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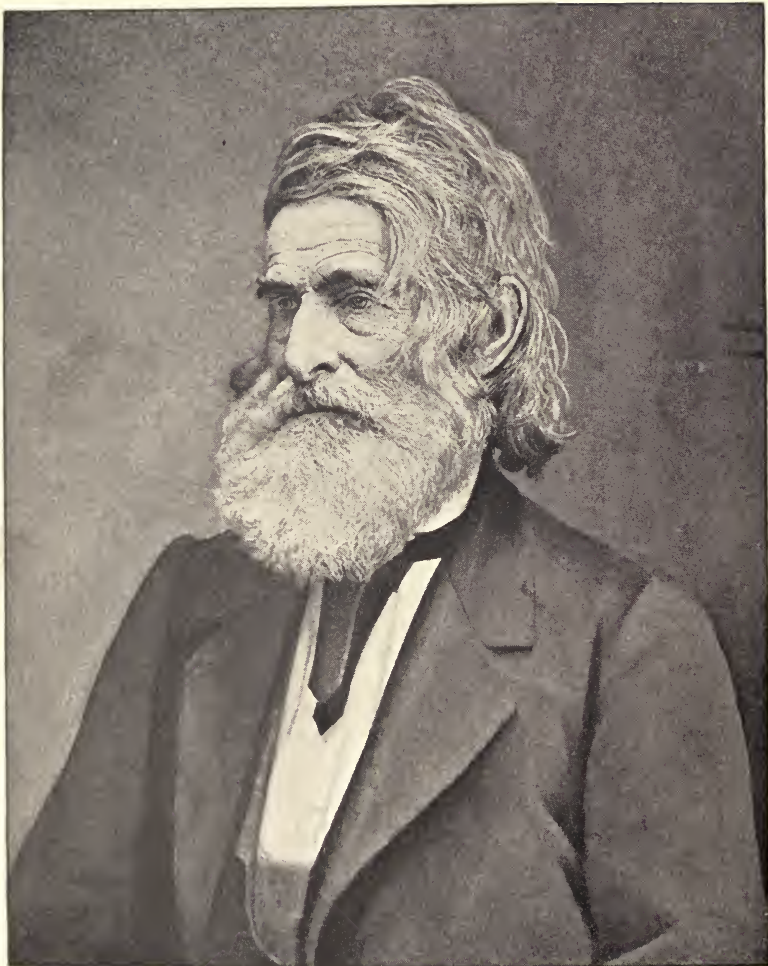

Saml G Howe

DR. S. G. HOWE

The Philanthropist

BY

F. B. SANBORN

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PREFACE.

In writing this biography of Dr. Howe, I have kept in view two or three things of which it may be well to notify my readers. As the family of Dr. Howe are preparing a more extended biography, with many extracts from letters and journals, I have not made much use of these sources of information, unless I found them in print at the time, or soon after the time, when they were written. But I have made free use of the memorial volume which the friends of Dr. Howe printed just after his death, in 1876, and which I edited for the Memorial Committee. For that volume Mrs. Howe wrote, at our request, a short memoir, which I have used, without hesitation, and sometimes without acknowledgment, in the following pages. I have also had access to a great mass of papers concerning John Brown and his campaigns in Kansas and Virginia, some of which, although used in my "Life and Letters of John Brown" (Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1885), I have again made use of in this volume, taking the material from my former book in which the same facts were more fully set forth. I have added, however, some particulars, concerning Wendell Phillips and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, which have not before been made public.

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The career of Dr. Howe covered so many years and so many exploits that I have been compelled to leave untold much that would have illustrated his character, and would have added material facts to the history of his life. But while doing this, I have felt at liberty to introduce other information, little known or perhaps entirely forgotten, if it threw light on the period of which I was writing, or, sometimes, explained the attitude taken by Dr. Howe and his friends, at critical moments of the political conflict in which they were engaged for so many years. The address prepared by Daniel Webster, for the Anti-Texas Convention at Faneuil Hall, in 1845, is the longest of these digressions from the forward course of Dr. Howe's biography; but the value of this paper, and the varying connection of its author with the great struggle for human freedom which followed its publication, made it seem needful to introduce it. So far as I know, it has never been reprinted since 1845, and the fact that it originated with Mr. Webster, though several times made public, has hardly impressed itself on our political history. I am indebted to Mr. Stephen H. Phillips, of Salem, for the facts concerning it.

I have quoted the language of Dr. Howe wherever I could, in preference to using my own, in order to exhibit as fully as possible his intellectual character, to which his writings were an imperfect index, but an indispensable one. Few men could write more forcibly or reason more logically than he; and yet scarcely any man seemed, at times, to be so careless of the written word as Dr. Howe was. My own acquaintance with him began in 1852, and was very

intimate from about 1856 until his death. I can, therefore, speak with some confidence of those traits in his character which were prominent after he reached the age of fifty ; but for his youthful career, I have depended on his own statements to me, on the testimony of others, and on the general knowledge that early experiences and long-continued observation in that region which romantic and chivalrous natures frequent, may have given me. It has fallen to my lot to know, both in youth and in age, several of the most romantic characters of our century ; and among these one of the most romantic was certainly the hero of these pages. That he was indeed a hero, the events of his life sufficiently declare ; that he had other traits less uncommon and more practical, I have occasionally intimated in the course of this narration. Like his nature, his fortunes were romantic ; and very few men of our century—hardly even Garibaldi or John Brown—have connected their names with so much that was at once adventurous, momentous, and permanently successful.

My thanks are especially due to Mrs. Howe and her daughters, to Dr. Michael Anagnos, her son-in-law, and to Dr. Howe's dear friend and my own, Mr. Francis William Bird, of East Walpole, for invaluable aid in performing what has been to all of us a labor of love.

F. B. Sanborn.

Concord, Mass., August 1, 1891.

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BOOK FIRST.

YOUTHFUL DARING.

1801–1832.

THE MAIDEN.

" O for a knight like Bayard,
  Without reproach or fear ;
My light glove on his casque of steel,
  My love-knot on his spear !

" O for the white plume floating
  Sad Zutphen's field above,—
The lion heart in battle,
  The woman's heart in love !"

THE POET.

" Smile not, fair unbeliever !
  One man, at least, I know,
Might wear the crest of Bayard
  Or Sidney's plume of snow.

" Wherever outraged nature
  Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labor,
  Wherever groans a slave,—

" Wherever rise the peoples,
  Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
  An answer in his own."

WHITTIER (*The Hero*).

DR. S. G. HOWE.

I.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

Dr. Howe, like Dr. Franklin, was born in Boston, something less than a century after that world-renowned printer, philosopher, and statesman saw the light, and not quite twelve years after Franklin's death. His birthday was November 10, 1801; his parents were of the same sturdy middle class to which Josiah Franklin and Abigail Folger belonged, and their names were Joseph Howe and Patty Gridley. His father was a rope-maker, whose business became very large at one time, especially during the war with England, when he furnished the National Government with great quantities of cordage for the navy which, under Hull, Decatur, and Stewart, won such renown in fighting the hitherto invincible British armed vessels. Mrs. Howe was connected with the more distinguished family of Jeremy and Richard Gridley—the former attorney-general of the royal province of Massachusetts Bay, and the latter, a soldier and engineer, who served at the taking of Louisburg by Sir William Pepperrell in 1745, con-

structed the fortifications of Col. Prescott at Bunker Hill, in 1775, and had his share in the siege-works by which Washington in 1776 forced the British army to evacuate Boston. It was from his mother that Dr. Howe inherited his singular beauty of person in youth; and from that martial family came also, perhaps, his love of adventure and his courage in war. His father was a just and frugal man, of strong democratic opinions, which were not then fashionable in Boston ; and for this reason he did not educate his famous son at Harvard College, which was then under strong Federalist influences. But he first sent him to the grammar school, "that his life might be rooted in the common ground with his fellow-citizens." This school was originally one whose course of instruction was laid down in 1784 by a committee of which Samuel Adams was a member. Dilworth's spelling-book, containing a brief treatise on English grammar, was the only text-book first required. Arithmetic included vulgar and decimal fractions ; while the Bible and Psalter were the only reading-books. In 1812 he entered the Latin School, a peculiar Boston institution, founded in the very earliest period of her history, and very serviceable for centuries in keeping up the standard of classical learning ; but this also was then controlled by the same partisan influences which prevailed at Harvard.

It was a period when political faction raged fiercely in the nation, and especially in Boston. The French Revolution had aroused the greatest activity of thought on political and social questions, and the party divisions of that day represented opposite sides of the most important problems of social and politi-

cal economy. While the Democrats held those generous views which captivate the young mind, on the other side was an august array of personal character and historic reputation ; so that, as Emerson afterwards said, " One party had the best ideas and the other the best men." All the boys in the Latin School at one period of young Howe's course there were Federalists but two or three ; and these were set upon one day by the tyrannical majority, and threatened with severe castigation if they did not forswear democracy and denounce Madison and the war of 1812. One of the persecuted minority yielded to the inquisition ; but Sam Howe, though only twelve years old, held his opinions too firmly to be driven out of them, and was hurried to the head of the stairs and thrown down headlong with no interference on the part of the Principal, Benjamin Apthorp Gould; of whose rough manners and discipline he always retained a vivid recollection. He used to relate that, having once caught him in some offence, the master proceeded to correct him severely with a ferule, saying that he would make him cry. The little boy at first resisted by an effort of will ; then, as the pain became extreme, his excitement and indignation were so great, that the tears refused to flow, and the poor little hand was beaten almost to a jelly.

During his school life, the British cruisers could be daily seen in the harbor, and volunteer companies were engaged in defending commerce and in building forts. One day Master Gould, who was a patriot, although a Federalist, took his boys out to spend the school hours in helping to throw up defences against the enemy at Noddle's Island, now East Boston.

Howe's home was on Pleasant street, not far from where the Providence Station now is, and his father's rope-walk was on the Back Bay, where now the Public Garden extends. The city was then but a town of 35,000 people (in 1813), including only the peninsula, and answering well to Emerson's description of it:

> "The rocky nook, with hill-tops three,
> Looked eastward from the farms,
> And twice each day the flowing sea
> Took Boston in its arms."

Nature yet lay all about it; and the homely little town itself was like a family association, where every man knew his neighbor. The Common was still the training-ground and cow-pasture, and the boys roamed freely over it, with no caution to "keep off the grass." In the Back Bay, with its shallow waters which deepened dangerously as the tide came in, Sam Howe was once paddling about on a plank or a cake of ice, or in a rude bateau, such as Ellery Channing kept moored there a few years later, when he fell in, and just escaped drowning. He was fished out and carried to his father's great rope-walk near by; when the stern parent bade him "run home and tell your mother to whip you." In his later years, when he told his children and grandchildren this story, he used to add: "I ran home, but my mother did not whip me," and the tone of his voice expressed the safety and sweetness of that mother's love, which the passage of years and the scenes of a life crowded with interest had only made dearer and more wonderful to him. His father was a man of sense, but of whims and strong prejudices. When it was time to send

one of his sons to college, he decided the choice between them in an odd manner. Mrs. Hall, Dr. Howe's eldest surviving child, says:[1]

"He called up his sons and bade them each read aloud from the big family Bible—the one who read best was to go to college. My father won the day without much difficulty, I imagine, for he always read aloud with much feeling, and yet very simply. What a treat it used to be to us, his children, when in later years he read aloud to us Scott's poetry, of which he was extremely fond. Even we girls felt a warlike spirit stir within us as he read the war-song of

"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

while we could hardly keep back our tears when he read the tender and gentle passages of "The Lady of the Lake," or that exquisite song from "Rokeby,"

"O, Lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of the cypress-tree."

Howe entered at Brown University in 1817, the same year that Waldo Emerson, eighteen months younger, entered at Harvard, and the two Boston boys of genius graduated in the same year, 1821. Neither distinguished himself greatly in college, except that Howe, in his little college at Providence, among the earnest Baptists, was noted for pranks and penalties. Rev. Dr. Caswell, who was afterwards President of the same college, thus described his appearance and conduct there:

"Dr. Howe, though a younger man than myself, graduated one year before me. We were three years

[1] The *Wide Awake* (Boston, November, 1890, p. 341).

together in the university. I knew him well, and esteemed him highly for many marked traits of character. He was a mere stripling, but nature had been generous in giving him an attractive physique. He was of middling height, slender in form, erect, agile, and elastic in his movements. With fine features, a fresh, pink complexion, a keen blue eye, full of purpose and meaning, and of mirth as well; with open, frank, and genial manners, he could not fail to win the kind regard of his youthful companions. He showed mental capabilities which would naturally fit him for fine scholarship. His mind was quick, versatile, and inventive. I do not think he was deficient in logical power, but the severer studies did not seem to be congenial to him. In all practical matters he saw intuitively and at a glance what was the best thing to be done. In any strait or difficulty, or any sudden emergency of danger, if there was any possible way of escape, nobody need inform him what it was. Before anybody else had time to think, his plan was formed.

"He had a full share of general knowledge, without exact scholarship. His college life strikingly developed some of the mental characteristics which ultimately made him what he was. In some men wit is spontaneous and irrepressible. It would be as impossible to suppress a good joke, or a keen repartee, as to suppress the law of gravitation. On the contrary, there are many sensible men who never laugh at a joke or a witticism, however brilliant, for the reason that, innocently enough, they see nothing to laugh at. Their perceptions are shut up to plain matters of fact. Dr. Howe, with a heart as good and

generous, as free from malice and evil as any man's, —unless we except those few rare characters who are too good to live in such a world as this—had, nevertheless, an insatiable fondness for fun and frolic, and a good practical joke. Tricks are proverbial in colleges. And in almost every college there will be some one whose natural endowments, with a little practice, make him an acknowledged leader. Dr. Howe rather belonged to this class. With singular sagacity, he saw every opportunity of producing a sensation, and breaking up the dull routine of college life, and it was no sooner seen than embraced; no matter upon whom the laugh turned, whether upon a classmate or a tutor, or upon the venerable head of the university himself. On such occasions his invention, and expedients, and adroitness were matters for study and surprise. He was himself very modest and taciturn with regard to any merit or cleverness of these incidental performances. His own impression seemed to be that they were merely commonplace affairs, and that anybody else would succeed as well as he.

"For some misdemeanors attributed to him, he was once or twice sent into the country—"rusticated" was the term—to study a few weeks with some staid minister, who retained some knowledge of the curriculum of college studies. But this temporary exile did not sensibly diminish his resources in this line of amusement. In fact, it rather increased them. The pent-up energies, which it were unseemly to expend upon a plain country minister and his family, found a ready outlet in college. It is certain that the pulsations of college life were quickened by his return from exile.

"I may here give the outline of a single anecdote, which I have more than once heard Dr. Howe relate with graphic effect. It shows the impression which he left behind him. Some years after Howe had left college, and after he had become widely and favorably known to the public, he was in Providence attending the annual commencement. He thought he would call on his old president, Dr. Messer, then living in retirement, and apologize to him for the trouble he had given him while in college, and the many interruptions to his nightly repose—for, in truth he bore no malice, and always had a kindly feeling towards the good Doctor. He called, but the venerable instructor of his youth received him with evident marks of distrust, requested him to be seated, but took a seat himself at a respectful distance. Howe commenced his apology, when the good Doctor, moving his chair a little further back, said: "Howe, I'm afraid of you now. I'm afraid there will be a torpedo under my chair before I know it."

"Dr. Howe regretted his waste of time, and the loss of precious opportunities; but said in explanation, that before he had been many months in college, he found that he was suspected of all the mischief there, when, in fact, but a small part of it was his. His honest and truthful statements were set aside and disregarded, and he was made a sort of college scapegoat to bear off the sins of others. Under that state of things, he felt a greater freedom in displaying his skill, and keeping up his reputation, than he could otherwise have justified A little parental advice, a little kindly treatment, and, more than all, a little confidence in his honor and honesty, would have done

more to correct his foibles, than all the college censures that could be imposed upon him.

"He was highly esteemed by his college associates. His presence was always welcome among them. He had a certain indefinable magnet-power that drew them round him. They were proud of his singular success in an original and untrodden path of benevolence. No one doubted that his extraordinary mental activity, and his large executive capacity, would lead to distinction in some way. But in what way, none could conjecture. Few, probably, anticipated that he would become an eminent philanthropist, and that his life would be nobly given to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate."

It must not be supposed that the young collegian wholly wasted his time. He had been well-drilled in Latin in Boston, and had learned something of Greek and of French; and his graduation left him a good Latin scholar for that period, and with the rudiments of that polyglot facility in modern languages, including the degenerate Greek of the Morea in 1824, which he afterwards acquired. His acquaintance with French became masterly, and he was fairly versed in German, Italian, and Turkish ; of Spanish he had some scantling, and neither Scandinavian nor Russian were quite unknown to him. His mind was a scholar's instrument; intuitive, analytic, and quick to proceed from the known to the unknown. Probably the French people, and the Greeks, who are the French of the Levant, had the strongest influence upon his style, which was livelier and keener than English is usually found, far more so than the New England rhetoric of his boyhood and youth. But in English

he had read all the great books—the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and the poets of his own times; especially Scott, Campbell, Moore, and Byron. He wrote rapidly, nervously, and rather impatiently; as the letters to be quoted in the next chapter sufficiently show.

A great influence in Dr. Howe's college days, and for years afterward, was Edward Everett, who had returned from Germany full of enthusiasm for learning and had associated himself at Harvard College with two older professors, Edward Channing, brother of the celebrated divine, and George Ticknor, who preceded Longfellow and Lowell in their fruitful professorship of modern languages at Cambridge. It was with a letter from Everett that young Howe sailed for Greece in 1824, and their acquaintance in the narrow circle of Boston society may have been intimate, as their correspondence afterwards became. Everett's indifference to the great anti-slavery struggle (in which Howe embarked in middle life), destroyed so much of his personal influence after 1850, that it is difficult to realize that his eloquence aroused the enthusiasm of Emerson and Howe, of Elizabeth Peabody and Margaret Fuller. But Everett had not then lost the faith and love of youth, and he may have helped young men to that temperance of thought and sobriety of manner which blend happily with earnestness and enthusiasm. Dr. Channing in 1820 was preaching in his Federal Street Church, and Everett, leaving his pulpit in Boston, had become a professor at Cambridge, from which town he entered Congress in 1825, and in due time became Governor of Massachusetts. Of his appearance and man-

ner at that period when Howe came under his spell, Emerson has left us the most pleasing description.

"There was an influence on young people in Boston, from the genius of Everett, which was almost comparable to that of Pericles in Athens. He had an inspiration which did not go beyond his head, but which made him the master of elegance. If any of my readers were at that period in Boston or Cambridge, they will easily remember his radiant beauty of person, of a classic style; his heavy large eye, marble lids which gave the impression of mass that the slightness of his form needed; sculptured lips; a voice of such rich tones, such precise and perfect utterance, that, although slightly nasal, it was the most mellow and beautiful and correct of all the instruments of the time. The word that he spoke, in the manner in which he spoke it, became current and classical in New England. . . . He had nothing in common with vulgarity or infirmity; but, speaking, walking, sitting, was as much aloof and uncommon as a star. The smallest anecdote of his conversation or behavior was eagerly caught and repeated; and every young scholar could recite brilliant sentences from his sermons, with mimicry, good or bad, of his voice. Every youth was his defender, and boys filled their mouths with arguments to prove that the orator had a heart."

Returning from Providence to Boston in the summer of 1821, Howe became a medical student with Dr. Ingalls, who was then conspicuous among the good physicians and surgeons of Boston—the list including Dr. John Jeffries, Dr. John C. Warren, Dr. James Jackson, Dr. Walter Channing, and Dr. Jacob

Bigelow. Several of these were his teachers in medicine, and another, who was then well known for his learning and his special acquaintance with insanity—Dr. George Parkman—who, thirty years later was unhappily famous as the victim of a murder; his assassin being a Harvard professor, Dr. Webster. Howe learned rapidly, studied more seriously than he had in college, and in 1824 took his medical degree at Harvard, in a class of seventeen, of which he was the only distinguished member. He never practised to any extent in Boston, however, but in 1824, at the age of twenty-three, he obtained his father's reluctant consent, together with a small sum of money, and set sail for Greece, to take part in the bloody contest then waging in the country of Leonidas and Epaminondas.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHEVALIER EARNING HIS SPURS.

Byron had roused all Europe and America, a dozen years before, to the glory, the beauty, and the tragedy of the Grecian lands; and in his "Don Juan," which came out while Howe was in college, he had returned to the theme of his early inspiration. Howe, like Emerson, and like all young men of imagination at that period, was an admirer of Byron, and shared his enthusiasm for Greece; and now there was new cause to admire her people.

In 1821, the year in which Howe graduated, the Christian world was electrified to hear that Greece, which for centuries had ceased to be anything more than what Metternich called Italy, "a geographical expression," had turned on her oppressor, and was struggling for independence. "Greek youths had been studying in German universities, and had there learned of the glories of their ancestry, and caught from Gothic lips the old Hellenic fire. A Greek scholar and bishop had raised the standard of revolt in the Morea, and all along the glorious Peninsula, from Corinth to Athens, and from Athens to Olympus, the whisper ran 'that Greece might still be free,' and the resolution was formed that free she should

be, if resistance unto death could make her so." In Western Europe, and especially in Germany, there was among scholars an intense sympathy with the struggling patriots. A Leipzig professor published a thesis, "The Cause of Greece the Cause of Europe," and preached a new crusade against the Mussulman. Notably Lord Byron, chief of English philhellenes, threw his sword into the scale of their doubtful fortunes, and on the soil which his grandest strains had celebrated, earned, as he said,—

> "Less often sought than found,
> A soldier's grave."

In the year when that grave was found, when Grecian earth had received what was mortal of the mighty poet, in 1824, Dr. Howe, having finished his preparatory medical studies, offered his services to the patriot army.[1]

Byron left Genoa for Greece in June, 1823, but he lingered long in Corfu, and did not reach Missolonghi on the west coast of Acarnania, until January 5, 1825. He was accompanied by Trelawny, the romantic and herculean Cornish gentleman who had begun life as a midshipman under Nelson, then turned pirate, then man of letters, and finally found his vocation as the friend and chronicler of Shelley and Byron. He long survived them both, and his ashes are now buried beside Shelley's in the beautiful Protestant cemetery at Rome, near the Pyramid of Caius Cestius. Byron did not live long enough to go with Trelawny to visit the famous chieftain Odysseus at Salona, near Delphi; but died of fever at Missolonghi, in April,

[1] Address of Dr. F. H. Hedge at Dr. Howe's funeral, 1876.

1824, some months before Howe's arrival at Navarino. Trelawny went on into Central Greece, became intimate with Odysseus, married his sister, and was left by him in charge of his stronghold, a cavern on Parnassus, not many miles from Lebadea in Bœotia; where, in May, 1825, Howe, with a party of Greek soldiers endeavored to capture Trelawny, as will be related hereafter. But so much was to be said here, inasmuch as rumor and romance have represented that Byron and Howe fought side by side in Greece. In fact they never met.

Concerning Dr. Howe's motives for this serious departure from a Boston physician's usual course, Mrs. Howe says:

"The example of Lord Byron had given a high poetic sanction to the crusade of the *philhellenes*, and this no doubt had its weight with our young hero, who was a passionate admirer of the English bard. But the same enthusiasm for human freedom, the same zeal for human deliverance, appearing in every important act of his later life, attests the originality and fervor of his philanthropic inspiration. Dr. Howe found in those about him little encouragement for an undertaking so new and unaccustomed. He used to mention Gilbert Stuart, the distinguished painter, with gratitude, as almost the only friend of those days who bade him Godspeed. Strong in his own conviction and intention, he embarked on board a brig bound for the Mediterranean, and, landing at Malta, took passage in an Austrian vessel to Napoli de Monembasia (Navarino) in the Peloponnesus. From this place, he succeeded in pushing his way to the headquarters of the provincial government, assisted only

by a letter of introduction from Edward Everett to a Greek acquaintance of his, formerly resident in Germany."[1]

Dr. Howe landed near Navarino, and made his appearance at Tripolitsa in the autumn of 1824. He says in his autobiography:

"In the winter, the much-dreaded expedition of Ibrahim Pacha, with the Egyptian army, landed at Modon. Attempts were made by the Greek government to get up an army to oppose them, and Mavrocordato accepted my offer to go with them as surgeon. The President and Mavrocordato came to the south of Peloponnesus with such forces as they could raise. At first there was an attempt to organize the army, and I attempted to create hospitals and to organize ambulances for the wounded. But after the capture of Navarino by the Turks, everything was thrown into confusion. Mavrocordato fled to Napoli de Romania. The dark days of Greece had come. All regular opposition of the Greeks was overcome. The Turks advanced fiercely and rapidly up the Peloponnesus. I joined one of the small guerilla bands that hung about the enemy, doing all the harm they could. I could be of little or no use as surgeon, and was expected to divide my attention between killing Turks, helping Greeks, and taking care of my bacon. I was naturally very hardy, active, and tough, and soon became equal to any of the mountain soldiery in capacity for endurance of fatigue, hunger, and watchfulness. I could carry my gun and heavy belt, with ya-

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[1] Glarakis, whom Dr. Howe mentions with praise in his "History of the Greek Revolutian."

tagan and pistols, all day long, clambering among the mountain passes; could eat sorrel and snails, or go without anything, and at night lie down on the ground with only my shaggy capote, and sleep like a log."[1]

Mavrocordato was the well-known prince of that name who was as much at the head of the Greek revolutionary government as any of the dozen or twenty chieftains, sailors, or merchants, who held that position from time to time. It was he who received Byron at Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato had landed from Marseilles, in June, 1821, with arms, ammunition, and a number of young Frenchmen, eager to win glory in the revolution that was then beginning. He was made President of the Executive Council in 1822, and he continued, in various stations, to take a leading part in the government of Greece until his final retirement from public life in 1856. He was ten years older than Dr. Howe, and he died in 1865.

