinct changes had been made in the text, and what is more remarkable, that the first eight pages of the MS., which are second in value to no other eight pages of the work, were omitted entirely.”

That Mr. Bigelow is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Benjamin Franklin is pleasantly illustrated in his friendly counsels to “a comparatively young man” in the following letter:

“The Squirrels, Oct. 4, 1883.

“MY DEAR MR. DERBY:

“I have examined your ‘record’* and for a comparatively young man as you still are, find it very satisfactory. You must remember, however, that blood horses always do their best running on the home stretch. Dr. Franklin’s reputation was provincial until after he had passed

* See A. D. F. Randolph, *ante*, pp. 653.

your age. Cornelius Vanderbilt and J. J. Astor were comparatively poor men at sixty-five. What you have already done teaches us to expect great things of you in the next fifteen years. As you grow older, too, you will care less for other people's opinion and more for your own, an element of strength, which has been known to give birth to magnificent futures, and the want of it to as magnificent failures. When you are eighty and begin to think of retiring from business, I hope it will be in my power to offer you my congratulations, as it is to-day my privilege to invoke upon you and yours God's choicest blessings.

“Yours very sincerely,

“JOHN BIGELOW.”

PARKE GODWIN.

Interesting History of France—George Ripley's Literary Tribute—“Out of the Past”—Fine Sonnet to James T. Fields.

IF Mr. Parke Godwin would gratify his friends by completing his History of France, the first volume of which was given us a quarter of a century since, he would not only fulfill the promises, often to my knowledge made to himself, but would also confer a boon to the readers of the first volume of that work, which was given to the public through the press of Harper & Brothers a long time ago.

The late George Ripley, in a lengthy review of this important work in the *Tribune* in 1860, said :

“Godwin's History of France is remarkable alike for its affluent and appropriate erudition, for its comprehensive grasp of the principles of society, for its keen and subtle analysis of character, for its penetration into the true spirit of the Middle Ages, for its elevated tone of religious and humanitarian sentiment, and for its

muscular strength of expression. It may justly claim an honorable place among the great historical works which have so proudly signalized the present epoch and our own country."

Mr. Godwin has also favored the public with a volume of thoughtful and suggestive, critical and literary essays which he calls "Out of the Past," and which were originally contributions to the *Democratic Review* and Putnam's *Monthly*. He is also the author of a valuable "Hand-Book of Universal Biography," and several translations from the German. His latest work is the interesting Memoir of his father-in-law, William Cullen Bryant, lately published by D. Appleton & Co.

Mr. Godwin makes no claim to be a poet, but the following beautiful sonnet in memory of his friend, the late James T. Fields, would be creditable to the best of sonneteers :

"I cannot wish thee comfort in this hour
 Of life's supremest sorrow ; for I know,
 By aching memories, how little power
 The best words have to mitigate a woe
 With which, in its own bitterness alone,
 The heart, amid the silences, must deal.
 But here, where ocean makes eternal moan
 Along its melancholy shores, I feel
 How mightier than nature's loudest voice
 Is that soft word, which to the ruler said,
 Amidst his desolated home, 'Rejoice !
 Thy dear one sleepeth : think not he is dead :
 All death is birth from out a turbid night,
 Into the glories of transcendent light.'"

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

The Howadji calls on Harper & Brothers—Stop, Young Man, don't be in such a Hurry—Lotus-Eating and Kensett—The humorous Potiphar Papers—The Lovely Young Maiden "Prue"—Editor-in-Chief of Harper's Weekly—Author, Journalist, Statesman and Orator.

WHEN George William Curtis returned from his Eastern travels thirty-five years ago, he brought with him a manuscript account of his journeyings, which he carried directly to Harper & Brothers, and introducing himself to the late Colonel John Harper, said to him that he desired a publisher for his book of travels in Syria. The colonel looked up at the spruce young traveller and said: "We have just published a book on Syria." "Then," said the embryo author, "you will not need mine," and turned to go. The colonel then said: "Stop, young man, don't be in such a hurry: let me look at your manuscript." After looking over a few of the neatly-written chapters, Mr. Harper said: "We will publish your book, and you may bring us all the manuscripts on Syria you choose, if written as well as this."

And thus Mr. Curtis' "Nile Notes of the Howadji," which was written and brought with him from the Nile, soon appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers. It was the precursor of the "Howadji in Syria," which was soon followed by a charming volume entitled "Lotus-Eating," beautifully illustrated by his intimate friend, the late John F. Kensett.

Of this book the *London News* said:

"Of such a land what new thing remains for prose-poet to sing or word-painter to draw? The answer is, this little book—the unrhymed poem—wild, willful, fantastic, but very beautiful—of a wanderer from beyond the Atlantic, who has brought a fresh

eye and heart to see the wonders of Egypt and a master hand to record them."

I first met Mr. Curtis when he was connected with a publishing house whose disastrous failure soon terminated his career as a book publisher—involving the firm with a load of debts, which he, being a special partner only, was not legally obliged to pay, but he considered himself morally responsible for the debts, and did pay every dollar from the proceeds of the earnings of his pen and eloquent lectures which became so popular throughout the whole country.

In the year 1853, Mr. Curtis contributed to *Putnam's Monthly*, which had recently been established, and of which he was one of the editors, a series of satirical sketches on fashionable society, which obtained great popularity and were afterwards published in a volume under their title, "The Potiphar Papers."

In 1856 Mr. Curtis entered the political arena, not as an office-seeker or an office-holder, for he has never been either, but a steady friend of all that is pure in politics. I knew him first as a warm advocate for the election of John C. Fremont; then again as the eloquent advocate for the nomination of Governor Seward, at Chicago, in 1860; and now, a quarter of a century later, his ringing voice and facile pen still champion the cause of political reform.

That charming volume, "Prue and I," is thus spoken of in Mr. F. H. Underwood's "Hand-Book of English Literature":

"A pretty rill of a story runs through it like a musical little brook through a romantic valley. The pervading sentiment is tender and pure. The lovely young matron 'Prue,' is the sharer in the thoughts and reminiscences of the story-teller, as well as in his affection and measureless content. The style is as unpretentious and as lovely as the story. If it were more musical its melody would glide into verse. The sketches are full of the best fruits of reading and travel, and preserve for us those picturesque

associations of the old world for which we look in the notebook of tourists in vain."

Mr. Curtis has been, for more than a quarter of a century, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, which under his guidance has become not only an influential factor in politics, but emphatically what it claims to be—a journal of civilization.

Mr. Curtis is not only universally known as an author, journalist and statesman, but as a lecturer and orator, and in my opinion, the most eloquent and graceful since the voices of Phillips and Sumner have been forever silenced. His lecture on Sir Philip Sydney is, the very embodiment of graceful oratory.

Mr. S. S. Conant, the accomplished executive editor of *Harper's Weekly*, thus speaks of Mr. Curtis in an article contributed to the *Century Magazine* :

"His devotion to journalism and political affairs has prevented Mr. Curtis from pursuing authorship as a profession, if we are to regard authorship as the writing of books; but although he has put forth no volume since the publication of 'Trumps,' the readers of the 'Easy Chair,' in *Harper's Magazine*, and on 'Manners upon the Road,' in *Harper's Bazar*, will recognize in him the most charming essayist of the day. The delicate, graceful humor of these papers, the purity of style, the wide range of culture and observation which they indicate, but which is never obtrusive, give them a distinctive character of their own. The 'Easy Chair' is the first part of the magazine to which the reader turns. The author of 'Trumps,' 'The Potiphar Papers,' and 'Prue and I,' could hardly have failed as a novelist, had he chosen to pursue the path of literature; but we will not regret his choice, for while we have many novelists, where shall we look for another name like his in the field of American journalism?"

It is to be regretted that Mr. Curtis' talents are not more utilized in the production of those graceful character sketches, which he portrays so well. In that direction he could, if he would, secure a fame akin to that of his well-known personal friend, the late W. M. Thackeray.

XLVIII.

LOSSING—LESLIE—HAMMOND—VINCENT.

BENSON J. LOSSING.

A "Pictorial Author"—The Field-Book of the Revolution—General Putnam chased by British Troopers—Artistic and literary Life—Anecdote of Daniel Appleton—Contracts with George W. Childs—General Robert E. Lee and wife—Lossing's History of New York City.

MR. LOSSING may well be called "the pictorial author," as he is the writer of many valuable historical books, prepared by himself with pen and pencil.

It is interesting to note the career of Mr. Lossing as editor, artist, and author for nearly half a century.

The first time he saw a history of any kind was when nearly fourteen years old; an odd volume of Gibbon's "Rome," which fascinated him to such an extent that he imbibed a permanent taste for historical studies.

At the age of twenty years young Lossing edited a literary paper in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and wishing to illustrate it, he paid the late Joseph A. Adams fifty dollars for two weeks' instruction in the art of wood engraving. Mr. Adams, it will be remembered, was the famous wood engraver who illustrated Harper's Pictorial Bible forty years ago.

The *Family Magazine*, the first profusely illustrated periodical published in the country, and issued by J. S.

