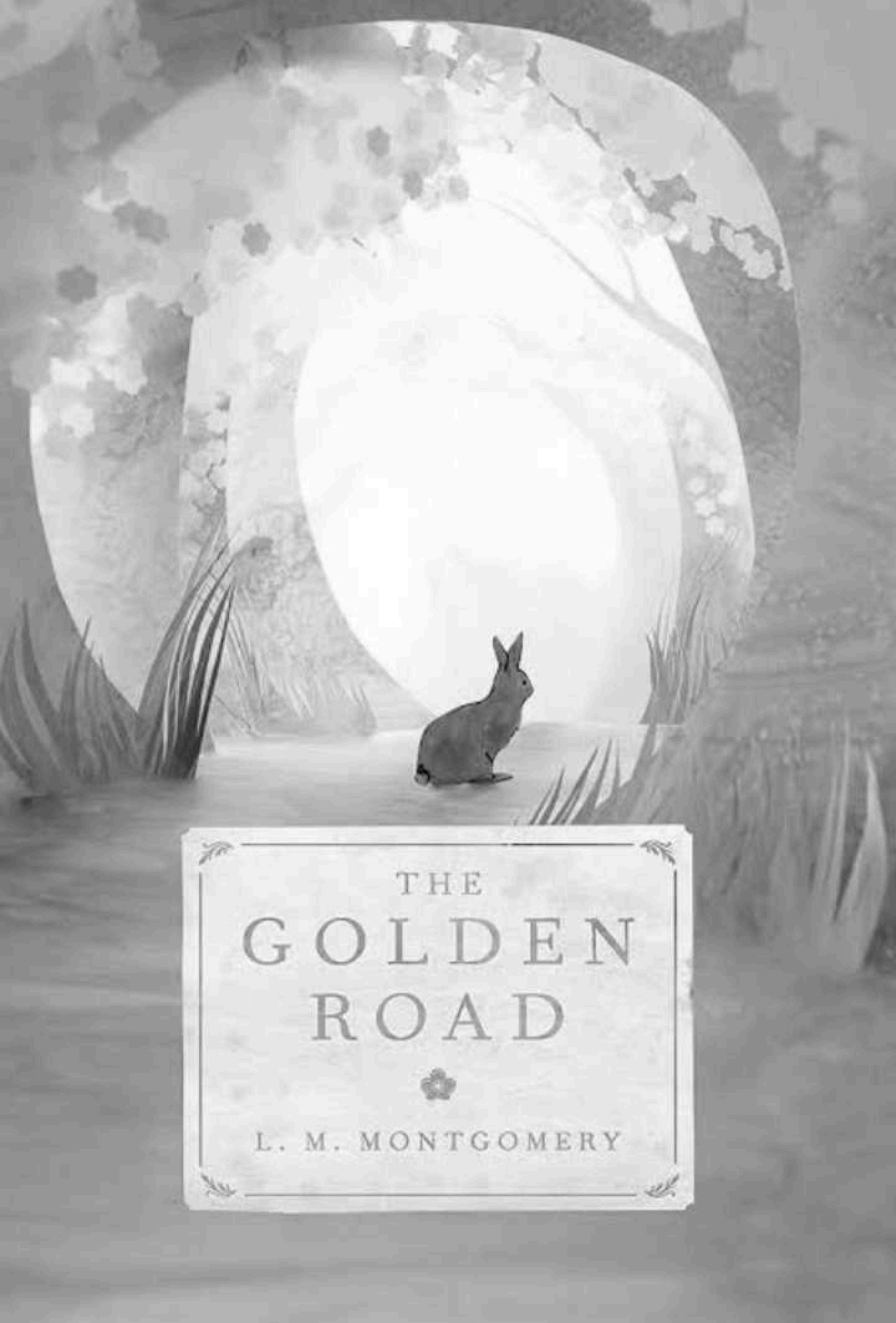

THE GOLDEN ROAD

L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE GOLDEN ROAD

I

VOICE AND VISION

"But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The World and the Ages;
'Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.'"

FROM a windowed alcove in the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, a reader with a detached mind could easily keep an eye on an exquisite piece of sculpture, a recumbent statue of Beatrice Cenci, by America's greatest woman sculptor, Harriet Hosmer, which was a gift to the library from a man who was at that time easily the first citizen of St. Louis and who has many claims to honor. This man was Wayman Crow, the founder and, during the remainder of his life, the Chancellor of Washington University, one of the great benefactors of the Mercantile Library; a man whose personal influence in his city was incalculably noble, for his vision was clear, his intellectual outlook was wide, and his sympathies were infinite with all that made for excellence. It was Mr. Crow who had, indeed, made Harriet Hosmer's art life possible to her. The story is one that strikingly reveals the linked sequences of life.

Mr. Crow's eldest daughter, Cornelia (now Mrs. Lucien Carr), was sent to Mrs. Sedgwick's then famous school for girls in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, where she formed a close friendship with her classmate, Harriet Hosmer, a native of Watertown, near Boston. In a summer vacation Miss Crow invited her friend for a visit, in her St. Louis home, where her father, a connoisseur and a patron of Art, recognized Miss Hosmer's genius. Somewhere about that period Charlotte Cushman, the greatest tragedienne that our country has ever produced, was playing an engagement in St. Louis. She came, of course, to know the Crows, who were prominent socially, and the great artist took a special fancy to the second daughter, Miss Emma Crow, who gave to her the impassioned devotion of enthusiastic youth. Miss Cushman, who knew Rome, inspired Harriet Hosmer with an intense longing to go to the Eternal City for requisite study, and Mr. Crow was the generous friend who made it financially possible for her to do so. Still later, Romance took a hand in all these combinations, and Miss Emma Crow became the wife of Edwin Cushman, a nephew of Charlotte Cushman, and at that time a member of the *corps diplomatique*, accredited to Italy. For more than forty years Mr. and Mrs. Cushman made their home in Rome, during those years of the picturesque Rome of the Popes when the Eternal City was resplendent in local color; that Rome of sunny winters, of gay excursions, the ardent center of artist life.

For one library reader who habitually ensconced

herself near this statue of Miss Hosmer's, with a consciousness of its fascinating charm, there was also a detached eye to follow the book in hand—Shelley's tragedy of "The Cenci." It was a fitting volume to companion that subtle spell of the artist's embodiment of the tragic-stricken heroine. The recumbent figure is of purest Carrara marble, portraying Beatrice Cenci as she slept in her cell the night before her execution, overcome with sorrow and terror. The face is turned a little to the right, the head pillowed on one slender hand, while the other falls at her side in the abandonment of despair, the fingers still clasping her rosary. The artist's magic carried the gazer back into the very heart of medieval Rome; and in the not very remote future, the reader who dreamily studied this pathetic creation was herself to visit Castel San Angelo and even stand in the very cell in which Beatrice had been imprisoned. Was Destiny, veiled and shrouded, hovering in the shadowy spaces of that library alcove with her leaves folded and making no sign? What can early youth divine of the forces that watch and wait far out in an undiscerned future? But Destiny then, at all events, lingered in the seclusion of the wings, for the hour had not yet struck for her to advance into the limelight, unfolding that *dramatis personae* whose invisible scroll is traced for every life, safely folded in her hands.

The library was very still on that golden May afternoon in the closing decade of 1870–1880; here and there a soft rustle of leaves was heard, as some one turned the pages of a book, but for the most part the sunshine and the shadows and the statue had it

all to themselves. Yet a library is always haunted by Voices,—the voices of the Immortals; always is it illuminated by Visions. Do the great dead gather there to listen? Are they still conscious of the glowing pages they have penned and of their power to create new possibilities in life for their readers and devotees? Are the *éclaireurs* always flitting about, potent if yet unseen?

Well, life, conscious life, must begin somewhere, and a library is as good a place as any other. We are all aware of some crisis hour in youth that prefigures itself as a dividing point between all the past and all the future. Sometime and somewhere the Angel of the Annunciation always appears. Those are wise words that counsel "Keep true to the dream of thy youth." In later perspective we come to realize that this is really the all-important thing; and that much gain or getting, much loss or deprivation, matter comparatively little beside keeping faith with one's ideals.

> "What keeps a spirit wholly true
> To that ideal which he bears?"

Is it some viewless and untraced law of spiritual magnetism, unmapped but inescapable as is the law of gravitation?

Yes, a library is perhaps as good a place as any other for the chrism to fall of the consecration and the dream. There are great spirits near,—

> "Spirits with whom the stars connive
> To work their will."

perhaps more than in any city in the country save Boston. St. Louis had a notable group of idealists whose personal influence, directly or indirectly, was as ineffaceable on many of the students of Washington University as it was exalted and fine. Many years before this there had been founded in St. Louis, by Doctor William Torrey Harris, a Philosophical Club, which to this day remains unsurpassed among all the literary and philosophic organizations of the country. Its youngest member, Denton Jacques Snider, has become its historian. Doctor Snider is also the author of a philosophic series that has attracted the attention and inspired the enthusiasm of many savants of Europe: and the stately, splendid St. Louis of to-day owes much to that remarkable group of idealists who were, by some law of spiritual magnetism, drawn together in strong bonds during that period. Doctor Snider is still a resident of St. Louis. Nearly all the other members of the group have passed from earth. Hegel was their tutelary divinity, and Doctor Harris his interpreter. In the shadowy background of this club loomed up an inscrutable personality, Henry C. Brockmeyer, almost as traditional as the gods on Olympus. Of the leading members at this time there were Thomas Davidson, afterward distinguished as an interpreter of Dante; Susan Elizabeth Blow, philanthropic educator, scholar, and a woman of singularly vigorous intellectual power, and Anna C. Brackett, a genius in pedagogy, and at this time the principal of a high school. Clustered around this club, probably as occasional guests and sympathetic followers rather than as actual members, were a very delightful

group of young artists and artistic folk: Halsey C. Ives, later the Director of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts; Carl Gutherz, with his Raphael face, whose name is inseparably linked with his notable work in the mural paintings of the Library of Congress in Washington; Louis James Block, poet, musician and musical critic; and John Hemming Fry, who is recognized as a distinguished painter of purely classical beauty. Even then, in his early youth, Mr. Fry sought for these serene ideals of truth. He was in intuitive and inborn response to the great heritage of Greek culture. Mr. Fry, whose noted studios in New York now seem the very haunt of the classic spirit; whose ideal creations immortalize myth and legend that have suggested them; the artist of whom it is not saying too much to note that he is reviving noble and classic standards and thus contributing to the national elevation of Art, even in those youthful days gave evidence of very unusual gifts.

All these, and other spirits that might be summoned from the vasty deep, were interested in Kant and Hegel — not so much because they had developed any especial devotion to those philosophers, as because of their devotion to their great interpreter, Doctor Harris, who had given nine years to the study of the famous "Critique," and who was easily accredited as the greatest Hegelian of his time. The *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, founded and edited by Doctor Harris, served to focus the interest of this coterie and the contingent followers. The object of this *Journal* was to provide a channel for philosophic and abstruse discussion whose trend did not appeal

to the literary hospitalities of the current periodicals. The initial number had appeared in 1867, and it continued until 1895. Its advent was precipitated by an amusing circumstance, humorously narrated by Professor Snider:

Harris, the strenuous secretary and ambitious student of Hegel, had his own personal scheme for the Philosophical Society, and that was to make it the means for working up his *Journal*, which he was already planning in 1866, or before, as he always had a journalistic strain in his mental constitution. I recall the pivotal turn, or psychologic moment, when he started on the war-path. An article of his upon Herbert Spencer, of whom he had a high opinion, had been rejected by the *North American Review*, whose editor, Charles Eliot Norton, wrote to him a disparaging letter, declaring the article to be "unfathomable, unreadable, and especially unliterary." To a group of us assembled in Brockmeyer's office Harris read this letter, with sarcastic comments that made us all laugh; then he jumped up, exclaiming, "Now I am going to start a journal myself."

Doctor Harris's lectures before Washington University on philosophical themes, on the "Fates" of Michelangelo, on the "Transfiguration" of Raphael, or on the second part of Goethe's "Faust" were, in those days, about the only approach to art open to the students, and the very limitation of privilege and opportunity not infrequently quickens the ardor of appreciation.

St. Louis had little to offer then in the resources of art. The devotees who hovered about the little group of idealists, and eagerly listened to the university

lectures of Doctor Harris, who haunted the Saturday morning talks of Miss Susan Blow, who were as a cloud of witnesses at any rudimentary art exhibition as arranged by Professor Ives, and whose special Sunday privilege it was to listen to the discourses of the Reverend Doctor Robert A. Holland, made up in zest what they lacked in number. There was a "Paint and Clay Club," and at one time the men of canvas and clay took Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Golden Legend," as a theme to illustrate. Later all these sketches were sent as a gift to the poet: and the least important of the camp-followers of the club, so to speak, was commissioned to write to Mr. Longfellow inquiring as to the origin of this remarkable poem. The poet, with his characteristic courtesy, replied as follows:

Cambridge, Nov. 25, 1878.

Dear Miss Whiting:

"The Golden Legend" is founded upon a German story of the Middle Ages, written by Hartmann von der Aue.

You will find it in Mailáth's "Auserlesene altdeutsche Gedichte," published in Stuttgart: and Tübingen in 1809. Perhaps some German friend of yours in St. Louis may have a copy of this work.

The old German poem is entitled "Der arme Heinrich."

Wishing you joy and success in your illustrations, I am,

Yours very truly

Henry W. Longfellow

Doctor Harris's *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* was the oracle of this youthful group. The more incomprehensible it was to us, the more intense was our devotion. Miss Blow wrote on "Immortality";

Mr. Snider served up the "Iliad"; Miss Elizabeth Peabody contributed a cryptic series of papers on "Primeval Man" which, as no one understood them, were read with awe and reverence, and she thrilled her readers with the statement that when she read Bunsen's "Antiquarian Researches" she "confirmed them" with her own "astronomical, philological, and physiological proofs," — an assertion that delighted the learned supporters of Speculative Philosophy as revealing the abstruse erudition of the Boston woman. It was a type of the feminine species held in the highest regard, a regard that broke all mathematical laws by increasing with the square of the distance. These incantations from Miss Peabody filled countless pages of countless numbers of the *Journal*, and into its unfathomed abyss many of the "best sellers" of the present might disappear and be forever lost. Another follower of the gods offered up the "Idiopsychological Ethic" (whatever that might be) of Martineau, while a valiant spirit tackled the "Spatial Quale." No contributor received, or dreamed of receiving, any compensation for these learnèd labors, and while copies of the *Journal* were to be bought with a price (seventy-five cents a number), its editor evidently preferred giving them away. With even apparently greater pleasure Doctor Harris presented entire yearly subscriptions to any one who seemed to be interested but who did not abound in the current coin of the realm. The subscriber who paid in this latter commodity was tolerated; but he who rewarded the editorial group with something of sympathetic ardor was ecstatically welcomed. As for money, — any one

Snider speaks of one in the shadowy background (his throne veiled and shrouded as becomes a god) — the figure of Henry Brockmeyer, whose strange personality dominated every one, even Doctor Harris. The latter, to be sure, was the most unassuming of mortals, and his sway was due to the intense allegiance of his friends, never by his own will.