When he left Boston Dr. Howe had no knowledge whatever of modern Greek, which was then a jargon much less resembling the language of Pericles than it does to-day. His acquaintance with classic Greek was not extensive, nor could it help him much, because nobody then pronounced it by accent in America, while the Greeks themselves, besides the other variations, accented every word as it was written. He related, with a blush, in after years, that the first phrase which he fairly understood, was a compliment to himself, uttered by an old chieftain to one of his men, as they lay about the camp-fire in Arcadia. "What

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[1] From a letter to Horace Mann, written in 1857, which is the only autobiography of Dr. Howe extant.

a handsome youth!" said the *Palikari*, "*Ti eumorphon paidi!*" His personal beauty, at this time, and for years after, was remarkable: and the Greeks of to-day, like their ancestors, are very susceptible. But they were not very clean, nor well clad, nor well fed; they had few changes of raiment, infrequent washing days, and a larder often very poorly stocked. Dr. Howe said, thirty years after:

"I knew more than once what probably you never had any realizing sense of, to-wit, the sharp gnawings of real hunger. You know only what a *good* appetite is; you don't know what a ravening vulture it becomes when it grows *bad*. I have been months without eating other flesh than mountain snails, or roasted wasps; weeks without bread, and days without a morsel of food of any kind. Woe to the stray donkey or goat that fell within our reach then; they were quickly slain, and their flesh cut up hastily in little square bits, was roasting on our ramrods, or devoured half raw."

Yet, amid all the privations and dangers of his guerilla life—for the Greek armies were generally but guerilla bands—the young volunteer preserved his health, his good spirits and his good New England habits. He became, like the Greeks themselves, as nimble as the mountain goat; he became also an accomplished horseman, a good shot, a *beau sabreur*, and, with only one silk shirt and very ragged Albanian *fustinella* and leggings, he displayed the knightly qualities as handsomely as if he had worn chain-armor, or carried lance in rest, like Amadis and King Arthur in the romances. The incident which Whittier has turned into verse was an actual occurrence

in the year 1825, and was related by Howe, many years after, to Charles Sumner, who told the story to Whittier. The scene, as we know from a paper of Howe, in the "New England Magazine" for September, 1831, was near Calamata, in the Southern part of the Peloponnesus, soon after the fall of Navarino, May 9, 1825:

"Once, when over purple mountains
Died away the Grecian sun,
And the far Cyllenian ranges
Paled and darkened, one by one,—

"Fell the Turk, a bolt of thunder,
Cleaving all the quiet sky,
And against his sharp steel lightnings
Stood the Suliote but to die.

"Woe for the weak and halting!
The crescent blazed behind
A curving line of sabres,
Like fire before the wind!

"Last to fly and first to rally,
Rode he of whom I speak,
When, groaning in his bridle-path,
Sank down a wounded Greek.

"With the rich Albanian costume
Wet with many a ghastly stain,
Gazing on earth and sky as one
Who might not gaze again!

"He looked forward to the mountains,
Back on foes that never spare,
Then flung him from the saddle,
And placed the stranger there.

"'Allah! hu!' Through flashing sabres,
Through a stormy hail of lead,
The good Thessalian charger
Up the slopes of olives sped.

"Hot spurred the turbanned riders;
He almost felt their breath,
Where a mountain stream rolled darkly down
Between the hills and death.

"One brave and manful struggle,—
He gained the solid land,
And the cover of the mountains,
And the carbines of his band!"

Dr. Howe, in his "History of the Greek Revolution," passes over in silence his own adventures, and gives no hint of this one. In a letter to Horace Mann, written in 1857, he says: "Sumner (Charles Sumner, the statesman) *wormed out* some of my adventures in Greece; and one which he related to Whittier got embalmed and preserved, like an insect in amber. Out of very ordinary material the poet made quite a scene—for example, transforming the sorry beast I rode into a gallant barb. The wounded soldier would, of course, have had his head hanging at the Turk's saddle-bow in a short time, if I had not mounted him on my beast; and he always swore he owed me his life, and claimed the privilege of sticking to me, and preventing any one but himself from picking and stealing my rations. But the affair was not worth embalming, save in Francesco's memory." Other people think otherwise about this, and will be grateful to Sumner and Whittier for preserving the incident.

But Howe had himself told the story in an anony-

mous contribution to the *New England Magazine* in 1831. Here it is copied from the pages of that half-forgotten monthly—the precursor, by a quarter of a century, of the *Atlantic*:

Francesco's attachment to me was founded on gratitude, for I had the good fortune to be the means of saving his life. It was by chance at Calamata, after escaping from Navarino, when a sudden invasion of the Turks forced everyone to fly who could fly. I never shall forget the dreadful scene of confusion and distress as I galloped through the town, accompanied by Ernest, a gallant young Swiss, for we passed many poor beings, old or sick, who were unable to fly on foot, and who stretched out their hands, praying for God's sake that we would save them. But selfishness and the pressing danger made us think only of saving our own lives. We had left the town, and were hurrying across the plain, which was covered with fugitives, when I beheld a wounded soldier sitting at the foot of an olive tree, pale, exhausted, and almost fainting, but still grasping his long gun, as if he meant to have a last shot at the expected foe. It was Francesco, who had been dreadfully wounded a few days before, and had staggered thus far from the temporary hospital at Calamata on hearing the alarm. The poor fellow cast a supplicating look at us as we passed, but said not a word. That look cut me to the soul. Had he presented his gun and demanded my horse it would not have so moved me. I could not but turn my head after we passed him, and, seeing him still looking after us, as I thought, reproachfully, I pulled up my horse. On calculating the distance, I found I had time to gain the mountains. Of course, I turned back, mounted the poor fellow on my beast, and thus easily reaped the rich reward of his gratitude.

We have in the same paper a description of Francesco's person and dress which might well answer for that of Howe himself, at the age of four and twenty, as he then was. "Francesco was in form and mind a

true Greek. He had the light, well-made, active figure, the dark, yet clear complexion, the regular expressive, and animated features, the keen and ever-restless eye, that all indicate an active, enterprising mind, keen susceptibility and strong but short-lived passion. With his beautiful and glittering dress, his red cap and blue silk tassel; his neck bare to his bosom, his long jet-black ringlets reaching to his shoulders; his gold-laced close jacket, with sleeves slashed and thrown back so as to leave the right arm and shoulder bare; the white kilt bound in at the waist with a blue silk sash, covered by a belt in which hung yatagan and gilded pistols; his embroidered garters and sandaled feet; the white, shaggy capote hanging down from the left shoulder; the long, light, bright-barreled gun in his right hand; behold the Greek soldier with all his baggage equipped for a campaign!" Let us fasten this picture in our minds, or confirm it, if we can, by a visit to the portrait-gallery of the heroes at Athens, and we shall see young Howe as he was in 1825.

In his "Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution" (New York, 1828, but long out of print, and difficult to find, except in old libraries), Howe gives another picture of this warfare — his last interview with Dikaios or "Papa Flesher"—a priest turned fighter, who was one of the favorite leaders of the Greeks, in the Peloponnesus, till he fell at Agyia on the borders of Arcadia, in June, 1825. This must have been the campaign in which the adventure of Whittier's ballad occurred. Dr. Howe says: [1]

[1] "Historical Sketch," etc., p. 243.

The contrast between the first and last time I saw Flesher was striking. The first time I dined with him at Napoli (Nauplia). It was in the Oriental style, with all its pomp and fatiguing ceremonies; but Flesher, by his graceful personal appearance and manners, threw an unusually attractive air about it. He lolled on his cushions and received the services which his attendants offered on their knees with all the nonchalance of a thorough Moslem. The last time was with a party of flying soldiers, after the fall of Navarino. It was midnight when we approached cautiously a hill, on the top of which a fire was burning brightly. The glowing embers of several others, scattered about, showed that some soldiers were there. It was doubtful who they were, but we knew the Turks to be advancing behind us, and were obliged to go on. As soon as we fell in with the outposts, we learned it was a Greek chief advancing to oppose Ibrahim Pasha. We were conducted up the hill, stepping over the soldiers, who, wrapped in their *capotes*, were sleeping soundly on the rocks, with flat stones for their pillows. On reaching the top, we found the chief, fully armed, sitting by the fire on a bit of carpet, gazing at the embers. It was Flesher. He had heard of the alarming progress of Ibrahim, and, quitting the luxuries of his house, he rushed forward to meet him, and now was sitting in the open, damp air by his camp-fire at midnight, loaded with pistols and yataghan, yet as much at ease and at home as when lolling on his sofa.

In the same campaign Dr. Howe, wishing to show the courage of Demetrius Ipselanti and of his American comrade, Colonel Miller, of Vermont, involuntarily discloses his own participation in a desperate, but successful, encounter near Argos. He says:[1]

Arrived upon the plain of Argos, Ipselanti resolved to save the important position of the Mills (Myli) at whatever risk,

[1] History, p. 247.

but he could only find 200 men daring enough to join him. It is opposite Nauplia, across the Argolic Gulf, about twelve miles distant, where a little rill of clear water, issuing from the famous swamp of Lerna (where Hercules killed the hydra) gives a good mill privilege. Here were some mills, just on the seashore, surrounded by a wall and a garden with an outer wall.[1] Ipselanti despatched a boat to Nauplia for a reinforcement, and the boat returned with only about twenty men hardy enough to volunteer. Among these were three Swiss and two Americans. The main part of the Turkish army had passed by without perceiving the importance of the Mills, or the danger of leaving such a position behind; but the Greeks ventured out, and daringly discharged their muskets in defiance. A division of 2,000 men was then ordered to take possession of the place, and the cavalry came galloping up without dreaming of much resistance. Being hotly received, they fell back, and the infantry, advancing, commenced a desperate attack. The Greeks, securely lodged in the Mills, poured forth such a shower of balls as staggered them, and it required all the efforts of their officers to keep them firm. At this moment, a party of Turks broke through the outer garden wall, on the extreme right of the Greek position, and were forming their line to charge on the flank, when eleven men (one of them an American, J. P. Miller, of Randolph, Vt., who had on other occasions distinguished himself for daring courage), who were posted behind the inner wall, threw away their muskets, and, jumping over the breastwork, rushed, sword in hand, upon the Turks. By the suddenness and impetuosity of their onset they completely drove the enemy from the garden, and saved the position. Three of the little band were wounded.

In a note, Dr. Howe adds, concerning Colonel Miller, what was equally true of himself, viz.: "The untiring zeal with which this gentleman has served the

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[1] This description reminds one of the Chateau Hougomont, where the fate of Waterloo and Napoleon was decided.

cause of the Greeks, at home and abroad, and the courage with which he invited dangerous service, has gained the gratitude of those who knew him, while the prudence of his deportment among the dissipated foreigners in Greece served to give the natives a good idea of the moral character of the Americans." In this respect they contrasted strongly with Byron and Trelawny, with Fenton and Whitcombe, who would have assassinated Trelawny, and with many of the French and German Philhellenes.

CHAPTER III.

THE ROMANCE OF THE CAVERN ON PARNASSUS.

THE whole region around the huge and wild range of mountains called Parnassus by the ancient Greeks, and Liakoura by the moderns, is wonderful and romantic, whether seen from the terrace of Delphi, from the valley of Amphissa (which Dr. Howe called Salona), from Arachova, famous for its barking dogs and beautiful women, or from Daulis and Velitsa, near which was the robber-cave of Odysseus or Ulysses, the chieftain of this century, who is almost as renowned in modern Greece as his namesake of Ithaca. It was a tract less familiar to Dr. Howe, in his Greek campaigns, than Attica and the Peloponnesus, or Corinth, where he planted his colony, in 1829; but he knew it well, and also the tragedy of its Parnassus cavern, which both he and the Englishman Trelawny have related. This is as good a place as any to give Dr. Howe's account of this strange affair, which led to Trelawny's departure from Greece, in 1826. The Englishman himself has described it in his memoirs, but the statement of Dr. Howe derives importance from the fact that he was in one of the parties that beset the mountain fastness of Trelawny on Parnassus, and it was from his company that young Whitcombe went forth to join

Fenton in the plot which ended so disastrously for both. Dr. Howe says:[1]

Ulysses had left his celebrated cavern on Parnassus, and the object of the Government (against whom he was in rebellion) was to get possession of his mountain retreat. This was most difficult to accomplish. Force could not effect it, starvation could not, for it was well supplied with provisions; and as for fraud, it was not to be expected, for the cavern was held by an Englishman, Trelawny, who had so far ingratiated himself with Ulysses as to obtain the hand of his sister, and he now bid all Greece defiance. The capture of it was effected only after much lost time and the occurrence of deeds within it the relation of which appear more like romance than history. As my acquaintance with the parties gave me an opportunity to know all the particulars, I am induced to give them. Ulysses had, in the opinion of many, been false to his country. He had, it was asserted, tried to procure the assassination of Mavrocordato; at any rate, he was virtually setting the Government at defiance, though keeping up the appearance of submission. His favorite resort and stronghold, which he preferred to the Acropolis of Athens (where he died), was a remarkable cavern on Parnassus, the entrance to which cannot be attained except by climbing up a precipice by the help of ladders. It is very spacious, and contains in one of the apartments a living spring. The rocks so hang down over the mouth of it that no shot or bomb can be thrown in. It is divided by nature into different apartments, and art has formed store-rooms, magazines, and everything necessary for a supply of provisions for years.[2]

Trelawny was left by Ulysses in possession of this cavern. Fenton was a Scot, a young man endowed with great personal

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[1] History, pp. 251–54.

[2] The cave is evidently described from Howe's own observation; however, it is more fully described by Trelawny, and in the latest edition of his "Adventures of a Younger Son" (London, 1890) there is an engraving of it.

advantages, but a cold-blooded, deliberate ruffian. He was admitted to the cavern by Trelawny, and became his pretended friend. He soon offered to go to Napoli (Nauplia) and act as a spy upon the Government, but he was at the same time in correspondence with the Government, through the agency of Mr. Jarvis, and had offered to procure the capture or death of Ulysses and the delivery of the cavern into the hands of the Government on the payment of a certain sum. On arriving at Napoli he had several interviews with Mavrocordato. What plans were agreed upon is not known, but, in some of his letters to Jarvis, Fenton had offered to kill Ulysses and Trelawny if necessary. After making his arrangements with Government, through Mavrocordato, then Secretary of State, Fenton induced the Government to issue a public order for him to quit Napoli in two hours as being a suspicious person. He then went to the cave and told Trelawny everything, and that he had persuaded Government he was sincere in his offer to murder his friend and benefactor. Of course, Trelawny would then discredit any accounts he might hear of it, as he would not believe such baseness possible. Still, Fenton went on hatching his plot, and the strangest part of the story is that he chose for the instrument of his crime a young Englishman of family and education, and that the arch-villain should persuade him to it.

His victim (for I must call Whitcombe the victim) was about nineteen years old, had been a midshipman in the British service,[1] and had come to Greece burning with enthusiasm for her cause, and still more with a desire to distinguish himself by some daring act. He was full of vanity and ambition, bold and headstrong, indeed, but generous and proud, and I believe would then have shuddered at the bare thought of what he was afterwards induced to commit. He left the party of soldiers with which we were, and, in the mere spirit of wandering, went near to the cavern of Ulysses. He was met by Fenton, and carried up to the cavern. In one single day Whitcombe be-

[1] So had Trelawny, which may have been a reason for letting Whitcombe escape.

came the admirer of Fenton; thought him the noblest, the most romantic, the bravest of men; in one day more he thought him injured and abused by Trelawny, learned to hate Trelawny, believed that Trelawny despised him, and meditated injuring him; and on the third day he swore eternal friendship to Fenton, and that he would stand by him at all hazards in any attempt to regain what he believed his right. Still Fenton did not dare propose his horrid plan. Two days more were passed in riot and drinking, and Whitcombe was excited by wild plans of power and of becoming prince of the surrounding province [1] if Fenton could become master of the cavern, and there was only Trelawny in the way.

On the sixth day [2] they were to meet Trelawny on the ledge in front of the cavern to practice pistol firing. This was the moment Fenton chose for the execution of his plan. He got Whitcombe intoxicated, and made him believe Trelawny had a plot to murder them both. Whitcombe swore to stand by his friend to the last, and promised to be ready on any signal. It was Trelawny's first fire, and, after hitting the mark, he went a little forward, and, in his usual cold, unsocial way, stood with his back to them. Fenton raised his carabine, which was not loaded, and, pointing it at Trelawny, snapped. He looked with pretended dismay as Whitcombe, cocked and snapped again. "He turned upon me such a look, I knew not what I did. I raised my gun, pulled the trigger, and fell from my own emotions." These were the words of the mad boy, who had become all but an assassin. Two balls, with which his gun was loaded, had lodged in the back of Trelawny, who was apparently dying. The soldiers rushed in, and Whitcombe heard the voice of Fenton, who was supporting Trelawny, crying, "There is the young traitor! Shoot him; cut him

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[1] This was the province of Livadia, of which Lebadea was the chief town, but which extended northeast into Locris. Of this Ulysses had been the ruler for some time. His father, Andritzos was a Thessalian, from beyond Locris.

[2] Trelawny says the *fourth*.

down! Do not let him speak." But Whitcombe ran, gained an inner apartment, and taking off his sash, fastened it, and threw himself over the precipice. By some strange means he got safely to the bottom. After running some time he was met by some soldiers of Ulysses, and carried back to the cavern, half distracted. On entering, he asked, "Where is Fenton?" "At your feet;" and he looked down on his bleeding corpse. There was a Swiss in the cavern who had seen the transaction. He had seen the emotion of Whitcombe, and could not believe he committed the act. When he heard Fenton crying out to kill him without letting him speak, he became convinced. He ordered a soldier to fire on Fenton; the ball just passed his head. Fenton turned round quickly, and seeing the Swiss, whom he knew to be a dead shot, aiming another musket at him, he turned fully in front of him, put his hand on his breast, and cried, "Fire again! I am ready." He received the ball through his heart, fell, rolled upon his face, and expired without a groan.

Whitcombe was put in irons and kept so till Trelawny, against all human expectations, recovered a little. He ordered Whitcombe brought before him, had his irons taken off, and set him at liberty; nor did he seem to have the least idea that Whitcombe had fired upon him. He continued to treat him kindly. Whitcombe said: "I could not stand this generosity. I confessed to him the whole; I even gave it to him in writing, and he dismissed me." Trelawny recovered from his desperate wound, and, perhaps getting fatigued with his solitary situation, retired with his young bride to the Ionian Islands. Whitcombe is ruined and desperate (1828); he has blighted the hopes of his highly respectable mother and wounded the pride of his brave brothers, who are officers of the British army.[1]

It is evident from this strange tale (which is mainly confirmed by Trelawny) that Whitcombe was so confused by drink that he was under some delusions, for

[1] One of them served with Howe in Greece.

it is quite likely Fenton himself fired one of the fatal shots. Trelawny's own version of the story makes the time shorter (only four days from Whitcombe's arrival), and adds many curious particulars of this garrison life on Parnassus. He gives also a drawing of the cavern, with its three ladders of approach. He says:

I left Missolonghi in May, 1824, to return to Salona, with about 100 men, including the Roumeliotes I had brought with me. In all my motley squad there was one only who spoke English, and he was a Scot (this was Fenton). It would have been better had I omitted that one. . . . In addition to my small number within the cave, I had a much larger force at the foot of the ladders, hutted within a stone breastwork. I gave the command of them to the Scotchman, whom I had brought from Missolonghi (two years before). He then introduced himself to me, saying he had come out expressly to join Lord Byron's regiment; that he had served in the civil wars of Spain; was skilled in guerilla warfare, and that his funds were exhausted. He was a tall, bony man, with prominent eyes and features, in the prime of life, thirty-one or thirty-two years old. His dress, accoutrements and arms were all well chosen. He was restless, energetic, enterprising, and a famous walker. I sent him on many missions; to the Ionian Islands for money, to the seat of government to see what they were doing, and with letters to friendly chiefs, so that he was not much at the cave; and when he was, he lived in a hut below it. I supplied him with all he wanted; my purse was his. He was not squeamish on these points, but sensual, and denied himself nothing within his reach. When in my neighborhood he passed most of his time with me. No querulous word or angry glance ever ruffled our friendly intercourse. I thought him honest, and his staying with me a proof of his good will, if not personal friendship. In March, 1825, I sent Fenton to Argos, where the government was, to get what information he could

of their designs. One of the most acute and unprincipled of the hangers-on of the Government, who was confident every man had his price (he means Mavrocordato), instinctively discovered that Fenton was one of his own type; and, after many conferences, they devised a plan to entrap Odysseus and assassinate me. If Fenton was successful he was to have half of everything that was in the cavern. He returned to me with a budget of special lies. . . . In the latter end of May Fenton had brought with him from Arachova, in Bœotia,[1] a light-headed, but apparently simple-minded, English Philhellene, named Whitcombe. He said he had been in the East Indian army, and came to Greece to seek adventures. They both dined and passed their evenings with me, but slept below in Fenton's hut."

Trelawny then relates how, on the fourth day after Whitcombe came, the three sat smoking and drinking under the veranda on the lower terrace. While the three were in the cavern, an Albanian, a Hungarian, and an Italian were temporarily off duty. Fenton then proposed a shooting match between himself and Whitcombe, and had the Italian sent up stairs. Soon he proposed that Trelawny should shoot with his pistol, which he did.

" They were standing together on a flat rock two yards behind me. The instant I had fired I heard another report, and felt that I was shot in the back. They both exclaimed 'What a horrid accident!' As one of their flint guns had just before hung fire, and I had seen Fenton doing something to the lock of his, I thought it was an accident. No thought of their treachery crossed my mind. I did not fall, but sat down on a

[1] There is another town of this name in Arcadia; the one meant here is next to Delphi, under Parnassus.

rock with the pistol in my hand, and in perfect possession of all my faculties. Fenton said, 'Shall I shoot Whitcombe?' I answered 'No.' I took my other pistol from my belt, when Fenton said, 'I will call your servant,' and hastily left me, following Whitcombe to the entrance porch. The dog, growling fiercely, first stopped their flight. The Hungarian, always prompt, was quickly at his post on the upper terrace. Fenton, who had run away, called to him, 'A dreadful accident! Will you come down and help?' The Hungarian said, 'No accident, but treachery. If you don't put down your carbine I shall shoot you!' Fenton, as a last resort, was raising his carbine, when the Hungarian shot him, and he fell dead. Whitcombe attempted to escape by the trap-door leading to the ladder. the dog threw him on his back and held him as if he had been a rat. . . . His life now hung on mine, and everybody thought that I was mortally wounded. They all swore if I died they would roast him before a slow fire. This was no idle threat, for it had been done more than once during that sanguinary war."

Trelawny next describes his double wound, and how he recovered from it. "I owed my life to a sound constitution, and having had no doctor." Whitcombe pleaded guilty and begged for life, writing to Trelawny "an incoherent statement of what took place betwen him and Fenton." By his account "his feeble brain was worked up to a state of homicidal insanity." He persisted that Fenton shot Trelawny. "He was now mad with terror, screamed and shrieked if anyone came near him. He was in irons and chained to the wall, with no other food than bread and water. I resolved on the twentieth day of his imprisonment to set him free, which I did." Trelawny also prints several of Whitcombe's letters, in one of which, dated August, 1825, he says that a cer-

tain Mr. Humphreys induced him to visit Trelawny's cave.[1]

Who this Englishman Humphrey was does not appear either from Howe's account or from Trelawny's.

In some chapters published by Dr. Howe in the *New England Magazine* for 1831, he gives a picture of young Whitcombe as he first saw him, and as he beheld him after the tragedy above recited, and though the dates and places are a little disguised, the story may be depended on. He says:[2]

"Our band of mountain soldiers halted under the deep shadow of a cluster of broad-leaved fig trees to pass the heat of the day. We had taken our siesta, and when I awoke I took a look at the singular group around me. The object which most interested me was the slender, elegant figure of a stripling of nineteen, who lay at my feet with his head half raised and resting on one hand, while in the other he held a miniature, and his eyes were fixed on an open letter on the grass before him. His graceful form, just budding into manhood, had the suppleness and ease peculiar to his age, which makes every posture graceful. His features were regular and beautiful, though strongly marked. His complexion, dark by nature, was still more darkened by exposure, and his large, black eyes, ever restless and full of fire, gave animation to his whole countenance. Then the rich and picturesque costume of the Albanian Greeks, relieved by the large, shaggy capote on which he was lying, gave

[1] This cave; according to Col. Gordon, "is impregnable, and when the ladders were removed neither armies nor artillery could make any impression, It is at a perpendicular height of 150 feet from the bottom of a precipice, and sheltered above by a lofty arch."

[2] *N. E. Magazine*, Vol I. (1831), pp. 290, 387. I have condensed and transposed the passages a little.

the perfect picture of a young Greek in the person of an Englishman of family and fortune. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and, calling me by name, cried out, 'Will you be off with me or not? for if I stay here any longer, waiting for the Turkish hounds, may I be damned! I'll not be beating about with you any longer in these parts (said Whitcombe). I'll be off to Ulysses with my five soldiers, and we shall see more fighting there in one week than you will have here if you wait till doomsday.' 'Nonsense!' cried I. 'Do have patience. We can be of no service to Greece unless'—— 'Service to Greece! You are always prating about that. I tell you I want to be quick about it; I want a chance to fight, and be promoted, and get some credit, and go home to England and enjoy it. Who can stay in this miserable, dirty country where one gets nothing to eat but onions, black bread, and olives, and nothing to drink but sour wine?' I tried to pacify the petted and spoiled boy, and he agreed to accompany us another day's march. This was disturbed by no uncommon event, except that we hurried more than usual, and often looked anxiously about us lest we should be surprised on the open plain by the Turkish cavalry. In a small, open village, after dinner, Francesco ran forward, and in a moment I heard his shrill cry, 'The Turks! the Turks!' Our mules and baggage were driven into a stone church as a stronghold and place of refuge in case our outworks should be carried. Some of our 300 men went furiously to work, digging a ditch in which they could lie down and be sheltered by the few feet of earth flung up before them. Others punched holes through the outer walls of the cottages facing the plain, from which they could put out their muskets and fire in security. All were busied in preparing for defence with the least possible exposure—all but Whitcombe. His spirits seemed to rise and his eyes to flash fire as he stood impatient on a bank, with his hand on the trigger of his cocked gun, the muzzle resting on his left arm. There was a sudden movement of the foe; their horses dashed foward towards us at a gallop; the riders waved their scimetars, when I felt myself pulled into the ditch by Francesco, and, putting out my gun through a hole, I lay

and waited till they should be within shot. A flash of fire ran along their line, their balls whizzed over our heads; our muskets instantly rattled in reply. After that I saw nothing and thought of nothing but to load and fire. As the smoke rose, I saw a troop of a dozen dash within a few yards of us, fire their pistols, wheel, and away; and when the smoke again cleared off they were half a mile distant, Then there was shouting and congratulation in our hitherto breathless band. Whitcombe leaped over the barrier, yataghan in hand, and would have advanced, but no one followed the foolhardy boy. At sunset we left our dangerous position, and a hard night's march brought us to the main body of our men.