Redfield, needing an editor, Mr. Lossing accepted an invitation to become its conductor, and illustrator, which circumstance fixed his residence in New York City, as a professional engraver on wood.

He pursued the business about thirty years (twenty-six of which were in partnership with Mr. Barrett) * at the same time engaging in literary pursuits, and for many years he did most of the engraving for Harper & Brothers, for their illustrated publications.

Mr. Lossing's first book was an *Outline* "History of the Fine Arts," published in 1840, which formed one of the volumes of Harper's Family Library. In 1848 he began his first great work, "The Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," and from that time to the present he has been engaged in the production of illustrated works on American History and Biography, and in making extensive contributions to the magazines of the day—especially Harper's Monthly.

The "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution," was conceived accidentally and in this wise. In June, 1848, Mr. Lossing was riding toward Stamford from Greenwich, Connecticut. Descending a steep declivity by a road which has been cut deeply in it so as to make the descent gentle, he perceived a flight of rough, irregular steps, formed of rocks upon the side which were nearly concealed by bushes. Standing at the door-yard gate of a house near by, was an old gentleman, of whom he inquired the history of those rocky stairs. "Why!" said the venerable man, "there is where General Putnam came down when chased by British troopers, and escaped. I saw the performance." The informant was General Mead of the Connecticut Militia, in the Revolution.

Mr. Lossing made a sketch of the locality, and was deeply impressed with the thought that these steps, the lingering relics of a stirring event in our Revolutionary

* Of the well-known firm of Lossing & Barrett.

history, offered a prophesy of the fate of all other existing remains of things and events of that period : to be covered up with the bushes of oblivion and lost to the future historian.

Mr. Lossing conceived an irrepressible desire to go out to the Revolutionary remains everywhere, make drawings and descriptions of everything and every locality connected with that great event of our national history and to preserve them in a private book. Before he slept that night, the plan of his Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution was formed. On his return home, he took two pieces of drawing-paper, marked upon them the proposed size of the page, then drew some pictures in sepia to show the proposed mode of illustrating it, and with the title-page, submitted the matter to the consideration of Harper & Brothers. A contract was speedily concluded before a drawing was made or a word written; and within a fortnight afterwards Mr. Lossing was on his way to the site of the battle-fields of the Revolution, gathering incidents with pen and pencil. In this task he traveled over 9000 miles between Canada and Florida. He drew most of his sketches on the blocks for the engraver, and prepared the work complete with his unaided hand and brain in the space of twenty-two months. The work, containing 1500 octavo pages of letter-press profusely annotated, and about 1100 illustrations, was soon after published in two large volumes.

Washington Irving wrote to Mr. Lossing on its publication, as follows :

“ Sunny Side, Jan. 4, 1852.

“ I have the ‘ Field-Book ’ constantly by me for perusal and reference. While I have been delighted by the freshness, freedom and spirit of your narrative and the graphic effect of your descriptions, I have been gratified at finding how scrupulously attentive you have been to accuracy as to facts, which is so essential in writings of an historical nature. As I observed on a former occasion, there is a genial spirit throughout your whole work that wins the good-will of the reader.

“I am surprised to find in how short a time you have accomplished your undertaking, considering you have had to travel from Dan to Beersheba to collect facts and anecdotes, sketch and engrave, write, print and correct the proofs, and with all this to have accomplished it in so satisfactory a manner.”

Mr. Lossing's artistic and literary life has been a very quiet and unobtrusive one. Most of the books written by him have been the result of the requests or suggestions of others. His “Field-Books” and his “Cyclopædias” were conceptions of his own. His intercourse with publishers, both as an engraver and author, has been chiefly of a business nature, but of the most friendly character, each party always entertaining the most cordial good will toward the other when an acquaintance was established.

The circumstances of his first introduction to Harper & Brothers were amusing, but resulted in lasting mutual esteem, which continues with their descendants and survivors.

Mr. Lossing relates with pleasure his first introduction to Daniel Appleton, the founder of the house of D. Appleton & Co. The latter was about to republish a little German book for children, containing about one hundred small woodcuts. He inquired one day of Mr. Lossing what he would charge to re-engrave them. The latter replied: “When I go out to lunch I will call and give you an answer.”

Mr. Lossing agreed to engrave them for four dollars each. He heard nothing further concerning them for several weeks. Meeting Mr. Appleton one day, he inquired of him if he intended to have the engravings copied. The latter was a man of few words, and to those who were unacquainted with the kindness of his heart, he sometimes appeared rude in his curt manner of speech. To Mr. Lossing's question he answered, “Yes; but you won't do them.”

“Allow me to inquire why,” said Mr. Lossing.

“Another engraver has offered to do them for two dollars a piece,” responded Mr. Appleton.

“He has not examined them sufficiently to observe the amount of work on them, and will shave himself,” said Mr. Lossing, “or he will shave you.”

“Good engraver,” was the reply.

Several months afterwards Mr. Appleton called on Mr. Lossing with a copy of an English edition of “Puss in Boots,” with colored lithographic plates, and inquired at what price he would redraw and engrave them on a smaller scale. Mr. Lossing made the same answer as before; when he called, he named his price.

“Do them,” said Mr. Appleton.

As Mr. Lossing turned to go, Mr. Appleton said curtly, “Come here. Do you remember what you said about the engraver that was re-engraving those woodcuts in the German book?”

“Yes; I said he would shave himself or shave you.”

“Shaved me,” was the laconic response, and this was all that was said. The pictures of “Puss in Boots” were executed by Mr. Lossing and gave satisfaction.

Mr. Lossing was also the editor of “The Recollections and Private Memoirs of George Washington,” by his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, with a memoir of the author by his daughter, which volume was published by my firm in the year 1860. The proof-sheets were read by the husband of the author of the Memoir, General Robert E. Lee, who called regularly to read them at my office, in Nassau Street. General Lee at that time was commandant at West Point, and this was the occasion of my acquaintance with that distinguished military genius, who was so soon to lead the Confederate forces.

Previous to the death of General Lee (Oct. 12, 1870), the following letter was received from his wife:

“Lexington, Jan. 20th, 1869.

“MY DEAR SIR:

“I regret that I have nothing left of my father’s that would

suit for your friend's paper. He can extract from the 'Recollections' many interesting anecdotes, though this is not the time when anything relating to the great Washington or his descendants has the least interest for the public mind. The necessity for burying many things of value during the war, under ground, has so defaced the few papers I was able to rescue from my home as to render them illegible.

"Yours most respectfully,

"MARY CUSTIS LEE.

"To Mr. J. C. DERBY."

The preparation of the "Pictorial Field-Book of the Civil War," in three volumes, was proposed to Mr. Lossing to prepare by Mr. George W. Childs, in 1862, whose liberal offer for a full history of the war was accepted, and in its preparation the author visited every battle-ground of note of the rebellion. It was published in 1868 in three profusely illustrated volumes.

In gathering material for his three Field-Books, Mr. Lossing has traveled about thirty thousand miles. Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Lossing is the author of more than thirty historical works, all illustrated by himself, or under his directions. His latest work, "The History of New York City," published by George E. Perine, the well known engraver, is finely illustrated with nearly two hundred portraits and vignettes, all on steel.

Mr. Lossing's services in the field of historical literature have been recognized by institutions of learning and by various associations. In 1855 Hamilton College, N. Y., conferred on him the honorary degree of A. M., and the same degree was awarded him by Columbia College, New York City, in 1870. In 1873 the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan. He is a member of fourteen societies, historical, antiquarian and literary.

MIRIAM FLORENCE LESLIE (FRANK LESLIE).

“From Gotham to the Golden Gate”—The Founder of Illustrated Journalism—Commodore Vanderbilt and Saratoga Lake—“Go to my Office and sit in my place” —“I hear you want a good deal of Money”—A fifty thousand dollar Friend in time of need—Excitement caused by Garfield’s Death—A Brave Woman and the Printers’ Strike—Rev. Dr. Deems and Rev. Dr. Talmadge—Thomas Nast’s first Employment—A Woman’s capacity for Business.

MRS. LESLIE’S first book was entitled, “Unexplored Regions of Central America,” published by Leypoldt & Holt, in the English, German and Spanish languages. Her next work, a book of travels on California, called “From Gotham to the Golden Gate,” was published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

Besides being an author, Mrs. Leslie is also a publisher, having the entire charge of the “Frank Leslie Publishing House,” since her husband’s death. To those of my readers who are not acquainted with the facts of her accession to that large business, it will be interesting to learn some parts of her career as a publisher, which to introduce properly, will necessitate a few words concerning her late husband :

Frank Leslie deserves to be called the pioneer and founder of illustrated journalism in America. He possessed the qualifications required to command success. Himself an artist and engraver of rare merit, he understood the business perfectly from its artistic side, and was constantly introducing new improvements in engraving. Equally complete was his knowledge of the business from the literary standpoint. He understood what the great reading public in this country wanted, and provided it, so that all

tastes were satisfied by one or another of his many publications. He was master of the whole establishment, from top to bottom, and understood every detail, so that if anything went wrong in the engraving rooms, the press-room or any other department, he could straighten it out at once. He was never better equipped for the management of his great business than at the close of 1879.