But "University Brockmeyer," as Mr. Snider facetiously termed him, was a law unto himself. No one knew, and if he himself knew he never told, what order of life he sprang from or how he came to be upon a planet which he apparently held in the slightest possible respect. He held no converse with social amenities. He made the winds his chariot and commanded the powers of the earth and air to do his bidding. He was "surrounded by a Mephistophelian quality," as is the sun by its atmosphere. It seems that he had emerged to view at Brown University, then under the presidency of Francis Wayland, whom he successfully combated and put to rout regarding Doctor Wayland's views on the Higher Law. Flushed with triumph from this conquest, he devised his own course of study without benefit of curriculum. He attached himself to Edgar Allan Poe, and to Sarah H. Whitman. But in his subsequent St. Louis days I gather that he had shaken off all impedimenta, poetic friendships among the rest. Still with his incalculable arrogance he is said to have combined an exquisite tenderness and lavish generosity. It was he who, chancing to meet Mr. Snider — then in his earliest twenties — invited the youth to attend a meeting of the Philosophical Club. Is it in the Talmud

that the messenger is synonymous with the angel? And are these casual encounters with unrecognized messengers the appointed angelic means for guidance? Does it not, indeed, often seem that this is true? The messengers are not infrequently imperative in their commands. "You must believe my beliefs; hope my hopes; see the vision to which I point; behold a glory where I behold it!" as George Eliot phrases the attitude of these people who come and go in our lives, and whom we only recognize retrospectively. The prefigured friend signals to us from the golden background, and as by the wand of an enchanter, all the conditions of life are changed. Mr. Snider's experience illustrated this speculative truth. His messenger proved to be Mr. Brockmeyer and his acceptance of the invitation to the Philosophical Club made a turning-point in his life. The meetings were held in the home of Doctor Harris. The room was a scholar's haunt, indeed, with its well-filled book shelves above which hung many classic engravings. The young stranger was welcomed by the poet with that gentle grace which invested Doctor Harris, and the initiation of being thus invited to sup with the gods came in the guise of an assignment to translate Hegel's exploitation of the primal forces of nature.

An amusing tradition of the Club was the first appearance of Bronson Alcott among them, with his gray hair luxuriantly sweeping his shoulders, his blue eyes lifted as if seeing the invisible, who read his lengthy and oracular paper in a sepulchral tone that suggested a voice from the cave of Trophonius. "His Orphic utterance was dark and tortuous," re-

lates Mr. Snider; "and Brockmeyer, chief hierophant, exploded the old prophet's theme till all meaning vanished. Mr. Alcott (vaguely suspicious of Hegelian processes) exclaimed, 'Mr. Brockmeyer, you confound us by the multiplicity of your words and the profusion of your fancy.'"

Emerson came out to St. Louis to lecture before this club. They gathered at his hotel to give him greeting. These strange worshipers of Teutonic gods filled his serene soul with dismay. "I cannot find," he inimitably said, "any striking sentence in Hegel which I can quote." The epigram was Mr. Emerson's touchstone in literature. "I always test an author," he pathetically confided to the Club, "by the number of single good things which I can catch from his pages. When I fish in Hegel I cannot get a bite; but I get a headache."

Systematic thought was anathema to Emerson. The specters of the Brocken could not more inevitably conjure up horrors before him.

Halsey C. Ives, afterward the Director of the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts which was another of the munificent gifts of Wayman Crow to his city, became an authority in the world of Art; and his sudden death in London, a few years ago, deprived artistic life of one of the more eminent connoisseurs. In the Museum in St. Louis has been placed a bust of Wayman Crow, the gift of Harriet Hosmer, modeled in Rome in 1868. To Mr. Crow Miss Hosmer then wrote:

"The bust ought to be a statue and that statue of gold, to repay you for all the trouble and care you have taken for and of me, you, my best friend. Where should I have been without you?"

A personality so exceptional as that of Mr. Crow becomes a permanent influence to accompany one through all the marching years.

Life is, indeed, one unbroken chain of sequences. My own treasured debt of gratitude to Mr. Crow, as being among those who were benefited by his public services to literature and art, has been expressed more than once to his granddaughter, Élise Emmons, of England, to which country Mr. Crow's youngest daughter, Mary, removed on her marriage to Robert Emmons of Boston. It is Mrs. Emmons to whom I dedicated a little book entitled "The Adventure Beautiful"; and many Roman winters have been enhanced to me by the companionship of her only daughter, one of my nearest circle of friends. This happiness has been to me a lovely sequence of these student days.

Included in this notable St. Louis group was a woman whom the world will not soon forget. Susan Blow was one of the essentially great women of the century just passed, and she initiated work that has perpetuated itself in child culture and education. With the freedom and leisure made possible by large wealth she gave herself to the establishment of the kindergarten system in her native city. Miss Blow taught the system to the instructors she selected and whose salaries she personally paid. Every Saturday morning she gave a lecture to her staff of teachers, the lectures also being open to any one who wished to hear them. So freely was this privilege embraced that her audience was usually limited only by the size of the hall in which they were delivered. They

were educational addresses in the largest sense and were as applicable to the fine art of life as they were to the art of instruction. Not among the least of the opportunities afforded students outside the university itself was this inestimable privilege of coming under an influence so noble and so inspiring with its call to the life of the spirit as was this of listening to Susan Blow. As an interpreter of Dante, her service was great. "Holiness," she would say, "is not an evolution, but a revealed and communicated life." Her teaching offered high counsel. College students usually penetrate into a somewhat larger environment than that of the institution itself, and it is often this environment which becomes more of an absolute factor in the advancement of life.

Education is a far larger thing than that of classroom instruction. To one of the younger members of this group printers' ink had an irresistible fascination. If any local journal could be beguiled into printing her rhymes and prose concoctions there was little left for her to ask from the gods. It was no question of the coin of the realm. The ecstasy of seeing one's day-dream materialized in the columns of the leading morning or evening paper was a foretaste of Paradise. And if she were so venturesome as to send a bit of verse to New York and receive for it a check of five dollars, the magic slip of paper seemed quite too fascinating to be transformed into a mere bank bill. Bank bills could be had — or gone without! For the most part, in this particular case, they were gone without, but that made for nothing. It didn't much matter either way. But a check bearing the

name of a well-known publisher — that was something with which to conjure.

In one of the prominent daily journals of St. Louis there was then appearing, in the Sunday issue, a series of Washington letters, keen, humorous, racy, signed "Ruhamah." They were not without a very intelligent and interesting line of political comment, and the individuality of the writer excited no little curiosity. The newspaper letter at this time, and for a number of years after, was one of the favorite features of journalism. George William Curtis had graced that department of journalism with his enchanting pen; George W. Smalley had won fame as a London correspondent, his letters presenting such interests as lectures by Huxley, Tyndall, and other noted scientists, statesmen, or men of letters. Kate Field contributed brilliant letters from Paris, keeping her readers *au courant* with French authors, and new books; much of the best of literature then appeared in the daily press. The "Ruhamah" letters from Washington were extremely spicy, and it may not be without interest now to identify these letters with the brilliant Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore of Washington and Japan, the author of several books and of delightful papers in the *Century* and other leading magazines and reviews. Born in Wisconsin, Miss Scidmore followed her star to the Capital with which she has since become widely identified in social and literary prominence. The Orient has been her happy hunting-ground, and her familiarity with Japan, China, and India has not only enabled her to interpret the life and the trend of progress in these countries; but has also afforded her

matter for much descriptive and scenic work, as that of making a pilgrimage to Java, and writing of its old temples and mysterious rites in richly illustrated papers which have attracted wide attention.

Emerson speaks of the "flowing conditions" of life. Circumstances, he notes, are fluidic. Groups of people are drawn together for a little time and then dispersed, but all that is real in personal relations persists. So far as friendships are spiritual relations, they are the most permanent and indestructible of realities. No space can separate those who are joined in spirit. And so the real friendships formed in early youth will, by their own law of magnetism, bring together persons again and again all through life, in varying places and under all changes of circumstance.

The "flowing conditions" transferred Doctor Harris to Concord, Massachusetts, to fulfill his ardent wish to "live as a neighbor to Emerson and Alcott." Denton J. Snider became one of the regular summer lecturers before the School of Philosophy in which Mr. Alcott found his Elysium. The group was widely scattered, but it was a beneficent fate to be brought in contact with such people as these in the impressionable and plastic period of early youth. For it was *what* they all were, even more than any specific thing they had achieved, that generated a noble atmosphere.

If Kant and Hegel owed more of their popularity with the group of eager and ardent young people to the fact that Doctor Harris loved them than they did to their innate merits; if the great world-poets — Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe — were invested for all this group with the charm of his lectures on them;

All was fish that came to the net of one voracious reader. Young persons who plunge headlong into literature because they love it, and not because they are required to "take a course in literature," see the world of books from a very different angle of vision from those who, with rational and measured foresight, endeavor to gain a speaking acquaintance with great authors because of the manifest propriety of such an acquirement.

The Mercantile Library in St. Louis was much of a treasure-trove of the best that has been thought and said in the realm of letters, and to one unimportant student who was its devotee, these library resources were too apt to prove exclusive of the specific study that any well-regulated student is supposed to pursue, for this alcoved library beckoned perpetually with the fascination of an earthly paradise.

Margaret Fuller (Marchesa d'Ossoli), became a name with which to conjure. Her wonderful insight into the very springs of life itself was calculated to enthrall a dreamy and rudimentary girl who perceived the world as reflected through the pages of books rather than from outer realities themselves, and who was too prone to regard the land of dreams as the only country worth living in.

To the eager reader to whom hours in this library were the very elixir of life, the reading of the Ossoli Memoirs had the effect of holding a candle to a torch, which could not but be ignited, however feeble its flame. It was a tumultuous experience to read those passages of Margaret Fuller's diaries, and an experience that recorded itself in a series of two papers on

the Marchesa d'Ossoli, amply decorated and adorned with citations from these wonderful pages — a concoction that by some chance or instinct its writer dispatched to Murat Halstead, one of the great editors of those days, whose journal, *The Cincinnati Commercial*, was held in marked esteem throughout the Mississippi Valley. To the incredible joy of their originator, these papers appeared in two successive Sunday issues, and their writer trod on air. As, from her gratuitous contributions to the local press in St. Louis (their number only limited by the degree of editorial tolerance that they met), she had become the ecstatic possessor of more or less railroad "passes" (for in those halcyon days the press writers were largely exempt from the necessity of buying railroad tickets, free transportation being one of the felicitous perquisites of the press), the contributor fared forth for Cincinnati. After all, it involved only one day's absence. A night journey, a day in the neighboring city, the return on that night, and, *chi lo sa?* the great editor *might* even promise her a place on his paper in a not distant future.

To the order of humanity to whom one swallow makes a summer, to whom a bird in the bush is as assured an asset as an entire flock in the hand, to the touching confidence of these natures, nothing ever seems impossible. It is not at all that they are particularly endowed with courage; but they are so richly endowed with ignorance of all the real conditions of life that it serves just as well. They expect the impossible, and they usually find it. Wherefore should one be the possessor of an "annual," good on any

railroad, if not for impromptu journeys? With an outfit about equally composed of ignorance and enthusiasm, the wayfarer set forth and the result seemed to sustain the wisdom of expecting the impossible and of only being surprised when it did not occur. By what necromancy the spell was wrought does not appear on record; but, at all events, the great editor was pleased to assign to the tyro an immediate task; later, it was revealed that a reporter on the staff had just left, and that there was thereby a vacaney. The immediate task designated was to "write up" (in the parlance of journalism) the June exhibition of wood carving at the school of Mr. Benn Pitman. As it chanced, the tyro had already been employing the leisure of the morning hours in a visit to this school, so the assignment fell into place like a bit of material in a mosaic. On the appearance of the little report in the paper the next morning, Mr. Pitman (moved by one knows not what kindness of heart) wrote a commendatory note regarding it to the editor which, to say the least, did not discourage his possible intention to permit the aspirant a trial on his well-known journal. And so, *sans cérémonie*, in the most entirely unforeseen way, a new chapter of life began with the instanteousness of a transformation. Study and amateur contributions to anything where the contribution was tolerated merged this initiation, on however microscopic a scale, into professional journalism.

Professor Bjerregaard, of the Public Library in New York, has said, in some of his mystic writings, that our true life is the life we have never lived; that life

of thought and ideals which cannot fully actualize itself in time. Of these first experiences in journalism I could truly say that the only thing of any importance was the thing I did not do. Wendell Phillips came to Cincinnati to deliver a lecture, or to be present at some meeting, and to my mingled terror and delight the interview, which in those days was inseparable from every celebrity who arrived in a city, was assigned to me. With about equal fear and admiration I sought the great man. I had not the faintest idea what to say or what to ask him, and in the very desperation of failure I confided to him this blankness of ignorance, which, to be sure, was sufficiently evident to require no assertion. Instantly all that infinite kindness of his came to my aid.

"Well, well," he said, in those musical tones that once heard no one could ever forget, "now if you were to ask me so-and-so I should reply thus." And so, with question and answer, Mr. Phillips went on, the result being, of course, an unusual press interview. I hastened back and asked to see my "Chief," and in no little trepidation confessed:

"Mr. Halstead, I did not write a word of this; Mr. Phillips wrote it all; will it do?"

The autocrat among editors received this astonishing statement with a twinkle in his eye. "Well, if Wendell Phillips wrote it, I guess it is pretty fair!" he replied, with a touch of humorous sarcasm.