"But Whitcombe soon tired; his restless spirit needed more excitement, and the company of some reckless spirits, whom he had unfortunately met and who pressed him to join them in Western Greece, where they had, as they said, hard fighting, but beauty and wassail to recompense them. I trembled as he left me, for I knew he was the darling of an aged mother, the hope of a proud family. Months rolled away and I heard nothing from Whitcombe. I heard, indeed, strange tales of some Europeans in Western Greece;[1] men talked of dissipation and unnatural crimes; of treason and assassination. But the East abounds with such tales, and I noticed them not. One evening, at Hydra, my attention was attracted by the appearance of a young man, coming slowly along the street, apparently very weak and exhausted. His once magnificently embroidered dress presented a strange contrast of rags and riches, splendor and dirt; he was without arms, though his silver cartridge-boxes and pistol-belt showed him to have been a soldier. As he drew near, I saw that he was sallow and emaciated; I met him at the door, against which he supported himself with one hand and, hesitatingly, held out the other to me, and fixed on me his ghastly, sunken eyes. I took his hand, doubtfully; he exclaimed, in a hollow voice, 'Do you not know me?' It was

[1] He means in the region of Parnassus, where Fenton and Trelawny and Ulysses were.

Whitcombe; but so changed from the fiery, yet blooming youth I had seen a few months before that I could scarce believe my eyes. We got him food, and tried to cheer him, but he was sad and reserved.

"I suspected his mind was affected, and we got him to retire, having made up the best bed we could with some rags, on the floor of the adjoining room. At midnight I was wakened by the most dreadful screams from Whitcombe's room. I seized a pistol in one hand, a sword in the other, and, dashing open the door, found him rolling on the floor, groaning out, 'I am stabbed and murdered—I am dying!'

"'Who has stabbed you? There is no one here.'

"'There, there,' cried he, clinging to my legs, and pointing to a dark corner of the room, 'there he is!'

"Not a soul was to be found, and then the truth flashed upon me. He had been dreaming—his conscience had conjured up a specter. I passed my hand over his body, and persuaded him he was not dying, nor even wounded. Before morning the unhappy youth disclosed to us a plot which, aided by his own folly and pride and ambition, had made him a traitor and assassin. He told a tale which bore every impress of truth, which subsequent events have proved to be in the main correct, and yet so strange, so horrible, as to belong rather to the province of romance than of history."

Here Dr. Howe left the story unfinished, which he had partly told in 1828, and which he evidently meant to tell more fully in 1832. But he sailed from Boston in October, 1831, and went through such singular adventures in Europe before he returned to Boston, that he never again took up the thread of his story, except in conversation now and then. Whether he met Trelawny in America in 1834-5, I cannot say. Wendell Phillips did, in Philadelphia, and formed the most unfavorable opinion of him.

CHAPTER IV.

SCENES OF WAR AND PEACE IN THE REVOLUTION.

In the journals of Dr. Howe, some of which he published soon after returning to America, are many vivid descriptions of Grecian life during the Revolution and afterwards. These will give better than any words of mine, the spirit of the time and place in which for six years he led so active a life. Trelawny also has printed some similar sketches, taken from his own diary, or his retentive memory, and one of them may first be given, as earliest in date. Trelawny seems to have been a veracious chronicler of some parts of his strange life; although, like Dr. Howe, in the passages just quoted, he sometimes disguises the literal facts from design or failure of memory. He has not described the skirmishes and battles that he saw in Greece so often as Dr. Howe did, but there is a passage in his *Records* which portrays in a striking manner the result of one of those fights, of which Howe gives an account, though neither were present at it. This was the defeat of Dramalis, the Turk, by Nikitas, the *Turkophagos*, in August, 1822, on the way from Mycenæ to Corinth, in a pass through which now runs the railway from Nauplia and Argos

to Corinth.[1] Trelawny, writing many a year afterward says, speaking of his journey from Missolonghi to Salona, before Byron landed in Greece.

"On our way from Argos to Corinth, in 1823, we passed through the defiles of Dervenakia; our road was a mere mule-path for about two leagues, winding along in the bed of a brook, flanked by rugged precipices. In this gorge, and a more rugged path above it, a large Ottoman force, principally cavalry, had been stopped in the previous autumn, by barricades of rocks and trees, and slaughtered like droves of cattle by the wild and exasperated Greeks. It was a perfect picture of the war, and told its own story; the sagacity of the nimble-footed Greeks and the hopeless stupidity of the Turkish commanders were palpable. Detached from the heaps of dead we saw the skeletons of some bold riders, who had attempted to scale the acclivities, still astride the skeletons of their horses, and in the rear, as if in the attempt to back out of the fray, the bleached bones of the negroes' hands still holding the hair ropes attached to the skulls of the camels—death like sleep, is a strange posture-master. There were grouped in a narrow space, 5,000 or more skeletons of men, horses, camels, and mules; vultures had eaten their flesh, and the sun had bleached their bones. In this picture the Turks looked like a herd of bisons, trapped and butchered in the gorges of the Rocky Mountains. The rest of their battles, amidst scenery generally of the same rugged character, only differed in their magnitude."[2]

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[1] In March, 1890, I traversed this route, and the conductor of our train, as we went through the defile, came into our carriage and pointed out the scene of the fearful slaughter of the Turks. It is a most murderous looking battle-field.

[2] *Records* by Trelawny. Vol. 2, p. 121, London, 1878.

This fight occurred August 6, 1822; Dramalis was the Turkish general; Colocotroni and Nikitas were the Greek commanders. The railway now runs through this pass. I went through on a train

Dr. Howe again described his comrade, Francesco, thus:

Francesco, my comrade and servant, was born he knew not where; but first found himself a slave at Constantinople. He grew up under the eye of a tyrant, whom he hated and feared, and who (as Francesco said), though free from the unnatural passion which is one of the besetting sins of the Asiatic Turks, treated him in every other respect as a dog and a slave. The earliest efforts of his mind were to deceive and cheat his master; hypocrisy and deception were his only weapons against brutal force. "So much," said he, "did I fawn upon my master, so cringing, so cowardly, and unresenting did I appear under the lash, that you would have said I had no soul, and could not feel like a man." He had no communion of soul with his kind, for the hand of every man was against him; he saw that every one around him was perfectly unprincipled and selfish, and trying by force or fraud to overreach his neighbor; he himself could do nothing by the strong hand, and he had, like all the weak, recourse to guile. He clad his face in smiles; he put on a simple and benevolent look; he cultivated his

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March 31, 1890, from near Mycenæ (Phichtia is the station) to Nemea the other side of the gorge, near which spot the myth of the Nemean lion is localized. There is no outlet from the plain of Argos toward Corinth but by the passes of Barbati and Dervenaki, which lead from either side of Mycenæ into the valley of Cleonae. Dr. Howe, in one of his magazine chapters (September, 1831) sketches this same defile (through which in 1825, he passed with Francesco) thus: "We soon came to the foot of a ridge of precipitous, rocky mountains, which rises almost like a wall from the plain, and separates the dominions of Corinth from the Argolid. A narrow chasm in the ridge, which I had not before perceived, now opened before us; and, entering its jaws, we found ourselves between two precipices, which rose to an immense height on each side, gradually narrowing, till there was hardly room for a road. Clambering up a narrow foot-path, we emerged from the glen, and came to the open plain on the other side of the ridge."

address, and flattered every one he met. With a continual eye to his own interest, he studied the character of others, and tried to take advantage of their weaknesses; he would lie and cheat for gain, and then he must lie and cheat to conceal his spoil from his master, who would have approved the villainy, and stripped the villain.

But Francesco watched his time; he killed his tyrant; he took as much of his gold as he could get at; and, concealing himself in the hold of a vessel, escaped from Constantinople. He roved about some time, a pirate in the Archipelago; and then found his way to western Europe; he wandered awhile in Italy, sometimes a trader, sometimes a spy, and sometimes, I fear, a brigand. He was an atheist, and unprincipled, though he still clung to the mummeries of his church; he would take by the beard, and rob, a priest of his own religion, when out of his sacerdotal robes, yet would he never eat without crossing himself, or undertake a pillaging excursion without putting up a prayer to the Virgin, and vowing her a big wax taper, if he had success. But Francesco had too uneasy, wandering a spirit, to let him remain in civilized Europe; for he had not enough of the avarice of his countrymen to content himself with mere money-making. He wandered into Servia and Bosnia, and served among the *Armatoli*, who often lived by plundering the Turks, their employers. In these countries, and in Russia, he found many of his countrymen, who were hatching the plot of revolution; he became initiated into the secret, and felt all his old hatred of the Turks revive; as soon as the revolt in Greece broke out, Francesco flew to join the first of the rebels.

And now, behold him in his element—the life and spirit of a band of wild mountain soldiers. His wit and humor, his volubility and fund of anecdote, and his continual flow of spirits, made him the delight of his companions around the night-fire. It was Francesco's cheerful voice that roused them at early dawn, it was Francesco who ever led the way through difficult or dangerous passes; his never-ceasing song cheered the weary march, and his light look and frolic eye were never darkened by fatigue. Methinks I see him now, with his thirty light-

hearted companions in a row behind him, rapidly crossing a plain, or toiling over a mountain, all life and animation, taking up the chorus of his song, and making the mountains echo with their shouts. He was always first on the march, when the path was difficult to be found, or a dangerous defile was to be passed; his reputation for courage, sealed and confirmed by his many scars, made him as much respected by his companions, as his merry mood and liberal and dashing way, made him beloved. But he was not first in good deeds alone; was a village to be put under contribution for provisions, or sheep to be obtained *nolens volens* from the shepherd, he always did the business. He would plead like a lawyer, and coax like a woman, and when that failed, out flew his yataghan, and he would head the soldiers in their too frequent attacks on the peasantry.

* * * * * * *

Ere we gained the village[1] we had been discovered by the peasants, and in an instant every sign of life had vanished; sheep, mules, fowls, and men had alike disappeared; every door and shutter was fastened, and one would have supposed the village totally uninhabited. (In fact, I saw many of the men stealing away in the distance.) But the soldiers soon commenced a clattering at the doors, and Francesco, beckoning me to follow him, selected one of the best looking of the mud-walled cottages, and began to unload the mule before the door, crying out at the same time—"Come, come, old mother, open your door, and quickly too, for I have brought some great men for your lodgers." Not a soul answered, however; I listened at the door, but not a sound was to be heard. "Hollo! hollo! there within!" shouted Francesco, coming up and kicking violently against the door; "open, open; what! all gone? well then, here goes—I'll stave in the door." "Oh Lord bless us! Lord bless us!" shrieked a shrill voice from within; "Who is there, what do ye want, and can't you have patience a moment till I open? There now," said an old hag, thrusting her wrinkled face out of the half-open door,

[1] In the Peloponesus.

"what do ye want?" "Want," says Francesco, pushing in, "want, old mother of mine? we want lodgings, and fire, and some eggs, and butter, and a chicken, forsooth, if ye have any." "Oh!" shrieked out the old woman, "you cannot come into my house; there is nothing in it; I have not a bit of bread even; I swear to you, by the Holy Virgin, I have not seen oil, nor butter, nor eggs, these many months. No! no! ye can't come in," said she, struggling with Francesco, who kept edging into the door-way; "go over to my neighbor, he is rich, and has everything; there is nothing in my house that ye can eat. There now!" added she, after he had fairly pushed her in, "you see what there is, and ye are welcome to my house."

Changing now her tune entirely; she became quite enchanted to see us, and tried to make the best of it; and indeed we found it a comfortable place, though apparently poorly stocked; but there was a bright fire burning on the earth floor, and other indications sufficient to guide Francesco in his researches.

"My good mother," says he, "how many have you in your family?" "Family," said she, "I have no family, none but a widowed daughter, and we are so miserably poor we are almost starved." But what are all these wooden spoons for?" said he, drawing out a half dozen which had been hastily covered up by a coarse towel. "Spoons! spoons!" cried the old woman, hurrying to take them from him, "they have been lying there these two months." "By my faith then," said he, smelling of them, "they have kept the scent well, for, mother, they smell of good soup; and, bless me, they are quite soaked yet; come, come, out with the remnant of the lamb you had for dinner." "I eat lamb! Lord bless me! I havn't seen meat in these walls these many months. I lent the spoons to-day to neighbor Yanni, and he sent them back unwashed." "And did he send you back bones also?" said Francesco, picking up two or three little ribs from the ashes. "Come, come, cousin, out with it, out with it," said he rummaging around the cottage, the old woman keeping before him, and at last sitting

down on a bread trough which was turned bottom upwards, she declared she was old and tired out, and just ready to die. "Get up," said Francesco, "get up and let us look under your trough." "I can't get up, I can't, there is nothing here, by the Cross! nothing;" but he pulled her up gently, and turning over the trough, there he found the remnant of the lamb. "Nothing in the world," said the old woman, "but some cold lamb, and you are entirely welcome to that; I meant to have given it to you; you are welcome my child," said she, in a coaxing voice, "to all I have in my house." She found it was impossible to get rid of us, seeing that Whitcombe and myself had hung up our muskets, taken off our belts, and were making ourselves quite at ease with our pipes.

For my part, I said nothimg, but amused myself with watching the movements of Francesco, who searched round as though it had been his mother's cottage,—looking now for oil to cook with, and now for meal to bake bread,—the old woman following close up, trying to divert his attention from the spot where the things were concealed, and swearing by all the saints that she had not the articles. But Francesco, without minding her continued to look round, and, stooping down, he examined carefully the floor, which was nothing more or less than the hard dry earth; suddenly he stopped, and began scratching the dirt in a part which seemed loose. Then removing a few inches of it, he came to a broad bit of wood, which he removed, and found it was the cover of an immense earthen jar, holding several barrels, and filled with excellent oil. "Bring me a dipper, mother," said he, coolly. "Oh, is it oil you want, my son? why, why didn't you tell me before? we have plenty of that, thank God!" Flour and wine were soon forthcoming, and in a short time Francesco had a meal bannock ready, and, scraping away the ashes, he laid it on the hot bricks, and covering it with cinders and coals, left it to cook, and proceeded to lay the table, which was a round one about eight inches in height. Wooden spoons and forks were all the furniture, and we squatted upon our heels, with six soldiers around the bare board, drew our jackknives, and as-

saulted the bannock and the cold lamb with vigor, meat being a luxury we had not enjoyed for several weeks. Wine, too, we had, and Francesco, acting the part of our Ganymedl, poured out to us, in his silver cup, and enlivened the meal by his stories and jokes.

THE GRECIAN BUREAUCRATS, 1831.

"Suppose a man wishes to go from Athens to Trippolitsa, a distance of less than a hundred miles; he must wait the time and convenience of the police of Athens, who, when ready, take the height and breadth of our Athenian, the length of his nose, the color of his eyes and hair. He is 'conn'd and scann'd by rote, set in a note book,' and then permitted to go on, after paying the good people for their trouble in detaining him. He hurries to the Piraeus, and finds the little boat all ready, except the passport (for boats that run daily must have a separate one, and pay for it too). Soon the captain of the modern *trireme* (they have just three *oars*, not three *banks*), returns swearing, and calling on the Virgin for aid, with such fury that the traveler would suppose the Persians had blocked up the Gulf of Salamis; but he finds it is only that his Themistocles was a minute too late at the police office; they had sat down to dinner, and would not get up from that, and their subsequent siesta, for two hours. Well, the two hours are past, the breeze blows fair, and our Greek enters the harbor of Ægina at sunset, to transact ten minutes business; but he is too late, the man in office has just turned his key, and our boat and its passengers must wait until the next morning, before one soul dare put foot on shore. They remain cooped up all night, and the next morn-

ing have the satisfaction of being told at the office that their passports are all in order, they may go on shore; they might have gone last night if they had arrived ten minutes before. After the same delay, and taking in a store of olives and garlic for breakfast, they steer away for Epidaurus. Here, after delays at the custom-house, their passports are examined, countersigned, and paid for, and they jog on to Napoli, where they are obliged to wait at the gates until the police have examined their documents and got their pay. Then they go on to Tripolitsa, and enter there after going through a like visitation and examination. Thus, in a journey of a hundred miles, the Greek comes under the claws of the police five times, subjected to some expense, great vexation, and the loss of more time than would have been necesary to accomplish his journey. Nor is this any exaggeration; the *Official Gazette* of Greece lays down these laws, and they are strictly enforced."

DR. HOWE'S CHARITIES, 1827–28.

The mention in this passage of the anchorage at Ægina (an island in the Saronic Gulf, an hour's sail from Salamis and the Piraeus) recalls one of Dr. Howe's characteristic exploits during the revolution, in 1827–28. In his autobiography he says:

"The best service I could then render was to go to America and procure help. I came, and I went about New England and New York, and plead for the starving Greeks. Great enthusiasm was excited and warm sympathy manifested in valuable contributions. I think over sixty thousand dollars was the result of this ap-

peal; and how much in clothing is not easy to estimate. As soon as possible, I took charge of a vessel laden with flour, and provisions and clothing, and hastened back to Greece, arriving in time to prevent thousands from starving. These American contributions went directly to the people; and their effect was very great, not only by relieving from hunger and cold, but by inspiring courage and hope. I made several depots in different places; I freighted small vessels and ran up the bays with them. The people came trooping from their hiding places, men, women, and children, hungry, cold, ragged, and dirty. They received rations of flour, corn, biscuit, pork, etc., and were clad in the warm garments made up by American women. It was one of the happiest sights a man could witness; one of the happiest agencies he could discharge. They came, sometimes twenty, thirty, forty miles, on foot, to get rations and clothing. Several vessels followed mine and many distributions were made.

"An immense number of families from Attica, from Psara, and from other islands, had taken refuge in Ægina, and there was the most concentrated suffering. I established a main depot there, and commenced a systematic distribution of the provisions and clothing. As the Greeks were all idle, I concluded it was not best to give alms except to the feeble; but I commenced a public work on which men, women, and children could be occupied. The harbor of Ægina was not a natural one, but the work of the old Greeks. The long walls projecting into the sea for breakwaters were in pretty good condition, but the land side of the harbor was nearly ruined from being filled up with *débris* and washings from the town. I got some

men who had a little "gumption" and built a coffer-dam across the inner side of the harbor. Then we bailed out the water, and, digging down to get a foundation, laid a solid wall, which made a beautiful and substantial quay, which stands to this day, and is called the American *Molos* or Mole. In this work as many as five hundred people, men, women and children, ordinarily worked; on some days as many as seven hundred, I think.

"On the hill in the rear of the harbor was standing a solitary column of an old temple of Venus, or Juno, I forget which. The foundations of this temple were of marvelous extent and beauty of finish; composed of blocks of hewn stone of great size and perfect regularity. They were from four to six feet long, three to four feet wide, and about eighteen inches to two feet thick; they were hewn perfectly smooth, and laid in regularly without cement, making a bed, if I recollect right, about eight or nine feet deep. All this was buried deep under rubbish; probably was always below the surface of the ground, and intended to break the shock of earthquakes. At these foundations we went to work sacrilegiously, and *toted* the huge blocks down the hill and upon the mole—and a beautiful work it made. Besides this there was an immense amount of rubbish to be cleared out, and a great deal of sand, small stones, earth and the like to be brought and backed in behind the wall. On this men, women and children worked, and for their work were paid in provisions."

THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF A GREEK WARRIOR.

It was while Dr. Howe was at Ægina, but probably before his distribution of supplies there, as above described, that he witnessed the death, heard the *coronach*, and saw the interment of a comrade, Nicolo, who had fought by his side on the mainland. The same burial custom still prevails in Greece, and the wailing is doubtless still practiced in the country regions ; but in Athens, where I saw many funerals in 1890, the custom does not seem to be observed :

"I was called last evening to see young Captain Nicolo, one of my old acquaintances and campaigning companions. He was wounded in an affair with the Turks several days ago; not mortally, however, as we thought, and had been brought here for recovery; but the moment I entered his room last night, I saw that the hand of death was upon him. He was lying on a hard mattress on the floor, and, as he heard my footstep, he quickly turned his head, and eagerly stretching out his hand to me as I advanced, he grasped mine within both of his with a convulsive effort, as though he would cling upon me for life ; and gazing wildly and with staring eyes in my face, he cried, 'I am dying,—but oh ! I cannot die—will not die—save me, oh ! do save me!' There was such a startling eagerness in his manner, and such horror in his eyes, that I was thrown off my guard ; he saw the expression of my face, and, letting go my hand, he sunk back, and, looking up, muttered to himself, 'Then I must indeed die.' The poor fellow had been called brave, and was so in the hurry and excitement of war ; he tried to call his courage and his pride to

aid him in his dreadful extremity, and when his tormenting pains left him, he mastered his feelings so as to seem calm ; but there was no calm in his soul ; he was dying—resolutely, indeed, but not resignedly.

" I tried to console him, and mentioned the vanity and little worth of life. 'Aye,' cried he, 'you call it vanity, you, who are in full enjoyment of it ; but were you about to be hurled as I am into darkness, beyond which you can see no light, you would shrink back as I do. Oh,' continued he eagerly, 'I wish I could believe in a God, and a future state ; but no matter. I have done my duty to the best of my knowledge ; I will take the extreme unction, and my chance will be as good as the rest.' The priest now came in, muttering his prayers and making crosses and benedictions ; the consecrated candles were lighted and the silver incense-pot began to swing backward and forward, when I left him to his offices and went to my quarters. I had been sitting there almost two hours when I heard dreadful screams of women in the house of Nicolo. I went over and found him in his last agony, his clammy hands grasping the coverlid ; his head was thrown back, his eyes staring fixedly, his mouth open as if gasping for breath, which, however, came quick and convulsively, and rattled hollowly in his throat.

" It was a dreadful scene, in which the dying man acted but part ; for the long suppressed agony of grief had now burst forth—the mother lay upon the floor, tearing her hair, beating her breast, and wailing most piteously ; the other female relatives were alike affected, some were running screaming about the house, while others sat and moaned aloud, and

accompanied their cries with violent gestures. This scene continued with little relaxation until the sufferer gasped his last gasp, and then the screaming, the moaning, and tearing of hair were renewed more violently than ever. Other women now came in from the neighborhood—and I soon observed there was some system in this scene—for the new comers seemed to make ready as for an encounter, before they set up their shout; they loosened their hair, shook it about their shoulders, and deranged their garments, and then set up their wailing in chorus with the others. I saw, further, that in a half an hour these wailing neighbors seemed to *spell* each other, for, when exhausted nature silenced the real grief of the mother or relatives, or when one of the new-comers was obliged to stop to breathe, another would strike in in her place, and keep up the clamor.

"I retired when the old women began to arrange the corpse, and, sitting down at the door of my tent, which looked into the windows of Nicolo, I gazed upon the scene, which seemed more striking from without. The windows were all open; lights were flying about; female figures, with their hair streaming down their shoulders, were flitting around, some throwing up their arms, others sitting still with their heads lowered between their knees, others bending over, and arranging the corpse, and all weeping, wailing and screaming aloud. I tried to shut out the sound as well as the sight, but the noise was too near and too great. I went out, and strolled about till near morning. I wandered to the ruins of the ancient port; I mounted to the old temple of Venus on the hill, and, leaning against the long column,

gazed for a while on the beautiful Gulf of Salamis, and tried to forget Nicolo in thinking of Themistocles; but it would not do. Facts are too stubborn for fancy. The death of Nicolo was more to me than that of ten thousand Greeks who died twice ten centuries ago, or that of a hundred thousand men who should have died to-day, but a thousand leagues from me. When I returned, I found all was still, except the voices of two women, who were hired mourners, and who had commenced their functions, now that the violent emotions of the relatives had worn them out. These two women looked, as I saw them through the open windows, like two "hags of hell"; one was sitting at the head of the corpse, which was laid out in the middle of the room, rocking herself backward and forward over it, and chanting forth in cracked tones—though in regular cadence—what I soon found to be a sort of an address to the dead body. The other was flitting about the room with a taper in her hand, and joining in chorus to the chant of her sister hag. Their song, or chant, was in commemoration of the virtues and good qualities of the deceased, and ran about thus:

"Woe to us that he is dead—the beautiful boy! the brave boy! the sweet boy!

"Nicolo! Nicolo! why did'st thou die? Thou wast too young—too beautiful—too brave to die. Thou wast the light of thy mother's eyes—the staff in her hand—the oil that fed her lamp of life.

"Oh! he is dead—the brave boy! The light is gone out! The staff is broken! The oil is exhausted!

"Thy mother sits in darkness, Nicolo! Why did you leave her? Why did not another die for you? for none was so brave, none so beautiful.

"The soldiers loved thee. The Turks feared thee. The maids looked down when Nicolo approached them.

"Oh! woe is us that the brave has fallen!

"How many enemies thou hast slain! how brave wast thou in battle! how swift in the march!

"But thou art dead, brave boy! thou shalt never rise again!

"Oh! woe to us! woe to thy aged mother!"

"This morning the burial took place with all the ceremonies of the Greek Church. The procession started off from the house, headed by about thirty priests in their full robes, each bearing a long wax taper in his hand and singing, in clear, musical tones, the service for the dead; then came the incense-bearers, swinging their silver incense-pots, and throwing up clouds of smoke; then came the Host, before which all prostrated themselves on their knees, then followed the bishop in his gorgeous robes, walking under a splendid canopy, held up by four priests, and after him was borne the corpse on an open bier, dressed in his gayest robes, with flowers on his breast and in his hands. Around it walked the pale and haggard relatives, and the more pale and haggard looking hired mourners, with black robes and disheveled hair. It was a showy and noisy scene, for the riches and pomp of the church were displayed. The song of the priests and the wailing of the mourners ceased not, and as they passed along rapidly, every man raised his cap, and, bowing, made the sign of the cross, and every woman and child in the streets knelt down, and all muttered blessings. All felt an interest in the scene; all but poor Nicolo. He lay pale and still on his bier, and was borne along like a victim bound for the sacrifice; and the flowers on his breast

and the flowers in his hands seemed to be but in bitter mockery of his fate. Arrived at the grave, the procession halted around it, and proceeded to the last church rites with pomp and parade, accompanied by such violent and noisy expressions of grief on the part of the spectators as strongly contrasted, in my mind, with the simple solemnity and deep silence around *our* graves, when their new tenants are lowered in; a silence broken by nought but some ill-suppressed sob, or the hollow grating of the ropes on the descending coffin.