Mr. Frank Leslie was in perfect health within ten days of his death, when a sudden ailment overtook him.

On being informed by his physicians that he must certainly speedily die, he went immediately to work to arrange his business and simplify it as much as possible. He dictated something like fourteen pages of instructions about everything connected with his business. He closed by saying, "When I am gone, I do not wish my wife to be hampered by the disposal of the Saratoga property, for my love for it, let her remember, dies with me. I think she may sell it to advantage to such and such persons."

This beautiful spot referred to by Mr. Leslie, was located on Saratoga Lake. On one occasion I remember accompanying the late Commodore Vanderbilt in a drive to the cottage Interlaken, overhanging the lake, where we were pleasantly received by the host and hostess.

Mr. Leslie gave instructions about everything connected with the business, to his wife, to whom he said, "Go to my office, sit in my place, and do my work until my debts are paid." A few days later the artist-publisher was dead.

Soon after, upon taking charge of the business, Mrs. Leslie found that more than \$100,000 in debts, remained to be paid. The young widow, so little experienced in financial business, was appalled at the situation. The creditors had to be met and satisfied, and that without delay.

A little office boy to whom Mr. Leslie had been kind, came to her one day and said, "Mrs. Leslie, I hear you want a good deal of money to get out of your difficulties;" and being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "I have been up to see a lady who visits another lady who

lives in a boarding-house where I am. She is very rich and very charitable. She said she would come down and see you."

The next day the lady called at the office and talked over the matter with Mrs. Leslie for a while, and became much interested ; she came to see her again, and finally told her to go and see her lawyers, and if she had the right kind of security, she should have the \$50,000, so much needed.

After waiting for two weeks, Mrs. Leslie received from the lady's lawyers the answer that the security was good enough, but that during the three weeks while the property was being transferred from the creditors to her, their client would not be guaranteed, so they would not advise her to make the loan. That was at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. At ten o'clock on Thursday morning the compromise contract made with the creditors would have lapsed unless the money was paid.

The next morning her good friend came to the office, and during their conversation, Mrs. Leslie said, "My jewelry is not much, but take all of that, take everything that is possible ;" upon which she decided to let her have the money. A great many people came to her after she made the loan, and said, "Mrs. Leslie, why didn't you come to me? You might have had it for the asking." This was on the 1st day of July. On the 29th of December the whole amount, \$50,000 with interest, was paid, all within four months.

The boy, through whose means Mrs. Leslie received her timely aid, is still with her, and is getting to be quite an artist. He brought some of his sketches to Mr. Leslie a short time before the latter's death, and wished him to take him as an artist. Mr. Leslie said, "I can't take you in." "Let me come in, in any capacity?" replied the boy, "I will go in and learn to draw better." Said Mr. Leslie, "You deserve to come into the establishment for your perseverance, if not for your artistic ability."

Mrs. Leslie's good friend who loaned her the money,

was a woman worth \$3,000,000, her husband having a joint interest with her. She was a noble, generous-hearted lady. Her lawyers said she was the best business woman they had ever known.

The excitement caused by President Garfield's death enabled Mrs. Leslie to pay off the debt so soon. It caused the sale of 200,000 extra copies of her paper. The President died late on Monday evening, September 19, and the *Illustrated Newspaper* had already gone to press when the news arrived. Mrs. Leslie did not hesitate a moment. She immediately ordered the presses stopped, destroyed the part of the edition already published, set the whole force of the establishment at work preparing a new edition with engravings of the sketches sent over early Tuesday morning by the artists at Elberon, and before Wednesday night had on sale a paper full of illustrations of the death-bed scenes.

A week later she seized another opportunity. The dead President's body was to be conveyed to Washington on the Wednesday after his death, and funeral services were to be held in the Capitol on Friday, before the removal of the remains to Cleveland for the final ceremonies. Mrs. Leslie resolved to anticipate the usual day of publication the following week, and deposit in Cleveland, papers containing full illustrations of the scenes at Washington on Monday morning. She sent for the president of the American News Company, and communicated her purpose. He was incredulous and doubtful, but she insisted that it could be done and should be done, and it was. No less than 30,000 copies of the *Weekly* were sent to Cleveland, where they were sold so readily that it is believed as many more could have been easily disposed of.

Mrs. Leslie occupies now quite an independent position, having entire control of the establishment.

At one time a strike occurred in one of the departments, a short time since; not on account of wages, but because the engravers were displeased with the foreman,

who told her one morning that there was a terrible strike among them up-stairs, and they had threatened to throw him out of the window. Mrs. Leslie overcame them by saying, "I am ashamed of you to treat an engraver's widow in this way. You owe me some allegiance." The strike only lasted two or three days. The strikers all came back and worked all night.

There are nine different departments in the business, and each head reports to her. Each publication has its own editor and is just as separate and distinct as if it were another establishment.

Rev. Dr. Deems was the founder of the *Sunday Magazine*, but it is now edited by Rev. T. De Witt Talmadge. Dr. Deems, however, still feels great interest in it, and writes for it occasionally.

The editors of the different periodicals published by Frank Leslie send in the subjects to her, when, if an editorial is to be written, she says, "Write an editorial on that,"—finding her sphere of usefulness is greater in directing than in writing. She looks at the manuscript of every new story in all the publications, having readers who weed out all the trash and write a synopsis of the good ones; after which she runs them through herself.

One time, when in London, she called upon the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*, from whence Mr. Leslie graduated. He told her that no person had ever entered his establishment who was so thoroughly acquainted with every detail of the business. Said he, "There are questions you ask me that I cannot answer without calling in my employees to consult them."

Frank Leslie's establishment has been a great school for artists; and nearly all who have attained prominence in their profession have been connected with it. Joseph Keppler, now the famous artist of "Puck," was at one time employed by Mr. Leslie.

Mr. James Parton, in his "Triumphs of Enterprise," relates the beginning of Thomas Nast's career as follows:

“Having now reached the age of sixteen, Thomas Nast boldly applied to Mr. Frank Leslie for employment as a draughtsman. Being remarkably short for his age, and of a boyish expression of countenance, the publisher looked at him with astonishment.

“‘What, my boy,’ said he, ‘so you think you can draw well enough for my paper, do you?’”

“‘I would like to try,’ said the youth.

“‘Well,’ rejoined Mr. Leslie, ‘you *shall*. Go down to the Hoboken ferry-boat and bring me a drawing of the scene just as the boat is coming into the dock.’

“This was putting the lad to a severe test. Mr. Leslie has since told me that he had no expectation of the ‘little fellow’s’ doing it, and gave him the job merely for the purpose of bringing home to his youthful mind the absurdity of his application. The young artist repaired immediately to the ferry-house, where he at once proceeded to the performance of the difficult task assigned to him. He struck boldly, however, upon the paper, and produced a sketch, which, though far from correct, abounded in those graphic and vigorous touches so needful in popular illustration. Mr. Leslie saw at a glance its merits and defects, and at once made a place for him in his establishment, at boy’s wages of five dollars a week.”

There is not a detail throughout the various departments of the Frank Leslie establishment that Mrs. Leslie does not understand. She has fully demonstrated woman’s capacity for business.

WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M.D.

An eminent Surgeon in a new Role—“Knows how to tell a Story”—Suppresses his first Novel—Great Book on Nervous Diseases—Dismissed as Surgeon-General—Restored to Office by Act of Congress—“The best Friend the Soldier had”—“A long-delayed but complete Triumph.”

DR. W. A. HAMMOND has recently appeared again before the public in the role of a novelist, by the publication of a Western romance, the scene of which is

laid in Colorado, and the story bearing the title "Lal," it being an abridgment of the heroine's name.

Having read the novel in manuscript, I fully agree with the *Commercial Advertiser* in the opinion, that "Dr. Hammond knows how to tell a story entertainingly, and that is the chief point in novel writing." And also with that excellent critical authority, the *New York Tribune*, which, in a very complimentary review of the book, says :

"Dr. Hammond's essay in fiction will be regarded with especial interest on account of the celebrity which the author has acquired in work of a very different kind; but it will not depend for popularity on any outside considerations. It possesses the great merit of being interesting from beginning to end. The characters are striking, and several of them have an element of originality; the incidents are abundant and effective; the situations are well devised, and if there is not much intricacy in the plot, there is a certain bustle and rapidity of movement which answers instead of more complicated machinery. Here, it will be seen, are some of the most important qualities of a good story; and we risk nothing in predicting for 'Lal' a notable success."

In a recent conversation with Dr. Hammond about the true province of a novel writer, he said:

"The true novelist aims at amusing his reader first. If he can instruct at the same time, so much the better. No novel should be written with the purpose of instructing as the prime object, the most potent consideration. I hold that it is entirely and utterly wrong to write a novel for the purpose of merely exposing one's views of the world at large, or of some section of its economy in particular. To amuse is the fitting function of a novel. Consequently, in a good novel, more importance attaches to incident than to plot, and I consider that Bret Harte and Julian Hawthorne are the first novelists in America to-day, because they properly appreciate this fact. They begin with incident, continue with incident, and end with incident. It is, I know, difficult sometimes to get the public to seize the correct idea. Bret Harte and Julian Hawthorne were not recognized as true artists all at once.