To a seeker to whom a "place on a newspaper" had been the star of her dreams the actual experience was a daily joy. For a few months this midsummer's day dream continued, when again a transformation

scene was effected in fairly the twinkling of an eye by that swift scene-shifter, the goddess of Destiny, and the precipitous hills of Cincinnati faded in the distance, while the sun rose over the blue Atlantic and glorified Boston Common.

II

LITERARY LIFE IN BOSTON

I am primarily engaged to myself to be a servant of all the gods; to demonstrate to all men that there is good-will and intelligence at the heart of things, and ever higher and yet higher leadings. These are my engagements. If there be power in good intention, in fidelity, and in toil, the north wind shall be purer, the stars in heaven shall glow with a kindlier beam, that I have lived.

EMERSON

BOSTON was unquestionably the literary Mecca of the country during the nineteenth century. A remarkable galaxy of authors, thinkers, reformers — idealists of many visions — invested the city with a special atmosphere of its own. Boston was a center in which was focused a remarkable order of thought; one that concerned itself so largely with the forces that make for universal progress that literature became in reality a liberal art, indeed, its leading industry, so to speak. The name of the city was fairly a synonym for aspiration, culture, and a higher quality of life. Into this Boston it was a rich privilege to enter.

The lyric and the dramatic stage were made memorable by great foreign artists, as well as by native genius, which stood comparison with Salvini, with Sir Henry Irving, with Sarah Bernhardt. There was

the charm of a social life wonderful because it was so largely a society of great personalities; the Lowell Institute called many leading scientists and men of letters from abroad to its platform, from which splendid courses of lectures were given; the Boston pulpit was renowned for the eminence of its clergy, — James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, Phillips Brooks, and Minot Judson Savage. The Museum of Fine Arts, under the admirable directorship of Charles W. Loring, called Edward Robinson (now the Director of the Metropolitan of New York) to the Curatorship of Classical Sculpture and Antiquities, and invited Ernest Francisco Fenollosa, of the University of Tokio, Japan, to organize and conduct a Department of Oriental Art. Enneking was painting his enchanting interpretations of nature; Cyrus E. Dallin was already offering the pledge and promise of his present greatness in sculpture; and a notable and inspiring feature of the Boston life were the local lectures of the day. Lucy Stone, Julia Ward Howe, and Mary A. Livermore, gave their great messages; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Abby Morton Diaz, Frank Benjamin Sanborn, — these and others equally well known held the platform and charmed the people and enlarged the vision for all that is noblest in life. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a familiar figure in the streets; Whittier was allured from his rural haunts to make frequent sojourns as the guest of Mrs. James T. Fields, and of Governor and Mrs. Claflin; Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose poems and romances laid their spell upon the staid New England life, came from her island in the Merrimac; Louise Chandler Moulton, dividing every

beautiful transcription, to be reproduced in *facsimile*, and also some autograph letters of notable authors.

Ignorance, if it be dense enough, may sometimes serve one as well as courage; and it could only have been a highly-evolved degree of this possession that lured to Boston (of all cities) an untried devotee of journalism, with the confident hope of finding a niche in which to work. One must know something of the world beyond what he has gathered from the pages of poets to realize the obstacles in the path. In faring forth on the uncharted realm of letters there was gratitude for the tie of heredity, for the consolation of forefathers not undistinguished, for the direct descent, even so many generations removed, from the Doctors Mather. There was a certain felicity in feeling that one was entitled to share in the Bostonian worship of illustrious ancestry — a worship hardly less impassioned than that of the Japanese.

To make a pilgrimage to Copp's Hill and watch the summer sunshine on the blue waters of the bay from the graves of Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather, feeling that one had a certain proprietary right to a special interest in their long-past lives, occasioned a thrill of conscious joy. And all the unmapped future that lay before seemed to send its petition for aid and direction from these lofty spirits to enable their remote descendant to live in a manner not quite unworthy their example.

Increase Mather (the son of Richard Mather) lived between 1639 and 1723, and from 1681 to 1717 he was the president of Harvard College; Cotton Mather's life fell between 1662 and 1727, during which period

he wrote and published three hundred and eighty-three books, preached innumerable sermons, and had the honor of being the first American ever elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in London; Samuel Mather, 1706–1785, entered Harvard at thirteen, graduating four years later, and preached in Boston for fifty-three consecutive years. It is he who wrote a biography of his father, Cotton Mather, a record which probably to some extent served Professor Barrett Wendell in his more copious and able life of the noted divine. Richard Mather, also a clergyman (1596–1669), was the writer of a book appearing in 1640 which is said to have been the first book published in America. The arms of the Mathers seem to have been a shield of deepest blue and gold, signifying hope and trust, with three golden balls against an ermine ground.

To arrive in the city of letters with one's sole capital consisting in a note of introduction to Mr. Howells would not lead the sibyl to venture rose-hued prophecies. The *Transcript* and the *Traveler* were then the two leading evening papers, and some unexplained magnetism led me to apply to Colonel Roland Worthington, the founder and proprietor of the *Traveler*, for a place on his paper.

"We've had one or two women, and we don't want one again," was the encouraging reply.

"Yes, but you haven't had *me*," I suggested, and apparently the audacity of the response deprived the arbiter of fate of the power to deny this wandering wayfarer. Colonel Worthington did not concede too much, however, and had it not been that my desire was aided and abetted by his managing editor, James

W. Clarke, the audacity alone would hardly have opened the door. Like the immortal Omar I should have exclaimed,—

"There was the Door to which I found no key!"

Colonel Worthington had the traditional history of the self-made American, and his evolution had included a transition from an office boy in the establishment of an old and famous morning journal, to a prosperous millionaire proprietor of his own paper. He was a man of keen intelligence; a shrewd financier, and he usually conceived of literary values in the terms of finance. "If you can get a ten-dollar item by spending two dollars, it is a good investment, is it not?" he would say. This view of the intellectual resources of the universe was particularly cheering to one to whom the "item" held preëminence over the dollar; and the proprietor's liberal ideas of the intrinsic value of news accorded well with his petitioner's innate love of tripping about, and resulted in a week at Saratoga, to report the Social Science Association that for so many years met the first week in September in this summer resort, and of which Frank B. Sanborn was the efficient and always charming secretary. There followed excursions to the White Mountains, to New York City, trips to the North Shore, and when the blissful custom of providing railroad passes and paying one's hotel bills prevailed, on the newspaper that tolerated his concoctions, why should any stray wayfarer concern himself about mere money? In this particular instance the money was as non-existent

8:56 209 KB/S 66

as the concern; but the rapture of the work left no room for other considerations. My own demands on life were not unlike those formulated by Motley in his early youth, who declared that he could do without the necessities if only he could have the luxuries. For in my initiative work on a ten-dollars-a-week stipend, I joyfully paid six dollars for a matinée ticket to hear Madame Patti, not foreseeing the numerous subsequent opportunities to hear the divine *diva* without money and without price. There *were* seats that did not cost six dollars; but if one is to hear a great artist, one wants to be within the radius of her magnetism. The necessities of life figured little in my desires compared to the luxuries of art and beauty.

Again, the event of the hour in the literary world was the publication of a volume, splendidly issued by the Houghton Mifflin house, of Vedder's marvelous illustrations to accompany the letter-press of Fitzgerald's notable translation of the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. To a journalistic beginner on the modest stipend mentioned, a book that had but two editions, one priced at a hundred, and the other at twenty-five dollars a copy, might have seemed an impossible purchase; yet to possess this (in the twenty-five-dollar issue) prefigured itself to me as the one *sine qua non* of existence. There were, of course, things I could live without; but this mingled marvel of Vedder and of Omar did not seem to be included in that category.

So a little note was dispatched to the famous publishing house, asking if one might be permitted to pay for a copy by five-dollar installments, and thus have it reserved, as the edition was a limited one? But

Edit Annotate Fill & Sign Convert All

as the concern; but the rapture of the work left no room for other considerations. My own demands on life were not unlike those formulated by Motley in his early youth, who declared that he could do without the necessities if only he could have the luxuries. For in my initiative work on a ten-dollars-a-week stipend, I joyfully paid six dollars for a matinée ticket to hear Madame Patti, not foreseeing the numerous subsequent opportunities to hear the divine *diva* without money and without price. There *were* seats that did not cost six dollars; but if one is to hear a great artist, one wants to be within the radius of her magnetism. The necessities of life figured little in my desires compared to the luxuries of art and beauty.

Again, the event of the hour in the literary world was the publication of a volume, splendidly issued by the Houghton Mifflin house, of Vedder's marvelous illustrations to accompany the letter-press of Fitzgerald's notable translation of the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. To a journalistic beginner on the modest stipend mentioned, a book that had but two editions, one priced at a hundred, and the other at twenty-five dollars a copy, might have seemed an impossible purchase; yet to possess this (in the twenty-five-dollar issue) prefigured itself to me as the one *sine qua non* of existence. There were, of course, things I could live without; but this mingled marvel of Vedder and of Omar did not seem to be included in that category.

So a little note was dispatched to the famous publishing house, asking if one might be permitted to pay for a copy by five-dollar installments, and thus have it reserved, as the edition was a limited one? But

8:56 209 KB/S 66

as the concern; but the rapture of the work left no room for other considerations. My own demands on life were not unlike those formulated by Motley in his early youth, who declared that he could do without the necessities if only he could have the luxuries. For in my initiative work on a ten-dollars-a-week stipend, I joyfully paid six dollars for a matinée ticket to hear Madame Patti, not foreseeing the numerous subsequent opportunities to hear the divine *diva* without money and without price. There *were* seats that did not cost six dollars; but if one is to hear a great artist, one wants to be within the radius of her magnetism. The necessities of life figured little in my desires compared to the luxuries of art and beauty.

Again, the event of the hour in the literary world was the publication of a volume, splendidly issued by the Houghton Mifflin house, of Vedder's marvelous illustrations to accompany the letter-press of Fitzgerald's notable translation of the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. To a journalistic beginner on the modest stipend mentioned, a book that had but two editions, one priced at a hundred, and the other at twenty-five dollars a copy, might have seemed an impossible purchase; yet to possess this (in the twenty-five-dollar issue) prefigured itself to me as the one *sine qua non* of existence. There were, of course, things I could live without; but this mingled marvel of Vedder and of Omar did not seem to be included in that category.

So a little note was dispatched to the famous publishing house, asking if one might be permitted to pay for a copy by five-dollar installments, and thus have it reserved, as the edition was a limited one? But

Edit Annotate Fill & Sign Convert All

as the concern; but the rapture of the work left no room for other considerations. My own demands on life were not unlike those formulated by Motley in his early youth, who declared that he could do without the necessities if only he could have the luxuries. For in my initiative work on a ten-dollars-a-week stipend, I joyfully paid six dollars for a matinée ticket to hear Madame Patti, not foreseeing the numerous subsequent opportunities to hear the divine *diva* without money and without price. There *were* seats that did not cost six dollars; but if one is to hear a great artist, one wants to be within the radius of her magnetism. The necessities of life figured little in my desires compared to the luxuries of art and beauty.

Again, the event of the hour in the literary world was the publication of a volume, splendidly issued by the Houghton Mifflin house, of Vedder's marvelous illustrations to accompany the letter-press of Fitzgerald's notable translation of the Rubáiyat of Omar Khayyám. To a journalistic beginner on the modest stipend mentioned, a book that had but two editions, one priced at a hundred, and the other at twenty-five dollars a copy, might have seemed an impossible purchase; yet to possess this (in the twenty-five-dollar issue) prefigured itself to me as the one *sine qua non* of existence. There were, of course, things I could live without; but this mingled marvel of Vedder and of Omar did not seem to be included in that category.

So a little note was dispatched to the famous publishing house, asking if one might be permitted to pay for a copy by five-dollar installments, and thus have it reserved, as the edition was a limited one? But

what was my rapture on returning to my vine and fig-tree one night to find the wonderful book already delivered, with the kindest of notes from its publishers, reducing the price from twenty-five to fifteen dollars, and saying that this payment might be made quite at the convenience of the recipient. Was such kindness ever to be forgotten? It was a joy that persisted, a sign-post on the Golden Road, as has also persisted the gratitude it inspired.

The name of Vedder had already become one with which to conjure; and these Vedderesque drawings, that seemed to portray the inner thought of Omar Khayyám, projected their resplendence and mystic wonder into the very fabric of life. In his own copy of this work Mr. Vedder afterward wrote:

> "Omar! when I these pictures made
> I loved as madly, drank as deep
> As ever thou didst, in the shade
> Of roses, by the river's brink.
> Now Winter's come. I sit and think
> Of sweet friends gone, I know not where,
> Chill is the air of garden bare
> As is the wind that blows forlorn
> That takes the rose, and leaves the thorn."

This indulgence in Patti concerts and Vedder drawings did not suggest itself to me as an extravagance at all. Art, beauty, all that wonder-realm of life, presented itself as included in the very reasons for being in Boston; as the capital on which to draw, the material out of which the fabric of life was to be woven.

Curiously the first local assignment given me by the

Traveler was that of interviewing Kate Field, who had just returned from one of her numerous trips to Europe and who was about to give her monologue, "Eyes and Ears in London," before a Boston audience. On this occasion Miss Field was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. S. Anthony, on the "water side" of Beacon Street; and my first sight of her was as she stood in the library, with the blue waters of the Charles seen through the windows as a background, a pretty figure in a Paris gown whose shade matched her bronze-brown hair. She spoke of various things, and of people whose names were those to conjure with, and at the end bade me come and see her again whenever she was in Boston. This seemed an anticipation as shadowy as it was delightful; and the horoscope of the future did not reveal that I should eventually become her biographer,[1] nor that a strange mystic drama, partially recorded in a little book of mine ("After Her Death; The Story of a Summer") should be enacted between us in a not distant future.

Reared in a household life largely dominated by books and literary comment, I had been familiar with the name of Dora d'Istria, the *nom-de-plume* of the Princess Koltzoff Massassky; and learning that this princess of the southern Danube region was actually sojourning on the North Shore, I had a great desire to meet and to write of her. This ambitious hope could hardly have been fulfilled had it not been for the aid of Mrs. Susan Bertram, a special friend of the Princess, whose kindness paved the way for me. There was a corner of the seaside piazza especially preëmpted

[1] Kate Field; A Record. Boston; Little, Brown, and Company, 1899.

by the Princess in the late afternoon, and there Mrs. Bertram took me to await the distinguished guest, while a maid who was a sort of *avant courier* appeared with the stage properties, so to speak, of the Princess: a table to place by her easy chair, cushions, flowers, books; and following all these the lady herself, simple, unassuming, fascinating. Helena Ghika, a princess in her own right, if I mistake not, had married the Russian prince whose name she bore, and she spoke at some length of her literary work, her aim and effort to benefit the less fortunate class of women in her country; of her villa in Florence, Italy, where she passed much of her time in rapt enjoyment of the beauty and the art of that city; and of the visit of the Emperor of Brazil made to her in Florence. In reply to some question as to what she and the Emperor had most discussed, she said it was his eucalyptus trees in Brazil. These, she said, interested him beyond any questions of politics, art, or general topics.