"Poor Nicolo was now laid in his narrow bed without covering or coffin; the holy water was sprinkled, and the last prayer said, and priests and relatives were hurrying away, when I took a last look into the grave where he lay dressed as for a bridal. He had not the wan and hollow look of those who die by disease; and, but for the marble whiteness of his face and neck, made whiter by the clustering of his long dark locks, and the deep shadow of the narrow grave, I could have thought he slept, so beautiful did he look; but, as I gazed, a shovel full of earth was thrown upon him; his head started and shook; another and another shovel full were thrown in on his breast; the dark earth looked strangely black on his white kilt, and, as it fell on his whiter neck and face, it seemed to smite him too rudely, and I turned away, more affected than when I had seen him in his agony."

CHAPTER V.

DR. HOWE AS A HISTORIAN.

ALTHOUGH Dr. Howe spent most of his time in Greece, from 1824 to 1830, and fought for her freedom both by land and sea—for he became surgeon-in-chief of the Greek fleet—and was, therefore, well qualified to write the story of the long contest, he yet strangely undervalued the book, "An Historical Sketch of the Greek Revolution," which he hastily wrote in the interval of his active service, and published in New York, in August, 1828. He would never revise it, and, in later years, he bought up copies and destroyed them. It has, indeed, many defects, and does not seem to have been very carefully read in proof, by the author or any friend to whom he may have entrusted it. He wrote it in five months of 1828, amid many other occupations, while advocating the claims of the Greeks to the friendship and benevolence of the American people ; and, as he says in his preface, he had hardly finished it, when he was called upon suddenly to return to Greece. He brings it down to the accession of Capo d'Istria as first President of Greece, January 19, 1828 ; but he describes very briefly the last few months of the war, which

closed virtually with the naval battle of Navarino, October 20, 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the combined squadrons of England, France, and Russia. Fighting continued for many months afterwards, and the country was long disturbed by factions, which could not tolerate a Greek ruler, and this led to the election of a foreign prince, after the assassination of Capo d'Istria by the young Mavromichalis, in October, 1831. The chief events of the war appear, however, in Dr. Howe's history; and the characters of the leading men are sketched with vigor and impartiality. It will, therefore, be useful to copy some passages from this book as well as from the published or unpublished diaries and letters of Dr. Howe, in order to illustrate better this adventurous period of his life. He must have had the purpose, at one time, of writing out more fully his own adventures, for this he began to do in those magazine sketches already quoted; but after he took up the cause of the blind in America he never found time, and he soon lost the inclination to describe the romantic, often happy, but sometimes shudderingly painful, fashion of his life. He always returned to Greece when he could revisit it—in 1844, in 1867, and, perhaps, at other times—with keen interest; he long corresponded with George Finlay, David Urquhart, and other friends whom he had found in Greece; but he was too busy with practical affairs to write a monumental history, as Finlay did, or to carry on a warfare of pamphlets, like Urquhart. Nor did he, like Trelawny, throw his recollections together in a random but fascinating book. That he might have done this, these extracts will prove:

PETRO BEY OR MAVROMICHALIS.

Argolis, and the district of Corinth were (1821), soon in revolt; but no man so much distinguished himself as Petro Mavromichalis, Bey of Maina. He had been placed by the Turks in this situation; his post was lucrative, his influence over his countrymen very great, and he had no prospect of making his condition better by the revolt; but he listened not a moment to any thought but that of the liberty of his country; and, warmly seconded by his brave brothers and sons, he led the Mainotes from their mountains, and possessed himself of Calamata, and the fine country about it. The Turks, surprised by the suddenness and generality of the insurrection, thought of nothing but personal safety; those who could escaped to the fortified towns; others hastily shut themselves up in the little towers with which the country abounds; but being without provisions they were obliged soon to yield. The news reached the Ionian Islands, and excited the greatest enthusiasm among the Greeks. Colocotroni, who had been living a kind of exile there, with his brave nephew, Niketas, immediately crossed over to the Morea; while the inhabitants prepared an expedition to follow them.

Mavromichalis has since taken a most active and prominent part in the Revolution, and his name is well known abroad. It is a pity that Waddington, whose almost every word is valuable, should say of him: "Petro Bey is a fat, dull, well-looking personage, who is addicted to no particular class of political opinions, and appears peculiarly unenlightened by any sort of foreign information. He is understood to have made great progress (for an Oriental) in the science of gastronomy, and is willing to embrace any form of government which will leave him riches, and give him peace, abundance, and security. It is then imagined, he would introduce French cookery among the Mainotes, as an excellent substitute for the indifferent potations of their Spartan ancestors." Now, all this is very fine, and for the most part true; but it should not have been said, or more should have been added to explain. Still more ungenerous is

the flippant observation of Mr. Emerson,[1] who, if he knew nothing of Mavromichalis, but that "he is a good-humored, round-faced fellow, who seems remarkable for nothing more than his appetite and epicurism," should have said nothing. It is unfair, in speaking of a public character, to set forth merely his personal defects, or one of his foibles, and leave him to be judged by that. Mavromichalis, it is true, is fat, and a gourmand; he had rather send to Marathon for lamprey eels, and luxuriously eat them from a white plate with a knife and fork than sit down on the ground with Colocotroni, and tear to pieces with his fingers, a lamb which had been roasted whole on a wooden stake by a dirty soldier, who basted it by rubbing in oil. But then he does not buy his eels, with money unjustly wrung from the peasantry; and, though he "waddles in his gait," he has been oftener seen waddling toward the enemy than from them. True, he would infinitely prefer that the Turks should come to him and fight, for he dislikes locomotion; but he would not give way an inch; and he has shown, that when they would not come to him, he could go after them.

He had enjoyed, before the Revolution, the place of Governor of Maina. That mountainous province of the Morea, which includes part of Lacedaemon, was inhabited by such a turbulent, warlike set of men, that the Turks, unable to keep it in subjection, had made a kind of compromise, and appointed a Greek to govern it, who should collect the revenues and pay them over, without the province being troubled with the presence of Mussulmans. Petro Mavromichalis was in this post when the insurrection broke out, and possessed such an influence over the Mainotes, that, separated as the province is from the rest of the Morea, by strong natural divisions, he might have prevented them from joining so soon in the revolt, and kept his own lucrative situation. But the first shot was hardly fired in the Morea, the insurrection was yet in its infancy,

[1] Not R. W. Emerson, but another American who had visited Greece.

and its result entirely uncertain, when he hastened to join it; and his subsequent exertions, the generous sacrifices of his family, the daring courage and heroic death of his sons and nephews, certainly entitle him to respect. Rev. Mr. Swan says in his journal: "In the morning we resumed our conference with Mavromichalis relative to the release of his son. Tears stood in his eyes when he told us the misfortunes of his family. One of his children fell at Carysto, another at Neo Castro, while a third was prisoner to the Turks in Modon; his brother, at this time was a member of the Senate at Napoli. These circumstances he enumerated to prove the vivacity of his patriotism, and to show the exertion his family had made. He had supported the revolution from the very commencement; and could we be the means of emancipating his son, nothing within the compass of his ability should be wanting to testify his gratitude, not though it were the last drop of his blood.

A few years later when Capo d'Istria had quarreled with this family of Mavromichalis (some of whom afterwards assassinated the President at Nauplia), Dr. Howe wrote as follows from Paris, to a certain extent justifying the old chieftain in his feud with Capo d'Istria, whom Howe had learned to look on as the oppressor of his people. In this he was partly right and partly wrong; the purposes of this first President of the Greeks were good, but he had little skill at governing, and was encompassed with difficulties of all sorts.

The venerable Mavromichalis, who so much distinguished himself during the bloody struggle for liberty, was one of Capo d'Istria's Senators, and one who, from his simplicity of character, had long been bamboozled and deceived by him; but the old man at last opened his eyes and *kicked;* and, astonished at finding he was not the free man he supposed himself, he suddenly left Napoli (not with the best intentions I grant), to

return to his own mountains, where he is venerated as a feudal lord. He left behind him a letter for Capo d'Istria—from which I extract a few sentences (for it is published):

"Among the first to obey the call of my country to arms, I have ever sought to be useful to her: the blood of my brothers, of my sons, of my relations, poured out in profusion on the soil of the Peloponesus, is proof of the devotion of my family. I seek not, from vanity, to parade my services to my country; but, for her I sacrificed a brilliant and commanding situation; for her sake I have been ten years separated from my family, afflicted by the loss of its dearest members, and reduced to the most distressing poverty. Your Excellency was called to the head of the nation in virtue of a contract which guaranteed to it a just and paternal government, and I conceal not the fact that I coöperated in your nomination, confident of the liberal sentiments which report attributed to you. What has been my surprise when I saw the first symptoms of your arbitrary measures!"

THE TWO IPSELANTIS OF FANAR.

Alexander Ipselanti was brave, without enterprise; learned, without a knowledge of men; and vain, without self-confidence. He was born at Constantinople, and educated in the light, frivolous, Fanariote style, which fitted only for intrigue. He entered into the service of Russia, where he lost an arm; and in that service he had, without military talents, arrived to the rank of a Major-General, when he was called by the Hetaria to excite, and head an insurrection in Greece. He began by sending emissaries to the different parts of Greece, not to make, on his own part, preparations; but to sound the principal men, and persuade them to make ready to receive him, as the future commander-in-chief. He made great promises, and talked in no obscure terms of assistance from Russia. He employed, among many most unworthy characters, one, whose name alone would have honored the expedition which his future exertions solely kept from being disgraceful, Captain

Georgaki, an Olympiote; who enjoyed the post of chief of the armed police under the Turks, and was thus enabled, without suspicion, to collect soldiers.

A finer opportunity to run the race of ambition could not be presented to a man of genius, than had Demetrius Ipsilanti; one of ordinary talent even, without his personal defects, might have done much; but these were great. He is about forty years of age (1828); but being small of stature, his gaunt, and almost skeleton-like figure and bald head give him the appearance of premature old age; while his nearness of sight, a disagreeable twang of the voice, and a stiff, awkward, and embarrassed manner, excite a disagreeable feeling in any one introduced to him, amounting almost to pity. But Demetrius Ipselanti has not the character which his exterior seems to indicate; he possesses that best kind of courage, a cool indifference to danger; is free from the besetting sin of his countrymen, avarice; is a sincere patriot; and, when once the reserve of first acquaintance is worn off, he proves the kind and generous friend. Unfortunately for him, he was surrounded by a set of weak-minded, vain young men, whose sole recommendation was their talent of flattering; and who probably suggested to him the idea of setting up ridiculous pretensions of superiority; which people will never submit to, in one deficient of the talent and power to enforce them.

PRINCE MAVROCORDATO.

About this time (1822) arrived at the camp from Missilonghi, Alexander Mavrocordato; a man destined entirely to eclipse the Ipselantis, and to take the lead in the Revolution. Alexander Mavrocordato (called by courtesy Prince) is of that family so dear to Greece, from the patriotic labors of some of its members, who have enjoyed high honors about the Porte. Alexander was early initiated into that system of intrigue and political cunning, which is the leading trait in the character of the Greeks of the Fanar; and he was employed as chief minis-

ter by his uncle, the Hospodar, or Prince of Moldavia. Alexander Mavrocordato is now (1828), about thirty-eight years of age; rather below the middling height, but perfectly well made; his fine olive complexion looks darker than it really is, from the jetty blackness of his hair, which hangs in ringlets about his face, and from his large mustachios and sparkling black eyes. His manners are perfectly easy and gentlemanlike; and though the first impresssion would be, from his extreme politeness, and continual smiles, that he was a good-natured, silly fop, yet one soon sees from the keen, inquisitive glances which involuntarily escape him, that he is concealing under an almost childish lightness of manner, a close and accurate study of his visitor. He speaks fluently seven languages; and, having been an accurate observer of men and manners, can make his conversations extremely instructive; his political talents are of the very first order, and his mental resources great. He has a just confidence in his own powers; but, unfortunately, he has not that personal firmness and hardihood necessary in the leader of a revolution. He cannot be called cowardly, for he will resolutely put himself in situations which he knows to be dangerous; yet, when the danger actually arrives, he, in spite of himself, loses his coolness and presence of mind. There is but one opinion in Greece about the talents of Mavrocordato, which all allow to be very great; but this is not the case in respect to his virtues. His friends ascribe every action to the most disinterested patriotism; but his enemies hesitate not to pronounce them all to have for their end his party or private interest; and they say that he would sooner subject his country to the Turks than have his political opponents get the credit of saving her. But here, as is often the case, truth lies between the two extremes. Let his enemies avow that he loves his country, and has labored hard to benefit her; and let his friends confess that he is ambitious, and has always had a considerable regard to his own political interest; thus a nearer approach to his true character will be had, As to his intriguing and crooked policy, it may be said, that his excellence in it alone kept up his influence; he could not oppose the schemes of his enemies but

by using the same arms he was attacked with: the only way to escape a mine is by countermining.

KANARIS THE ADMIRAL.

The successful accomplishment of his daring act completely established his fame; congratulations poured in upon him, and every Greek was proud of the name of Kanaris, except Kanaris himself. He is by birth an Ipsariote, and had hitherto been known only by those immediately about him, who loved him for his mildness, and goodness of heart, and respected him for his sterling integrity. No one would ever divine the character of Kanaris from his personal appearance. He is about thirty-four years of age (1828), of low stature, slender but well made; and his mild, interesting countenance bespeaks rather feminine goodness of heart than what he really possesses—a mind that knows no fear. He appears insensible to danger; and his resolutions, which might be easily altered by persuasion, are made stubborn by open opposition, and fresh obstacles are to him only inducements for fresh exertions. He loves his country with the sincere, unostentatious love of a patriot; and he calmly and steadily continues to make every exertion for her good, in the conviction that he is doing only his duty. He boasts not the performance of that, of which the neglect would be a crime, and he seems to look for no other reward than the proud consciousness of having materially contributed to his country's emancipation.

DEATH OF MARCO BOTZARIS. 1823.

Hearing that a body of Turks had been sent by Yussuf to land at Creonero, above Missilonghi, to attack him in flank, Marco immediately flew to the shore, fell upon them while landing, drove them back to their ships; and then turned to oppose the progress of Mustapha Pasha, who, with 12,000 Turks, was rapidly advancing to enter Acarnania. With an

extraordinary celerity of movement, Marco arrived at Karpenisi, and, on the plain below him, found Mustapha Pasha encamped with his whole army. The situation of Botzaris[1] was most critical; but instead of daunting him, it only called forth the whole faculties of his active mind, and nerved him for great resolves. He summoned all the wild chiefs of his band about him, and, addressing them in his persuasive way, stated the peculiar difficulties of their situation; "We have no store of provisions, our ammunition is short, our numbers are small, the passes are not strong; must we retreat then? We shall not suffer in doing so, but we shall leave this horde of barbarians to pour down upon the plains of Acarnania, and the whole country as far as Missilonghi; and to spread terror, rapine, and murder over the whole of it. We can neither maintain our post then, nor quit it with honor. But there is one resource; we will fall upon the enemy, numerous as he is; the darkness will conceal our numbers, and the surprise may overcome all his resistance; we may rout him, and the plunder of his camp may supply our wants." He then proceeded with Yonkos to arrange his plans; he chose 400 Suliotes to attend immediately about his person, and penetrate with him to the center of the enemy's camp at midnight. The rest of the men were to be divided into three parties, who should proceed to different points, and at the signal from Botzaris, were to make a simultaneous attack.

About ten o'clock, on the night of August 19, 1823, everything being arranged, Botzaris with his band of Suliotes, started on his daring undertaking. They passed the outposts of the Turks, by speaking to them in the Albanian tongue, and telling them they had come from Omer Pasha, from whom reinforcements were expected. Botzaris thus traversed a considerable part of their camp, amid the thousands who slept in confident security; he had nearly reached the center, when he sounded his bugle, and was answered by the wild shouts of

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[1] The Greek pronunciation of this name is not Bötz*a*ris, as Halleck gave it, but V*o*tzaris,—B in Greek being V.

his men, who began the work of destruction. The Turks were awakened to find enemies in the midst of them, with sabre and pistol; while the rattle of musketry from the Greeks on the outside, showed they were surrounded, and they knew not by how many. The surprise, the darkness, and the shouting, made useless all attempts to give orders; the sleeping soldier, so rudely awakened, thought only of firing his musket upon whomsoever he saw near him, without knowing whether he were friend or foe; and in a few minutes the whole camp was a scene of uproar and confusion, in which each one thought only of safety in flight. Amid all this Botzaris pushed on, animating his men to deal death around them, shouting aloud, and calling them to follow him to the tent of the Pasha, which he had nearly reached, when suddenly his voice was hushed; he fell, struck by a random shot, and died in an instant. The victory was complete, considerable numbers of Turks were slain, the army was dispersed, and their camp plundered: but it was a dearly bought victory. Greece could not rejoice at it, for she had lost her bravest and best chief.

LORD BYRON IN GREECE.

[One of the last letters written by Botzaris was to Byron, then at Cefalonia; and when the poet reached Missolonghi, he took the Suliots of Botzaris into his pay. His career in Greece was brief, but it is one of the most pleasing portions of his strange life, and Dr. Howe never failed to applaud it. In his "History" is this passage.]

With the faults and foibles of Byron, Greece had nothing to do, she knew nothing of them; to her he was only *ὅ Μεγάλος καὶ Καλός*—"the great and good."[1] Greece knew him only

[1] Crossing the Gulf of Salamis one day in a boat with a rough mountain captain and his men, I pulled out a volume of Byron's works, and was reading. The wind blowing open the leaves, the Captain caught a glimpse of the portrait, and recognized it. He begged to take the book, and looking for a moment with melancholy at the face of the noble lord, he kissed it and passed it to his men, saying, *ῆτον μεγάλος καὶ Καλος*—"He was great and good."

as the man whose early admiration of her, expressed in the strong and glowing language of poetic genius had served to fix the attention of many upon her; as the man who when she rose, and commenced her struggle for freedom, while her prospects were yet uncertain and dark, left the enjoyments of those pleasures and luxuries, which wealth and exalted station could command, to share with her privations and danger; to expend in her cause, his fortune; and to sacrifice in her service, and on her shore, his life. If there was a man whose Philhellenism was ardent and unaffected; if there was a man whose wishes for the good of Greece, and whose exertions to promote it, were sincere, strong, and untiring; if there was a man who merits her everlasting gratitude—that man was Byron, and Byron will have it.

KARRAISKAKIS, THE GREEK GIPSY.

Karraiskakis, at his death in 1827, was about forty years of age; rather above the common height and slender, but without anything very remarkable in his personal appearance. He was probably, a natural son of the famous chief Iskó and had distinguished himself before the war as a daring Klepht. He was unlettered but had a great fund of natural shrewdness, and an apparently intuitive perception of character. His former faults were forgotten, and he was at last confided in more than any other chief; he never distressed the government for money, never harassed the peasantry. To his courage and skill in mountain warfare he added the greatest prudence, and was as able in deceiving as fighting his enemy. At this particular crisis, his loss was an irreparable one to Greece. His wound had been slightly dressed on shore, and he was then carried on board one of the vessels of Lord Cochrane; here he was examined,[1] and found to be mortally wounded. His desire to see Cochrane was extreme; and when his lordship came on board,

[1] By Dr. Howe himself.

and began to pay him some high compliments on his past actions, the dying chief waved his hand with an impatient air, to cut him short, and said *ὅτι ἔκαμα, ἔκαμα; ὅτι ἔγινε, ἔγινε; Τῶρα, διὰ τὸ μέλλον;* — "What I have done, I have done; what has happened, has happened; now for the future." He then entered into an anxious and long conversation about the prospects of the country; he ended by solemnly charging Cochrane to watch over the interests of Greece; and then attended to the arrangements for his family.[1]

In the gallery of chieftains and statesmen and naval commanders whose portraits, statues, and busts adorn a room in one of the great government museums at Athens, is the lovely grave-monument of Botzaris, as well as excellent portraits of him, of old Mavromichalis and his sons and nephews, of Niketas, etc.—vigorous, handsome, wilful men, such as Kentucky and Carolina used to send forth in the years before our civil war. They are brilliantly dressed in the Albanian costume, with pistols at their belts and swords by their sides or in their hands; and they fully justify by their bearing the character which Dr. Howe has given them here.

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[1] George Finley, in his History of the Revolution, has a striking description of Karraiskakis, and remarks that he was of gipsy blood; this is confirmed to the eye by his portrait in the gallery at Athens which I saw in March 1890. I have heard Dr. Howe describe at more length the death of the chief. He was then on board the vessel of Captain Hastings off Piraeus.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. HOWE COLONIZES CORINTH AND LEAVES GREECE.

TWICE has Howe engaged in a fruitless effort to take Crete away from the Turks—in 1826, and again in 1866–67. He describes the first failure at some length in his history. The expedition was composed of 1,200 Greeks and Philhellenes, commanded by a Russian Greek, named Calliergi; it succeeded in capturing the strong Venetian fortress of Grabousa, or Garabusi, in the northwest of Crete, which the Turks were eighteeen years in taking by siege from the Venetians. Eleven Cretans surprised it in 1826, and Calliergi held it for months; but could gain no footing on the main island of Crete. Dr. Howe said in 1857:

> In 1826, among other adventurous affairs, I went with the small expedition that made an inroad into Crete. I was shut up some time in the rocky fortress of Garabusi, and had some difficulty in getting off alive. . In 1827, I served with Hastings on board the steamer *Perseverance,* and was in the action at Piraeus, Oropos, Volo, etc.[1] I had been induced by Mavrocordato and others to organize something like a regular surgical service in the fleet, and was appointed with the high-sounding title of *Archichirurgos* or Surgeon-in-chief.

[1] These are described at some length in Howe's history. Oropos is near Marathon; Volo farther north.

In one of my journeyings I found a sick straggler, a deserter probably from the present army, who was by trade a wheelwright. After curing him up, I got him to build a cart, and it was such a marvel that the peasantry flocked from all the neighboring district to see it, having never seen a wheeled vehicle before.

Afterwards I applied to the Government, and obtained a large tract of land upon the Isthmus of Corinth, where I founded a colony of exiles. We put up cottages, procured seed, cattle, and tools, and the foundations of a flourishing village were laid. Capo d'Istria had encouraged me in the plan of the colony, and made some promises of help, The Government granted ten thousand *stremmata*[1] of land to be free from taxes for five years: but they could not give much practical help. I was obliged to do everything, and had only the supplies sent out by the American committees to aid me. The colonists, however, coöperated, and everything went on finely. We got cattle and tools, ploughed and prepared the earth, got up a school-house and a church.

Everything went on finely, and we extended our domain over to the neighboring port of Cenchræa, where we had cultivated ground and a harbor. This was perhaps the happiest part of my life. I was alone among my colonists, who were all Greeks. They knew I wanted to help them, and they let me have my own way. I had one civilized companion for awhile, David Urquhart, the eccentric Englishman, afterwards M. P. and pamphleteer. I had to journey much to and from Corinth, Napoli, etc., always on horseback, or in boat, and often by night. It was a time and place where law was not; and sometimes we had to defend ourselves against armed and desperate stragglers from the bands of soldiers now breaking up. We had many "scrimmages," and I had several narrow escapes with life. In one affair Urquhart showed extraordinary pluck and courage, actually disarming and taking prisoner two robbers, and marching them before him into the village. I labored here

[1] The *Stremma* is 4,840 English square yards, above an acre.

day and night, in season and out, and was governor, legislator, clerk, constable, and everything but *patriarch;* for, though I was young, I took to no maiden, nor ever thought about womankind but once. The Government (or rather, Capo d'Istria, the President) treated the matter liberally—for a Greek—and did what he could to help me.

I found at Athens, in 1870, the correspondence between Capo d'Istria and Dr. Howe on this subject, printed in the great volumes of the unfortunate President's correspondence which his brother edited long afterwards. The colony was near the present railway station of Hexamilia, on the way from the new town of Corinth to Argos. It extended southeast from Hexamilia towards Cenchræa, and was nearer to the Isthmian sanctuary than to New Corinth, which was only founded in 1858. Old Corinth lay on the northwest side of Acro-Corinth, from Dr. Howe's village. Mrs. Howe gives these particulars of his visit there in 1844: "To this spot his travels brought him after an interval of many years. As he rode through the principal street of the village the elder people began to take note of him, and to say one to another: 'This man looks like Howe.' At length they cried: 'It must be Howe himself!' His horse was surrounded, and his progress stayed. A feast was immediately prepared for him in the principal house of the place, and a throng of friends, old and new, gathered around him, eager to express their joy in seeing him. This is only one of many scenes which fully attested the grateful recollection in which his services were held by the people of Greece."

Concerning his campaigns in Greece, Dr. Howe said in 1857:

I liked the excitement immensely; the dangers gave zest to it, and I was as happy as youth, health, a good cause, and tolerably clean conscience could make me. *Inter nos*—I think I was unconscious of any purpose usually called selfish. I wanted no money, and got none. I did not think about other glory than the approval of those about me. These circumstances, I think, together with my familiarity with their language, and my sharing their hardships, made me a favorite with the soldiers, the peasantry, etc.; whereas most of the foreigners were not so. They came usually for personal distinction, and for honor; they were brave, longed to expose themselves, and be distinguished, and were generally discontented and disappointed because there was hard fare, hard marches, and no glory. Many and many a poor fellow have I known—Germans, Swiss, French, or English—who came with high hopes and ambition, who were only disappointed. Many could not bear to wait; they disliked the poor fare, the exposure, the poverty; but, above all, the lack of glory—gazetting glory. Some were killed; some were broken down and died on marches; some took to *raki* (rum [1]); some deserted, and but very few got off alive. My desire was to help along the cause. I cared not for what I ate, or what I wore, or whether anybody knew me; and therefore the people and soldiers rather took to me. I had many friends in humble life, God help them! I can say sincerely that I found the Greeks kindly affectioned, trustful, grateful, and, as far as my intercourse with them went, honest people. They always treated me as well as I wished to be treated.