They have grown slowly but surely, and with them has been developed the novel in its highest form.

“In writing novels I have another object in view. I am creating a new world for myself. The characters are new acquaintances. The women I almost fall in love with; I learn to like some of the men, to dislike others. Wherever I go I take them with me. I converse with them in my room, in my carriage; in fact, I never know what it is to be separated from them.”

Twenty years ago Dr. Hammond published a novel entitled “Robert Severne,” but the author was its best customer; he was unlike R. H. Stoddard, the poet,* for he bought up the entire remainder of the edition printed, and safely stored them away in his cellar, possibly to be used some day as an anodyne for his patients—the kind of medicine the author of the Sparrowgrass Papers once gave Thackeray.

But Dr. Hammond must not be classed simply as a writer of fiction; he is the author of many important medical works, the most important of which is “A Treatise on the Diseases of the Nervous System,” which has been translated into French and Italian, and is used as a textbook in several English schools of medicine.

While serving in the army, Dr. Hammond was appointed surgeon-general, by the advice of General McClellan, from a list of competitors furnished by the United States Sanitary Commission, who decided that he was the man the army wanted, as soon as his name was mentioned.

He was dismissed from office by the Secretary of War, tried by court-martial, not cashiered, and was afterwards amply vindicated, as shown by the following letter from the Secretary of War, and also the subsequent action of Congress :

“WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Sept. 4, 1879.

“MY DEAR SIR : I am in receipt of your kind favor of the 2d instant.

* See page 599.

“Upon reaching the conclusion, after a thorough examination of your case, that a great wrong had been done you, and that you were clearly entitled to vindication, it was with great pleasure that I recommended your restoration to the army.

“I can say to you with the utmost sincerity that I have never performed an official act with a clearer conviction that I was doing simple justice.

“I am glad to note the fact that the country, with scarcely a dissenting voice, approves and applauds the act, and I beg most heartily to congratulate you upon your long-delayed but complete triumph.

“Very sincerely,

(Signed)

“GEO. W. McCRARY.

“Brig.-Gen. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND,

“Surgeon-General United States Army

“(retired), New York.”

The excellent authority, the late Rev. Dr. Bellows, the efficient head of the Sanitary Commission during the war, wrote as follows to the War Department about the time of Dr. Hammond's dismissal :—

“The Surgeon-General has brought order out of chaos in his department, and efficiency out of imbecility. The sick and wounded owe a hundred times over more to the Government and the Medical Department than to all the outside influences and benevolence of the country combined, including the Sanitary Commission. Surgeon-General Hammond is the best friend the soldier has in this country, because he wields the benevolence of the United States Government. For God's sake, don't thwart his zeal and wisdom.”

Notwithstanding Dr. Hammond's immense clientage of patients from all parts of the United States, he finds time to devote himself to literary work, as he intends to give in the guise of fiction his views of those topics of the times which are now attracting public attention.

FRANK VINCENT, JR.

The Land of the White Elephant—Nehemiah Adams and the "Golden Fleece"—One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Miles of Travels—"As many Burmese Wives as I wanted"—"Through and through the Tropics"—Wonderful ruins of Cambodia—New York the best place of all."

FRANK VINCENT, JR., the author of the now famous work, "The Land of the White Elephant," was at one time clerk in a Broadway book-store. This was while yet in his teens, when his health having become impaired by his previous close application to study while at college, his physicians ordered him on a long sea voyage.

Accordingly, in the year 1863, in company with the late Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston, he sailed from New York in the clipper ship "Golden Fleece," on a voyage around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where, upon his arrival, he decided to travel still further, with the resolution to penetrate Eastern Asia, not expecting, however, that such a decision would take him away from home for several years, during which time all the oceans and continents of the globe would be visited by him.

Within a total period of six years Mr. Vincent has traveled by sea and land, "up, down and around" the world, a distance of more than 150,000 miles.

He has received a "grand gold medal of honor" from the King of Siam, and decorations from the kings of Burmah and Cambodia.

Mr. Vincent first met the King of Burmah in 1876. He relates the following account of his first interview with that potential monarch :

"It seems I had the honor to be the first American presented at the Court of Burmah, and that the King, in his astuteness, gra-

ciously thought me a spy, or, at least, that I was visiting Burmah for political purposes, and consequently had some influence with, as well as instructions from, the government at home. It was in vain I protested that I was a simple traveler, visiting different countries for the purpose of studying their people and productions, and that I had journeyed about 12,000 miles more especially to pay my respects to the King of Burmah, and to see the wonderful white elephant, about which I had read so much in my own country. These complimentary avowals were to no purpose, for it was quite evident his Majesty thought politics were surely my main object. After the usual questions concerning my age, business, residence and travels, the King said he wished me to convey to my government the sentiment that he had a great partiality for Americans, and wished them to come over and colonize in his dominions. In reply, I promised to make his wishes known to the proper American authorities, but this did not seem to be sufficient, for he answered that he would retain me in Mandalay while I wrote, and until word came from America. At this I demurred, of course, when his Majesty said that if I would remain he would give me a house, living, and as many Burmese wives as I wished (a rather tempting offer, for the women of the upper classes are pretty, intelligent and modest), and furthermore that he would make my fortune. In the flush of the moment, I felt myself fast becoming a Burmese, with a saving faith in Buddha, and the royal umbrella as my natural inheritance. His Majesty wished to make also a commercial treaty with America, and my services would be indispensable. Thus were alluring nets spread about my ingenuous soul! Still I was not then prepared to enter the King's service; the idea was too novel, the change—from democracy and woman suffrage to despotism and white elephants—too amazing. 'I must have time to consider his Majesty's gracious offers,' said I to the interpreter. 'You will never have a better chance,' was returned from the King. Seeing me still reluctant, his Majesty condescendingly offered to make me 'a great man'—to give me high rank among his own nobles and princes. I found myself waxing preternaturally filial and patriotic, and answered that my duty was first to my parents and next to my own country, and that I would return to the latter and consult with the former, and if they were willing I should be most happy to accept his magnificent and gracious terms. He replied 'it might then be too late.' And there the matter dropped, and the conversation was

changed to other topics, though the King was evidently not a little vexed at my obstinacy, and doubtless thought me mad or certainly very foolish."

Mr. Vincent, in recently speaking of his large experience in traveling all over the world, said :

"I had rather live in New York than any other city ; the United States, than any other nation ; and America, than any other continent. There is nowhere else such a business street as Broadway, such a palace line as Fifth avenue, and such a park as Central. Our hotels, theatres, schools, our asylums, hospitals and benevolent institutions, our elevated railways, fire departments and seaside resorts are unparalleled."

Mr. Vincent has published four books, "The Land of the White Elephant," "Through and Through the Tropic," "Norsk, Lapp, and Finn," and a monograph on "The Wonderful Ruins of Cambodia." The greater part of the various honors which have come to him, have been in recognition of his Exploration of Cambodia, and in his book "The Land of the White Elephant," is found the only complete account in English of the wonderful remains of antiquity there situated. This book is now in its sixth edition, two editions have been published in London, and summaries have been issued in France and Germany.

Mr. Vincent is a son of a well-known New York merchant* who founded the extensive dry-goods house of which Bates, Reed & Cooley are the present representatives. He is an old and intimate friend of mine, and takes great pride in the enterprising young traveler who bears his name.

* Frank Vincent, Sr., Tarrytown, N. Y.

XLIX.

ROSWELL SMITH—THE CENTURY CO.

One of the projectors of the "Century"—Bold enterprise in the publishing business—"What hath God Wrought!"—Dr. Holland an experienced Journalist—Great Success of the "Century"—Sport with Gun and Rod—President, Secretary, Treasurer and Editors.

ROSWELL SMITH, who was one of the original projectors of The Century Magazine, and who has always directed its business affairs,—first as publisher, and now as President of The Century Co,—inherited from his father a confidence in the value of literary property, and an instinct for bold enterprise in the publishing business.

In 1829, his father, Asher L. Smith, was engaged in teaching, with his uncle Roswell C. Smith, in Providence, Rhode Island. Being dissatisfied with the text books then in use, his uncle prepared a series of school books for his own classes, and tested their usefulness while they were still in manuscript. Of these books one became especially famous as "Smith's Grammar." After Webster's Spelling-Book it is believed to be the most successful school-book ever published in this country.

Asher Smith was the first to recognize the utility and commercial value of his brother's manuscripts. He urged their publication, and undertook himself to guarantee to the author \$10,000 on the copyrights, during the first ten years, after which time the brothers were to share the profits.

Roswell Smith remembers hearing his father say that when the contract to that effect was ready for the signatures, John Whipple of Providence, who had drawn it up, advised him not to sign it, adding, "That is a great deal of money to guarantee for something which has no present value." For those days, it was a transaction of unusual daring and enterprise.