Out of this talk grew an article for the New York *Tribune*, one for the Boston *Sunday Herald*, as well as another portion served up in the columns of the *Traveler*. Later the Princess was so amiable as to send me a photograph of herself, taken in her youth and beauty, with some manuscript data of her writings, which were voluminous. The photograph is now to be seen in the albums of autograph letters in the Boston Public Library, the letters thus mounted being largely those written to Kate Field by many of the famous people of the mid-nineteenth century, inclusive of many from the Brownings, Walter Savage Landor, and others, which I had the pleasure of presenting

dissertations on Plotinus, Behmen, Eckhart, St. John, and Swedenborg. Thoreau's manuscripts were laid under tribute, and there were not wanting lectures on the "Genesis of the Maya," and the proofs of the "Pre-existence of the Soul." Mr. Howells's witticism in making a character in one of his Boston novels say that she "*hoped* that her soul was immortal, but *knew* it was cultivated," would not have applied to the Concord group, whose convictions regarding the permanence of their souls were unalterable.

Hillside Chapel was almost as primitive as the groves in which Plato taught. Between the rough boards of the walls were wide spaces, through which creeping vines and stray branches of greenery made their way, and about the interior were placed busts of Plato, Pestalozzi, Emerson, and Alcott, and a mask of Anaxagoras cheerfully decorated one wall. The mercury not infrequently stood at ninety-three degrees during these enlivening discourses; but the easy accessibility of the forest shades enabled the less philosophic mind to escape into the alluring coolness for an interlude in which to pull itself together for another grapple with the truths of the sages. During a five hours "continuous performance" (as were the lectures of good Doctor McCosh) it was even possible to slip away for a row on Concord River, with Mr. John Bartlett, the time-honored cicerone of Concord. Every visitor to the town, of any claim, had been invited by Mr. Bartlett for a row up to that mysteriously green and luminous part of the river (mentioned by Hawthorne in the "Mosses from an Old Manse") where the overhanging trees so mirror themselves in

the water as to give the illusion of a forest beneath its depths, rather than on its banks. The boat would also glide by the "Old Manse," with its one poplar tree silhouetted against the sky, and its reminiscences of old Doctor Ripley, who, when the family "shay" was overturned, with most of the family in it, made the occurrence the subject of his evening prayer, asking that the Lord would teach him to "suitably profit" by this unpleasant experience.

The contrast between the profound discourses of the speakers at the Concord school and the rural simplicity of the village life was amusing. At the evening sessions in Hillside Chapel there would be a shaded lamp on the platform table for the speaker, but the remainder of the interior would be lighted only by stray gleams of moonlight, or by some wandering firefly, less effective than his fellows who fairly illuminate the Florentine gardens in summer. But Doctor Harris's favorite quotation from Novalis made itself an article of faith to the Concord group; the assertion that "Philosophy can bake no bread; but she can procure for us God, Freedom, and Immortality."

One morning when the apple blossoms wafted their fragrance on the air from the grounds of the "Orchard House," and the sunshine stole through the rude walls of the chapel to rest on Rose Hawthorne (Mrs. Lathrop) turning her hair to Titian gold, Mrs. Howe was the speaker. She was in a pearl-gray gown with a little knot of violets in her corsage; and at the close of her address she responded to a request and recited these fine and subtle lines of her own:

"Power, reft of aspiration;
Passion, lacking inspiration;
Leisure, not of contemplation, —

"Thus shall danger overcome thee;
Fretted luxury consume thee;
All divineness vanish from thee."

The lectures of Doctor Harris made the same strong appeal that had characterized them in St. Louis in the preceding decade. His manner had the same charm, and when Professor Snider whose talks on Greece held audiences spellbound, remarked of Doctor Harris, "He is too great for any praise of mine," the words inspired universal assent.

Tall, erect as an arrow, with a distinction of presence unfailingly felt by all; with a ready wit that sometimes merged into caustic sarcasm; yet with the most gentle and even tender consideration for any sincere inquirer, Mr. Sanborn was one of the notable figures. He was a communicator, a very radiator of vitalizing power. No one could more swiftly extinguish any presumption; no one could be more kind to earnest quest.

There was nothing of the transcendental about Louisa Alcott. "I flee the town when the philosophers arrive," she remarked one morning when, just as she was leaving, I chanced to meet her on the street, a large, matronly figure, always plainly dressed and with an air of being in somewhat hurried transit, yet with beautiful eyes and a smile that won the heart.

In the present time of world problems, it is half incredible to realize that in the eighties the question of Romanticism vs. Realism should fairly assume the

proportions of a *cause célèbre*. The discussion as to whether fiction was an art became a vital question. (It had not then, at all events, become an industry!) Up to this time there had been a prevailing conviction, as I believe Henry James pointed out, that a novel was a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and it had not been subjected to laboratory methods of analysis. The spark that ignited this conflagration was a remark made by Mr. Howells that the art of fiction had become a finer one than in the days of Thackeray and Dickens. A flash in a powder magazine could hardly have burst into more instantaneous results. All the intellectual world was up in arms, and the Puritan City, as the very focus of literary activities, had no choice but to approach the matter with the deadly earnestness of the Bostonian. Was not this city the conservator, the divinely-appointed guardian of the arts? The *Transcript* became a battleground. Novel-writers and novel-readers felt their responsibility. Walter Besant delivered an address on "The Art of Fiction" before the Royal Institution in London, setting forth, if memory serve me aright, a number of admirable recipes which, if the ingredients were skillfully blended, were warranted to turn out a novel; and Henry James responded with a vivid portrayal of the value of a certain gift known as imagination. It was instanced that the writer has in his possession two kinds of material, one that he has lived outwardly; the other that he has lived by imagination, and that the latter was the more important and valuable to him. The question as to what *is* real was much in the air. Was it only real when a man was described

as hanging his battered hat on a nail, or when a woman in unkempt gown stood over a frying pan? Were there not realities of mental states, spiritual realities, more truly real than are concrete things? Was there ever truer realism than that offered by George Eliot, in her series of great novels? Yet the great events in these romances happened in the mental atmosphere. It was the action and reaction of the spiritual character that made the drama.

The battle between the two conflicting claims raged for some time, and it must be confessed that, on the outward and visible side, the race was to the swift and the battle to the strong, if one may estimate its results by latter-day exhibits. Yet it still remains, it must forever remain, that imaginative creation and the realm of spiritual reality have within themselves the permanent treasure, while the novel of outward detail is as easily forgotten as a last year's bird's nest.

To a beginner in what might be designated literary journalism, all this vigorous discussion held a breathless interest. Macaulay acclaims the order of literature which has its source in the fullness of the mind rather than in the emptiness of the pocket; and there is always something to be said for those whose impulse in writing is that of having something to say.

The Boston galaxy had a good deal to say, and they said it remarkably well. The genuine quality of life out of which their expression sprang invested the expression itself with the power of the "air-sown words" which Emerson ascribes to Swedenborg. The Boston group of writers were as distinct as a constellation in the heavens. The influence of this group

touched and ennobled the entire life of the country, and one of the leading channels by means of which their thought was more widely distributed was through press correspondence. Boston had always been a particularly happy hunting-ground for this work. Frank B. Sanborn's Boston letter to the Springfield *Republican*, continuing over a period of more than fifty years, and ending only with his death in 1917, was a salient feature of that admirable journal. For years the New York *Tribune* printed a series of graceful letters, written by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, signed only with the initials, "L. C. M.," in which the meetings of the Radical Club were discussed, and new books, the personalities of noted authors and lecturers, and the movements of the intellectual, the artistic, and the social world, were reflected.

Throughout the great Middle West such press matter was read with avidity. Such letters were liable to be read aloud far and wide over the country, and the children of the household could hardly escape growing up with some knowledge of what Matthew Arnold well describes as the best that has been thought and said in the world. Such a feature of journalism is, at its best and when written by able and cultivated contributors, a liberal education in itself. Thus, the leading personalities of Boston became household names to a degree that would perhaps have surprised these interesting people. Any youth or maiden coming to Boston out of such homes was simply entering a city that he or she knew all about; one had the entire *dramatis personae* in one's imagination; only to be in the midst of it was to see the play mounted.

Inevitably press letters from Boston suggested themselves to me. I had come into a sense of bewildering enchantment; no Peri at the gates of Paradise could have been more steeped in ecstasy than that in which I sauntered about Boston, feeling it encompass me as an atmosphere. The enchantment of Italy which was to encompass me round about some years later never exceeded this first rapture of Boston to me,—one that has never yet faded into the light of common day. All this personal interest it was an instinct to try to share with newspaper readers in the great Mississippi valley. So I sent a press letter to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* which its editor, William Penn Nixon (later a friend whose memory I dearly treasure), returned to me saying they did not wish to increase expenses. Was that all? I thought. A mere matter of paying, or not paying, for what I ardently desired to send? What did I care for "payment"? I wanted to *write!* Why, indeed, should a ten-dollar-a-week capitalist bother about further sources of income? I replied to Mr. Nixon begging the privilege of writing for nothing. (It was granted.) For nothing? No, if any possible reader had a fraction of the enjoyment out of these letters that I had in writing them it was enough. But (even though I say it "as hadn't oughter") the letters made their place at the start. I was more or less snowed under by personal responses from strangers. Not that the work had any particular claim save that it perhaps possessed a certain spontaneity, and as I had so recently been one of the newspaper readers in this region of our country, I endeavored to give my readers (if I had any) just the

His keenest wit was closely allied with pathos. While his poems are somewhat largely those of occasion, there are a proportion of others, creative alone, that are well worth keeping in enduring remembrance.

Many readers connect the prose writings of Doctor Holmes chiefly with the "Breakfast Table" scintillations of the "Autocrat" and the "Poet," and the later volume, "Over the Teacups." But it was really in his stories, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," that his more intimate vein of psychological speculation may best be traced. The relation between physical conditions and the spiritual man who, for the time being, must express himself through these conditions, engaged his mind both as physician and metaphysician. "I talk, not to tell what I think, but to find out what I think," the Autocrat would say; and this suggests the discursive quality of his conversation. It was rather an experimental examination of his mental possessions.

One afternoon in his library comes to my memory, when he spoke at length on the problems and the destiny of life. His mind was many-faceted, and singularly penetrating into psychological possibilities and combinations, and in personal conversations he sometimes went deeply into the questioning of mental states. On this afternoon he told me a little incident that took place in his country house by the sea. At dinner, he had chanced to recall the "Webster and Parkman" tragedy of Harvard University that had taken place in his own early life, and he related the details to some friends who were with him. Later, on returning to the drawing-room, he found an English

paper in his evening mail, sent him by a friend in London, in which this entire story was given.

"Now," said Doctor Holmes, "was it that this paper lying on my table in some way communicated to me a wave of vibration that recalled the story; or did I, clairvoyantly and unconsciously to my normal self, see this paper as it lay in the next room? Or did a third person, some one in the Unseen, intervene, and suggest it to me?"

Asking as to which one of these hypotheses he inclined, he replied that he did not fix on any one. "I state facts; I simply state the facts," he said; "I like to revel among all sorts of possibilities."

During this visit the Autocrat invited his caller into another room to see the famous portrait of "Dorothy Q." with the saber cut across the canvas. Writing of this visit and somewhat of his conversation in a press letter, I sent him a copy, in response to which he thus wrote:

296, Beacon Street,
Nov. 27, 1891.

My Dear Miss Whiting:

How can I help being pleased with your article about me? . . . I can stand a little overpraise; it never disagrees with me to any serious extent; but apart from that, there is a delicate handling of your subject that made me feel as if I were in caressing arms. I have very rarely had anything said about me so gracefully and pleasingly.

Faithfully and Gratefully

Oliver Wendell Holmes

The ministry of Edward Everett Hale still persists, even though he has passed from the visible world, for his wide relation to the general life and his unique and vigorous personality leave their impress. As clergyman, author, lecturer, reformer, his work included almost every variety of expression. So much does Doctor Hale seem a part of the life of to-day that to see his church habitually referred to in the local press, as "Doctor Hale's church" surprises no one. Though not a poet, he wrote occasional verse of value. As a writer of short stories he had a genuine gift; and two of these, at least, "The Man without a Country" and "My Double and How he Undid Me," have become classics in American fiction. The spiritual vitality that he radiated to the general life through that wonderful organization, the "Lend a Hand Club," and, also, the "Ten Times One Is Ten," is, indeed, a force that persists like the waves in the ether. "I always knew God loved me; I know He cares for me," Doctor Hale would say; and how could one lean on a more reassuring faith?

Kate Field wrote me at one time to inquire if Doctor Hale were a prohibitionist. On writing to him, the following amusing letter came in reply. It was dated from his home in Roxbury (39 Highland Street), December 17, 1888, and thus ran:

For many years after we began housekeeping I had not a wine-glass in our house, and I do not know that there is one now. This will represent my feeling in the matter. I think it is necessary to drink wine sometimes. I am ordered to, myself, by my medical adviser. But I do not think it necessary to present it to my guests as an elegance, with every fascination

that art, poetry, and literature can give to it. I do not offer sherry or champagne to my guests any more than I offer them quinine or paregoric. If they need either, I should hope they would ask me, and I should try to provide them as well as I could; but I should not make this a matter of hospitality. You may send this note to Miss Field.

Doctor Hale was regarded as the special patron saint of every conceivable enterprise, social, philanthropic, literary, economic, or whatever it might be. His doorbell rang from morning till night, and life rose to high tide at his door. His buoyant nature and unfailing humor saved him from being fairly borne down by the multiplicity of the demands on him; and he had a singular gift of galvanizing other people into work and enabling them to get the most out of a day. The inner secret of his own perpetual activity might not incorrectly be traced to his simple and absolute faith. He accomplished his enormous and greatly varied work by adhering to the plan of giving himself for three or four hours a day to the utmost concentration of activities, and then leaving the matter in hand till the next day; for he held that social and neighborly duties were as important as any specific task. So it was that his life became a real vital force rather than merely standing for any specific achievement alone. It became the "power of an endless life." He was a spiritual dynamo, generating the energy that he used.