To these remarks there were some exceptions. Dr. Howe early learned to dislike Colocotroni, the old chieftain, once very prominent in the war for independence, and whose grandchildren occupy honorable positions in the present kingdom of Greece. Colocotroni commanded in 1821 at the taking of Tripolitza, a rich town held by the Turks, and Howe

[1] More exactly, *brandy*.

relates in his history how the chieftain enriched himself with the plunder of the inhabitants. "Among those who came out was a Jew, one of the richest men in the place, who wore in his belt a pair of rich gold-mounted pistols, sparkling with diamonds. These attracted the eye of Colocotroni. 'Ha!' cried he, 'a Jew, and armed! this must not be;' and seizing them, he stuck them into his own belt as a lawful prize. By treachery he gained, and by treachery he lost, them; I saw them in 1827 glittering at the waist of Grivas, Commander of Napoli. Colocotroni had tried to bribe one of his soldiers to open the gate of the town in the night to him; the soldier took the pistols in part pay and presented them to his master, disclosing to him the plot." Concerning an experience of his own with Colocotroni, Dr. Howe said in 1857, after relating how he carried cargoes of gifts from America to Greece:

A good part of one of the cargoes was lost to the people by reason of the ignorance of Greek affairs by one of the supercargoes. I was not at hand when he arrived, and one of the Palikari chiefs (Grivas, if I recollect) represented himself as the Government, and got a great haul for his soldiers. Colocotroni also tried to get possession of five hundred barrels of flour which I had landed near Patras, and I had to beard the old savage. He threatened to shoot me; but I was too "mad" to be a afraid, and he cooled off. I had despatched a messenger to the American ship of war then lying by chance at Psara, and without knowing whether she would come, had told the old robber that she would fire into the town. Presently she did come up, and the captain sent to protect me as an American.

This was Captain Patterson, on the famous frigate

Constitution ("Old Ironsides"). In his volume of 1828, Dr. Howe mentions this incident, and says: "Colocotroni stopped the distribution to the poor by force, and was preparing to divide the spoil with Grivas and Foutoumaris (they had not yet quarreled) when a spirited remonstrance from Captain Patterson procured the restoration of the provisions to the agent of the committee"—who was Dr. Howe.

This distribution of supplies took place before the colonization of Corinth, which was Howe's latest service in the Greek revolution; but he continued to interest himself in Greek affairs, and was warm against Capo d'Istria in 1831. He then wrote:

I am tired with citing instances of the illiberal and tyrranical measures of Capo d'Istria, or I could go on to show that he has in hundreds of instances violated public and private rights. Supported by the robber Colocotroni, and having in his pay some eight or ten thousand irregular troops, whom he pampers with the subsidies sent from Europe for the improvement of the people, his only object seems to be to rein-in the spirit of improvement which is abroad among the people, and to encourage only those feelings and those institutions which tend to secure obedience to his measures. If any one thing more than another has tended to disgust the Greeks with Capo d'Istria and his measures, it is the introduction of a swarm of Corfiotes, and other Sept-insulars, with which he has inundated the country and filled every office. Corfu having been under the protection (or rather jurisdiction) of England, its inhabitants not only took no part in the war of the revolution, but incurred the hatred and ill-will of the patriots engaged in the struggle, by a ridiculous affectation of superiority, aud by denying themselves to be Greeks—they were English citizens forsooth! Now Capo d'Istria being a Corfiote, as soon as the dangers of the war were passed, not only his brothers and cousins, to the

nineteenth generation, flocked over to enjoy the dear-bought liberties of the country, but hundreds of others followed, and were immediately put into office. Men were sent to govern towns and provinces where they had not only never heard a shot fired, but where they were regarded as strangers, if not enemies; while the Mavrocordatos and the Tricoupis, the Miaulis and the Conduriottis, who had borne the heat and burden of the war, were left in obscurity, or languished in honorable poverty, the new and unheard-of name of Yanitas and Viarros, of Mavroymi, and Mavromatis are mentioned in every degree of government. The elevation of Viarro, the President's eldest brother, to the higher offices in the State, is one of the most astonishing instances of his want of prudence and common political honesty. This man, taken from the mine of Corfu, at the age of sixty, is made at one and the same time Minister of War, and civil Governor of a large province, and charged *pro tem.* with the Marine Department, and the General Intendancy of the Police! His brother Augustin, a fool at fifty, a gray-headed dandy, a milksop, a man who had never worn an epaulette even on parade, or heard the thunder of a shotted gun, is suddenly placed at the head of the army, and saluted with the title of Lieutenant-General Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Western Greece!! Shades of Botzaris and Ulysses, startle ye at that sound?

Concerning the Greek character in 1831–32, Dr. Howe thus writes:

We say the Greeks have received an extraordinary impulse which is sending them rapidly forward in the race of civilization, of moral and political improvement; nor has this impulse been given within a few years; all intelligent travelers in Turkey within the last century have been struck with the difference between the Greeks and the Armenians, the Jews and other nations placed in circumstances exactly similar to their own, under the gripe of the Porte. While the latter have remained stationary, content to be the hewers of wood and the

drawers of water for their haughty masters, the subtle Greeks, improving every opportunity of gaining knowledge and enlightenment from Europe, gradually insinuated themselves into power aud place, until the Divan or Constantinople presented the curious political anomaly of a despotic power virtually wielded by slaves; for who does not know that the Soutzos, the Mavrocordatos and the other Greek Dragomans (interpreters to the Porte), had unbounded influence in its councils for many years in succession? When we reflect on what this truly intellectual people have been; when we consider that everything which remains of them shows how they were in advance even of our proud age in many important points; when we see our sculptors and our architects, our poets and our orators, making their mightiest efforts, exerting the boldest stretches of their genius merely to imitate the mutilated and imperfect fragments of Grecian works which have come down to us over a waste of two thousand years; when we see, I say, that their descendants possess the same happy physical organization, inhabit the same delicious and salubrious clime, and are manifesting some glimmering of rekindling spirit, we cannot but indulge the hope that something great may yet be expected from them.

The hope of Greece is in her rising generation; in those young and elastic spirits whose energies, and whose manly feelings have never been crushed by the weight of Turkish despotism. But if this rising generation is educated into submission to, and reverence for, a government which violates every right of the citizen, and mocks at the palladium of the Constitution, how can they acquire the stern feeling of independence which animates the freeman to a disregard of every personal interest in the acquisition of true civil liberty? It were better that the fear of the bowstring and the scimitar should have kept the fathers a few years longer in order, than that the sons should serve such a political apprenticeship as makes them the willing tools of a despot. The Greek revolution was the birthday of the Greek nation, which had been, to all intents and purposes, politically dead. It is of immense importance that the political

education of the people should be a good one; it is of consequence not only to their improvement and civilization, but to the future peace and tranquility of the country.

In one of his journeys from Corinth to Napoli, in 1829–30, Howe delayed by night on the marshy plain of Argos, and took the fever of the swamp, which assumed a very severe type, and he came near dying. Finally he was obliged to leave the country in the spring of 1830, but had the satisfaction of knowing that Greece was free. He went through Italy, and tarried awhile in Switzerland to get thoroughly free from his fever in the mountain air. In July, 1830, he was in Paris, and saw all the July Revolution of the "*three days*." "I had before seen something of Lafayette," he wrote, "and when he finally resolved to put himself at the head of the revolt, I made one of the small band who escorted him from his home to the Hotel de Ville. I knew it was none of my business, but I could not help joining in and cheering on the revolution. Afterwards I went to Brussels and saw part of the *scrimmage* there." This resulted, soon after, in the independence of Belgium. He next attended lectures in Paris during the winter of 1830–31, seeing much of Lafayette, and of Cooper, the novelist, who then lived in Paris. In 1831 he returned to the United States, and cast about what to do, for he did not like to enter on the practice of his doctor's profession. "I had then a good deal of nonsense about me, and I did not like the notion of charging money for medical services." He had some negotiation about taking charge of the negro colony of Liberia, but happily it failed. In the meantime he wrote much about Greece and the Orient, and became

interested through his friend, Dr. Fisher, in the project for teaching the blind in Boston. "In a few days I made an arrangement to take charge of the enterprise, then only in embryo, and started at once for Europe, to get the necessary information, engage teachers, etc., and I visited the schools in France and England." He was also visiting Germany on the same errand, when more important things detained him, as we shall now see.

CHAPTER VII.

IMPRISONMENT IN BERLIN.

In the winter of 1831–32, being in Paris with Lafayette, Cooper, the American novelist, and other friends of the defeated Poles, whose insurrection against the Czar Nicholas had been suppressed in the autumn previous, Dr. Howe was made chairman of an "American-Polish Committee," and, at the suggestion of Lafayette, who gave him a letter of instructions, he undertook to visit Prussian Poland, and carry money for clothing and food to the Polish refugees along the Vistula and in the neighborhood of Elbing. It was a delicate mission, and *risky*, but Dr. Howe performed it, and did carry the funds and distribute them, much to the relief of the patriots and the annoyance of the Prussian Government, by whose orders he was secretly arrested and imprisoned upon his return to Berlin. There he lay in a cell alone, in secret, some six weeks, and suffered not a little. He says in the autobiograhy, "I did contrive to make friends with the turnkey, and got some letters out, before I was finally liberated and pitched over the French frontier by night." These letters have been preserved, and will presently be given. I have heard Dr. Howe relate this adventure—never

unless he was urged to do so—but then with interest and amusement. Ordinarily he took the same view of his exploits and perils that Trelawny expresses concerning his own adventures in Greece. "Our ambuscades, onslaughts, rock-fighting, forays," says Trelawny,[1] "stalking Turkish cavalry, intermingled with conferences, treaties, squabbles, intrigue and constant change, were exciting at the time; so was the Caffre war to those engaged in it; but as they are neither edifying nor amusing to write, nor to read about, I shall not record them." Howe, writing to Horace Mann in 1857, before Trelawny's book was published, said: "I, of course, led an adventurous life, and had some hair-breadth escapes—but they are not worth recalling. I have never thought them of any importance, and avoided talking about them, even to intimate friends." This time, however, he made an exception to the rule, and related to his colleagues of the Board of State Charities, in 1872, how he had fared at the hands of the Prussian soldiers and police forty years before. He said that, when ordered to leave the Polish frontier, he mounted his horse and journeyed southwest towards Berlin, without concern. But in course of the first day he noticed a horseman or two following him, not overtaking or seemingly wishing to overtake him; but only to keep him in sight across those vast plains of Prussian Poland. He entered Berlin and went to his hotel, conscious that he might be visited by the police; and so he was, the same evening. He had taken Lafayette's letter and some other compromising papers, and

[1] *Record*, Vol. II, p. 124 (London, 1878).

put them up the hollow head of a bust of the King of Prussia, which surmounted his great stove; then he tore up a few unimportant papers and threw them into the stove, and into the wash-basin; this being done, he admitted the police officers, who gathered up the pieces in sight, but did not search for treason in the head of the old king. They took him to prison the last day of February, 1832, and when he was released, in April, he never went back to his room at the hotel, but a friend afterwards found his papers safe there, and carried them to him in France. He was released at the demand of Mr. W. C. Rives, of Virginia, who was then American Minister at Paris, and who became aware of his secret imprisonment by a fortunate accident. Dr. Howe, on the day of his arrival in Berlin, had met a friend from America, Albert Brisbane, the well-known disciple of Fourier, who, calling the next day at the hotel named on Dr. Howe's card, could find no trace of him. It was denied that any American had been there, but Mr. Brisbane, learning the visit of the police the night before, became suspicious, and wrote at once to Mr. Rives. The case was investigated, and a requisition made upon the Prussian Government for the person of an American citizen, unjustly detained. "After repeated denials on the one hand, and a creditable persistence on the other," says Mrs. Howe, the point was yielded, and Dr. Howe regained his liberty, but not until he had made a journey of six hundred miles in a carriage with two *gendarmes*, who released him just outside the Prussian frontier, with an admonition never to cross it again. The rest of the story may be given in Howe's own words:

TWO LETTERS TO DR. JOHN D. FISHER.

BERLIN PRISON,
March 20, 1832.

I have oft dated my letters to you from queer, out-of-the-way places; from city and from camp, from mountain, from cottage, and, I believe, from caverns; but never did it enter into my imagination that I should write you from the cell of a prison; and that, too, by stealth, on a bit of brown paper (in which my candle had been wrapped), with a stub of a pencil coaxed from a turnkey, and by the glimmer of light that comes from a close-grated window. Yet so it is; here I am, as sure and fast as bars and bolts and stone walls can keep me. Here I have been for the last twenty days, and here may I be for the next twenty months, for aught I know. But that I am in prison is not all; that my cell is but eight feet wide, is not the worst of it; my imprisonment is of a kind which to us poor ignorant mortals in America is unknown. It is called the (*au secret*) *secret*; that is, no one can write to me, or send me a word of consolation; nor can I communicate my situation to a single friend; even a newspaper is prohibited, lest perchance I should see that some one had got notice of my being in prison.

Good Heaven! you will say, has the fellow plotted high treason, or shot one of the King's deer, or refused to give the wall to a prince of the blood? Neither, my dear sir; nor any other human law have I broken, that I know of; but, though I have again and again vainly called for a copy of the accusations against me; though I have demanded to know my offence, and to be confronted with my accusers; though I have appealed to the laws of the land, and to judgment; and though to all these my demands, I have not been able to get the least answer, still I cannot pretend ignorance of my offence. It is rank! It smells to Heaven! I have administered some succor and consolation to that gallant remnant of the Polish army, which took refuge in Prussia. I have endeavored to distribute to the poor, half-naked soldiers, the generous contributions of the American public; and the tangible proof which they received

of its sympathy at a moment when they thought themselves abandoned by all the world so encouraged them, and enraged the Prussian authorities, that the latter have rewarded me with this lodging gratis. I am, *aux frais de l'Etat*, the nation's guest; that is the only explanation I can give of it.

But I forgot that you are probably unacquainted with that which has been continually in my mind for the two months past, viz., the singularly interesting, I may say heroic, situation of this last relic of the gallant army of Poland. At the end of their bloody struggle, being determined never to yield to, or live under, the Russians, they entered the Prussian territories, and laid down their arms, on the condition of being left at full liberty to direct their steps whither they would. For the last two months, however, every possible measure has been taken to induce them to reënter Poland. But it being found that argument, entreaties, and threats, were alike useless, as long as the officers remained with their men, these were separated from them—those officers being dragged away by force who hesitated to obey; and a few only succeded in remaining, by disguising themselves as common soldiers. It was a sad day—that of parting; it seemed like separating a band of brothers; and many an officer, feigning, or really making himself sick, remained weeks afterwards near his men, receiving news from them only by night. The officers were sent off to France, whither they all demanded to go; and you might have seen these gallant fellows, without their swords, their once splendid uniforms soiled and torn, seated by dozens, on bundles of straw in the carts of the peasantry, and transported along the highroads in midwinter, leaving behind them country and home, and all they held dear, going they hardly knew whither. I shall never forget the day, when at Dirrone, a little village near the Vistula,[2] I met with three cartloads of these heroes, all young and splendid-looking fellows. Our stage-coach had

[1] In the autumn of 1831.

[2] Between Dantzic and Elbing.

stopped at the tavern, and a dozen people were standing at the door; as the carts passed, the Germans gazed with their round unmeaning eyes; but not a voice was heard, not a hand was raised, not a hat was waved in the air. There was no sympathy in their souls, or if there was, they dared not express it; for the Argus eyes of the police were there. I forgot the police and everything else but the feelings natural to man; and imprudently yielding to that impulse, I waved my hat in the air, and shouted, "*Honneur! Honneur aux braves!*" The Poles looked up, surprised at the sound, and pointed me out to each other; as they raised their caps to return my salute, they cried, "*Vive la France!*" Poor fellows, they took me for a Frenchman; they had, as yet, found so little sympathy, that they seemed astonished at this instance of it; and, as they waved their caps, long after passing me, and endeavored to express their thanks in their looks, it so affected me, that I turned away to hide a womanish weakness; and left the Germans to stare and wonder what the de'il could have moved me.

You know (or you do not know) that while in Paris I had taken much interest in the fate of the refugees; and when I was about to leave for Germany, it was proposed to me by General Lafayette, and the American committee, that I should take charge of part of the contributions, and aid with them such of the Poles as I should fall in with, and who should be suffering; and this I most gladly undertook. On my route hither I met many who seemed badly in need, but most of them would not own it; they wanted, they said, to get to France; and some to whom I sent assistance returned me the half, as being more than they needed; but all begged me to go to their soldiers, from whom they had been separated as by force. "There," said they, "you may do good—you may save them from entering Poland, from worse than death; they are abandoned by all whom they can call friends, and your presence will cheer and encourage them; for you have with you the tangible proof of the sympathy of your generous countrymen. Go and see with your own eyes, the most devoted and generous soldiery in the world." "Alas!" said several, "our poor ignorant soldiers are better than we—better

than our leaders; they felt only love for Poland, and hatred to Russia; we had other passions. But go—go and see the poor fellows; many will be in want of clothing before now."

Could I hesitate? When I had finished my affairs in Berlin, I started off to see with my own eyes the situation of the soldiers, hoping there at once to find proper objects on whom to bestow all the charities of which I was the bearer. I found them indeed suffering, morally and physically; that is, depressed in spirits, and anxious about the future, and but miserably clad, very many being entirely shirtless. To my surprise, too, I found I could not give them anything without demanding permission of the Prussian commander; this I did, nor could he refuse me, though he granted a growling, unwilling assent. I immediately set about making a contract for shirts, etc.; but before they were finished, I received an order to quit the neighborhood of the army instantly; an order accompanied by a force to put it in execution. It was in vain that I pleaded the protection which my passport gave me—that I urged the permission given me by the commander, Schmidt; he, himself, had given the counter-order, and forbade me distributing anything to the Poles, or seeing them, even in the presence of a Prussian officer. "You have had time," said he, "to make your contract; let your distribution be made by Prussian agents." I wished to give the things myself—to tell the poor fellows whence they came, and comfort them with the assurance of the sympathy felt for them in America. But the aid-de-camp hurried me off *nolens volens.*

I came then to Berlin to attend to my affairs, little thinking I was running my head into a trap; for, though in the order which I received from Schmidt to quit the army, he told me that I was suspected of being an emissary, I was so confident in my own innocence, that I despised the thought of skulking out of Prussia as I might have done, and slipped into Saxony. What was my astonishment, then, on arriving here, to find myself arrested, stripped of everything, lugged to prison, and locked up in a cell, without being able to get one word of explanation. The next day came the long-faced, solemn scribe,

to question me on the events of my life, beginning with my sorry birth; writing down my answers without ever lifting his little eyes from his paper, and going off with my whole biography under his arm, without ever thanking me for the information. Then came cross-questionings, and pumpings of various kinds, but no communications to me from without; no assurance that my friends knew what had become of me. All this, you may imagine, did put up my Yankee blood; and perhaps my answers were not always obsequious enough for the atmosphere; nevertheless, they were true ones. For the last ten days, however, I have been left alone; and, though I cannot find out of what I am accused, I am not tormented by questions.

Do what you choose with the general information I have given you, but do not publish this letter with my name, which has been thrust too much on the public. But if, however, by the next packet you should not hear of my release, then, for God's sake, do what you can for me. I appear to make light of it, and show a bold front, but I assure you it is no trifle; we have no ambassadors here; I am in the hands of arbitrary men; I have served a cause which they detest; and my heart sinks at the thought of my strength wasting away in this miserable cell, and my health gradually giving way under the influence of the foul, unwholesome air I breathe. Others have suffered years for but light words spoken; and it may be that I have given mortal offence by cheering and encouraging those whom it seems to have been their object to reduce by utter despair.

March 24, 1832.

My Dear Fisher—I should be perfectly miserable could I suppose that you should not have received the letter which I wrote you from Berlin previous to my leaving it, on the business it was my duty to be about, for what I supposed would be a six or ten days' affair, but which has, to my surprise, as well as my grief and indignation, led to my imprisonment. I say, I should be miserable, for in that case it might be supposed that

I had engaged in some political intrigue; that I had neglected the duties of my mission, and got into prison through my own fault. I trust, however, that you did get that letter, which will explain how, acting upon the spirit of my engagement, I considered myself at liberty to make "some little digression from my route, at my own expense." And in leaving Berlin for Elbing,[1] I thought of doing a deed only of charity and of humanity; which might, indeed, get me the ill-will of a government like that of Russia or Austria, but not of one so civilized and Christian as Prussia. I was free from all political connection, or design; and yet (do you believe it?) I cannot persuade them here that even my voyage to Europe had not a political object in view. They think that my examining the institutions for the blind in Germany was but a pretext to cover another intention; and acting up to this, and in the absence of any representative of our government here, they have dared imprison me, put me *au secret*, and have kept me here three weeks without even telling me of what I am *suspected!*

This will sound strange in your ears, that in a country like Prussia, where laws and judges exist, a stranger should thus be shut up in the cell of a common prison; that he should not be permitted to see a soul, nor receive a line from a friend, nor an assurance that his friends know what has become of him. It is only within a day or two that I have been permitted to write, and as my letters must pass under the eyes of those who have thus cruelly trampled on my rights, and the laws of justice, I must speak of my treatment in such qualified terms as my indignation will permit me, lest they should not permit my letters to pass. I'll be cool, then, and let you know where and how I am—snug enough, between four granite walls, in a wee bit cell, fast barred and bolted, and writing by the light which comes in from a little grated window, or air hole, eight feet from the floor. I am kept in perfect seclusion; not a newspaper is allowed, to tell me how the world wags without; and

[1] A town then of 20,000 people, thirty-five miles southeast of Dantzic, and near the Polish frontier.

not a sound disturbs my meditations, save the clang of the sentinel's heel, as he paces up and down the corridor.

> "'Tis a weary life this,
> Arches above, and bolts and bars around me;"

But I keep a good heart, and recollect when I was shut up in a little castle in Candia,[1] with no food but biscuit, and the Moslem dogs whetting their sabres to dissect us when we should have eaten all our bread, and been forced to come out. Even as I escaped then, shall I be again delivered from the Philistines who persecute me. As for food, I do not complain in that respect; plain food is no hardship for me, but though I had Very's or Beauvillier's bill of fare to choose from, still wonld I say,

> "Give me a morsel on the green sward rather,
> Coarse as you will the cooking; let the fresh spring
> Bubble beside my napkin, and the free birds
> Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough
> To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites:
> Your prison feasts I like not."

It is not this which torments me—it is the delay, it is the loss of time, it is the distracting thought that it may be supposed at home that I have neglected my duty. Let no conclusion be drawn till I am heard in my defence. Were I free from any engagement, I would hold this imprisonment as a mere trifle. I would laugh at men who can thus punish me for doing what they must approve if they have a spark of humanity.

I went to carry comfort and consolation to the gallant relic of that army of heroes who fought so long and so gloriously in the purest cause man can draw sword for; they were abandoned by all the world, as they thought; they were suffering physically and morally; they were standing on the frontiers of Prussia, near to their own lost land, yet resisting every effort to induce them to enter it. I went in the name of thousands of my fellow-citizens to clothe those who were naked, and to say to all

[1] The fortress of Grabousa in 1826, mentioned on page 78.

that they had the sympathies and the hearty good wishes of America. I did this openly at midday, and for a reward I have the solitary cell of a common prison. I am put into the abode of murderous thieves and outlaws; yet, from the bottom of my cell, I can put my hand on my heart, and say sincerely, I would not change situations with those who have thought it their duty to put me here. How long my imprisonment may last I know not, nor should the thought of that annoy me, were it not for my engagement in America—that is the thorn in my side. However, let me make the best of it; I could not have got home before the rising of Congress, we could not have done much without assistance from the different Legislatures, and the Trustees will be relieved from all expenses during the time I am not employed about their business. Besides, it may be that the Trustees granted the request which I addressed them from Paris, to have permission to quit their business long enough to visit the Colony which I established in Greece. The Colony, God bless it! am I not a happy fellow (*dear Fisher*), hardly thirty, and a bachelor, to have two hundred children—for all the Colonists call me *patera*—which in the vernacular means "Father."

I say, in case the Trustees granted that request (though I always acted on the supposition that they would not), I shall be a happy fellow. I would cheerily support my misfortune, since they imagine the poor services I have rendered the unfortunate Poles are important enough to merit a long imprisonment. I will try to civilize the spiders in my cell, or find out whether there are any blind among the bed-bugs; or, perchance I can tame the mouse that nibbles my slipper. Poor fellow! he must fare hard here, to come to that; I have, in my day, eaten jack-ass meat, but never tried the hide; nevertheless, with the aid of Papin's Digester. But a truce with joking, I am rambling from home to Greece, from Greece to Poland, and even into a Digester; you'll think me mad and not sad. But I have need to keep my spirits rattling about everything but the dark side of the prospect before me; which (I fear not to contemplate it, however) is that of long confinement, of hope

deferred, of strength gradually wasting away from inaction of health yielding to the attacks of anxiety and the influence of the foul, unwholesome air I breathe. But no! before that, my country will make her voice heard; I trust she will not let the humblest of her citizens long suffer as unjustly and undeservedly as I do.

I say I can look on the very worst side of the picture, without flinching, or feeling inclined to crouch and cringe, and beg forgiveness. No! I am proud of what I have done, I shall ever be so. Let not then my friends have any anxiety about my personal safety. I trust ere long to assure them and you of that in person, as also how truly I remain your friend,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

P. S. I have got hold of some German works on the education of the blind. I did not know of their existence in France. I hope, if pen and paper are granted me here, to translate some good things. If by the next packet you hear not of my liberation, then do all that can be done for me. I trust our government will know how to redress the wrongs done its citizens.

Dr. Howe's fellow-countrymen in Paris, who had served with him on the American Polish Committee, felt bound, upon his return to France from his Prussian dungeon, to explain to the world how and why he had acted as he did. Accordingly Mr. Cooper and Prof. Morse prepared, and the other members of the committee signed with them, the following paper:

STATEMENT OF THE AMERICAN CCMMITTEE IN PARIS.

The moment of terminating its trust having arrived, the American Polish Committee believes itself bound to render an account of its organization and proceedings to that portion of their fellow-citizens whose liberality was the cause of its existence.

The manner in which the contributions for the succor of the Poles was made is generally known. The money was remitted to General Lafayette, with the request that he would see it handed over to the Polish treasury, in the event of its being received in time to be of aid in the struggle; with an understanding that it was to be applied to the relief of the sufferers, should it be too late for the principal object. The first remittance having arrived in France after the fall of Warsaw, the money was necessarily devoted to its second destination. Had it reached him earlier, the task of General Lafayette would have been limited to paying it over and receiving in return vouchers which he would have been able to show to all interested. Bnt, under the circumstances. he found himself possessed of considerable sums, without any direct responsibility, and, we may add, charged with duties of a laborious and delicate character, which his other employments would scarcely permit him to perform with sufficient fidelity. With his usual tact and judgment, he decided to appeal to the Americans at Paris for assistance.