Asher Smith took upon himself the heaviest part of the work of introducing the books, and by his energy contributed to the success of his brother's publishers, Spaulding & Storrs, of Hartford.

Afterward the series was published by Paine & Burgess, of New York—later Daniel Burgess & Co. Mr. Burgess, it will be remembered, was one of the founders of Plymouth Church, and an early and devoted friend of Mr. Beecher. John W. Lightbody, whom I had educated to the book business in Auburn, was head clerk in the store.

Richard A. Storrs was a member of the firm of Daniel Burgess & Co. from Aug. 15, 1852, to May 1, 1856. Mr. Storrs has been the well-known deputy comptroller of the city of New York, since March, 1864, having previously been connected with the Finance Department from 1857.

When Roswell Smith was fourteen he left his father's farm and came to New York, where he acquired his first knowledge of the publishing business, in the employ of Paine & Burgess. After three years he returned to Providence to pursue the English and scientific course at Brown University. He then studied law with Thomas C. Perkins, at the time one of the ablest men at the Bar, in Hartford.

When he reached his majority he removed to Lafayette, Indiana, and shortly afterward began to practice law. There he married, in 1852, the only daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth, the first Commissioner of Patents, who received his appointment from President Jackson, continuing in office until Polk's administration.

The first patent for the Morse telegraph was granted

by Commissioner Ellsworth, whose young daughter (now Mrs. Roswell Smith) dictated the first message sent over the perfected Morse telegraph. The message, which was suggested by her mother, was : " What hath God wrought !"

In 1870 Roswell Smith, after visiting Europe, where he traveled in company with Dr. J. G. Holland, took up his residence in New York, and in connection with Dr. Holland and the firm of Charles Scribner & Co., founded *Scribner's Monthly*, now the *Century Magazine*.

As we have seen, he was not a novice in the publishing business, having been in its atmosphere from childhood.

Of course the new magazine firm (Scribner & Co.) had the counsel and help of all the partners in the house of Charles Scribner & Co., which then included Charles Scribner, Sr., Andrew C. Armstrong and Edward Seymour, and afterwards their successors, Scribner, Armstrong & Co. and Charles Scribner's Sons.

But the controlling interest in the stock of the magazine publishing company was from the first held by Dr. Holland and Roswell Smith. Dr. Holland, an experienced journalist as well as the author of many popular books, was editor-in-chief, while Roswell Smith assumed the business management. His influence was the dominant one in shaping the business policy of the company, and to this policy must be attributed very much of its success. Possessed of unbounded faith, extraordinary energy and great fertility of resource, he threw himself enthusiastically into what was recognized to be a difficult venture.

The magazine was a success from the first. In 1873, at his suggestion, the company began the publication of *St. Nicholas*, the children's magazine, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor.

In the face of the memorable panic of that year, followed by stagnation in trade all over the country, he conceived the policy of buying up the numerous other periodicals for young people and consolidating them in *St. Nicholas*. In quick succession *Our Young Folks* of Bos-

ton, *The Little Corporal* of Chicago, *The School-day Magazine* and *Children's Hour* of Philadelphia, and several others of less note, were merged in their younger rival.

All this involved the expenditure of a large sum of money at a time when the business of the company had hardly begun to pay a profits and when the outlook was exceedingly dark for all publishing ventures, but the results justified his foresight and his policy. *St. Nicholas* steadily grew into a larger circulation than had rewarded any of its predecessors in the same field.

After he had purchased Dr. Holland's stock in 1881, he was offered the Scribner interest as well. Again, he did not hesitate, but boldly shouldered the whole, notwithstanding the latter purchase was coupled with the condition that the name of the company and of its principal magazine should be changed, and his most intimate business friends were of the opinion that no periodical could undergo such a change, without great loss, if indeed it should escape financial wreck.

But the result again justified his business policy, for the circulation of the magazine, instead of falling off, steadily increased from the issue of the first number under the new name, until its circulation in America is now considerably more than 100,000 copies, with an additional sale in England of many thousands. Indeed, the idea that an American periodical could win a large circulation in England originated with Roswell Smith; at least he was the first successfully to test it, when more than ten years ago he personally arranged for the sale of both of the company's magazines in England.

Gradually Roswell Smith has extended the business of The Century Co. in the line of special book publication, among its principal works being, "The Spiritual Songs Series" of Hymn and Tune Books by the Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson of which more than three hundred thousand copies have been sold, and "Sport with Gun and Rod," a sumptuous illustrated volume, sold by subscription, which

has been a great success, and bids fair to become the standard work on American game. The book was compiled and edited by Professor Alfred M. Mayer, of Stevens Institute. Among the contributors is my amateur sporting friend Charles E. Whitehead, the well-known author of "Wild Sports of the South," and translator of "Gerard, the Lion Killer," published by my firm in 1860; also A. R. Macdonough, Esq., the honored secretary of the Century Club, whose trout-fishing experience and interesting contributions to magazine literature are well known. But the most important book enterprise of the Company is the radical revision of the English "Imperial Dictionary." When completed it will be practically a new work, combining with the excellent features of the Imperial, the best work of American scholarship, and thousands of new words and illustrations.

The success of The Century Co. has been due not only to Roswell Smith and the men whose names have been mentioned, but also to those whom his business sagacity has called to his assistance and to his policy in pursuance of which the principal workers have become shareholders in the company. He has also inaugurated a plan whereby a portion of each year's profits is divided among all the employees.

The present officers of The Century Co. are Roswell Smith, President, Frank H. Scott, Treasurer, and William W. Ellsworth, Secretary. Since the death of Dr. Holland in October 1881, Richard Watson Gilder, the well-known poet, and author of the volumes "The New Day" and "The Poet, and his Master," has filled with great skill and literary ability the editorial chair of the *Century Magazine*, having been Dr. Holland's assistant from the beginning.

L.

SOME GENERALS WHO BECAME AUTHORS.

The hero of Lundy's Lane—Author calls on the Lieutenant General—"How do you spell it, sir?"—Interesting Letter to Thurlow Weed—Sherman's Army marching into Washington—The General salutes Secretary Seward—Sherman's "Memoirs written by himself"—General Joe Johnston a modest Historian—Interesting letter from General Sherman—"Military Operations of General Beauregard"—An "Independent" opinion of the book—Editor of the Evangelist interviews General Beauregard—"Oh, yes—I fear of Li—I speak of 'im to Bo'rgar"—An interesting Biography—Rev. D. X. Junkin, D.D.—A Presidential Candidate—"The Democrats have made no Mistake this time"—The Battle of Gettysburg—"Trust in God and fear nothing."

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT, the hero of Lundy's Lane, was not only the author of the best treatise on infantry tactics, at the time of their publication, but he also wrote his autobiography, which was published two years before his death under the title of "Memoirs of Lieut. General Winfield Scott, written by himself."

It is an interesting circumstance, as will be seen by the following letter, that so long ago as 1865, General Scott urged the late Thurlow Weed to write his autobiography, his own having been published the year previous, and in the reading of which, as may be imagined, Mr. Weed,—his life-long personal and political friend,—was greatly inter-

ested. Mr. Weed's own autobiography was published twenty years later.

" New York, April 21, 1865.

" DEAR SIR:—I read a little faster than I recovered vision. Your very interesting letters from Europe will deserve a place in every American Library. This is my candid judgment, independent of the frequent mention in the book, with honor, of my name. Two paragraphs near the close of the book describing your first entrance into New York, remind me of Franklin's entrance into Philadelphia and excite the hope that you may favor the world with a full autobiography.

" I cannot expect to live long enough to read the work, but you can give it the power of exciting thousands of smart boys to conquer difficulties in careers of distinguished usefulness.

" With greatest esteem, yours truly,

" WINFIELD SCOTT.

" THURLOW WEED."

An amusing incident, personal to myself, occurred in the early part of the late civil war, in connection with General Scott. I was entrusted with a dispatch from the Secretary of State to the Lieutenant General, who had retired from active service, and was at that time a resident of Elizabeth, New Jersey. I was duly impressed, as a matter of course, with the General's magnificent proportions and austere demeanor when ushered into his presence.

After stating that I had come with a special message from Mr. Seward, he asked my name. I told him it was Derby. " How do you spell it, sir ?" said he. I spelled it the usual way. He then said that my name was not *Derby*, but that it was *Darby*, which, as we all know, is the English pronunciation of the name. I did not dispute him.

" General Scott," Mr. Seward once said in response to one of his guests who had mentioned his name, " was most wise and just in his conception of the first campaign of the war. Well would it have been for the country had his judgment prevailed—the war, instead of lasting five years, would have been confined to three. But the ' On to Rich-

mond' clamor was too much for him, as well as for the administration."

"At the final council before Bull Run," Mr. Seward continued, "I was asked by the President if I assented to the proposed movement. I said: 'We have heard from all the officers present excepting General Mansfield. I would like to hear his opinion.' Mansfield agreed substantially with the others in favor of the advance. Mr. Lincoln then turned to General Scott, who had been sitting in silence. General Scott said: 'Mr. President, in view of the opinions of the officers present and of the outside political pressure upon the administration, I withdraw my objections to the advance.'"

GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN'S imposing entry into Washington with his victorious army, on their return from their "March through Georgia," will long be remembered by those who were witnesses of that thrilling event. Happening to be in Washington on that occasion, I accompanied the Secretary of State from his residence to witness the grand ovation to the returning veterans. At the head of one of the divisions was my old time friend and neighbor, the gallant General Henry W. Slocum, now Congressman-at-Large for New York State.

Mr. Seward had recovered sufficiently from his wounds, on the 23d of May, to enable him to sit at a window near Lafayette Square and witness the grand review of the passing column, as it moved up the avenue.

General Sherman, at the head of the army, being informed that Mr. Seward was among the spectators, he immediately rode to the window where the latter was resting, and rising in his stirrups to his full height, removing his hat, saluted the Secretary of State in a very profound manner. This mark of respect to Mr. Seward was made the more significant by the General's refusal, a few minutes later, to take the proffered hand of another member of the Cabinet.

The preceding incident is referred to by General

Sherman in his "Memoirs, written by himself," of which an account is given in another part of this volume.*

GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON had on the previous month surrendered his army to the victorious Sherman, and on such terms as were satisfactory to both generals, if not to the administration at Washington.

In the year 1873 General Johnston brought his MS. to the house of D. Appleton & Company, with whom I was then connected, for publication. Probably none of the distinguished generals of the Confederate army was more respected than the author of this book,—the management of the sale which was placed in my hands,—the number sold reaching many thousand copies.

The modesty of the general was only equalled by his bravery, as will be seen by the following preface, the shortest one that I have ever seen published. The title of the book was "General Joseph E. Johnston's Narrative of Military Operations directed during the Late War between the States."

The preface reads: "I offer these pages as my contribution of materials for the use of the future historian of the war between the States."

The above title page and preface is all that the gallant Confederate officer had to say in introducing his interesting narrative to the public. Shortly before its publication I received the following very commendatory letter regarding its publication:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, }
Washington, D. C., Oct. 31, 1873. }

"Dear Sir:

"I have your favor of the 30th, repeating what you said to me in person yesterday, that your house have for publication the MS. of General Johnston's narrative of the military operations directed by him during the late war between the States. Without the least hesitation I advise its immediate publication, for I believe it will have a most extensive sale at the North as well as

* See *ante*, page 184.

South, and even in Europe. Don't wait for the slow progress of getting subscriptions. I know plenty of men who would buy the book instantly, who would not subscribe. General Johnston is most favorably known to the military world, and is regarded by many as the most skillful general on the Southern side. He is also ready with his pen, and whatever he records will receive the closest attention by students of the art of war on this continent, and will enter largely into the future military history of the civil war.

“W. T. SHERMAN,
“*General.*”

GENERAL G. T. BEAUREGARD may properly be placed in the list of recent authors, for although the work recently published by Harper & Brothers, entitled “The Military Operations of General Beauregard, in the war between the States,” was written by his chief of staff, Major Alfred Roman; most of it was dictated and all indorsed by him as his own. Having read the work in manuscript, I can very readily concur with the leading critics, as to the interest and importance of the narrative, of which the *New York Independent* in its review of the work, says: “though its two large volumes are somewhat appalling to the general reader, yet it is never dull; and in the dignity of its tone and the weight of its contents it is superior to the *Memoirs of Lee*, the two *Johnstons*, *Jackson*, *Dick Taylor*, *Hood*, and other Southern generals, which they or their friends have written.”

Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., in one of his interesting letters to the *New York Evangelist*, writing from New Orleans, the home of General Beauregard, says:

“Among the letters of introduction given to me in Washington by General Gibson, Senator from Louisiana, was one to General Beauregard, who did me the honor to call upon me. Just before leaving New York I had received from the Harpers two octavo volumes containing his military history, so that his story was fresh and familiar, and I felt increased interest in receiving one who had been so conspicuous a figure in the great struggle.

As he entered the room I observed, as I thought, a resemblance to another illustrious Frenchman, whom I had met in Cairo, two years before—M. de Lesseps. I speak of General Beauregard as a Frenchman, for though a native of New Orleans, as were his father and grandfather before him, yet his father was born here when Louisiana belonged to France, and continued to live here when it was ceded to Spain, and when still later it was ceded to the United States ; so that, while living in one and the same city, he had lived under three governments, requiring three allegiances. In such changes one could hardly expect a very pronounced loyalty from father or son. General Beauregard told me that he could not speak English till he was twelve years old. That in a civil war he should cast his lot with the people of his own State, whose language he spoke, is less surprising than the contrary would have been.

“It was a new experience to find myself face to face with the man who had fired on Fort Sumter, and who had won the first battle of the war. As I led the way to these eventful periods of his career, of course not to provoke controversy, but to draw him out, he spoke of them not boastfully, but freely. I was especially interested to hear the details of the Battle of Bull Run. It was a curious coincidence that the two commanders in that battle, Beauregard and McDowell, had been classmates at West Point, and that, having been students in the art of war, in the same military school, under the same teachers, were now to be pitted against each other in the field. To my remark that military authorities had said that McDowell's dispositions for the battle were excellent, but were defeated by those unexpected and inexplicable complications which often defeat the best plans in war, he answered that ‘his fatal mistake was in not attacking the force the first day;’ that he was then greatly superior in force, and that if he had attacked then, he (McDowell) would have *smashed* him ! But the delay of two or three days gave him time to bring ten thousand men from Richmond, and other reinforcements from the army of Jo. Johnston, so that he was able to take the offensive.

“He described very vividly the crisis of the battle, when the latter force was coming on the ground. He saw a movement in the distance of troops approaching, but could not at first tell whether they were friends or foes. The flag then used by the Confederates differed but little from that of the Union ; it was not

easy to distinguish the stars and bars from the stars and stripes. It was a hot day in July, and the flag hung by the staff. For a few minutes he was in intense anxiety. At length a light breeze caused the drooping ensign to unroll, and as it was flung out by the wind he recognized the flag of the Confederacy, and instantly despatched his officers in every direction to order a general advance, and the day was won."

Referring to General Beauregard's well-known reputation as a leader, especially among his own people, reminds me of the following anecdote which well illustrates Creole characteristics so faithfully portrayed by George W. Cable.—"The 'late unpleasantness' was under discussion between three Louisiana Frenchmen and a Virginian, and the Creoles, with that idol-worshipping of local greatness peculiar to the South, were speaking of Beauregard as if he had been the great central figure of the war. It was 'Bo'rgar' this and 'Bo'rgar' that, until the Virginian's breath was taken away.

"'What 'bout Robert E. Lee?' he finally gasped. 'Wasn't he round thar summers 'bout that time?'

"'Li?' said a little Creole, inquiringly. 'Never 'eard of 'im. Alphonse, you ever 'ear of Li?'

"'Nevare,' from Alphonse.

"The Virginian turned in despair to the third Creole :

"'And you, sir?'

"'Oh, yez—I 'ear of Li—I spek of 'im to Bo'rgar—Bo'rgar tink very 'ighly of 'im.'"

GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, although not the author of any book, he has been the subject of a very interesting biographical work.

Soon after the nomination of General Hancock for the Presidency by the Democratic party, I waited upon that distinguished military hero with the following note from his personal and political friend, the senior member of the house of D. Appleton & Co. :

“July 7, 1880.

“MY DEAR GENERAL :

“Allow me to introduce to you Mr. Derby, who will look over the MS. to which you refer in your note of 3d.

“Mr. Derby has great experience in such matters.

“Very truly,

“W. H. APPLETON.”

General Hancock received me very courteously, and after talking over the object of my visit, referred me to the family of Rev. Dr. Junkin, they having in their possession the manuscript biography which had been prepared some months previous to the latter's death.

I immediately went to Newcastle, Pa., where Mrs. Junkin then resided, and learned that her husband had left in manuscript an elaborate and extended account of the life and public services of his hero and political idol, Winfield Scott Hancock.

Rev. D. X. Junkin, D.D., was engaged during many years in the preparation of—what was to him a labor of love—the life of his hero. Esteeming General Hancock above all other men, he confidently believed, up to the day of his death, that the American people would eventually pay just tribute to the statesman-like qualities, the stanch integrity, the magnanimity, and the patriotism of his hero, by elevating him to the highest executive position within their gift.

Having arranged for the manuscript, we engaged Mr. Frank H. Norton, a literary gentleman who was well qualified, to prepare the matter in a proper form for publication as a campaign volume.

Mr. Norton, on completing the work, said in his preface :

“General Hancock's single-minded patriotism, his deep sense of the duty of man to his brother man, his contempt for the employment of narrow, vicious, and degraded methods to sustain selfishness and illegitimate ambition, his remarkably acute and just perceptions of the relations of things, his comprehensive

accumulation of knowledge, and the natural wisdom which has rendered his ability and his knowledge valuable to his fellow-countrymen—these are some of the qualities and characteristics which have been made prominent in the acts and life of General Hancock, and which this biography has sought to render evident.”