Not an avowed transcendentalist, Doctor Hale was still intensely in sympathy with Emerson, and his little book on the Concord seer has always seemed to

me among the finest and most penetrating interpretations of Emerson's thought that has been given. In his "James Russell Lowell and His Friends" is one of the most vivid and racy chapters about Boston life. Mrs. Livermore delighted in this book, and a letter that she wrote me referring to it runs thus:

I have been reading "James Russell Lowell and his Friends" by Doctor Hale. I have found two items there of curious interest, one of which is Doctor Hale's question: "Have any of the scribes and pharisees known that President Quincy of Harvard (in the '30s of the last century) believed himself directed, as Socrates was, by a 'daemon', or guardian spirit?" Quincy believed he was guided in his marriage, which was a very happy one, and in all the important measures and crises of his life, by this attendant spirit whose promptings he always obeyed. I remember President Quincy well, and attended class-days and commencements under his administration. He was a leader of men in those days.

The other item relates to Lowell, who believed himself gifted with what is called second-sight. Lowell said he had only to shut his eyes, and he could see all the people whom he had known, or whom he wanted to see, and could carry on conversations with them. Lowell's mother was of the same family in Hebrides as that to which Minna Troil belonged, in Scott's novel of "The Pirate." I do not find it difficult to believe that he inherited a strain of occultism from his mother. We should never have heard of these but for Doctor Hale's delightful book.

Doctor Hale was among the guests frequently met at Mrs. Whipple's Sunday evenings. Mr. Lowell, who was representing his country at the Court of St. James in those years, always found an evening for the

too beautiful to believe, yet I would wake up to find it true.

Mrs. Mary Hemenway, one of the greatest of Boston women, whose hand was on many of the most important activities of the city, was a frequent guest and one of the nearest and lifelong friends of Mrs. Whipple. It was Mrs. Hemenway who organized the movement for saving the "Old South" church with its historic associations; it was she who discerned John Fiske's latent but marvellous power as a lecturer, and discovered him to himself, if one may so phrase it, by insisting that he should prepare and deliver two historical lectures at a time when he had not dreamed of ever appearing on the platform. The result more than justified Mrs. Hemenway's insight, and it was thus that his brilliant career as a speaker was inaugurated.

In the diary of "Old Pepys" he records, after an evening passed in the great world, "But, O Lord! what poor stuff they did talk!" No guest of Mr. and Mrs. Whipple could have made that reflection. The social ideal here was not gregarious, but selective. Conversation became a real exchange of thought and sympathy.

Mr. Whipple was one of the brilliant wits of Boston with the corresponding sensitive response of nature. To a considerable degree Mrs. Whipple was the power behind the throne in her husband's work as the leading critical essayist of the time. Often at the table Mrs. Whipple would say to her husband, "Edwin, why don't you write on So-and-So?" Then she would proceed to discuss the topic, hold it up to the light, and

examine it on all sides, and it would have been a duller man than Edwin Percy Whipple who would not have caught some thread of inspiration from her luminous words. Mrs. Whipple could not herself have written these almost faultless essays and lectures which Mr. Whipple delivered before the lyceum courses; but it is a question if he could have produced matter so able without the help of this magic power of suggestion that characterized his wife. It is difficult to find words to define adequately Mrs. Whipple's gift, which was a sort of X-ray divination of the special possibilities of those with whom she came in sympathetic contact. Of Mr. Whipple's lectures, Mrs. Livermore, who remembered them well, thus spoke in one of the long series of letters which it was my happiness to receive from her during the latter years of her life:

Not enough has ever been told the world concerning Whipple. After Wendell Phillips he was easily the most attractive lecturer in the great lyceum courses of the past. . . . There was a class of young people at the time who were bewitched by Whipple, and would come from a lecture given by him with pages of notes which afterward were fully written out. I spent a night once with friends who had entertained him, and on this occasion after his lecture we sat till midnight around the dining-room table over a light supper, discussing the theme with him.

Governor and Mrs. Claflin gave a reception for Mr. Whittier, inviting the survivors of the anti-slavery conflict to meet him, with a few other guests. Chancing to meet Mrs. Claflin at Mrs. Howe's one morning, I was listening with intense interest to what she was saying to her hostess of this forthcoming festivity,

when she turned to me and said, "Would you like to come?" The reply was that I should indeed feel like a mortal gazing on the immortals, and the privilege would be a great one. So with her characteristic kindness, Mrs. Claflin invited Alice Stone Blackwell and myself to "look on the immortals" that memorable day. It was my own first meeting with Mr. Whittier, and I have never lost my impression of his gentle sweetness of manner. Lucy Stone and her husband, Doctor Henry B. Blackwell; Mrs. Howe, Miss Anne Whitney, Colonel Higginson, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Diaz, and also Elizabeth Stuart Phelps were among the guests; although Miss Phelps could not have been among the early reformers, but was apparently invited on general principles and as a household favorite. During the afternoon they all formed a circle around the piano and sang Mrs. Howe's "Battle Hymn," Miss Phelps, in a white gown, standing unconsciously in the center, looking like a tall white lily. A few of the guests remained to a little evening supper to which Mrs. Claflin kindly invited me, and I thus saw a pretty instance of Mr. Whittier's felicitous skill in response. It seems that he had deprecated the giving of a reception in his honor with some expression that no one would come; and as he sat on her right at the supper table, Mrs. Claflin said playfully, "No one wanted to come, you said?" and Mr. Whittier replied, "But every one would want to come to see *thee!*"

Mrs. Diaz, by whose side I found myself, said, "I have come up to town for the winter and brought the only two things that I need, — a long-trained silk

dress and a matchbox." The occasion suggested anti-slavery reminiscences, and I recall that Mrs. Diaz also told me, that night, how, as a child, she voluntarily went without butter that she might contribute "six cents a week to the anti-slavery cause." But this sacrifice, the silk gown, and the matchbox, all seem equally to pervade my memory.

Throughout all those years there was one potent factor in Boston life that radiated an influence as ennobling as it was exalted, — the influence of Phillips Brooks. By some magic he seemed to create a magnetic union between the inner and the outer life; to lead his hearers to an earnest desire to adjust their general conduct in harmony with spiritual laws. "Come, live in the spirit" was his typical message. "That is the only life. Not a life of sacrifice and sadness and seclusion; on the contrary, the life of the spirit is that of all fullness of purpose, all gladness and joy, all greatness of achievement. Do not forsake your business, your profession, your calling; but be by so much the better merchant, engineer, lawyer. Christian manhood is only manhood developed to its highest capacity. Manhood has not even attained its normal possibilities until it is Christian manhood." This was the spirit in which he made abstract truth vital with the glory and the freshness of a new interpretation.

As rector of Trinity, the work of Phillips Brooks was never bounded by the limits of the parish. Nor can his ministry ever be claimed exclusively by the Episcopal church, for it pervaded the deeper regions of life and thought where varying opinions meet on the

common basis of the universal. The catholicity of Phillips Brooks was a force that contributed greatly to the molding of contemporary progress. His eloquence, his fervor, his all-pervading spirituality made his faith in the divine element in man something singularly communicable. His majestic figure was familiar to all the city, and a chance contact with him on the streets often transposed one's life to a higher key. For, in the last analysis, it is what a man is, even more than what he says, that radiates helpfulness.

> "Thou knowest not what argument
> Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent."

The afternoon services in Trinity were apt to be rather largely attended by a congregation who were not communicants of the church. The message of the preacher was delivered with a magnetism that made its appeal so vital as not infrequently to inaugurate for the hearer an absolutely new epoch in his life. The glowing earnestness of his face; the little mannerism of his hand clutching his robe which was characteristic of his most inspired speech, and the rich color of the sunset gleaming through the painted windows made a picture never to be lost from memory. Spiritual force is the supreme potency of the universe, and from the life of Bishop Brooks was struck that spark that ignited innumerable watchfires. "The spiritual power which he received from a hidden source he has transmitted to the world," said Charles Gordon Ames of him after his death, "and that power is here to stay."

The universe itself belonged to Phillips Brooks. He took life easily with simple and spontaneous enjoy-

ment. After his elevation to the Episcopate, it was especially urged upon him that he must have those office hours, which, as rector of Trinity, he had evaded, as something too formal and too suggestive of mechanism. "No, I am not willing to have office hours," he replied; "if people wish to see me I must and will see them at any time."

It was further urged upon him that the almost countless calls from those who desired his sympathy, his counsel, his aid, were too great a tax upon him, and to this suggestion he vehemently replied, "God save the day when they won't come to me!" He was fairly snowed under by an enormous correspondence, a large proportion of which was from persons outside his religious faith, and who had never seen his face. This mattered not at all. His meat was to do the will of his Father who sent him. Every letter, note, request, however ill-timed, received its adequate reply in his clear, concise hand, every word being the expression of his beautiful courtesy.

The Brooks family consisted of six sons, of whom four took orders in the Episcopal ministry. The atmosphere of this home had been preëminently that of spirituality and trust. Each day was opened and closed with family prayer. A picture is still preserved of the evenings when parents and children gathered around a large table — the father perhaps writing; the mother with her sewing basket; the boys with their lessons. Sometimes the father read aloud from historians, poets, essayists. Phillips Brooks was, from his boyhood, especially interested in biography, as that is the form of literature, when rising to its ideal

possibilities, that most intimately interprets the art of living. And it was in life, personal life, that he was supremely interested. But to him side by side with biography was poetry. He was himself temperamentally endowed with the inner and intuitive recognition of poetic thought that found expression in his own occasional verse, and which rose to a high poetic quality in the lyric, "O Little Town of Bethlehem," which has become a world favorite. All these more ardent and spiritualized expressions of his later life were generated in this atmosphere of his boyhood. The Brooks household was, in the truest sense, a home. For a household only becomes a home when it is nurtured and fed on spiritual ideals. The intellectual possibilities of all these six lads was constantly stimulated and strengthened by the high order of reading that was a daily feature of the family life. Conversation was one of the enjoyments, and the boys were encouraged to discuss the books that were read, the ideas that were in the air. Cheerful laughter and fun, personal likes or dislikes, individual points of view, — all this range of natural expression was encouraged among the lads, and the atmosphere became one of continual intellectual and moral stimulus.

The friendship between Edward Everett Hale and Phillips Brooks had been a notable feature in the lives of both men. When the rector of Trinity became the bishop of the diocese, Doctor Hale wrote to him, begging that he would not overtax his strength. "I am older than you; can advise you," said Doctor Hale. "Begin slowly." The counsel was apparently unheeded, for the bishop gave himself unreservedly,

ing devotion to all that makes for the Christian and the consecrated life, invest his memory with affection and reverence. He had an enthusiasm for what he well called the expansion of religion; "Bring all that you gain from all the myriad of ethical sources, — Theosophy, Psychical Research, New Thought, Christian Science, — whatever may be, bring it all into the church," he would say. "She is large, she has room for all." Like Phillips Brooks, who declared with a twinkle in his eye that he did not consider it necessary to found a new religion every time he got a new idea, Doctor Donald, too, believed that every truth of importance may well be incorporated into the teachings and the convictions of the Church.

Again has Trinity Church been blessed with a ministry to whose power and whose untiring zeal for all that makes for righteousness it would be impossible to offer too great appreciation. In the Reverend Alexander Mann, D.D., Trinity has found a leader with a genius for organization, whose simple and direct teachings of the Christ life are of a singularly penetrating and impressive nature, incorporating themselves into character and action. As one of the ablest interpreters of the spiritual truth of the Bible, with an exhaustive knowledge of its history, Doctor Mann is exceptional. The scholarly beauty and the noble quality of his discourses might not unprofitably be dwelt upon; but even more than these do his parishioners and his congregation prize that unwearied devotion, by means of which he has so enlarged and strengthened the institutional and humanitarian side of the church work, increasing its constructive power to

reach out in numerous and varied forms of helpfulness for the betterment of the community. In the first sermon that Doctor Mann preached after accepting the unanimous and enthusiastic call to the rectorship, he said; "Worry is lack of faith in God." The simplicity of the words is only equalled by their signal aid. To one hearer, at least, the thought entered into the inner life as an unfailing spring of renewed courage and trust in the Divine Power.

Among the famous men who were heard from the platform of the Lowell Institute in those years were Alfred Russel Wallace, Lanciani (Commendatore della Corona d'Italia), then directing the archaeological work in the forum in Rome; Sir William Dawson, Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, Prince Wolskonsky, Edward A. Freeman, Thomas Davidson, William James, Luigi Monti, Henry Drummond, Augustus Le Plongeon, Barrett Wendell, William T. Sedgwick, and Percival Lowell. Some of these were not heard until the twentieth century and no exact chronology is attempted in the mere *résumé* of these important lecture courses.

Almost every subject of importance in science, literature, art, ethics, economics, archaeology, with past and contemporary history, were discussed on the Lowell Institute platform. All these were a part of the intellectual activity of the time. It was a complex and a many-sided activity that contributed to feed the currents of energy that were in evidence, even setting then, toward the great purpose of social reconstruction. All the latter years of the nineteenth century are stamped with the regenerative processes, with the pro-

duction of that order of force which inevitably results from the meeting of two generations, one of which is not past its intellectual prime, and the other of which has fully entered upon its youthful maturity of intellectual vigor. Professor Royce was in the zenith of his power; Doctor William James was leading in psychology, seeing "in the life of the soul, a still more mysterious and fascinating spectacle," as Fournoy so well says of him; and John Fiske, with profound knowledge and philosophic insight "all harmoniously unified into a lovable and richly-endowed personality," to use the words of his biographer, John Spencer Clark, was entering on his great interpretation of social and political history, a task cut short by his death.

Of such star dust as these important personalities and activities of Boston was a long series of press letters woven, for which the *Inter-Ocean* of Chicago (founded by that valiant spirit, William Penn Nixon) and the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans offered their hospitalities over many years. In this press correspondence it was my aim (however illy fulfilled) to make myself the interpreter of as much of the best of life, in literary, artistic, ethical, and social phases, as was possible.