The American Polish Committee was formed in obedience to the written requisition of General Lafayette. The Committee assumed the office of keeping the accounts, of investigating the merits of applicants for relief, of deciding on their reception, and of doing all things properly connected with the faithful discharge of a trust so sacred. As the members of the Committee felt, however, that they were unauthorized to act by those who had furnished the contributions, the resolutions of organization were so framed as to contain a clause which rendered it necessary to the validity of their acts to refer all their decisions to General Layfayette. Although the accounts were kept by the Committee through their Secretary, the money was deposited to the credit of General Lafayette, and was only drawn for use by his drafts. The Committee deems these explanations necessary to its own vindication in assuming powers with which it was not more regularly invested.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of Massachusetts, having been especially named in communications from America as commis-

sioner to act in behalf of some of the contributors, and having been particularly designated in the requisitions of General Lafayette as one whom he would wish to see on the Committee, was appointed its Chairman. This choice was made, in addition to the considerations connected with the personal claims of the candidate, in deference to the wish of General Lafayette, and as furnishing the nearest approach that the case allowed, to what might be esteemed the selection of a respectable portion of the contributors at home. Several weeks elapsed after the regular organization of the Committee without an application for relief. This unexpected forbearance on the part of the emigrants is to be ascribed to several causes. Few reached Paris, with the exception of those who were in possession of more or less means. The sympathies of the French were powerfully awakened, and the disposal of their succor, which was of magnificent amount, admitted of a more regular and continued system than it was believed would comport with the delicacy that strangers in the country were bound to observe; and we should do great injustice to the noble-minded men who are the victims of the unsuccessful effort to gain the independence of Poland, did we not add, that in several instances our offers were declined, gratefully it is true, but with a proud reliance on their personal efforts for support. At this moment, when we were periodically assembling without being able to effect much in behalf of those for whom the succor had been intended, it became apparent that it was the policy of the States adjoining Poland to force the refugees back into the power of their enemies. In addition to this, which of itself made a strong appeal to the sympathies of every just mind, we had reason to think, that while our money was useless at Paris, it might relieve many brave men at a distance, who were actually suffering for the necessaries of life. In this view of the case it was decided to remit a portion of our funds to Germany.

It was an important consideration to find a suitable agent. Luckily, our Chairman was about to visit the North, in furtherance of the views which had brought him to Europe. He ac-

cepted the trust with a condition, that he was not bound to proceed further than was consistent with his other duties. With this understanding, a large portion of our funds were placed in his hands, and he left Paris clothed with this charitable mission in the month of January. A part of the money confided to Dr. Howe was distributed by that gentleman himself to different Poles, and the remainder was left with confidential persons to be applied as he had directed. We are grieved to be compelled to say, that while he was thus employed, Dr. Howe, who, it was understood, acted with the entire approbation of the Prussian local authorities, was peremptorily commanded to leave the part of Prussia where the Poles were quartered. He instantly obeyed, taking the road to Berlin. Here it would appear, he was arrested, shut up in prison, and cut off from all communication with his countrymen. At the end of more than a month, he was sent through the intermediate States of Germany to France, being escorted the whole distance by Prussian gendarmes. We are told, it was pretended that Dr. Howe was engaged in a mission that produced an indisposition in the Polish soldiers to return to Poland, which was declared to be an offence against the laws of Prussia. It is unfortunate that the Prussian authorities did not find it convenient to vindidicate themselves in the open and loyal manner in which all just acts may be vindicated, but that recourse was had to secrecy; and violent measures are calculated to throw distrust on the intentions of all who practice them. Dr. Howe says he remonstrated against the manner in which he was banished from Prussia, that he denied having violated any law, and that he repeatedly demanded a trial.

(Signed)

J. FENIMORE COOPER,
S. F. B. MORSE,
and other Americans.

(July, 1832.)

This statement to the American people (drawn up probably by Mr. Cooper) was submitted to General

Lafayette for his approval, and was returned by him with a letter in his characteristic English, which is annexed. Both papers were published together in the United States soon after Dr. Howe's return thither in the autumn of 1832. Two years afterward Lafayette died, honored and lamented everywhere, but particularly in the United States, which he had helped to gain their freedom, as Howe had helped the Greeks.

LAFAYETTE'S COMMENDATION OF DR. HOWE.

LA GRANGE, July 28, 1832.

My dear Sir—The Address from our American-Polish Committee, to the people of the United States, and the special communication to the fellow-citizens who have bestowed their confidence upon us, could not but meet my cordial approbation and sympathy. Conscious as we are to have done for the best in the execution of their philanthropic intentions, it must be also an object of patriotic gratification to think that their donations, at the same time they have relieved misfortune, highly interesting, have done great and extensive credit to the American character. For this happy result, I shall take every opportunity to say, that we are chiefly owing to the manner in which Dr. Howe has acquitted himself of the mission entrusted to his care. While we are to thank him for the correctness of his conduct, and the enlightened zeal of his exertions, we find in those circumstances, and the other proceedings of the Committee, in concert with me, new motives to be proud of the part acted by American donators, and to cherish the hope of a continued interest of the people of the United States in behalf of heroic Poland, and her exiled sons, whenever occasion offers for its emancipation. I am happy in this opportunity to offer my personal acknowedgments to the Chairman, Secretary, and Members of the Committee, who will ever find in me a grateful, affectionate fellow-citizen, and friend.

LAFAYETTE.

Dr. Howe was released from this prison after a confinement of five weeks, during which he paid board to his jailer, and it is whispered, won the favor of the jailer's daughter, who saw that he was provided with writing materials. Years afterward, when the King of Prussia gave him a gold medal for his philanthropic achievements in teaching the blind, Dr. Howe had the curiosity to weigh it, and found that its value, in money, was equal to the sum which he had paid the Prussian Government for his prison board and lodging in 1832.

But in 1843, when he visited Europe again, and desired to go with his friend, Horace Mann, to Berlin, the Government of Prussia refused him permission to reënter the country, out of which he had been escorted by two *gendarmes*, for many miles, in 1832. Horace Mann, writing to Dr. Howe in London (July 16, 1843), from Berlin, has this to say of that matter:

"It was not until our arrival here that we became fully aware of your situation. This we learned from Mr. Wheaton (the American Minister), and it has been with the deepest regret that we have learned from him, day after day, that no answer has been received from the Government in reply to his application for your admission. In the meantime I consider it a compliment, though an inconvenient one, to you. I understand the King of Prussia has about 200,000 men constantly under arms, and, if necessary, he can increase his force to 2,000,000. This shows the estimation in which he holds your single self; which, so far as the Monarch of Prussia can confer honor upon you, is highly honorable to you and creditable to your country. If he is so afraid of *one* American citizen, how much must he respect the whole country? But you are no

common citizen, and probably you have occupied his thoughts more than General Jackson or John Tyler."[1]

With this adventure in Prussia ended the first period of Dr. Howe's life—what we have called his "Youthful Daring." Writing in July, 1832, Dr. Howe said, in the *New England Magazine* (September, 1832): "Thomas Campbell said to us but a few weeks ago: 'Your country is a glorious, a happy land, and I would soon be treading her shores did I not think it the duty of every patriotic Englishman to stand by his country in the storm which may ere long burst upon her.' America is the watchword, the rallying-cry of all the discontented in Europe; the republican in France, the patriot in Spain and Italy, the optimist in Germany, and the liberal everywhere point to her national prosperity as a striking contrast to their national misery. Let then, the American who distrusts the excellence of our political institutions, look at distracted and convulsed England, let him cross to distracted and unhappy France, or look on gagged Italy and on bleeding Poland—and he will hurry home, blessing God that his lines have fallen in pleasant places." In this spirit he returned home. He was now thirty-one years old; he had undertaken an important work of philanthropy—the education of the blind—and he was to devote himself to this and to kindred good works for the next twenty years. But his eight years' service in the cause of national freedom in other lands—which was to be supplemented by twenty years' struggle in the same cause at home (from

[1] Presidents respectively in 1832 and 1843.

1845 to 1865), had left their mark ineffaceably upon his character. He had entered on his chivalrous career; he had guarded his arms, won his spurs, and proved his knighthood by deeds as valorous and patient as those of any chevalier of the Middle Ages. He had indeed lived the life of the Middle Ages in the Nineteenth Century; for Greece and Turkey, Poland and Russia, in their contests, repeated the barbarism, the superstition, the ferocity and the simplicity of that Age of Chivalry which has been celebrated in so many romances:

"Knight of a better era,
Without reproach or fear!
Said I not well that Bayards
And Sidneys still are here?"

BOOK SECOND.

PHILANTHROPIC DEVOTION.

1832–1846.

"Wouldst know him now? Behold him,
The Cadmus of the blind,
Giving the dumb lip language,
The idiot clay a mind.

"Walking his round of duty
Serenely day by day,
With the strong man's hand of labor,
And childhood's heart of play."

WHITTIER (*The Hero*).

The name of Laura Bridgman's great benefactor and friend is DOCTOR HOWE. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading her story, can ever hear that name with indifference.

CHARLES DICKENS (1842—*American Notes*).

CHAPTER I.

BOSTON IN THE DAYS OF JACKSON, ADAMS, AND WEBSTER.

PHILANTHROPY is not an American invention. The name indicates a Greek origin, and it received some commentary from Bacon in one of his Essays, where he says: "I take *goodness* in this sense—the affecting of the weal of men—which is that the Grecians call *Philanthropia;* and the word *Humanity* (as it is used) is a little too light to express it. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind, is the greatest, being the character of the Deity; and, without it, man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin." But though philanthropy was discovered before Boston was, there are few places in the world where it has been practiced better, or carried to higher degrees of activity than in Boston and Massachusetts. So evident was this in 1842, when Charles Dickens first saw Boston, that he says: [1]

"I sincerely believe that the public institutions and charities of this capital of Massachusetts are as nearly perfect as the most considerate wisdom, benevolence, and humanity, can make them. I never in my life was more affected by the contemplation of happiness, under circumstances of privation and bereavement, than in my visits to these establishments."

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[1] *American Notes* Chapter 3.

It was of Dr. Howe's school for the Blind that Dickens was specially thinking, when he wrote this, though other noble philanthropies entered his thought; and it was to Dr. Howe more than to any one man that Massachusetts then owed, and still owes, what is best in her charitable system. He had shown his great capacity for philanthropic work by his masterly administration of the gifts sent to the Greeks in 1827–28, but his first definite task was the organization of the Asylum for the Blind, between 1832 and 1842. In the first thirty years of his life Dr. Howe was exhibiting his character rather than performing his true work, or perhaps we might better describe this period as his apprenticeship, and his journey-work—the *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre* of the great German romance. He was now, in the summer of 1832, about to begin on his actual task in life, the uplifting of the race by education, and by the creation of an original institution of philanthropy. Such, in fact, was the Massachusetts School and Asylum for the Blind—the pioneer of such establishments in America, and the most illustrious of its class in the world. Horace Mann, who knew what an educational success is, if ever any man did, said of it in 1841, before it was yet ten years old: "I would rather have built up the Blind Asylum, than have written Hamlet, and one day everybody will think so." It was, in fact, a work of constructive genius, though of a less poetic imagination, worthy to be compared with Hamlet or any great drama; and the true place of Dr. Howe is not with men of talent, like Horace Mann and Theodore Parker, but with men of genius like Emerson and Carlyle, who were his con-

temporaries. He foresaw the result long before he reached it, as men of genius do—and he fructified numberless disciples, emulators, and imitators, as Carlyle and Emerson also have done. Like them, too, he was not very consecutive in his work. He planted for others to reap the harvest, and, while men were admiring what he had achieved, he had already quitted that achievement, and was passing on to something newer. "There is hope," said Emerson, "of a future world, where we shall not repeat the same experiences forever, but go forward to new ones;" and that also was the hope and the practice of Howe. When his arrow had once hit the mark, he did not repeat the shot, but aimed higher, until the shaft kindled in the air, like that of Virgil's Trojan archer, and flew onward toward Olympus. He was, therefore, ever unsatisfied, unresting; the goal receded as he gained it, and a new ambition constantly replaced his earlier ones.

The Boston of Dr. Howe's philanthropic period was a very different place from what it now is, and had broadened and beautified itself greatly since his boyhood at the Latin school. Fanny Kemble, visiting it for the first time in 1833, when she was a brilliant and admired actress, and before her unfortunate marriage to Pierce Butler of Georgia, thus described it: "As a town, Boston bears more resemblance to an English city than any we have yet seen; it is one of the pleasantest towns imaginable. It is built upon three hills, which give it a singular, picturesque appearance, and, I suppose, suggested the name of Tremont street, etc. The houses are many of them of fine granite, and have an air of wealth and solidity

unlike anything we have seen elsewhere in this country. They are built more in our own fashion; and there is a beautiful park called the Common, which, together with the houses round it, reminded me a good deal of the Green Park in London and the walk at the back of Arlington street. Many of the streets are planted with trees, chiefly fine horse-chestnuts, which were in full leaf and blossom, and harmonized beautifully with the gray color and solid, handsome style of the houses." Dwellings then ran up and down the slopes of Beacon Hill, descending into Winter, Summer, Beacon, and Park streets, and also along the slopes of Fort Hill, to the southeast, at the foot of which ran Pearl street, where Colonel Perkins, the merchant-prince of Boston, lived, and where Dr. Howe in time established his Blind Asylum. All these streets had gardens as well as spreading trees, and the Common gave to

> "The sunny street that held the sifted few,"

as Dr. Holmes says, a pleasant country look, and a hint of fields and pastures. There was no Public Garden then, and Beacon street ended in a granite block, before reaching the Mill Dam, over which was the favorite drive. The Athenæum library and picture-gallery was on Pearl street, and there might be seen a few marbles by Horatio Greenough, a few canvases by Allston, and some fine portraits by Copley and Stuart. There were three young poets just coming forward—Willis, a graduate of Yale,[1] Holmes from

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[1] Willis had made Dr. Howe's acquaintance in Paris in the winter of 1830–31. In 1832 his home was in New York, but he was traveling abroad. He was four years younger than Howe.

Harvard, and Longfellow of Bowdoin—but soon promoted to his Harvard professorship, in which he succeeded George Ticknor. Bryant was in New York editing the *Evening Post*. The elder Dana was idling in Cambridge, and Percival had shut himself up at New Haven. Emerson had left his North End pulpit, and was traveling in Europe, but Dr. Channing preached in Federal street and old Dr. Beecher in Harvard street. "Boston had her Beethoven concerts, and much good preaching." Webster and Everett were leaders in society, and Sumner was coming up as a promising young lawyer, under the patronage of Judge Story, who lived in Cambridge. Motley was a student in Germany, and had not yet become a novelist, much less a historian ; his bent was toward literature, however, as was that of Howe for some years. Willis's *American Monthly Magazine*, which led a precarious existence in Boston from 1829 to 1831, was flourishing as a part of the *New York Mirror*, and its place had been taken by the *New England Magazine*, of which Howe was for a time the editor, and Hawthorne, Holmes, and Longfellow the most illustrious contributors. That prose poet of Massachusetts—"New England's Chaucer," as Ellery Channing styled him—Hawthorne was living obscurely in Salem and trying to sell his tales and sketches. The *North American Review*, in the hands of some Cambridge scholars, was the great authority in literary, historical, and political affairs ; but the transcendentalists and their *Dial* were beginning to dawn.

Great had been the changes in Boston and New York since Dr. Howe first went to Greece. In 1820,

Dr. Channing, who was even then a profound spiritual power in Boston, had gone to preach a Sunday in the City of New York—but no church would open to hear him. Dr. J. W. Francis, an illustrious physician there, tells the queer story.[1] The College of Physicians and Surgeons opened a room to Dr. Channing and the Unitarians. "Some three days after that Sunday I accidentally met the great theological thunderbolt of the time, Dr. John M. Mason, who approached, and in earnestness exclaimed, 'You doctors have been engaged in a wrongful work; you have permitted heresy to come in among us, and have countenanced its approach; you have furnished accommodations for the devil's disciples.' I replied, 'We saw no such great evil in an act of religious toleration.' 'Do you know what you have done?' cried the doctor, with enkindled warmth, 'You have advanced infidelity by complying with the request of these skeptics.' 'Sir,' said I, 'we hardly felt disposed to sift their articles of belief as a religious society.' 'There, sir, there is the difficulty,' exclaimed the doctor. 'Belief? they have no belief; they believe in nothing, having nothing to believe. They are a paradox; you cannot fathom them. How can you fathom a thing that has no bottom?' I left Dr. Mason dreadfully indignant." Such was orthodox New York in 1820. Yet before Dr. Channing's death in 1842, almost the same feeling had been manifested against Theodore Parker in Boston itself, where Unitarianism had long been paramount.

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[1] *Old New York*, p 154, cited in Godwin's *Life of William Cullen Bryant*.

In 1833, Parker was in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and Dr. Channing was preaching in his Federal Street Church, at Boston, not far from Colonel Perkins's house in Pearl street. Parker, who did not know Dr. Howe at that time, but afterwards became one of his most intimate friends, has well described the spiritual characteristics of the years from 1834 to 1840, in Boston and its vicinity: "The years of my theological study, and of my early ministry, fell in the most interesting period of New England's spiritual history, when a great revolution went on, so silent that few even knew it was taking place. The Unitarians, after a long and bitter controversy, had conquered and secured their right to deny the Trinity; they had won the respect of the New England public, had absorbed most of the religious talent of Massachusetts, and possessed and liberally administered the oldest and richest college in America. Mr. Garrison, with his friends—inheriting what was best in the Puritan founders of New England, fired with the zeal of the Hebrew prophets and Christian martyrs, while they were animated with a spirit of humanity rarely found in any of the three—was beginning his noble work, but in a style so humble that, after long search, the police of Boston discovered there was nothing dangerous in it, for "his only visible auxiliary was a negro boy." Dr. Channing was in the full maturity of his powers; and, after long preaching the dignity of human nature as an abstraction, and piety as a purely inward life—with rare and winsome eloquence, and ever-progressive humanity, began to apply his sublime doctrines to actual life—in the individual, the State, and the

Church. In the name of Christianity the great American Unitarian called for the reform of the drunkard, the elevation of the poor, the instruction of the ignorant, and, above all, for the liberation of the American slave. Horace Mann, with his coadjutors, began a great movement to improve the public education of the people. The brilliant genius of Emerson rose in the winter nights, and hung over Boston, drawing the eyes of ingenuous young people to look up to that great new star—a beauty and a mystery. The rights of labor were discussed with deep philanthropic feeling and sometimes with profound thought. Mr. George Ripley, a born democrat, in the high sense of that abused word, and one of the best cultured and most enlightened men in America, made an attempt at Brook Farm so to organize society that the results of labor should remain in the workman's hand. The natural rights of women began to be inquired into, and publicly discussed. I count it a piece of good fortune that I was a young man when these things were taking place; when great questions were discussed, and the public had not yet taken sides."[1]

Upon some of these questions Dr. Howe was slow to take sides. He had been bred a "democrat" or "jacobin" in Boston; but he was now a whig, and, in some respects, conservative. He did not favor transcendentalism, nor emancipation, nor woman's rights, nor free inquiry in religion, very early in his active career. Writing to Horace Mann in 1857, he said:

"I have been called a philanthropist, which implies

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[1] Theodore Parker's "Experience as a Minister," Boston, 1859.

a man who, *par excellence*, is a lover of his kind, and one who labors from disinterested motives for its welfare. Now I am none of this. I do not think I have any more than average benevolence; and I do think I have a great deal of selfishness, especially in the later years of my life. I think that I was impelled in early life to courses of conduct, such as going to Greece, rather by thoughtless indifference, perhaps ignorance of what courses would have been profitable to me. Lacking prudence and calculation, I followed an adventurous spirit. I have no more than ordinary courage; though love of adventure has carried me into many dangers, I have been habitually and never ceasingly aware of the presence of danger, and circumspect. I always have in mind the safest place in the cars, for instance, and am wary about getting into danger, though able to appear decently cool when it comes. . . . My father, an uneducated man, only wished, without knowing how, to make me a scholar. He was wealthy during my childhood and boyhood; and I lacked that inestimable advantage, which children in indigent families have, of habits of prudence and economy. My father had a large and luxurious house, with servants, horses, etc., at command."

All this, though too modestly written, discloses the obstacles which Howe's nature would place in the way of a life devoted to philanthropy. He was brought up in ease; he had a wilful way of doing what he desired; he had aristocratic tastes, and valued the good opinion of society, which, at Boston in 1833, was by no means inclined to deeds of humble heroism, though proud of what "the Lafayette of

Boston" had done in Greece and Paris and Poland, yet, when he had once enlisted in his work for the blind, he knew how to turn these very social forces to account. Miss Peabody, the sister-in-law of Horace Mann and of Hawthorne, writing soon after Dr. Howe's death in 1876, spoke thus of his small beginning in the way of blind-instruction, and the response which the Boston of 1833 made to his appeals:

"When we first became acquainted with Mr. Mann, he took Mary (afterwards Mrs. Mann) and me to a small wooden house in Hollis street, where, in the simplest surroundings, we found Dr. Howe, with the half-dozen first pupils he had picked up in the highways and by-ways. He had then been about six months at work, and had invented and laboriously executed some books with raised letters, to teach them to read, some geographical maps, and the geometrical diagrams necessary for instruction in mathematics. He had gummed twine, I think, upon card-board, an enormous labor, to form the letters of the alphabet. I shall not, in all time, forget the impression made upon me by seeing the hero of the Greek Revolution, who had narrowly missed being that of the Polish Revolution also; to see this hero, I say, wholly absorbed, and applying all the energies of his genius to this apparently humble work, and doing it as Christ did, without money and without price. His own resources at this time could not have paid the expenses of his undertaking, with all the economy and self-denial he practiced. The fuller purse of his friend and brother, Dr. Fisher, assisted him. Soon after our visit to him, he brought out his class for exhibition, in order to interest people and get money sufficient to carry on the work upon a larger scale. The many exhibitions given created a furor of enthusiasm, and Col. Perkins's great heart responded to the moving appeal. He now offered his fine estate on Pearl street, a large house and grounds, for the use and benefit of the blind, provided the citizens of Boston would

raise $50,000 for the same purpose. To this appeal the ladies responded by planning and holding the first fancy fair ever known in Boston. It was held in Faneuil Hall, and everybody contributed, either in money or in articles for the sale; the net result was nearly $50,000."

This narrative, like so much that the enthusiastic Miss Peabody wrote in her later years, is not quite exact. Dr. Howe's school was at his father's house in Pleasant street, not in Hollis street, though near by. The exact sum raised by the sale of articles at the Faneuil Hall fair was $11,000; the rest of the $50,000 came from individual subscriptions, collected by Deacon May and other well-known citizens of Boston. Jonathan Phillips, who held, by a sort of entail, the great Phillips estate (which, but for his radical opinions, might have descended to Wendell Phillips, his kinsman), gave $5,000. Others gave according to their substance, and in six weeks the whole sum named by Colonel Perkins was raised, and his fine house, stables, and quarter-acre of land in Pearl street passed into the possession of Dr. Howe's trustees, one of whom was Dr. Fisher, and another Horace Mann.

Dr. Howe's brief memorandum also differs a little from the exact fact. He said in 1857, twenty-five years afterward:

In 1832 I put the Institution for the Blind into operation, and have administered it ever since. As soon as I had taught two or three children, which I did in my father's house [1]—for the institution was then poor and had no quarters—I went about the State and about New England with them, giving

[1] There were soon *six*.

exhibitions and raising money. In this way mainly the funds were raised to secure the gift of Colonel Perkins. Afterwards, I went over the United States, also, addressing seventeen legislatures in order to induce them to provide for the education of the blind. Great success attended this movement everywhere. All the legislatures, and all the people whom I addressed showed great interest, and took active measures. The Asylum for the Blind is mainly the result of my labors. Success in teaching some blind idiotic children gave me an interest in the subject of educating idiots.

In fact, the whole better education of the blind and of the idiotic in the United States grew out of these enthusiastic labors of Howe; although others had a share in the great work. But none other had the comprehensive glance, the incessant action, the instinct for the point to be reached, and the way to reach it successfully. It will surprise some readers, who always think of Howe as a foe of the slaveholders, to learn that in November, 1841, he was crusading in South Carolina in behalf of the education of the blind. Writing to their common friend, Dr. Francis Lieber, then a professor at the South Carolina College in Columbia, Charles Sumner says, November 30, 1841:

I am here with Dr. Howe (at South Boston) on a farewell visit. He starts to-morrow for South Carolina, to endeavor to induce your Legislature to do something for the blind. The Doctor moves rapidly and will be in Columbia almost as soon as this letter.[1] Cannot you do something to pave the way for his coming? A notice of his institution, of his labors, of his philanthropic character, and his distinguished success in teaching the blind, might be published in one of your papers, and do

[1] Pierce's "Memoir of Charles Sumner," Vol. II, p. 187.

much good. He will have with him two of his blind girls for exhibition before the Legislature. To you who know Howe, I need hardly add that this journey is undertaken with the hope of extending the means of education for that unfortunate class to whom he has devoted so much time. You know the chivalry of his character, and his disinterested devotion to this object—how his soul is absorbed in it.

In an earlier letter from Sumner to Lieber in the same year, the character of his friend is even more tenderly dwelt on. The wonderful experiment of teaching Laura Bridgman, the deaf, dumb, and blind child from New Hampshire, was then in its early stages, and Howe had been reporting on her case to the patrons of his school. Sumner writes to Lieber (June 3, 1841):[1]

Dr. Howe will be happy to have you make any use you see fit of his report on Laura Bridgman. I am very much attached to Howe. He is the soul of disinterestedness. He has purged his soul from all considerations of self, so far as mortal may do this; and his sympathies embrace all creatures. To this highest feature of goodness add intelligence and experience of no common order—all elevated and refined by a chivalrous sense of honor, and a mind withont fear. I think of the words of the Persian poet, when I meet Howe; "O God! have pity on the wicked! the good need it not, for, in making them good, thou hast done enough." Both have been wanderers, and both are bachelors, so we are together a good deal; we drive fast and hard, and talk—looking at the blossoms in the fields, or those fairer in the streets.