The general, as we all know, was not elected. His defeat was quite unexpected to his friends, some of whom think that he, like Henry Clay, wrote one too many letters ; while others attribute it to the treachery of a faction of the Democratic party. No Presidential candidate—and I have been a voter at the last ten Presidential elections—has ever been so free from partisan attacks, for the reason that his record was wholly unassailable.

Shortly before the election General Sherman said of him, “If you will sit down and write the best thing that can be put in language about General Hancock as an officer and a gentleman, I will sign it without hesitation.” General Sheridan also said of him, “I am not in politics, but General Hancock is a good and great man. The Democrats have not made a mistake this time. They have nominated an excellent and strong ticket.”

It is well-known in military circles that General Hancock selected the historic site of the great and decisive battle of Gettysburg, where he was severely wounded in action.

On July 1, 1863, the first day of the battle of Gettysburg, he was sent by General Meade to decide whether a decisive battle should be given there, or whether the army should fall back. He reported that Gettysburg was the place to fight, and took immediate command until the arrival of General Meade.

An interesting incident in connection with General Armistead's defection from the United States army, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, is related by General Hancock. It occurred at Los Angeles early in 1861. Armistead was there with Hancock, a captain and brevet-major. Vir-

ginia, his native State, called upon him to support her cause, and, under the influence of this demand, he sided with the Confederates. On leaving Los Angeles he presented General Hancock with his major's uniform, saying that the latter "might some time need it." He also placed in his hands for safe keeping, and to be given to his family, if he should fall in battle, certain valuable private papers. These General Hancock sent to General Armistead's sister (who had married a Union officer) at the close of the war. Armistead also presented to Hancock a little prayer-book, which is still in the latter's possession. On a fly-leaf of the book is the following inscription:—"Lewis A. Armistead. Trust in God, and fear nothing." It may be observed by the way, that General Hancock never needed the major's uniform,—he skipped the grades from captain to brigadier-general.

I occasionally saw General Hancock at Governor's Island, after the publication of his book, and also after the election. The Democratic candidate did not take his defeat so much to heart as did his devoted and enthusiastic friends.

Talking with him one day on the subject of Presidential defeats, I mentioned the fact, that both General Jackson and General Harrison were defeated the first time they ran for President. The General laughed at the coincidence, which had escaped his memory, and replied that he was "very well satisfied in his present position." Surely, it is an exalted one, which in the public estimation is both admirably and satisfactorily filled by the present incumbent.

LI.

CONCLUSION.

My Publishers' Reminder—T. S. Arthur—Anna C. Botta—Laura C. Holloway—Rossiter Johnson—Richard B. Kimball—Albert Mathews—O. J. Victor—Metta Victoria Victor—Professor O. W. Wight—Emma De Long—Barry Gray—Curtis Guild—Jane Crawford Campbell—Ann S. Stephens—A. S. Roe—John Savage—Charles Nordhoff—General A. S. Webb—Margaret J. Preston—Madame A. de Chaudron—Maria Darrington Deslonde—Mary E. Bryan—Henry Waterson—R. M. Johnston—Madame Le Vert—A. J. Requier—H. L. Flash—Paul H. Hayne.—Gail Hamilton.

MY publishers have more than once reminded me that the dimensions of this volume, as originally contemplated, were being greatly augmented. I therefore must bring the record of these recollections to a close. I cannot do so, however, without briefly recalling the names of a few more friends, for most of whom I was at one time the publisher.

Mr. T. S. ARTHUR, next to Peter Parley, is the most voluminous writer of books in this country. His "Hand but not Heart," issued by Derby & Jackson in 1857, was a marked success. The many stories and tales of which he is the author, are written in the interest of purity, good morals, and reform, and especially those which were written in the cause of the temperance, have been productive of immense good. His "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," sold over 100,000 copies. 11

MRS. ANNA C. BOTTA'S "Hand-Book of Universal Literature," was first published in 1860. A new and enlarged edition is now in the press of Houghton,

Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Botta says in her preface: "This work was begun many years ago, as a literary exercise, to meet the personal requirements of the writer, which were such as most persons experience on leaving school, and 'completing their education,' as the phrase is." As I happen to know, this excellent and useful manual has been and is of the utmost service to all students of literature. A beautiful illustrated edition of Mrs. Botta's poems was published in 1848.

MRS. LAURA C. HALLOWAY, who has been so long connected with the literary department of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, is the author of a large illustrated volume entitled "The Ladies of the White House," which has passed through several editions. Her latest work, "The Mothers of Great Men and Women," an interesting illustrated volume, has recently been issued by the same publishers.

MR. ROSSITER JOHNSON, is a well known litterateur, and an author of excellent repute. He did good service in connection with his collaborator, J. D. Champlin, Jr., in that best of all literary schools, a writer for the *American Cyclopaedia*. He is the successor of the late Judge Tenney, as editor of the *Annual Cyclopaedia*.

Mr. Johnson is also the editor of the famous "Little Classic Series," issued from the *Riverside Press*. The wife of Mr. Johnson (Mrs. Helen K.) is the editor of the excellent musical volume, entitled "Our Familiar Songs," and also of the delightful Rhody series of juvenile books.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL is best known as the writer of that famous novel "Saint Leger; or, The Threads of Life," although he is author of several well known books notably "The Romance of the Student's Life." A new edition of the former has recently been issued by his present publishers, G. W. Carleton & Co.

MR. ALBERT MATHEWS, distinguished as a lawyer and man of letters, is the author of a series of papers, which he published in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* thirty years ago, under the title of "Schediasms" and over the

nom-de-plume of "*Paul Siegvolk*." In 1859 under the same *nom-de-plume*, he published what has well been called a prose poem, entitled, "Walter Ashwood—A Love Story," issued by Rudd & Carleton. In 1879, still under the same *nom-de-plume*, he published, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, a volume of Essays, Tales and Sketches, entitled "A Bundle of Papers." Referring to the essay, "Is he a Gentleman?" in the latter volume, an eminent literary friend writes me, "It is worthy of Montaigne himself; nothing so full, so penetrative and fine, has been written upon the subject since the old days of chivalry," in which opinion I fully concur.

MR. and MRS. O. J. VICTOR have already been referred to in these pages. Both of them have been devoted to literature all their lives, and in this calling they have been successful.

Mr. Victor is the author of several valuable works, the most important of which, is the comprehensive and elaborate history of the Civil War, published in four large illustrated volumes, under the general title of History, Civil, Political, Military and Financial of the Southern Rebellion. Mr. Greeley in his "Great American Conflict," acknowledges his "great indebtedness" for much material from Mr. Victor's "admirable work."

MRS. METTA VICTORIA VICTOR is the author of several volumes, covering the field of poetry, humor and fiction.

Mrs. Victor's first volume was written when she was but fifteen years old, and published by George H. Derby of Buffalo, under the title of "Western Leaves from Western Wilds." Her first successful effort, a temperance story, was entitled "The Senator's Son, a Plea for the Maine Law," which had an enormous sale. Her humorous volume, "Mrs. Slimmens' Window" proved a decided hit, and her "Dead Letter," romance (written under the pseudonym of Seeley Regester), is believed to be one of the most largely circulated American novels—second only to Uncle Tom's

Cabin. It was first published as a magazine serial; then in a beautifully illustrated duodecimo, next in an octavo volume. It was also republished in England by Cassel & Co.

PROFESSOR O. W. WIGHT, already referred to as the early friend of the Cary Sisters, and the editor of the French Classics, was also the translator of Cousin's Works, and the editor of Sir William Hamilton's Metaphysical Works, both of which are among the standard publications of D. Appleton & Co.

Professor Wight's industry and learning are very great and in many different fields of literature. It is probable that he will soon be heard from again in an important literary undertaking.

MR. HORACE E. SCUDDER, a well known litterateur, now connected with the house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is best known as the author of the celebrated Bodley Stories for Children. Mr. Scudder is also well known for his ability to arrange and edit manuscripts before they go to the printer; in some instances, to my knowledge, this requires as much time, and more ability than that displayed by the ostensible author.

MRS. EMMA DE LONG, wife of Lieut. Commander De Long, is entitled to the credit of editing with a biographical sketch of the lost explorer, the two illustrated volumes recently published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title "The Voyage of the Jeannette." It was my good fortune to arrange with this esteemed lady for the publication of these now historic volumes, and I know something of her intense devotion to the memory of her heroic husband, whose romantic but ill-fated career so prematurely terminated their earthly hopes.

R. B. COFFIN, who is well known under the *pseudonym* of "Barry Gray," has written some charming volumes, the most popular of which, "Marriage Infelicities," has gone through several editions. Some of his descriptions of

country life would be no discredit to the author of the "Sparrow grass Papers."

MR. CURTIS GUILD, although best known as the founder of that influential and successful organ, the *Boston Commercial Bulletin*, is also the author of a popular illustrated book of travels entitled "Over the Ocean." Mr. Guild has succeeded in his original plan in making a commercial organ interesting to the literary world.