The topics treated were selective; the correspondence was not so much Boston letters as it was letters written in Boston. There were no instructions or limitations from my editors, save, indeed, an occasional counsel to be "less enthusiastic." It is an order of counsel that (to make a frank confession) I have continued to receive from my various "Chiefs," editors and publishers, all my life; and that it has

not done its work more effectually is no fault of theirs, or due to any deficiency in their vigilance in castigations. Life is inevitably seen through a temperament, and if it presents itself with a vividness and beauty that sometimes transforms it into the regions celestial, what is one to do? At all events, my aim was to draw from the choice quality of this life where, indeed, we might all say:

> "The Fairest enchants me;
> The Mighty commands me."

These letters, which persisted from the middle eighties to the years well within the first decade of the twentieth century, were not duplicated, but each was as individual as are personal letters to friends; and beside the two permanent channels, there were others contributed here and there on special occasions. They were written in a sort of rapturous delight that doubtless invested the writer rather than the reader; but the readers were often responsive and encouraging, and countless letters rained down from strangers who came to seem as friends instead. Kindly comment on these letters was not infrequent, as for instance such a paragraph as the following from a writer in a New York journal:

There is no form of Miss Whiting's work, however, to which she is more devoted than that of press correspondence. Mr. R. S. Rogers, of Wisconsin, wrote in a journal published in that State of Miss Whiting's weekly Boston letters to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, saying: All of Miss Whiting's writings are inspiring, uplifting. We imbibe spirituality from them as the bee sips honey from the flower. Each week she writes

a letter for the *Inter-Ocean*, which appears in its Saturday issue, and which contains the latest news (not gossip) from the "Hub," embodying terse but appreciative criticisms of literature, the drama, opera, the Lowell Institute lectures, — in fact, everything that contributes to the higher life. And all this is given us in a language so elegant and poetic, a tone so elevated, and an interpretation so spiritual, that the reading thereof is a liberal education.

Miss Whiting also acquaints us, in these letters, with the latest theories and discoveries in psychology bearing upon matters of present interest. She is one of the clearest and most interesting exponents of this new spiritualism. She is a resident of Boston. She is a student in various ways, and is also the happy possessor of information regarding various subjects. She is literary to the tips of her fingers, and her signature to an article is a guarantee that it is interesting, instructive, and elevating.

Whatever generous encouragement came was due to the intention rather than to the performance; but it all made for me a kind of twofold life, — any privilege of social or artistic enjoyment being doubled because of the hope of passing some gleam of it on to the newspaper readers. New Orleans became a center of kind friends, and in 1897, under the presideney of Mrs. Helen L. Behrens, was formed a "Lilian Whiting Club." The name was a mere convenience, but the club itself was the expression of their appreciation of the lofty and noble personalities and important work in ethics, literature, art, education, of the Boston people of whom it had been my privilege to write in my letters to the *Times-Democrat* of that city. The object of this club, as set forth in its con-

stitution, was "the mutual improvement of its members in literature, art, science, and cultivation of interest in the vital questions of the day." As such, it was really a kind of extension of the Boston life of the time, inspired by such women as Mrs. Howe, Madame Agassiz, Mrs. Livermore, and others whose work and thought I had endeavored to somewhat interpret.

Meantime my local work had come to be that of literary editorship, the *Traveler* of that day being a family paper, semi-literary in tone, and bearing no resemblance to the pleasantly mercurial paper that perpetuates the name to-day. My little room at the office was provided with bookshelves that were always overcrowded with books that then rained down from the publishing houses. My Chief, true to his financial principles, never objected to any extra outlay if it secured something worth while. He looked with favor on the idea of ordering by cable an advance copy of Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere," when it appeared, much trumpeted by advance notes in the English press; thus the first copy that was received in America was that thriftily ordered by the *Traveler*, and my review of nearly four columns was the first one that appeared in any American journal. Colonel Worthington grudged nothing that he regarded as of real benefit to his paper, and his admirable judgment in business matters was not less valuable, as a rule, as to the world of letters. Contributing every day to the editorial columns; supplying from one to two columns of literary reviews each day with a larger installment on Saturdays; and making up the weekly Saturday literary supplement, — with the exception of one page devoted

to a notable "Review of the Week," ably penned by Mr. Hazeltine and perhaps the most popular and most important feature of the paper, — and sending out regular press correspondence each week filled the time with a most interesting and joyous order of occupations.

Press correspondence, almost more than any other feature of journalism, affords a writer liberal scope for a certain order of service. Through these years my readers and myself were much indebted to the generous courtesies of nearly all the leading publishers of Boston and New York, who fairly rained upon me their new books as they appeared, — aside from copies sent to the *Traveler*, — from all of which I drew for these press letters. To people who dwell more or less distant from the great centers, a *résumé* of an important book may be next in value to the book itself.

A Southern reader, whose strong point was not, apparently, literary chronology, wrote to me, saying: "How happy you must be to live in Boston and know Anne Hutchinson and Margaret Fuller!" Candor compels me to confess that there was some excuse for this confusion, for not infrequently it was the Boston of days I had never seen about which I wrote in these letters, people and scenes vividly pictured by some friend who had known them. The privileges of Mrs. Whipple's household in which I was an habitué; and many conversations with Mrs. Livermore and others of the elder generation often opened vistas into a past I had not personally known, but which often seemed ever more real than the outer life that I did know.

III

FIN DE SIÈCLE

"Lo! now on the midnight the soul of the century passing,
And on midnight the voice of the Lord!

"In the years that shall be ye shall harness the Powers of the Ether
And drive them with reins as a steed.
Ye shall ride as a Power of the air, as a Force that is bridled,
On a saddled Element leap.

"In that day shall a man out of uttermost India whisper,
And in England his friend shall hear."

STEPHEN PHILLIPS in "Midnight, 1900."

THE Exposition in Chicago, in the summer of 1893, was evidence of the great advance in American life. The collections of foreign art; the new inventions of the hour; and the Congress of Religions, where nearly every faith was represented by a notable expounder, — these and other valuable features, too numerous to be here specified, invested that summer with joy. Mrs. Potter Palmer, in her official presiding over various meetings and conventions, was a charming figure, with that rare gift of perfect tact which springs from social culture and kindness of heart. Chicago was splendid with hospitalities. Every one kept open house and apparently open hearts, as well.

One house-party, given by Mrs. Lydia Avery Coonley (later Mrs. Ward), must always stand out in memory. For a week-end (in this most hospitable home) Mrs. Coonley had invited Harriet Hosmer, Swami Vivakananda, and myself; and on that Saturday night we all adjourned after dinner to the music room, where a pipe organ built into the wall, a grand piano, a harp, and a violin testified to the musical taste of the hostess. It was the Swami's first appearance in this country, and his exposition of the Vedanta philosophy was of great interest. He began talking that evening, in the singularly musical voice and the fluency in English that characterized him; as it drew near midnight, Miss Hosmer sought her room; but the hostess and I sat entranced under that outpouring of eloquent discourse until four o'clock in the morning warned us that the dawn of Sunday was at hand. Outside the windows the lake tossed, and the fitful lights of boats and steamers danced over the surface. From the shrubbery that grew near the wall came now and then faint taps on the window panes, as the wind rose; and the night, within and without, was one to leave its impress. It was my privilege to hear Swami Vivakananda on many occasions afterward, both public, and at the Cambridge home of Mrs. Ole Bull, where he gave a series of talks; but no one of them ever seemed quite to equal the impassioned power of that evening.

Mrs. Coonley was intensely interested in that greatest feature of the Exposition, the Parliament of Religions. Herself one of the leading forces in Chicago, a woman whose enthusiasm for progress was joined

with a gift for social leadership; with a splendid balance of good sense, and swift judgment to discriminate between the essential and the nonessential, he influence has always continued to be an asset of progress. Possessing the poet's temperament, and a writer of verse herself, she has, too, the saving grace of recognizing the practicable as well as the desirable.

No reminiscence of these days could formulate itself without reference to one of the kindest of friends who made possible for me much flitting about. Perhaps to some of us a railroad suggests only commercial utilities, the necessities rather than the luxuries and romance of life. But does not a railroad, or at least the privilege and liberation conferred by railroad passes, suggest the opening of new realms and the extension of all one's happy experiences? It was Mr. J. R. Watson, for many years the General Passenger Agent of the Fitchburg Railroad (now merged into the Boston and Maine) who opened to me this possibility of trips and travel,—not only on his own line, but in a way that would always, if one wished to visit Chicago, St. Louis, or similar destinations, stretch the magic carpet to include transportation to these, or even on to the picturesque and fascinating West.

For many years the annual pass, arriving on New Year's Day, by the generous goodness of Mr. Watson, gave wings to life. The route of this railroad from Boston to Rotterdam Junction, New York, is especially picturesque; indeed, all the Berkshire region of Massachusetts is one of scenic delight. Not content with that (to the recipient) ineffable blessing of the annual pass, Mr. Watson sometimes in the autumn,

when the landscape was steeped in rich colors, would send a little note, suggesting that the recipient of his annual pass should also invite an artist friend, or two, on a trip to the western part of the State.

"Our people report that the autumn colors are in their perfection," he would write; "and if you would like to invite some friends we will pass you all out with pleasure." The charm of being able, any day, *sans* plan or premeditation, to go down to the North Station and embark on a flying train for the Deerfield region or even farther on to regions beyond the Hoosac Tunnel, was a privilege beyond description to one to whom motion, in any form, was the elixir of life.

A letter of thanks for a copy of "The World Beautiful," one of many kind expressions from Mr. Watson, is invested with recollections that enshrine it among the precious things of life, — a visible token of one who, some years since, passed on to that land which his charming qualities, his life as a Christian gentleman, his consideration to employees and to all who touched his life so fitted him to enter.

Colonel Higginson was one of the most delightful personalities in Boston. He was the president of the Browning Club and the founder and president of the "Round Table," a club that met once a month in private houses, the attendance limited to the members and invited guests. At each meeting a paper was read and discussed, with a social hour and refreshments following, the occasion standing out as a special grouping of the choice personalities of the time.

Visitors of distinction in Boston were usually invited to a meeting of the "Round Table," and a little note

under date of December 10, 1894, from Frances Willard runs:

> . . . Why don't you come in to-day? Too stormy? I hope not. I shall be in all day, but this evening we go with Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Mrs. James T. Fields, and Miss Anne Whitney to the "Round Table" club. I am glad you are to be there, and we may exchange a word. . . . What a lovely book, and enclosure and note, dainty and Lilian-like! I love you. Till to-night (unless you can come to me to-day)
>
> Thy Sister
>
> Frances.

One of the literary fraternity in New York speaks of "the note-writing Bostonians," a designation by no means inapplicable. Even among my own accumulation of papers I find masses of letters from friends and neighbors, close at hand; in fact, the proximity that makes possible a reply to a letter within a few hours rather stimulates than restrains correspondence. Mrs. Moulton and I used laughingly to speak of this, for when she was at her home in Boston, within ten minutes' walk, we seldom failed to write to each other nearly every day; but when she was in London, or on the continent, letters were less frequent. One of my numerous packages contains the letters of Miss Sarah Holland Adams, a sister of Mrs. James T. Fields, who had returned from a long residence abroad. Miss Adams was the translator of Professor Grimm's lectures on Goethe, which she heard delivered before the University of Berlin, and also of another collection of his essays on Emerson, Carlyle, and others.

In reference to a book that had just appeared from Louise Imogen Guiney, Miss Adams wrote:

Strange, I had just said to a friend, "I must get Miss Guiney's book," and you must have overheard me from the Ludlow to the Brunswick, for three minutes later you brought it to me. Miss Guiney has manifested her superiority — she is *great* — the chapter on the Tudors is a marvel of writing! Mr. Mifflin spoke to me of this book the other day. . . .

. . . I can't tell you the rich enjoyment I've had in the Hawthorne book. Do you remember the letter my brother-in-law, James T. Fields, received from Mrs. Hawthorne after the death of her husband? She had a marvellous gift of expression, and Rose Lathrop has the gift of both her parents. . . .

. . . Have you read Swinburne's wonderful poem on Nelson? It more than rivals Tennyson's on Wellington, and it says to the English people, — Behold your true Poet Laureate!

. . . I should love to read Percival Lowell's book; could you spare it just now? Pushkin's poems I know nothing of, — are they good? are they flashing and original? . . . . I mean to go on Thursday to hear Hopkinson Smith. They say in Cambridge that his lectures are the best of good talk. . . .

. . . Miss Willard and Lady Henry Somerset sent me word that they would come to call on me this week. I intended inviting a few friends to meet them, but they prefer I should not. Both Lady Henry and Miss Willard prefer not to be largely introduced, they are so busy. One large reception must be lived through, Miss Willard writes, and they wish that to be the only one. My sister Annie thinks Lady Henry is charming. I dine with Annie to-day, and meet her for the first time and Anne Whitney will also be there, and Sarah Orne Jewett, who is staying with my sister. These will be all the guests; it is

quite informal. I hope to enjoy it, but you know Thackeray warns us not to depend upon accident. Even with the cleverest people conversation does not always run at its best.

At that time Walter Damrosch was bringing out the opera of "The Scarlet Letter," George Parsons Lathrop having composed the libretto from Hawthorne's immortal romance, and Mr. Damrosch himself writing the music. Madame Gadski sang the rôle of "Hester," and expressed much enthusiasm for the work, but as a matter of fact it did not succeed and was soon dropped from the repertoire. In response to an invitation to see this production, Miss Adams wrote me:

. . . . How could I live through seeing "The Scarlet Letter?" I've always thought of it as a soul tragedy the angels gazed upon. Why can't a few things be left in the realm of the imagination?

When the great Channing was preaching in Boston, Miss Adams was a girl in her teens, and she listened to his sermons with a notebook in her hands, according to the intellectual fashion of her day. In her later life she displayed piles of these trophies, filled with the passages from his sermons that she had recorded. Theodore Parker and Emerson she also knew well, and to them she alluded in one of her letters, saying:

"Whatever the future may have in store for the world, I am glad to have lived in the days of Parker and Emerson. Parker, desperate! Emerson, inspirate!"

Reverend Doctor Charles Gordon Ames, who succeeded James Freeman Clarke as the pastor of the

see us often before you go hence to be seen no more. . . . May I tell you that many years ago I made a resolution that whenever I was blamed I would ask myself how far I had given just occasion? and that whenever praised I would say, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name be the glory!" To some degree I trust to have thereby escaped two kinds of harm. . . . I was born here in Dorchester; I went west at eighteen, and I have lived and roamed and preached in twenty States.