In fact Howe's bachelor home at Washington Heights, and Longfellow's abode at the old headquarters of Washington in Cambridge, became Sum-

[1] "Memoir of Charles Sumner," Vol. II, p. 179.

ner's most frequent resorts, in those days, soon after his return from England in 1840, when every gentleman's house in Boston was open to Sumner, as the houses of whig and tory had been in England. There came a bitter change in this respect (in Boston) as Sumner ranged himself more and more distinctly on the side of freedom, and against both Webster and Winthrop in Boston. But in 1840, when Willis, the poet, who had his own reasons for disliking Boston, poured out to Longfellow his disgust, he excepted Sumner from the censure. He wrote [1] (September 15, 1840):

> I confess that I see everything, even my friends, through my bilious spectacles in Boston. I do not enjoy anything or anybody within its abominable periphery of hills and salt-marshes. Even you seem not what you would be at Glenmary (Willis's cottage at Owego, N.Y.); and I prefer Sumner sea-sick in a head wind in the English Channel, to Sumner with his rosiest gills, and reddest waistcoat in Boston. By the way, how is our agreeable friend? And have the nankeen-trousered Bostonians yet begun to qualify their admiration of him? There is no excuse for disliking Sumner. He bears his honors so meekly and is so thoroughly a good fellow, that if they do not send him to Congress and love him forever, I will deny my cradle.

Willis was, and is regarded rather as a dandy than a prophet; but he seems to have predicted very sagely in this case. He had a like admiration, and more attachment for Howe; but neither Howe nor Sumner in those days were disturbed by dreams of political ambition. Philanthropy, scholarship, and literature were more attractive to them; and they

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[1] Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "Final Memorial" (Boston: Ticknor & Co., 1887), pp. 11-12.

looked on all literature and all scholarship through a golden mist of philanthropy. It was the philanthropy of "Evangeline" that Howe admired most in that beautiful poem; and though his letter to Longfellow concerning it is a little out of time here (written in 1847) it should be quoted in this connection[1]

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW:

I thank you most heartily for the kind remembrance which you manifested by sending me your little book. Had it been a trifle, a straw, a word only, which assured me of that remembrance, it would have been most grateful to me. How much more, then, such a book! It is not for myself alone that I have to thank you; but as one of many thousands who will read "Evangeline." A book! A book that pleases, instructs, improves people, what a gift to the world! You feed five times five thousand souls with spiritual food, which makes them forever stronger and better.

I have no scholarship; I cannot appreciate the literary merits of "Evangeline." I cannot even say that I like the hybrid character of the measure; it would perhaps have pleased me better in ordinary verse, or in plain prose. But I can understand and admire the instructive story, the sublime moral, the true poetry which it contains. Patience, forbearance, long-suffering, faith—these are the things which "Evangeline" teaches. And how much are these above the physical courage, the resistance, the passion, the strife—the things of earth which poets deck out in the hues of heaven, and make men believe to be truly glorious! But I meant only to send you my poor thanks for your kind remembrance, and will not be so ungrateful as to impose upon you my stupid comments. So I will only add that, though I see little of you, I will try to have some of "Evangeline's" constancy, in my hope of one day enjoying more of your society.

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[1] "Life of H. W. Longfellow," Vol. II, p. 97.

The tone of self-disparagement here taken by Howe was not unusual with him; for his nature inclined him to melancholy; but none of those who were honored with his acquaintance would admit for a moment that he was in any sense inferior to his eminent friends. On the contrary, his place was indicated by his presence, like the Highland chieftain's: "Wherever The Macdonald sat was the head of the table;" though none was less forward to assert a claim. What he lacked in literary culture even, was apt to be made good by the directness with which he flew to his aim—and that aim always a high one. This has been seen already in his sketches of the Greek Revolution, and his letters from Europe; but it will appear still more striking in what he had to say concerning Laura Bridgman.

CHAPTER II.

THE BLIND ASYLUM AND ITS PRINTING HOUSE.

FROM the moment Dr. Howe touched the long-existing theories and methods of teaching the blind, they began to assume new forms and produce new results. The Abbé Haüy in Paris, sixty years before, had invented an alphabet for the blind, and many schools in Europe were using it, and modifying it, but when the young American philanthropist saw these schools in 1831-32, he felt, instinctively that he could do better. His was a practical genius, like that of Franklin a century before; into both of them had been infused that strange American elixir of invention which has given to this continent in the last hundred years the glory of alleviating so much pain, abbreviating so much time and space, extending so wonderfully the labors of the industrious, and giving to the toiler and his household something like their fair share of what that labor produces. With an eye for money-making, Dr. Howe might have become a famous and rich inventor; but he "affected the weal of men," as Bacon says, and let his own glory and aggrandizement take care of themselves.

From citations and comments we make up this story of the Blind Asylum:

THE SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND, JANUARY, 1833.

(*Correspondent of the Newburyport Herald.*)

By invitation of a friend, I spent some time this afternoon in the school for the blind, recently established in this city, under the auspices of the society which is styled in their act of incorporation the New England Asylum for the Blind. Regarding the composition of this school, the name of the society is not perhaps so appropriate; but this is of small consideration compared with the benefits of the thing itself. For my own part I must confess I was astonished at the progress made by the pupils of this school. Taught as they are through the medium of *touch*, they have attained surprising perfection. A little girl, only six years old, read with very considerable facility certain portions of Scripture: and another, only eight, passages selected from various authors, differing widely in their style. They and other pupils answered also numerous questions from the maps, estimating distances with great accuracy. The books used were imprinted with raised characters palpable to the touch; and the several natural features and divisions of particular countries on the maps were also distinguished in the same manner. During our stay, we were favored with a rich musical treat, to which all the pupils contributed. One of them, a female, played upon the pianoforte and another, a young man, upon the violoncello; these were accompanied by the voices of the whole school. The institution has been in operation only five months.

The school is held at present in the house of Dr. Howe, well known for his adventures in Greece, and his late imprisonment in Prussia. When arrested, he was employed as an agent by the New England Asylum. He brought with him, from France, a young man,[1] who has been deprived of sight from infancy;

[1] M. Trencheri, a graduate of the School of Paris, founded by the Abbé Haüy, but soon accepted as a national school and asylum for the blind. See what Dr. Howe says of this institution, hereafter.

and who is now engaged as a tutor in the school. He is only twenty-one; but, as Dr. Howe informed me, has a most thorough knowledge of the exact sciences. Although so recently from France, and having before he came no knowledge of our language, he is now familiar with its ordinary expressions, and found no difficulty in communicating with his visitors. "If the blind lead the blind, shall they not both fall into the ditch?" is certainly not applicable to the progress which his pupils have made since they have been under his care. The whole exhibition was singularly interesting. I saw enough to satisfy me that much can be done to relieve the situation of the blind, to fit them for usefulness, and add to their enjoyments. The efforts of the members of this society deserve the acknowledgments of their fellow-citizens; and especially are the philanthropy and benevolence of Dr. Howe worthy of renewed admiration.

DR. HOWE'S MODEL AND WARNING.

It will be evident from the above description (which is the earliest I can find, and somewhat prior to the account already cited by Miss Peabody) that the young director took the Paris school for his model, in outward exercises, but that it had taught him what to avoid in other respects. This will appear further, from his own report on the Paris school, made to the Trustees of the New England Asylum in the Autumn of 1832, soon after his return from France. He then said:

Those institutions which are founded and supported by the Government labor under many disadvantages necessarily attendant upon such a connection; and it may be said, without injustice to the persons employed, that they are obliged to follow such a system, and make such exhibitions, as will redound rather to the glory of the State than the good of the pupils.

Hence so much of useless parade and show; hence so much time and patience spent upon learning to perform surprising but useless things. Those on the other hand, which are kept up by individual effort and public benevolence, fall into the error of considering their pupils too much as objects of charity, and of petting and caressing them too much. The Institution for the Education of the Blind at Paris, as it is the oldest in Europe, and as there is about it more of show and parade than in any other, has also the reputation of being the best; but if one judges the tree by its fruit, and not by its flowers and foliage, this will not be his conclusion.

Its founder, and the great benefactor of the blind, the Abbé Haüy,[1] invented and put into practice many contrivances for the education of the blind; and otherwise rendered the institution excellent for the age, and the time it has existed; but as he left it so it has since remained. It receives, supports, and educates about a hundred blind youths; and, there being no other in France, it follows that there are only one in three hundred of the French blind who receive an education. The great fault in the Parisian institution is, the diversity of employment to which the pupils are put; and the effort made to enable them to perform surprising but useless tricks. The same degree of intellectual education is given to all, without reference to their destination in life; and a poor boy, who is to get his livelihood by weaving or whip-making, is as well instructed in mathematics and polite literature, as he who is to pursue a literary career. Now there is no reason why a shoemaker, or a basket-maker should not be well educated, provided he can learn his profession thoroughly, and find the necessary leisure to study. But if this would be difficult for a seeing person, how much more it is so for a blind one, who to attain any degree of excellence in a trade, must apply himself most intensely and most patiently! The necessity of this is made apparent by the situation of those youths who have come out from this institu-

[1] This was Valentine Haüy; his brother was the discoverer in crystallization. Both died in 1822.

tion at the end of the seven years passed there. They have devoted five hours a day to mechanical employments, but to so many different ones, that they know but little of any. Weaving, whip-making, mat and net making, spinning, etc., etc., have so effectually divided their attention, that, at the end of the year devoted to learning the one, they have almost entirely forgotten that which they acquired the year before.

It is plain that here was an original thinker let loose among the instructors of the blind, of whom then, in the whole world, there were but few. Nothing whatever had been done for their instruction (although the deaf had long been taught in Spain, in Germany, and even in France) until about 1790. Then the humane Abbé Haüy undertook to educate some blind children in his own house, and his success was so great that the Government of France employed him to establish an institution in Paris. This he did, and made it so interesting an object that he was called by the Emperor of Russia to St. Petersburg for a similar purpose ; and, after successfully putting his system into operation there, he laid the foundation of a school for the blind at Berlin. He had before invented the method of printing in raised characters, he also constructed maps, musical notes, etc., but left the subject in a very imperfect state at his death in 1822 ; and his successor had accomplished little. Similar institutions were founded, and Dr. Howe saw them in successful operation at Amsterdam, Vienna, Dresden, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places. The summary of his verdict concerning them was thus given by Dr. Howe in 1832 :

"The European institutions for the education of

the blind may be divided into two classes; those established and supported by the governments, and those which owe their foundation and support to the charitable efforts of individuals; the latter are by far more useful than the former. There can be no more delightful spectacle than is presented by these establishments, where you can see a hundred young blind persons, changed from listless, inactive, helpless beings, into intelligent, active, and happy ones; they run about, and pursue their different kinds of work with eager industry and surprising success; when engaged in intellectual pursuits, the awakened mind is painted in their intelligent countenances; and when the whole unite in sacred music, there is a display of deep interest, of fervid zeal, and animating enthusiasm, which I have never seen equaled. The proposed end of these different institutions is to give the blind the means of supporting themselves; and this is effected with different degrees of success. I visited all the principal institutions for the education of the blind in Europe, and found in all much to admire and to copy, but much also to avoid."

The new Boston school did, in fact, begin at once to improve on its European models, so that Horace Mann could truthfully say, ten years later (1843) when he visited most of the schools for the blind in Europe, that he found none so good as Dr. Howe's, and only one, at Amsterdam, worthy to be compared with it. The Boston trustees in 1834 spoke of these improvements thus: "As one instance, they would refer to the map at the end of this pamphlet, which is on a plan entirely new, and unknown in Europe. There the maps are made with infinite pains and

expense by glueing strings on to another map pasted on a board ; besides the great expense and necessary clumsiness of which, these do not admit of the divisions and lettering, which are here introduced. A map of this size would cost at Paris and Edinburgh five dollars ; it would weigh three or four pounds, and not have half so many distinctions as this, which costs less than one-hundredth part of that sum." This new style of map was Dr. Howe's own invention, and he presently devised a new character for cheapening the printing, which the blind so much needed. Concerning this invention Dr. Howe thus spoke, six years later, when it had come into common use, but was criticised here and there, as every useful invention is, by the envious, the self-interested, the inattentive, or those who simply and honestly are averse to any change. He said in his report for 1839 :

It will be recollected by those gentlemen who were Trustees in 1833, the first year of the operation of our institution, that though our pupils succeeded in learning to read, the success seemed little worth, because there were but *three* books in the school. These were, a book of extracts from English authors, published in Paris ; the Gospel of St. John, printed at Edinburgh, and one small volume from the same place. These were all the reading books for the blind then in existence in the English language ; there was also a collection of mathematical diagrams, executed at York, in England, and these made up the whole library of the blind. It was obvious that more books should be printed, but the first object seemed to be, to find a method which would diminish their bulk and expense ; for, if the French, the Scotch, or the German methods had been followed, a volume, like the New Testament, would have formed twelve ponderous folios.

After hesitating a long time, whether to use a new phonetic

alphabet or a series of stenographic characters, or the common alphabet, I adopted the latter; not, however, without adhering to the opinion that one of the others must eventually be used in printing for the blind. Having decided to use the common alphabet, slightly varied, I endeavored to reduce the bulk of each letter to the minimum size which the blind could feel. With this view all the unnecessary points, all the mere ornamental flourishes, were cut off; the interlinear space was reduced by making the bottom of the line straight; that is, carrying up such letters as *g*, *p*, etc., which run below the bottom of the line. The bulk was further reduced by using a thin paper expressly prepared, and by reducing the height of the face of the type. In this way it was found the books might be very much reduced in size, so that the New Testament could be printed in two volumes—not more bulky than the French—of which twelve at least would have been necessary to contain the whole Testament.

Having ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that any blind child of common capacity could easily read this print, I commenced printing; and as the funds of the institution were small, I resolved not to ask any aid from the treasury, but appeal to the benevolent here and abroad. This appeal was not in vain; generous aid flowed in, and the press was put into active operation. All the money raised was put at once into the treasury, and only drawn out upon exhibition of proper vouchers for expenses. The cost of apparatus, paper, etc., has been, up to this date, about $8,000. One of the first objects was, to print the New Testament, which had never been done in any language. This was soon effected; then followed the book of Psalms, and successively *twenty-one* editions of books.

Dr. Howe at that time attached great importance to the work of placing the Bible in the hands of the blind. He had already urged this on his trustees and the public in these words:

The advantage, nay the necessity, of printing the Gospel in

raised letters for the use of the blind will be apparent to every thinking Christian. Here is a large number of our fellow creatures within our reach, who might be supplied with the New Testament at small expense, compared with that laid out in sending it among distant heathens. It may be said indeed, that the blind can hear the Bible read by their friends, while the heathen cannot; but, on the other hand, let one consider what a precious treasure a copy of the Testament in raised letters would be to a blind man; he would pore over it, read and re-read it, until every word became familiar; and how much greater probability there would be of its producing a good effect than in the hands of those who have a thousand other things to occupy their thoughts. Then too, let one consider the all-important nature of the study; and how jealous one should be of trusting to aught but the cool decision of his own reason. In fine, let any pious Christian put the case to himself and say, whether he could be content with having the Scriptures read by another; whether he could abstain from feasting his eyes on God's sacred pages; or refrain from shutting himself up in his closet with his Maker, and His revealed Word. What his eyes are to him, the fingers are to the man deprived of sight, and to the one equally as to the other, is solitary reading and reflection a useful and healthful exercise.

Nor to the blind alone would the Scriptures printed in raised letters be a precious treasure; there are many people who from weakness or temporary derangement of the organs of sight, would be happy to spare their eyes and read with their fingers. The acquisition of this faculty is not at all difficult, any person may in three or four days enable himself to feel out very easily the raised letters, and read pretty fast. I mentioned in a letter from Europe to your sub-committee a plan which I had conceived of publishing one of the Evangelists in raised characters; without now detailing all the methods which I would substitute for those hitherto used, I may say, that it is founded upon the only principle which can possibly obviate the immense inconvenience of bulk and expense, viz., that of contraction or stenography; a principle which, if acted up to may

I am convinced, render books for the blind as cheap and as compact as those printed for our use. Whether this system shall substitute tangible for the visible forms of letters, or whether the symbols shall represent sounds, is a secondary question.

This last remark hints at a plan which was never carried out, and which Dr. Howe afterwards gave up. In his report for 1839, he goes on to defend his work from some criticism :

" I desire only the multiplication of books for the blind ; and let the character be what it may, I have no fears about my pupils being able to read it, provided the impression is firm and clear. I hail with pleasure the announcement of every new work in raised letters, and care not who gets the credit, so that the blind get the books. It is with much reluctance, that I have spoken of my share in this enterprise, and especially that I have instituted any comparison between my method and that of others; but called upon as I have been to conform with others, I felt bound to show my reasons for not doing so. I am not aware of being influenced by any partiality for my own system; certainly I have not said so much in its favor as our pupils would; for I am certain that they, and scores of other blind persons, who compare our books with those in the new Scotch type, give them a decided preference. This is certain, that when audiences in England and Scotland were uttering by shouts their astonishment and pleasure, that blind children could read books in raised letters, it had ceased altogether to be a matter of surprise in this country, so common had it become. Nay, long before the exhibitions were got up in Glasgow, and elsewhere, many blind persons in this country had learned to read our books alone, and far distant from any school.

The philosophy of this subject has been overlooked by many, who have lately taken so much interest in it. They first contrive an alphabet, then find a blind child, and if he succeeds in

learning it they cry out *eureka!* and consider it evidence enough of the superiority of the system. But, in reality, a blind child will learn to read upon a very bad system, as seeing children learn geography, grammar, etc., in spite of very bad methods of instruction.

With these remarks in defence of a system to which I shall continue to adhere, *until a better one shall be found,* I leave the subject. My endeavor shall be, as it has been, to give the blind the greatest possible quantity of reading matter in the smallest possible space, and at the least possible expense ; as yet, no system does this so effectually as ours can ; but when one is brought forward, I will adopt it. If, by the aid and encouragement of the humane, our printing-press is allowed to continue in operation, I doubt not we shall soon be able to present works of the size of the New Testament, in one compact and convenient volume.

It was in the years 1835–36 that these great advances in the printing of books for the blind were made by Dr. Howe, and they continued for a long time. He was aided in them by an ingenious New England mechanic, Stephen P. Ruggles, a man of Yankee inventiveness, but without the generosity of nature which was so conspicuous in Dr. Howe. This defect led him afterwards to quarrel with Dr. Howe, as he did, first and last, with almost all his friends, but he deserves to be mentioned as very useful in his own way. The trustees in 1836 spoke thus :

We cannot quit the subject, without a just tribute to the indefatigable exertions of the Director, Dr. S. G. Howe, who continues to devote himself to the pupils, and the general interests of the Institution, with the same fidelity and zeal which he has exhibited since its foundation. In the course of the year, in addition to his regular labors, he has made important improvements in the system of printing for the blind. By his

own exertions he has raised funds for erecting a complete press, constructed on a novel and very ingenious plan, by Mr. S. P. Ruggles. Several books compiled by Dr. Howe himself, and accommodated to the wants of the blind, have been already printed.

When it is considered that the improved formation and arrangement of the characters by Dr. Howe, enable us to give the same quantity of matter in volumes of half the bulk formerly required, and at one-fourth the expense, we have reason to believe that these improvements will be of general application and use in sister institutions, both in our own country and Europe.

Mrs. Howe, writing in 1876, after the death of her husband, had this to say about his Bible-printing and other undertakings to give the blind a library of their own.

Dr. Howe considered the multiplication of works specially printed for the blind an object of great importance, as increasng their resources and their opportunities for independent study and culture. He spared no effort to this end, keeping it always before the eyes of the community in his reports, while he at the same time neglected no opportunity of bringing so pressing a want to the notice of wealthy and benevolent individuals. The annals of his institution will show that his efforts, though not entirely attaining the desired result, were yet in a great measure successful. In 1835 he was able to present the American Bible Society with a specimen of Bible-printing, in which the bulk heretofore required was diminished one-half. In the same year he wrote an eloquent letter to the Directors of the American Bible Society, asking for such an appropriation from their funds as would enable him to print the whole Bible in raised type. Two hundred dollars had already been obtained, in answer to an appeal made by Dr. Howe before the congregation of Park Street church. The Massachusetts Bible Society added another contribution of one thousand dollars. The New

York Female Bible Society gave eight hundred dollars, and the American Bible Society one thousand. This sum of money enabled Dr. Howe to print the New Testament in raised letters —a service which was hailed with joy by the many blind persons desirous of possessing and reading the book. Six years later the Managers of the American Bible Society took the necessary steps for completing the printing of the entire Bible in the same type, the plates for the whole work costing some $13,000.

In respect to other works the catalogue of books printed at the Massachusetts Asylum attests the labor bestowed upon this object by its principal. It includes Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," an encyclopedia of his own compiling, Shakespeare's "Hamlet" and "Julius Cæsar," histories of England and the United States, "Pilgrim's Progress," and selections from the writings of Pope, Baxter, Swedenborg, and Byron. In the last report written by his hand, he mentions the noble donation of Mr. Dickens of a sum of money which enabled the institution to print a small edition of the "Old Curiosity Shop" for the use of the blind. Laura Bridgman once spoke to me with vivacity of the pleasure with which she had perused this work.

Dr. Howe's son-in-law and successor has nobly carried forward, and at much competition, this task of supplying the adult blind with books, and the collection is now much larger than in 1876. But this whole industry grew out of the zeal and devotion of Dr. Howe, while still a young man, in the early years of his work at the Blind Asylum.

The speed with which this infant enterprise advanced from its humble beginning in the house of Dr. Howe's father on Pleasant street, to the rank of a New England or, indeed, an American institution, cannot better be shown than by quoting from the report of the trustees in 1834—a little more than

two years after Dr. Howe was cast into the dungeon of the Prussian king in Berlin. Colonel Perkins had given his Pearl street mansion, the fund of $50,000 had been raised, and the financial future of the school seemed assured. The same extract will give the weekly routine at this new establishment.

When, a twelvemonth ago, we undertook the management of its affairs, it was unknown to the public; a doubtful experiment on the feasibility of educating six poor blind children was in operation; the appropriation by the State was insufficient for their support; the subscriptions were nearly exhausted, and, within one month from our appointment, we found the institution to be absolutely in debt. Now the scene is entirely changed; the institution has attracted public notice, and gained public favor; it is in the enjoyment of liberal patronage from this and the surrounding States; it possesses a considerable fund of property: its five and thirty happy inmates inhabit a splendid and airy mansion, with extensive grounds, and everything necessary fer their health, comfort, and education; and preparations are made for the reception of as many more.

In order to accommodate a large number of pupils, it was necessary to make some alterations in the premises in Pearl street; and, the stables being of brick and built in the best manner, it was concluded to convert them into school-rooms and work-shops. It was also necessary to provide a large play-ground; and the estate in the rear of the mansion house, and fronting on Atkinson street, was purchased for the sum of fourteen thousand dollars; and thus the institution became owners of the whole square from Pearl to Atkinson street. All the arrangements having been made, and the estate on Atkinson street having been laid out as a play-ground, the inmates took possession in September, 1833, and the institution was advertised as ready for the reception of pupils from all parts of the country. Since that time, the number has gradually increased, and many more are expected; the whole number

admitted has been thirty-eight; the actual number is thirty-four; one having left voluntarily, two having been discharged on account of illness, and one, from a neighboring State, discharged for want of funds for his support.

There are now twenty-four from Massachusetts, four from New Hampshire, two from Connecticut, one from Rhode Island, one from New York, one from Ohio, and one from Virginia. Three of the pupils from this State are beyond the age stipulsted in the act of incorporation, at which the Governor may send pupils by his warrant; one of these pays her own expenses, the other two are at the charge of the institution, as is also one from the State of Ohio. It will be seen that more pupils have been received from the State of Massachusetts than was strictly required hy the terms of the grant; we have, however, considered it our duty rather to extend the advantages of the institution to as many pupils as possible, than to accumulate funds.

On the Sabbath all the pupils are required to attend church; the rule of the institution is, that each pupil may worship at whatever church he, or his parents, may select; but in case any other is selected than the one at which the majority attend (at present the Park Street Church) the pupil must furnish his own guide. It is desirable that the most perfect freedom in regard to religious matters should be enjoyed by the pupils; but it would be very inconvenient for the institution to provide guides for each one; therefore this rule has been adopted. With respect to the religious services in the interior of the establishment, they consist of the reading daily of the Scriptures without any comment, and the Episcopal form of prayer, besides a weekly meeting for reading and explanation of the Scriptures, at which the attendance is voluntary.

In this liberal way was this school opened—not only a school, but a printing-house, a training place for teachers, and a center for missionary effort in the instruction of the blind throughout the country and

all over the world. It was not long before Dr. Howe had repaid whatever debt he owed to the example of the older schools in Europe ; nor did he ever cease to advance the cause committed to him from any timid fear that the money he might need would be withheld. Like Agassiz, in after years, he found that men were always willing to give for his enterprises. In 1837 the trustees said :

We have never allowed ourselves to suppose for a moment that the generous inhabitants of New England would suffer their blind to remain in intellectual darkness, after it had been satisfactorily demonstrated that they could be enlightened and made happy. We have endeavored to build up an institution equal, if not superior, in the advantages it offers its pupils, to the oldest and most renowned of the great European capitals; we believe we have succeeded ; and we believe, too, that there is as good a guarantee for its continuance and prosperity in the free and hearty support of a New England community, as those of Paris and Vienna have, in the munificence of royalty. We have ever endeavored, however, to be strictly economical ; we have lavished nothing on show and parade ; but, we have thought that the best system was the most truly economical, and when a question has occurred as to the adoption of one of two methods of procedure, we have asked, not which is the cheapest, but which is the best, and most for the true interest of our pupils. Nor have we confined our efforts to the blind of our own section of the country ; we have endeavored to extend the knowledge and benefits of the system of educating them as widely as possible. With the excellent institutions growing up in New York and Philadelphia, we have been on the best terms ; and so common has been the cause, that, at the present time, a blind person, a pupil educated here, is acting as teacher in one of them, to supply a temporary vacancy.

With the same view to general usefulness, we were happy to have our Director accept the invitation of a committee of the

Legislature of Ohio, and visit that State with three of our pupils. The results of that visit, and an exhibition of the acquirements of the children to the Legislature, and the most influential persons in the State, were very satisfactory. It was ascertained that there were 500 blind persons in that State, and about 60 of them at a proper age for instruction; and such was the interest excited, and so thorough the conviction of the possibility of educating the blind, that we have every reason to suppose that an institution similar to our own will be organized there in a very short time.