MRS. JANE CRAWFORD CAMPBELL, the authoress of "The Money-Maker and other Stories," which volume was published by my firm thirty years ago, was introduced to me by the late H. T. Tuckerman. She was the sister of Thomas Crawford, the eminent sculptor, who was the father of the now famous novelist F. Marion Crawford. It will thus be seen that the author of "Mr. Isaacs" and the "Roman Singer," inherits his fine literary gifts from both his father and his mother's family, as he is also the nephew of Julia Ward Howe, the poetess, whose "Battle Hymn of the Republic," has immortalized her name.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS first came before the literary world more than forty years ago as the winner of a prize story, for which she received four hundred dollars. She next made a decided hit in her very popular novel, entitled "Fashion and Famine," which was published by the then young firm of Bunce & Brother—thirty years ago. Since that time Mrs. Stephens has written a great many novels, some of which have met with immense sales. One of her best novels is her latest, entitled "Phemie Frost," recently published by G. W. Carleton & Co.

In 1855, I published the first of Mr. A. S. Roe's novels, which was called "A Long Look Ahead," followed in successive years by "I've Been Thinking," "To Love and to be Loved," "True to the Last," "The Star and the Cloud," and "How Could he Help it?"

The books were as taking as their titles. I believe more than 100,000 volumes have been sold since Mr. Carleton became their publisher, in 1881.

Mr. Roe's novels were not only healthful and interesting but good and safe reading for the family.

MR. JOHN SAVAGE, of whom reference has already been made in these pages, is well-known in the literary world as a poet, dramatist and biographer. His first volume, "Songs of Fatherland," was published by Redfield, in 1850, and followed by the "History and Literature of Ireland" in 1856. Mr. George W. Childs published his next volume, entitled "Our Living Representative Men," and in 1865, Derby & Miller published his authorized "Life of Andrew Johnson."

MR. CHARLES NORDHOFF, long and favorably known as an editorial writer in the columns of the New York *Evening Post* and New York *Herald*, is the author of several interesting volumes of travel and history. His sea tales for the young are told with much spirit, and his "Politics for Young Americans" is a safe guide in the hands of our young people of both sexes.

GENERAL ALEXANDER S. WEBB, LL.D., President of the College of the City of New York, whose career as a scholar in civil life is only equalled by his bravery as a soldier in military life, is the author of the interesting volume "McClellan's Campaign of 1862," recently published by Charles Scribner's Sons. General Webb, it will be remembered, was severely wounded in several sanguinary engagements. At Gettysburg eight of the non-commissioned officers of his regiment were killed, and the general himself at the time supposed to have been mortally wounded.

MARGARET J. PRESTON'S first published volume was issued by my firm in 1856. It was a quiet and dreamy narrative entitled "Silverwood," a book of tender memories, through which run a thread of fiction. Mrs. Preston was the daughter of the late Rev. Dr. George Junkin, himself an author of repute; her sister married the Confederate chieftain, Stonewall Jackson. Mrs. Preston has become distinguished by her poetical writings, which

are much in demand by the leading literary journals of the day.

MADAME A. DE CHAUDRON of Mobile, Ala., has the honor of first introducing the famous Madame Muhl- bach to English readers. She was the translator of that celebrated author's "Joseph the Second," an account of which is given elsewhere. Madame de Chaudron was also the translator of a lively French novel published by Mr. Carleton, under the attractive title "Mademoiselle Fifty Millions."

MARIA DARRINGTON DESLONDE, of New Orleans, La., and a near relative of General Beauregard, is the author of two excellent novels entitled, respectively, "The Miller of Silcott Mills," and "John Marabel." The former was read in MS. to the late Commodore Vanderbilt, one summer at Saratoga, who became very much interested in the entertaining story, a fact which the wide-awake publisher (Mr. Carleton), became cognizant of, and speedily published the book. The authoress honored me by the dedication of the latter novel.

MRS. MARY E BRYAN, the present editor of the *Sunny South*, a literary paper published in Atlanta, Georgia, as stated elsewhere, was a literary *protégé* of the late Alexander H. Stephens. It was through his kind attention and influence that her celebrated novel "Manch" was published by the house of D. Appleton & Co., a very creditable production, which was very well received by the critics, meeting with a generous reception among novel-readers, especially in the Southern States, where the author is so well and favorably known.

Mrs. Bryan began writing for the press when but seventeen years old, and has written some very beautiful poetry, her verses being extensively copied in the newspaper press.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON, the brilliant and versatile editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, says in his clever volume, "Oddities of Southern Life and Character," recently published: "Why it is I know not, but certain it

is that Georgia, which is made the scene of so much of the humor of the South, has furnished a very large proportion of the humorists themselves. The author of 'Dukeborough Tales' is a native Georgian, and, although he is but just coming into the general notice of the public, that original volume made its appearance nearly ten years ago. It deserved prompter and more cordial recognition. The sketches of which it is composed are redolent of the rusticity of the South."

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, the author above referred to, is, without doubt, one of the most original and successful of Southern writers; his "Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek," recently published by Harper & Brothers, has proved a decided hit in the line of dialect stories, of which the *New York Tribune* says: "His book is a genuine piece of literature, one which preserves to us a unique chronicle of times and characters which are no more, and one which will be remembered, when far more pretentious novels are forgotten."

MADAME OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT, was at one time one of the most widely and pleasantly known, among the literary women of the South. My firm became the publisher of her entertaining book "Souvenirs of Travel," in 1859.

It is a curious and interesting incident, that Lamartine not only first suggested the idea of Madame Le Vert's book but also gave it its title. On one occasion he said to her:

"Madame, you have one gift of which you yourself are unaware. You are a natural *improvisatrice*. Now, because you are not an Italian, you cannot be an *improvisatrice*, but you can be a writer; you can fill with pleasure the hearts of your nation by describing what you have seen, to them, as you are now delighting one. When the excitements of your tour are over, and you are once more quietly at home, will you not remember, Madame, what I have said, and employ your leisure in giving to the world a few *souvenirs* of your European Life?"

Madame Le Vert's pleasant home in Mobile, in ante-bellum times, will long be remembered as a most delightful resort for people of refined tastes, and especially to Northerners, who visited that city in the prosperous and happy days which then were hers.

MR. A. J. REQUIER, a native of Charleston, S. C., but for fifteen years a resident of Mobile, Ala., has distinguished himself as a poet; a volume of his poems was published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., in 1859.

Soon after the war, Judge Requier moved to New York, where he has been prominent in his profession of law, and in judicial circles.

MR. HENRY LYNDON FLASH, of New Orleans, La., or Harry Flash, as he was called by his admirers, when a resident of Mobile in ante-bellum times, published, in 1860, a volume of exquisite poetry. The breaking out of the war disturbed his poetical dreams, and when it was over, Mr. Flash took to "the sugar trade and cotton line," in which he finds more prose than poetry, and a good deal more cash. It is to be hoped that he will again be heard from as a votary of the Muses.

PAUL H. HAYNE stands at the head of the Southern poets. He is the author of several volumes of genuine poetry, the last of which is an elegant illustrated volume of his poems, which was published, in 1883, by D. Lathrop & Co., of Boston. Mr. Hayne's poems, especially his sonnets, are very popular. He is a constant contributor to the leading literary journals and magazines.

MR. J. WOOD DAVIDSON, himself a poet, and a critic among the poets, says in his "Living Writers of the South," "Mr. Hayne has an intense love of nature, a rich imagination, quick and bold, a limited power of narrative structure, and a true sense of the beauty of words. His poetry is alive with pent passion, glowing, yet unexpressed, a tropical wealth of emotion, touched here and there with a dash of quaintness, or a flow of affection."

In conclusion, it affords me pleasure to acknowledge the cordial co-operation of the subjects of these sketches, or their representatives, by rendering such aid as was both proper and possible, during the preparation of this volume. The following characteristic letter explains the absence of any sketch of its writer, who may well be classed among our most distinguished authors.

“ July 22, 1884.

“ MY DEAR MR. DERBY :

“ * * * * * My instinct has always been that the biography of the living should never be written. If you will only have a little patience till we are dead, you will find that you won't wish to write it! Undoubtedly and properly, we all think seas and mountains of ourselves now, and as for you, you cannot possibly think too great things of us, but I expect we shall be surprised to see how promptly it will be out of sight, out of mind, with the most of us. Of course I cannot argue this too strenuously, because you yourself have been strenuously committing this very sin—two hundred of them in fact, according to advertisement—and I suppose every soul of them all is consenting unto his own death—but you at least agree with me so far as to admit that the life should not be taken without Saul's consent. Practically, therefore, we are at one, for my soul will not spare for your crying! (I know you will get my souls and my Sauls all mixed up. Read your Bible, young man!)

“ Be comforted and taunt me, that with your array of names mine will never be missed, and if by any chance it should be, you have what, however poor, is the best authority in the world for its absence.

“ You have been so uniformly gentle and obliging that I think I may count upon you to carry out my wishes in this respect—and if you should beg me to reward you for your friendly desire to pin me alive, with the other Ephemera, to a cabinet immortality, by blowing your book sky-high when it does come out, why, blow bellows, blow, set the wild echoes flying!

“ Always most truly,

“ GAIL HAMILTON.”

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