In the memorial volume written of Doctor Ames by his daughter, Mrs. Alice Ames Winter, she includes this passage from his private notes: —

I find little room for self-complacency and much for self-disapproval, but both are lost in the stronger feeling of gratitude. Without wishing to live my life over again, I am content to guide it now by the sober lights of the past, and the grander possibilities of the future, and am sometimes more deeply content to shut my eyes to both past and future and abandon all to the strong, safe, kind Hand which has ever led me by paths I could not foresee, unanxious, unafraid.

The words are their own revelation of the beautiful spirit of Doctor Ames.

Anne Whitney, poet and sculptor, was a notable character, of those days. My own first remembrance of her was in meeting at Mrs. Claflin's a lady with classic features and snow-white hair in curls, costumed in stately black velvet and rich laces, a woman to inspire attention anywhere, and to whom it was an honor to be presented. Her manner was rather formal and stately; but it could not conceal her kindness of heart and the absolutely ardent temperament

beneath of the poet and the artist. She was a woman who united the gifts of the reformer and the artist. But to be a poet and an artist as well makes a connecting link; for the poet is perforce a spiritual idealist, and is concerned with life as well as with art. Miss Whitney affiliated with all the reformers; she had been one of the early abolitionists, a youthful follower of Garrison and Wendell Phillips; she was closely identified with Lucy Stone in advocating the political enfranchisement of women; she was a close friend and ardent sympathizer with Frances Willard and Mary A. Livermore in the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Miss Whitney was never a public speaker, but she frequently sat on the platform at the public meetings on temperance, woman suffrage, social economics, and the various other "causes" in which Boston abounded, and no more decorative figure on these platforms could have been desired than this lady who looked like the goddess Athena. Several of her statues are in and around Boston: that of Samuel Adams, the ideal creation of Leif Ericson, and that of Harriet Martineau at Wellesley College. She was an eminent conversationalist. One night comes back to me when she had invited Mrs. Moulton, Anna Eichberg King (now Mrs. John Lane, the wife of the London publisher), and myself to dine, and the talk turned on Stephen Phillips, then a comparatively new poet. Miss Whitney discerned at once his gift for tragedy, although at that time only a volume of his lyrics had appeared, and unerringly prophesied much that his later work has fulfilled.

From the days of Harriet Hosmer to Emma Ben-

nett, Boston has had a succession of women sculptors whose art has been distinctive. The work of Anne Whitney holds recognized though not high place; Theo Kitson, with genuine creative talent, has produced work that bears the tests of the later criticism; but Mrs. Bennett brings a new element into the plastic art, one of lofty idealism, classic beauty, and an instinctive power in modeling whose results are recognized by critical authorities. She has had the advantage of years of assimilated study abroad. Much of Mrs. Bennett's life has been passed in Rome and Paris. She has lingered long and late in the superb galleries of the Vatican, unconsciously absorbing rather than consciously studying the art that enthralled her. In Athens she has entered deeply into the very spirit of Greece. She has been receptive to the virility of Rodin without losing her innate sense of absolute beauty and ideal grace. In the exhibition of the Architectural League in New York, in 1918, Mrs. Bennett showed several works, among which was a fountain (for her own grounds) in the design of a nymph, a figure that received unusual recognition for a singular blending of the classic spirit with an energy, an upspringing sense of motion and life, that is a fairly new note in sculpture. The war having closed Europe to Mr. and Mrs. Bennett, they have, by some necromancy of Mrs. Bennett's art, brought the Italian atmosphere into their beautiful Villa d'Amicenza near Boston, in whose salons one might easily fancy himself in Florence. With old Italian pictures, Florentine mirrors, and Venetian carvings; with tapestries and upholsteries, the villa weaves its spell of enchant-

ment. The Art Institute of Chicago has conferred a gratifying recognition on some of Mrs. Bennett's works that have there been exhibited. She embodies the spirit of the mountain wind, she surprises the secrets of nymph and naiad; and with all her magic for ideal creation, Mrs. Bennett achieves a realism in her portrait busts that is singularly faithful to life itself, yet life always more true because seen in its idealization.

Boston had a notable group of Irish poets in John Boyle O'Reilly, Mary Elizabeth Blake, James Jeffrey Roche, Katherine Eleanor Conway, and Louise Imogen Guiney. The youngest, and subsequently to become the most famous of this group, Miss Guiney, has been wittily characterized by Katherine Tynan Hinkson as "accidentally American, essentially English of Oxford, with a dash of Irish." Miss Guiney's temperamental affiliations with Oxford, indeed, and her equally evident affiliations with Elizabethan literature ought to point her out as a shining mark to our friends, the believers in reincarnation, as a proof in point of their cherished theory. At all events these affiliations and attractions have lured Miss Guiney to England where she makes her permanent home, and her brilliant genius is recognized on both sides the ocean. In her latest visit to Boston she gave me the pleasure of being my guest at lunch, one day, when I related to her a touching little incident connected with the magazine publication of her poem entitled, "His Angel to His Mother," which had then recently appeared. The refrain of each stanza is:

"Sweet, if you love him, let him go!"

It had come with the force of a personal message to a bereaved family under circumstances of peculiar trial, who (as strangers) had chanced to come to see me, and to speak of this poem which to them was so deeply significant.

Boyle O'Reilly was a poet of royal soul. He was gifted with that charm of personality that is universally felt, and as the president of the Papyrus Club, surrounded by the wit and genius of authors, artists, and scholars, he was not more delightful than in his professional and business associations. He had that large relatedness to life that communicated itself to every one with whom he came into even casual contact. Men and women of genius and culture found in him the most delightful of companions; nor could any person be so obscure, or even degraded, as to be outside the radius of his sympathies and aid. With lovely Mary E. Blake and Katherine Conway I first read the early poems of Katherine Tynan, enchanted with the exquisite color, pathos and tenderness of her "Louise de la Vallière." Since those days Miss Conway has received the distinguished recognition of a Chair in Notre Dame, Indiana, and of a decoration and personal message from His Holiness, Pope Pius X.

All through these years and increasingly until his death in 1910, the lectures and books and the personal contacts with William James were perhaps, all in all, the most notable events in any philosophic or psychological advance. In his home he was universally regarded first of all as the friend; for his genius for friendship and sympathetic social relations rivaled his genius as the eminent psychologist who fairly

transformed psychology by his marvelous perceptions of time, space, and reality. Well did Professor Royce characterize James as "the interpreter of the ethical spirit of his time."

Another great and constructive interpreter of ethics, happily still in the zenith of his work, a noble and convincing voice that has never failed to make for righteousness and for the higher ideals of daily life is that of Reverend George A. Gordon, D.D., who has long been recognized as one of the most profound thinkers of the country. His books have aided in extending his message to other lands and peoples; and his parish, dating from the seventeenth century, is a notable Boston landmark.

Boston still lays some claim to Mr. Howells, whose best novels have been those whose characters are typical of the Boston life that he first knew in the mid-nineteenth century. The youth of Mr. Howells illustrates Emerson's assertion that to give a young man manners and accomplishments insures the opening of the golden portal; that he "need not be at the trouble of earning palaces and fortunes, — they would open of themselves and entreat him to enter." When he first came, a wandering minstrel of twenty-three, to Boston, Mr. Lowell humorously sent him to Emerson with a note that ran: "This young man wants to look at you; it will do him good and will not hurt you." On this visit Mr. Howells also had a great desire to meet Harriet Prescott, now so well known to letters as Harriet Prescott Spofford. "There was a wonderful young girl who had written a series of vivid sketches and taken the heart of youth everywhere with amaze-

ment and joy," he wrote of her in after years. From what a living fountain Mrs. Spofford draws her inspiration may be measured by the fact that for nearly seventy years she has kept tryst with the Muses, and has been engaged in active literary work for all this time. It is a question as to whether this experience has ever been paralleled in literary history. At this writing Mrs. Spofford has passed her eighty-third birthday and she began recognized contributing in her early teens. She is the oldest living contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and to *Harper's*, and is now the only survivor of that literary circle in which she was so resplendent a figure. From her picturesque summer home on Deer-Island-in-the-Merrimac, Mrs. Spofford comes for the winters to Boston, where, in her apartment looking out on Trinity Church and Copley Square, she can sit at the window and see all the world go by, like the Lady of Shalott.

> "There she weaves by night and day
> A magic web with colors gay."

No social privilege in latter-day Boston is more enjoyable than a late afternoon hour with Mrs. Spofford, who is a fascinating conversationalist. Mrs. Spofford and Mrs. Moulton were almost of an age, even to a day; and were the most intimate and congenial of lifelong friends. For more years than can be counted these two poets wrote to each other every day, without exception, with mutual agreement to destroy all letters as they came. Genius, love, and friendship were to each a triple dower. It is Mrs. Spofford, as will be remembered, who wrote the ex-

After the publication of this book ("Louise Chandler Moulton; Poet and Friend") I sent a copy to Mrs. Spofford, who after saying some too generously kind things of my work, added:

What a life was that of Louise! And how modest she was about it all, and how faithful to good taste and all the traditions of hospitality she was in never printing her experiences and adventures in foreign society.

The lyric quality of Mrs. Moulton's verse was singularly appealing; and her sonnets had few equals among those of women poets, with the single exception of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," which remove Mrs. Browning from any possible comparison. "It seems to me," said Whittier of Mrs. Moulton's work in this form, "that the sonnet was never set to such music, and never weighted with more deep and tender thought."

No more delightful personality than that of Susan Hale, the younger sister of Edward Everett and Lucretia P. Hale, could be encountered in the social life of Boston. Miss Hale was by way of being an artist, and she was an effervescent letter-writer. When we were both in Boston (for she, like myself, passed much time abroad), she would not infrequently drop into my niche in the late afternoon, finally starting up with the words; "Well, I'm to dine with the rich and the great to-night, and I must be going." Once we met in the elevator of the Savoy Hotel in Genoa, two surprised beings, as neither of us knew the other was there. Miss Hale had come up from Egypt to

sail from that port, and I from Florence. She was then seventy years of age; but she was "the belle of the ball" on that voyage. Every one was attracted to her, whose wit and charm illuminated the days.

At one sailing she wrote me of her impending departure and said, "I am to alight at Gibraltar, dawdling with grapes at Malaga, getting to Cannes in December, with an inexplicable desire to pass a month with myself."

There was a pleasantry in those years that if you lived in Boston you could go to New York; but if you lived in New York, where could you go? To one devotee of the modern Athens, at all events, it was a delight to go to the metropolis, and meet a charming circle of friends. There were the Stedmans and the Stoddards; Anne Lynch Botta, poet and gracious lady; Mrs. Lucia Gilbert Runkle; the brilliant Mrs. Anna Bowman Dodd; Edgar Fawcett, then in his zenith as a writer of fiction, the scenes of which were mostly laid in New York; Professor Bjerregaard, the mystic, then at the head of the Astor Library and now the second chief official in the great Public Library of New York. These and others formed a group that made a week's sojourn in New York something to anticipate. Kate Field had established herself in the old Hotel Victoria in Fifth Avenue; the Stoddards were in a modest house in Fifteenth Street, which on entering revealed itself as a book-lined palace; the Stedmans were domiciled in an imposing mansion, and Mrs. Dodd was in her Madison Avenue home to be exchanged later for a residence in Paris. All this coterie made life delightful. Mrs.

Stoddard, who had never abandoned the direct and forcible dialect of her native New England, used to extend her hospitalities to a wandering journalist in such phrases as these:

"Come and stay with Dick and me; we like to have you; what do you want to go to these expensive hotels for? You're not a rich woman."

Those evenings at the Stoddards when all sorts of interesting people were dropping in (for the charm of conversation was not then relegated to the negligible) stand out as memorable hours. The pictures of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning looked down on these married poets, Richard Henry and Elizabeth Stoddard. Poetry, to read it and to write it, was the occupation of the household. Other matters were purely incidental. The little guest-room steeped the night's sleep in literature, for the walls were lined with books, and the room so small that one need hardly lift his head from the pillow to put out his hand for treasured volumes that not infrequently at the touch would come tumbling down in an avalanche on the bed, so that one pursued his dreams encompassed by literature. Waking with the dawn, one might devote himself to the sages in the not unprofitable interval before the eight o'clock breakfast, at which also books and authors were more in evidence than the matutinal coffee. The Stoddards and the Stedmans were on the most familiar terms. They were "Dick and Elizabeth," "Edmund and Laura" to each other. The refrain of both households was, —

"Thought is the wages
For which I sell days."

was to catch a glimpse of fairyland. Italy seemed to to me then as remote and as unattainable as Mars; yet (so unforeseen is the pathway of the Golden Road) it was hardly a decade before I, too, was destined to come into familiar knowledge of this most magnificent of the Roman palaces. Before that time, however, Mr. and Mrs. Story had both passed from earth, and the beautiful sculpture of an angel kneeling in sorrow and in supplication, with which Mr. Story marked the grave of his wife, is the memorial for himself, as well, in that little English cemetery in Rome where the visitor finds so many familiar names.

IV

SAILING ENCHANTED SEAS

"The sea I sail has never yet been passed."

DANTE

THE miracle-moments of life are apparently as much a part of its orderly progress as are those less exceptional; and it may have been in one of these, on a brilliant day in the late summer of 1895, there came a lightning-flash vision and inspired a resolve to go to Italy and write a study of the life and poetry of Mrs. Browning. Whether this purpose, so wholly unsustained by terrestrial ways and means, clothed itself in power from the ether of space, may be an open question; but in some way the dream fulfilled itself and in the early May of the next spring I found myself *en voyage*, in that half unconscious way in which one follows "The Gleam." Looking backward on such experiences one may wonder a little; at the moment nothing could seem more natural. A little volume of mine, "The World Beautiful," my first essay into the world of books, had appeared in the autumn of 1894, meeting a reception whose kindness incited my surprise as well as gratitude, this being followed by a second and subsequently a third series, under the same title. Reverend William Brunton, for many years the pastor of the Memorial (Unitarian) church

in Fairhaven, welcomed each of these little volumes of mine that appeared along those years with a sonnet, of which one (for "The Spiritual Significance," a book published in 1900) thus runs: —

Good friend, what thoughts like flowers fill thy page,
  And gladden all the lowly ways of life,
  Preparing us for trouble, toil and strife,
And giving strength to youth and peace to age!
Now like a bird thou dost the soul uncage,
  And cut the ties of time with golden knife;
  Now all experience is with beauty rife,
The inspiration of the saint and sage!
God bless you for these living words of truth,
  For such uplifting thoughts of help and cheer,
    And such wide opening of the world before;
It gives the soul a sense of endless youth,
  It makes our life of God's unceasing year,
    And fills the now with Love's eternal store!

Meantime, some stray rhymes that had written themselves through past years were collected and published under the title of "From Dreamland Sent"; a name unconsciously suggested by Mrs. Moulton on one of those mornings when we were together in her own room; one of those mornings when she would read to me the new poem she had written on first waking that day; when we talked wholly of poets and lost ourselves in ecstatic dreams. To us both poetry offered an impassioned joy that no words could interpret. Making some allusion to my verses which I was arranging for publication, I quoted Lowell's exquisite lines

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
  An odor from Dreamland sent —"

lous city. Even the dream of Italy was, for a time, in abeyance before its spell. A month's lingering was little more than a prelude to a picturesque sweep through southern Europe to Budapest, on the occasion of the Millennial celebration of Hungary, for which a brilliant Exposition was to be opened. It was an alluring prospect to make the journey there in company with some Paris friends, a French critic and his wife yet, so closely do joy and sorrow meet in the wonderful interweaving of life, that just as we were leaving came the tidings of the death of Kate Field in Honolulu.

From Paris to Budapest, with brief interludes in Zurich and Vienna, is a picturesque journey by that splendid Orient express whose terminal is Constantinople. Madame Materna was then in her villa just outside of Vienna, and her invitation (given me some years before in Boston) to visit her and to see her rose garden, thus unexpectedly became possible to accept.

The villa was almost a memorial shrine to Wagner; his busts, portraits, photographs, framed letters, autographed music scores, were everywhere; every salon had its collection of Wagner souvenirs. "It is the feeling," observed my hostess; "everywhere it is the feeling." Interesting, also, were the many representations of Madame Materna herself in her favorite opera *rôles*, those of Brunhilde and Isolde, especially, many times repeated. The rose garden proved to be no misnomer. It fully lived up to its reputation, with more than an hundred varieties, each more beautiful than the other. I seemed in a very Bendemeer's Bower, so surrounded was I with masses

of these lovely roses when I returned to the city. Madame Materna's devotion to roses seemed typical of the taste in Austria-Hungary, and on the hills rising from the old town of Buda, there is the tomb of Gul Baba, the Turkish saint, who is known as the "Father of Roses." The mausoleum is in the form of a crescent all glittering in gold, under a tiled roof, and the height is known as "Rozsahegy," the rose hill. Here come the annual procession of the Mohammedans to pray at the tomb of the "Father of Roses."

Among the features of the millennial celebration was the exhibition, in the ancient Coronation Church of St. Stephen, of the crown, the orb, and the scepter that Pope Sylvester II presented to Stephen I, in the year 1000.

The twin cities, Buda and Pest, are a marvel to the foreigner. Their combination dates back only to 1872, and they have a population of more than six hundred thousand. Buda is ancient; but Pest has the keynote of modernity. Budapest thus offers a fascinating and almost unbelievable combination of the incongruous. Hungary, the picturesque land of "the three mountains and the four rivers," disclosed itself to the students of its millennial celebration as a country claiming great rulers and great forces in literature, art, and music. Such painters as Mézoly, Székely, László Paál, Szinyei-Merse, and Munkácsy, are in cosmopolitan rank; and there are several women painters who exhibited works which are memorable, among whom were Madame Sixorska, a sculptor, and the painters, Wilhelmina Parlághy, Madame Ligétti, and the Countess Neméss da Konèk. Many of the

paintings shown were creations with a political *motif*. To Munkácsy the Hungarian government paid the same appreciation that the French gave to Rodin. A separate pavilion was arranged for his picture — "Ecce Homo."

It was delightful to drive in the fashionable thoroughfare, the Boulevard Andrassy-ut, which was as distinctive as Hyde Park, or the Champs Élysées, with far more people in evidence than is usual in the Elysian Fields of Paris. Under this boulevard runs an electric tram which is still, I believe, unsurpassed by any in the world. To this subway broad staircases descend, marble-tiled, electric lighted, and with comfortable seats placed against the walls. The trains themselves are marvels of luxury, in their construction of solid mahogany, the seats upholstered in velvet, and kept with a perfection of cleanliness that is something incredible in public transit. A pleasant resort is Margaret Island, reached by Margaret bridge, where gardens rich in flowers and foliage enchant the eye, with a fine hotel and a casino on the site of the ancient convent, founded by the daughter of Bela IV; this was destroyed by the Turks who raised a mosque on the spot, which, in its turn, has given way to a later civilization.

The grave of Hungary's celebrated patriot, Louis Kossuth, is always a shrine for the visitor. The inscription proclaims him an idealist but not an opportunist; one whose lot was "hard and strenuous, without peace, without rest; now crowned with the beauty of Immortality and with the undying love of a grateful people." Not a fanatic or a visionary;

that of Bosnia, whose effect, as a whole, was a revelation of barbaric splendor and gorgeousness of color, though I am unable to recall a single detail that produced so striking an effect. It rises before me in the *ensemble* alone.

The University of Hungary, in Budapest, is open to women on equal terms with men. The city has a large library and a museum of archaeology, under the directorship of Professor Hampel, a celebrated savant; its public schools are excellent, and its activities in the way of free lectures, of clubs, and of center of study, fairly rival those of Boston.

The journey to Venice was made memorable to me by one of those so-called chance meetings that create such pleasant interludes in life. Perhaps, with deepening perceptions of this wonderful fabric that we call life, woven of mingled dreams and experiences, we shall come to realize that there is no such thing as a "chance" encounter; that all is arranged under the orderly sequence of the law that governs an individual course as unerringly as it governs the courses of the stars.

The train was rushing on in the deepening twilight. It was "a night in June, upon the Danube river," which we continually crossed and recrossed. Watching the sunset lights, I was recalled to the realities of the moment by the appearance of the conductor, whose language was limited to his native Hungarian. I offered him my ticket; my keys; almost everything, indeed, save my heart and hand, but none of these met his insistence. Just then in the corridor a sweet voice was heard, saying in the best of English, "Can I be of

any use?" and at the door of my compartment a lady stood, who at once translated the official's remarks into the question as to whether I would have dinner at a certain station to which he was telegraphing the number of passengers who would require service. The lady proved to be Madame Hampel, the wife of the director of the archaeological museum, and the daughter of Count Pulszky, who had shared the political exile of Kossuth.

The two friends had visited Boston together in 1850; they had known Emerson and Elizabeth Peabody, who warmly espoused the cause of Hungary and wrote an article on Kossuth, which may still be found in a volume of her literary papers. In Madame Hampel's childhood they had lived much in Florence, and she remembered Mrs. Browning and Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who had been a great friend of Count Pulszky's. As one of Madame Hampel's brothers was a member of the Austro-Hungarian Parliament, she had come to be familiar with many of the diplomatic schemes of that day; tendencies that seem to have dimly foreshadowed problems whose fuller sequence is now disclosed in the world conflict. But who, in the June moonlight of that summer of 1896, could have interpreted the Sibylline leaves that were destined to be unrolled in 1914? The Handwriting on the Wall was yet to be unveiled.

Venice, and June, and one's first sight of Italy! Could Paradise the Blest offer a more enchanting combination? After a night's travel occupied, principally, in waiting at little stations for the next train, suddenly, like a vision, all the magic and the rapture

of Italy seemed to crystallize in that brilliant morning when the rose-colored city gleamed above the pale green waters. Domes and spires were touched with gold; the sky was of the deepest, most melting, sapphire blue; and roses, roses were everywhere. The ineffable glory of Venice on that morning, with the snow on the distant Alps touched with "waves of flame," and the dream of faintest transparent haze over the exquisite coloring of the marble palaces rising from the water, was a scene to impress the imagination. It was all so lovely and unreal as to seem like a mirage rather than a reality.

"Italy has to me so strange a fascination that I can hardly fancy how any one who can live *in* it, can live *out* of it," said Lord Lytton; and apparently Mrs. Arthur Bronson was of the same mind. Forsaking her native New York, Mrs. Bronson lived for more than twenty years in Casa Alvisi, on the Grand Canal opposite the church of Santa Maria della Salute, her home being felicitously described by Henry James as a private box, from which all the pageant of Venetian life could be seen. Not to know Mrs. Bronson was not to know Venice. The palace of the Doge Andrea Gritti, that of the Mannolesso-Ferri, and the traditional house of Desdemona combined to form the Grand Hotel, in which I was domiciled, almost next door to Mrs. Bronson's *casa*. That June morning disclosed a sunlit picture of the brilliant effects of this "golden city paved with emerald," as Ruskin described it; of a procession of gondolas ceaselessly passing up and down; and the domes and towers of the Maria della Salute seen from the open balcony where, with

marvelous bronze door of the Sansovino sacristy to study the *alto rilievo* portraits of the prophets and evangelists; the portrait of Titian, also, and one of Sansovino himself; or sits and gazes at that forest of pillars that look as if they were carved from ivory. The memory is as if one had been permitted to pass the celestial gates.

Again, on that never-to-be-forgotten morning, I found myself at the portals of the Doges' Palace famed as being one of the most beautiful structures in the world, through whose apartments every visitor to Venice first wanders. One ascends the *Scala d'Oro* as in a dream; he lingers spellbound before the Bacchus and Ariadne of Tintoretto, and passing from this salon into the *Sala del Collegio*, pauses wonderingly before all those portraits of the Doges. Tintoretto has depicted them in various aspects: Andrea Gritti in a devotional attitude before the Virgin; Alvise Mocenigo in adoration, and Francesco Donato gazing rapturously at the spectacle of the nuptials of Saint Catherine. Here, too, are many works of Paul Veronese, and in the *Sala del Senato* is the "Descent from the Cross" by Tintoretto, and his famous ceiling, painted to depict Venice as the bride of the Adriatic. It is in the *Sala del Consiglio dei Dieci* that one first feels a thrill of awe at Venice in this haunt of the terrible Council of Ten. But how one is entranced by Tintoretto's *Paradiso*, which fills one end of the vast hall! Here, again, is a wonderful ceiling, representing the *Apotheosis* of Venice, the sumptuous creation of Paolo Veronese. Seventy-six portraits of seventy-six Doges adorn the immense hall of the Collegia and

suggest the desirability of greater familiarity with Venetian history in order to enter into their full enjoyment. One stands on the Bridge of Sighs, or, at least on the bridge usually supposed to be that famous one. But perhaps no vista of the Doges' Palace, outer or inner, can surpass its view from the waters of the Grand Canal, with its massive arches below, and the numerous and slender arches above, the façade all in that soft rose-pink that prevails in Venice.

An interest of quite another chronological order was that of the Palazzo Rezzonico, familiarly known as the "Browning Palace," which at this period was usually accessible to strangers. To my great disappointment I found it then closed, and there seemed no way of which I knew to pass the portals. So the dream-enchanted visit was about to end; I had even stepped into the gondola to take the train for Florence when Signor Pianti (my padrone) came running down the marble steps of the hotel, against which the water ceaselessly plashed, exclaiming:

"Signorina, if you can yet stay a little, the Signora Bronson will arrange for you to visit the Browning palace."

Would I stay? Rather! My *impedimenta* were again carried up to the little white room shared with the mosquitoes, and by Mrs. Arthur Bronson's very kind invitation, Signor Pianti took me over, by way of the *calle*, to "Ca' Alvisi," which her gracious hospitalities had long made famous. "Every hour of the day I miss you, and wish I were with you and dear Edith again, in beloved *Casa Alvisi*," wrote Robert Browning to Mrs. Bronson, under date of December

15, 1888, and the poet expressed the feeling of all those guests who, from time to time, enjoyed her entertainment. The "dear Edith" is now the Contessa Rucellai, of Florence, and Mrs. Bronson passed on, some years ago, from the life on earth to which she contributed so much of value. The remainder of my sojourn in Venice at that time was made delightful by the spell of her lovely kindness. The little dinner and the long evening talks with her vivified the Dream City; and her conversation was fascinating in its interest. Mrs. Bronson had made of this little *casa* the most picturesque retreat, filling the irregular rooms with all sorts of lovely Venetian things, — rich embroideries from priests' vestments; fantastic silver lamps of the fifteenth century; old tapestries; painted figures from the shrine of some Madonna; trays of gilt bronze and silver; mirrors with sprays of roses painted across one corner; a cabinet of all varieties of Venetian glass, from the tiny goblet so thin that it seemed but a shadow on the air, to large épergnes, fruit dishes, and crystal trays. Mr. James speaks of the necromancy with which Katherine Bronson, seated on a sofa, deep in conversation, would cause "little gilded glasses" to circulate among her guests. Mrs. Bronson used her imagination in entertaining, and no one better understood the power of scenic setting and dramatic action in a drawing-room where it is not less effective than on the stage. She had the unconscious art of always making a picture of herself and of her surroundings. She was very plastic and fell easily into an artistic pose. Her dressing was individual, rather than merely fashionable. She had

was deeply attached, and it was during his last visit in his son's home that he wrote his poem entitled "Reverie." As soon as it was written, he called for "Fannie" to read it aloud to her, and she at once felt its wonderful power and begged him to read it again. He seemed much gratified by her appreciation, and at the very last of his life they spoke together of the fourth and fifth stanzas, especially, the latter which runs:

> "I truly am, at last!
> For a veil is rent between
> Me and the truth which passed
> Fitful, half-guessed, half-seen."

Among his intimate circle Robert Browning was always spoken of as the Poet, as his son was also Mr. Browning, thus avoiding confusion as to identity. His daughter-in-law, who was deeply devoted to him, habitually refers to him as "the Poet," in distinction from her husband. In this summer of 1896 the Rezzonico was a very Valhalla of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. There were many portraits of each: one of Mrs. Browning in her childhood, standing in a garden with her apron filled with flowers; several of the poet, among which was that by his son, painted in 1882; and the famous Watts portrait of him which is preserved in the National Gallery in London; there were Story's busts of the wedded poets; and Barrett Browning's bust of his father, the original of which he gave to the Browning Settlement in Camberwell, London, because of his sympathy with this humanitarian work established in memory of his father.

In the stately salon looking out on the Grand Canal