Such, indeed, was the outcome of Dr. Howe's visit to Ohio; and, wherever he went, he found ready hearers, and those easily persuaded to do what he advised. One secret of this success was his genius, which took the practical form of persuading men to be philanthropic, as he was; another was his entire devotion to the cause he advocated, without thought of pushing his own selfish interests. He was never very gifted as an orator; had never trained himself to the art of public-speaking, as Phillips did and Dana and Hillard and others of his younger contemporaries; but he had the natural language which flows from the heart and reaches the heart. Occasionally in these years he lectured; and from a lecture of his, given in Boston in 1836 I take these passages:

People generally imagine it must be very difficult to teach the blind; but they are wrong. To teach the blind, is the easiest thing in the world. And I will venture to say, that a class of blind children, from the Blind Instituion in this city, will learn as much, in a given time, of history, geography, astronomy, or the languages, as any class that could be selected from the high schools and academies; and that, of mathema-

tics and music, they will learn more. To *teach* the blind is easy, —to *educate* them is altogether another matter.

A comparison is sometimes drawn between the situation and instruction of deaf-mutes and the blind; but there is no other resemblance, than that the *modus operandi* is different from the one pursued with seeing children. The advantages are altogether on the side of the blind; for the deaf-mutes, a language is to be invented; and when it is invented, perfected, and learned, how inadequate is it to the full and free communication of ideas! But with the blind, there is no such obstacle—the medium is a common one, and we have the most free and illimitable interchange of thought and feeling. The moral and religious feelings of the deaf-mutes are generally dormant when they enter institutions for their education; while the blind differ not from seeing people, and partake of the stamp of those with whom they have associated.

If you wish to teach a deaf-mute geography, for instance, you must first teach him language. With a blind boy, you have only to begin to describe the country; you give him his lesson orally, instead of his reading and studying in a book. You teach a blind boy in the same way you would teach a seeing boy—except that you read or lecture to the blind boy, while you let the seeing boy read for himself. The only difference is in the artificial aids,—books, maps, diagrams, slates, etc—and these are small matters. You have only to imagine that all your books, maps, slates, etc., were taken from your school, the room darkened, and you required to keep on teaching your scholars; you wlll then conceive, at once, how the blind are taught. If you wish to inform them the difference between an acute and an obtuse angle, and fail to do so by words, you would mark it upon the palms of their hands, or you would have the figure stamped on a piece of paper, and give it to them to feel. Now, what you would do with your scholars in the dark, we have to do with the blind in the light. Such is the general principle; as to the *quo modo*, it is of less consequence.

And yet, while institutions for the education of the deaf and

dumb have long been established, and are rapidly increasing, those for the blind are but just commencing. Thank God, however, the work has commenced; and in a community like ours it cannot but go on. Already have two of our institutions placed themselves on a footing with—nay, I may safely say, in some respects, have excelled—the best and oldest in Europe; and there is nothing more ardently to be desired, than to see them multiplied and perfected. It is but four years since the American public have learned that the blind could be educated; it is but four years since a call has been made upon their sympathies and charities in behalf of this interesting class, and yet the call has been answered promptly and generously. The work has been begun with zeal and resolution; more progress has been made here than in the last twenty years elsewhere; and there is now, for the first time, a rational prospect of a select and valuable library being soon printed for the blind. Already has the best of books, the New Testament, been finished, of which only short extracts had been printed abroad; and hope says, it is but the earnest of many more. That our country may be the first to discharge its duty to those who are rendered its dependents is to be ardently desired by every patriot and philanthropist.

This appeal to Americans, from pride in their country was naturally made; for no American ever felt more deeply the love of country than this Greek chevalier who had spent the first eight years of his active life in Europe. Instead of contracting that disgust at his own people, which is one of the results of American life abroad in too many instances, Dr. Howe only learned to value more highly its great privileges of freedom and equality. And few Americans have ever done more to reflect credit on their country than he. The words of the veteran, Lafayette, in 1830, when Howe was by his side, taking part in the Revolution of July—" Reserve yourself for the

service of America, young friend! this is our fight not yours"—were amply fulfilled in after years. When Dr. Howe went abroad for the first time after his Berlin imprisonment, he found that he was known wherever his name was mentioned—not only in Prussia, which refused him access to her frontiers, and in Greece where he found grateful citizens, but in England, in France, in Germany, and in Italy. But what had contributed more than all things else to his fame was his teaching Laura Bridgman.

CHAPTER III.

THE WONDROUS STORY OF LAURA BRIDGMAN.

DR. HOWE had been building up the Blind Asylum for five years, and had fallen in with many cases of deprivation and defective natural endowment, which appealed strongly to his philanthropic nature, when he by good fortune met with an instance which attracted his attention more than any other, and which soon began to draw the notice of the world. This was the New Hampshire child, Laura Bridgman, suffering under the accumulated loss of sight, hearing, speech, and smell, whom he was destined to restore by education to daily communion with her fellow-creatures and thus to point the way for many improvements in the instruction of the deaf as well as the blind. These improvements have since been made, and now it is no longer marvelous, though still difficult, to teach the dumb to speak, and give those who are both blind and deaf a fair chance, by education, in the world which they cannot see. The pioneer in all these changes, so far as America is concerned, was Dr. Howe; and it was from him that Horace Mann, Gardiner Hubbard, Miss Rogers, and the other promoters of articulation among the deaf in the United States, took the hint which they each followed up with more or less result. The story of Laura Bridgman then, has an interest apart from her

own moving experiences; and, as Dickens has said, it can never be told without exciting admiration for Dr. Howe.

The summer of 1837, which first brought Howe into acquaintance with Charles Sumner, with whom he was afterwards so intimate, was also the time when he first heard of Laura Bridgman. He met Sumner for the first time June 11, 1837, while they were both defending the poor Irish residents of Broad Street, Boston, against a mob who were plundering their houses and assaulting them. Sumner was knocked down in the fracas, and brought off by Howe, who then learned the name of his young coadjutor. It was six weeks after this affair (the "Broad Street Riot") that Dr. Howe, in company with Sumner's intimate friends, the poet Longfellow and George Hillard, made the journey from Boston to Hanover, N. H., the seat of Dartmouth College, where Hillard was to give an address before the learned societies. Rufus Choate, the brilliant lawyer, and Samuel Eliot (a cousin of President Eliot of Harvard University), then a young collegian, were of the same party. They reached Hanover July 24, 1837, and on the next day Hillard was to deliver his oration. In the evening they went to a musical party at Professor R. D. Mussey's, where Dr. Howe must have heard of Laura and her misfortunes from Dr. Mussey himself. On the morning of July 25, Dr. Howe, always an early riser, was up betimes, and away over the hills to visit the poor child in her father's farmhouse. He found her there, examined her condition professionally,[1] questioned her parents

[1] She was then 7½ years old.

concerning her health, the cause of her blindness, her habits, etc., engaged them to send her to the Boston Asylum in October, and, this done, returned to breakfast or dine with his companions, who wondered what had become of him, and to hear Hillard's oration in the afternoon. From Hanover they journeyed northeastward through the White Mountains, and homeward by way of Portland.[1] Howe must have studied and planned through this summer vacation how to approach the difficulties before him—which in a few years he had accomplished with unquestioned success.

Of the man who achieved this signal success, Mrs. Howe says:[2]

When Dr. Howe first became aware of Laura's existence, the double calamity of blindness and deafness had rarely been observed, and never relieved to any appreciable extent. The way by which knowledge from without should make entrance into her mind was as yet unexplored, and every step in it was purely tentative. The man whose genius led him to confront this difficult problem was of the order of those who so correspond to the needs of their time that they are called "providential" people. Dr. Howe's generous and impulsive youth had led him to take part in the desperate stand which Christianity in the East made against the barbarism of the Turk, backed by the diplomacy of Western Europe. He was now in

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[1] Sumner writes to Longfellow August 15: "I was glad to hear you had so pleasant a time in the White Mountains. Hillard returned full of what he had seen or heard, of which you were a great part. Choate and Howe joined."

[2] "Report of the Perkins Institution for 1889," pp. 149–50.

the full force of an energetic and self-contained manhood.[1] Deep in his convictions, sober in his conclusions, cautious and patient in his methods, he was the very man to sit down before this beleaguered citadel, with the determination to use every device for its relief. The personage within was unknown to him, and to all, save in her outer aspect. What were her characteristics? What her tendencies? If he should ever come to speech with her, would she prove to be fully and normally human? Would her spirit be amenable to the laws which govern the thoughts and conduct of mankind in general? It must be said for the public, which became aware of this case and its progress, that it followed Dr. Howe's advance with the keenest interest. The appearance of his annual reports was waited for almost as are the numbers of a serial in a magazine. Much of this interest was no doubt inspired by an achievement so novel.

Dr. Howe's own account of his celebrated pupil, condensed from his annual reports, is as follows:

HER INFANCY AND LOSS OF SIGHT.

Laura Dewey Bridgman was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the twenty-first of December, 1829. She is described as having been a very sprightly and pretty infant, with bright blue eyes. She was, however, so puny and feeble until she was a year and a half old, that her parents hardly hoped to rear her. She was subject to severe fits, which seemed to rack her frame almost beyond its power of endurance, and life was held by the feeblest tenure; but, when a year and a half old, she seemed to rally; the dangerous symptoms subsided, and at twenty months old, she was perfectly well.

Then her mental powers, hitherto stinted in their growth, rapidly developed themselves; and during the four months of

[1] He was thirty-six years old. At this time Mrs. Howe (Miss Julia Ward, of New York) did not know Dr. Howe, whom she met about three years later.

health which she enjoyed, she appears (making due allowance for a fond mother's account) to have displayed a considerable degree of intelligence. But suddenly she sickened again; her disease raged with great violence during five weeks, when her eyes and ears were inflamed, suppurated, and their contents were discharged. But though sight and hearing were gone forever, the poor child's sufferings were not ended; the fever raged during seven weeks; "for five months she was kept in bed in a darkened room; it was a year before she could walk unsupported, and two years before she could sit up all day." It was now observed that her sense of smell was almost entirely destroyed; and, consequently, that her taste was much blunted. It was not until four years of age that the poor child's bodily health seemed restored, and she was able to enter upon her apprenticeship of life and the world. . . .

As soon as she could walk she hegan to explore the room, and then the house. She followed her mother and felt of her hands and arms; and her disposition to imitate led her to repeat everything herself. She even learned to sew a little and to knit. But though she received all the aid that a kind mother could bestow, she soon began to give proof of the importance of language to the development of human character. Caressing and chiding will do for infants and dogs, but not for children; and by the time Laura was seven years old, the moral effects of her privation began to appear. There was nothing to control her will but the absolute power of another, and humanity revolts at this; she had already begun to disregard all but the sterner nature of her father; and it was evident that, as the propensities should increase with her physical growth, so would the difficulty of restraining them increase. At this time I was so fortunate as to hear of the child, and immediately hastened to Hanover to see her. I found her with a well-formed figure; a strongly marked, nervous-sanguine temperament; a large and beautifully shaped head, and the whole system in healthy action. Here seemed a rare opportunity of benefiting an individual, and of trying a plan for the education of a deaf and blind person, which I had formed on

seeing Julia Brace, at Hartford (in 1834). The parents were easily induced to consent to her coming to Boston; and on the fourth of October, 1837, they brought her to the institution.

LAURA'S FIRST LESSONS.

The first experiments were made by taking articles in common use, such as knives, forks, spoons, keys, etc., and pasting upon them labels with their names printed in raised letters. These she felt of very carefully, and soon, of course, distinguished that the crooked lines *spoon* differed as much from the crooked lines *key*, as the spoon differed from the key in form. Then small, detached labels, with the same words printed upon them, were put into her hands; and she soon observed that they were similar to the ones pasted on the articles. She showed her perception of this similarity by laying the label *key* upon the key, and the label *spoon* upon the spoon. She was here encouraged by the natural sign of approbation, patting on the head.

The same process was then repeated with all the articles which she could handle; and she very easily learned to place the proper labels upon them. It was evident, however, that the only intellectual exercise was that of imitation and memory. She recollected that the label *book* was placed upon a book, and she repeated the process, first from imitation, next from memory, with no other motive than the love of approbation, and apparently without the intellectual perception of any relation between the things. After a while, instead of labels, the individual letters were given to her on detached pieces of paper; they were arranged side by side, so as to spell *book*, *key*, etc.; then they were mixed up in a heap, and a sign was made for her to arrange them herself, so as to express the words *book*, *key*, etc., and she did so.

Hitherto, the process had been mechanical, and the success about as great as teaching a very knowing dog, a variety of tricks. The poor child had sat in mute amazement, and patiently imitated everything her teacher did; but now the

truth began to flash upon her, her intellect began to work, she perceived that here was a way by which she could herself make up a sign of anything that was in her own mind, and show it to another mind, and at once her countenance lighted up with a human expression; it was no longer a dog or parrot—it was an immortal spirit, eagerly seizing upon a new link of union with other spirits! I could almost fix upon the moment when this truth dawned upon her mind, and spread its light to her countenance; I saw that the great obstacle was overcome, and that henceforward nothing but patient and persevering, plain and straightforward efforts were to be used.

The result, thus far, is quickly related, and easily conceived; but not so was the process; for many weeks of apparently unprofitable labor were passed before it was effected.

The next step was to procure a set of metal types, with the different letters of the alphabet cast upon their ends; also a board, in which were square holes, into which holes she could set the types, so that the letters on their ends could alone be felt above the surface. Then, on any article being handed her—for instance, a pencil or a watch—she would select the component letters, and arrange them on her board, and read them with apparent pleasure. She was exercised for several weeks in this way, until her vocabulary became extensive; and then the important step was taken of teaching her how to represent the different letters by the position of her fingers, instead of the cumbrous apparatus of the board and types. She accomplished this speedily and easily, for her intellect had begun to work in aid of her teacher, and her progress was rapid.

The whole of the succeeding year was passed in gratifying her eager inquiries for the names of every object which she could possibly handle; in exercising her in the use of the manual alphabet; in extending by every possible way her knowledge of the physical relations of things; and in taking proper care of her health.

At the end of the year a report of her case says: Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odors, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a

bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, the acquirement of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaity of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and, when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group. When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours; if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or recalling past impressions; she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf-mutes. In this lonely self-communion she reasons, reflects, and argues; if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she pats herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with the left hand, looks roguish for a moment, and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

When Laura is walking through a passage-way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favorites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition, an intertwining of arms, a grasping of hands, and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers, exchanges of joy or sorrow; there are kissings and partings, just as between little children with all their senses. One such interview is a better refutation of the doctrine, that mind is the result of sensation, than folios of learned argument. If those philosophers who consider man as only the most perfect animal, and attribute his superiority to his senses, be correct, then a dog or a monkey should have mental power quadruple that of poor Laura, who has but one sense.

LAURA AND HER MOTHER.

During this year (1836), and six months after she had left home, her mother came to visit her, and their meeting was an interesting one. The mother stood some time, gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling of her hands, examining her dress, and trying to find out if she knew her; but, not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger, and the poor woman could not conceal the pang she felt, at finding that her beloved child did not know her. She then gave Laura a string of beads which she used to wear at home, which were recognized by the child at once, who, with much joy, put them around her neck, and sought me eagerly, to say she understood the string was from her home. The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled her, preferring to be with her acquaintances. Another article from home was now given her, and she began to look much interested; she examined the stranger much closer, and gave me to understand that she knew she came from Hanover; she even endured her caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal. The distress of the mother was now painful to behold; for, although she had feared that she should not be recognized, yet the reality of being treated with cold indifference by a darling child was too much for woman's nature to bear.

After a while, on the mother taking hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind, that this could not be a stranger; she therefore felt of her hands very eagerly, while her countenance assumed an expression of intense interest; she became very pale, and then suddenly red; hope seemed struggling with doubt and anxiety, and never were contending emotions more strongly painted upon the human face. At this moment of painful uncertainty, the mother drew her close to her side, and kissed her fondly; when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face, as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly

nestled to the bosom of her parent, and yielded herself to her fond embraces.

After this, the beads were all unheeded; the playthings which were offered to her were utterly disregarded; her playmates, for whom but a moment before she gladly left the stranger, now vainly strove to pull her from her mother; and, though she yielded her usual instantaneous obedience to my signal to follow me, it was evidently with reluctance. She clung close to me, as if bewildered and fearful; and when, after a moment, I took her to her mother, she sprang to her arms, and clung to her with eager joy.

I had watched the whole scene with intense interest, being desirous of learning from it all I could of the workings of her mind; but I now left them to indulge unobserved those delicious feelings, which those who have known a mother's love may conceive, but which cannot be expressed.

LAURA COINS WORDS.

In her eagerness to advance her knowledge of words and to communicate her ideas, she coins words, and is always guided by analogy. Sometimes her process of *word-making* is very interesting; for instance, after some time spent in giving her an idea of the abstract meaning of *alone*, she seemed to obtain it, and understanding that being *by one's self* was to be alone, or *al-one;* she was told to go to her chamber, or school, or elsewhere, and return *alone*; she did so, but soon after, wishing to go with one of the little girls, she strove to express her meaning thus, "Laura go *al-two*." The same eagerness is manifested in her attempts to define for the purpose of classification; for instance, some one giving her the word bachelor, she came to her teacher for a definition. She was taught that men who had wives were *husbands*, those who had none, *bachelors;* when asked if she understood, she said "*man no have wife, bachelor—Tenny bachelor;*" referring to an old friend of hers. Being told to define bachelor, she said, "*bachelor, no have wife and smoke pipe.*" Thus she considered the individual peculiarity of smoking, in one person, as

a specific mark of the *species bachelor.* Then, in order to test her knowledge of the word, it was said by her teacher, "Tenny has got no wife; what is Tenny?" She paused, and then said, "*Tenny is wrong!*"

The word widow being explained to her (a woman whose husband is dead), she being called upon to define, she said, "*widow is woman, man dead and cold,*" and eked out her meaning by sinking down and dropping her hand, to signify *in the ground.* The two last words she added herself, they not having been in the definition; but instantly associates the idea of *coldness* and *burial* with death. Her having acquired any idea of death was not by the wish of her teacher, it having been his intention to reserve the subject until such a development of her reason should be attained as would enable him to give a correct idea of it. He hopes still, by aid of the analogy of the germination and growth of plants, to give her a consoling hope of resurrection, to counterbalance the almost instinctive dread of death. She had touched a dead body before she came to the institution.

HER WRITING, AND HER ÆSTHETICS.

Having acquired the use of substantives, adjectives, verbs, prepositions and conjunctions, it was deemed time to make the experiment of trying to teach her to *write,* and to show her that she might communicate her ideas to persons not in contact with her. It was amusing to witness the mute amazement with which she submitted to the process, the docility with which she imitated every motion, and the perseverance with which she moved her pencil over and over again in the same track, until she could form the letter. But when at last the idea dawned upon her, that by this mysterious process she could make other people understand what she thought, her joy was boundless. Never did a child apply more eagerly and joyfully to any task than she did to this, and in a few months she could make every letter distinctly, and separate words from each other.

She has the same fondness for a dress, for ribbons, and for finery as other girls of her age, and, as a proof that it arises from the same amiable desire of pleasing others, it may be remarked that whenever she has a new bonnet or any new article of dress, she is particularly desirous to go to meeting, or to go out with it. If people do not notice it, she directs their attention by placing their hands upon it. Generally she indicates her preference for such visitors as are the best dressed.

She is so much in company with blind persons that she thinks blindness common; and, when first meeting persons, she asks if they are blind, or she feels of their eyes. She evidently knows that the blind differ from seeing persons, for when she shows blind persons anything, she always puts their fingers on it.

She seems to have a perception of character, and to have no esteem for those who have little intellect. The following anecdote is significant of her perception of character, and shows that from her friends she requires something more than good-natured indulgence. A new scholar entered school, a little girl about Laura's age. She was very helpless, and Laura took great pride and great pains in showing her the way about the house, assisting her to dress and undress, and doing for her many things which she could not do for herself. In a few weeks it began to be apparent, even to Laura, that the child was not only helpless, but naturally very stupid, being almost an idiot. Then Laura gave her up in despair, and avoided her, and has ever since had an aversion to being with her, passing her by as if in contempt. By a natural association of ideas she attributes to this child all those countless deeds which Mr. *Nobody* does in every house; if a chair is broken or anything misplaced, and no one knows who did it, Laura attributes it at once to this child.

Sometimes her acts and expressions furnish themes as interesting to the poet as to the philosopher. On New Year's Day, when I was in Europe, she met her teacher, and said: "It is new happy year day." The teacher wished her a happy New

Year; when she turned to the East, and, stretching out her hand, said: "I want Doctor a happy New Year," She then paused, and, turning to her teacher, said: "But Doctor cannot know I say so."

I have sometimes questioned her about her æsthetical perceptions, but have not obtained any very satisfactory answers. Her ideas of beauty in material things are principally connected with smoothness. A round ball is not more beautiful to her than a square box, provided they are equally smooth. Freshness or newness is, indeed, an element, but this is evidently derived from the associations with new clothes, new shoes, etc. With respect to long or short noses, regular or irregular features, she has no thought; and yet it is probable that a monstrously large nose would shock her, and that one as short as Dr. Slop's would amuse her; for, on my asking how she would like a person with a nose not larger than a pea, she said it would be "funny." She perceives symmetry of person, however, and is disagreeably affected by any strongly marked departure from it. On asking her if a little hump-backed girl was handsome, she said, very emphatically, "No!" "Why not?" said I. "Because," said she, "she is crooked;" and she imitated the motion of the child walking, and asked why she could not grow like other children. She said a lady of her acquaintance, who is very fat and ungainly, was very ugly, "Why?" said I. But she could only reply that she did not know—that she was too large about the waist, and that "her stomach came out too quick."

I asked her who was the handsomest lady of her acquaintance, and she replied, "—— ——;" but, upon my pressing her for her reason, she could only say that her hands were smooth, soft, and pretty.

A cane with knots on it was less pleasing to her than a smooth one, and an irregular knobbed stick than one with the prominences at regular intervals. She has thus the rudiments of the æsthetic sense, but, like that of other children, its development must depend upon education and habit. She is not yet old enough to give any satisfactory account of her own feelings on the subject.

THE RESULT OF TEN YEARS' TEACHING.

When she began fairly to comprehend and to use arbitrary language, then she got hold of a thread by which her mind could be guided out into the light; she has held on to it firmly and followed it eagerly, and come out into a world which has been made to her one of joy and gladness by the general welcome with which she has been greeted. Her progress has been a curious and an interesting spectacle. She has come into human society with a sort of triumphal march; her course has been a perpetual ovation. Thousands have been watching her with eager eyes, and applauding each successful step; while she, all unconscious of their gaze, holding on to the slender thread and feeling her way along, has advanced with faith and courage towards those who awaited her with trembling hope. Nothing shows more than her case the importance which, despite their useless waste of human life and human capacity, men really attach to a human soul. They owe to her something for furnishing an opportunity of showing how much of goodness there is in them; for surely the way in which she has been regarded is creditable to humanity. Perhaps there are not three living women whose names are more widely known than hers; and there is not one who has excited so much sympathy and interest. There are thousands of women in the world who are striving to attract its notice and gain its admiration—some by the natural magic of beauty and grace, some by the high nobility of talent, some by the lower nobility of rank and title, some by the vulgar show of wealth; but none of them has done it so effectually as this poor blind, deaf, and dumb girl, by the silent show of her misfortunes, and her successful efforts to surmount them.

Everything that has been printed here respecting her has been reprinted in England, and translations have been made into the Continental languages; so that Laura, without any other claim to notice than the weight of her misfortunes and the effort made to lighten them, enjoys almost a world-wide renown.

DICKENS'S PRAISE OF DR. HOWE.

How true were these remarks about the fame that Laura had acquired, may be seen, in part, by the space which Charles Dickens, the novelist, gave to her story, in his "American Notes" printed in 1842, and published in America before 1843. In the spring of 1842 Dickens had spent a month in Boston, and had several times visited Dr. Howe and his "institution," which was then legally entitled "The Perkins Institution and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind," and had by this time been removed to "Mount Washington" in South Boston, where it occupied a fine breezy hill top, close by the old fortifications of Washington on Dorchester Heights.[1] He says:

I sat down in another room before a girl, blind, deaf, and dumb, destitute of smell, and nearly so of taste; before a fair young creature (she was then twelve) with every human faculty and hope and power of goodness and affection, inclosed within her delicate frame; and but one outward sense—the sense of touch. There she was before me, built up, as it were, in a marble cell, impervious to any ray of light or particle of sound; with her poor white hand, peeping through a chink in the wall, beckoning to some good man for help, that an immortal soul might be awakened. Long before I looked upon her, the help had come. Her face was radiant with intelligence and pleasure. From the mournful ruin of such bereavement, there had slowly risen up this gentle, tender, guileless, grateful-hearted being. I have extracted a few disjointed fragments of her history from an account written by that one man who has made her what she is. It is a very beautiful and touching nar-

[1] It remains and will remain in this spot, where its estate has been much enlarged of late.

rative. The name of her great benefactor and friend, who writes it, is Dr. Howe. There are not many persons, I hope and believe, who, after reading these passages can ever hear that name with indifference. Well may that gentleman call that a delightful moment, in which some distant promise of her present state first dawned upon the darkened mind of Laura Bridgman. Throughout his life, the recollection of that moment will be to him a source of pure, unfading happiness; nor will it shine less brightly on the evening of his days of noble usefulness.[1]

Now, when it is considered that Dickens was then the most popular author in the language, and that this book, "American Notes for General Circulation," did circulate in the world as widely as any of his novels, some conception can be formed of the extent to which Laura and her education became known, while she was yet a child. As she grew to be a woman, she still remained in the care of Dr. Howe; for she never married, and there was no family property, and no cccupation by which she could earn her own support. Of this Dr. Howe wrote pathetically in 1849, when she had begun to appreciate her own position, and to wish for some means of earning money. The passage will be cited shortly; it occurs in one of the reports of the Blind Asylum. But first should be given the account of Laura's visit to the American Asylum for the Deaf in Hartford, a few months before Dickens saw her. I quote from a letter in the New York *Commercial Advertiser.*

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[1] "American Notes." Chapter Third. Dickens has quoted many of the passages which I have given.

LAURA AND JULIA BRACE.

HARTFORD, November, 1841.

I was at the school for the deaf and dumb, this morning, when that interesting little creature, Laura Bridgman (who has but one sense—that of touch), arrived from Boston, and made her first visit. She was accompanied by Dr. Howe, Mrs. Sigourney, and some other persons, and her coming seemed to be quite unexpected. It is probable that there is hardly another person in the United States whose appearance at the school would create such a sensation among the hundred and fifty inmates. Her name was familiar to all the pupils, who had doubtless marveled much how a dumb child, deprived also of the sense of sight, by which they themselves learn everything, should be able to learn to read, write, and talk.

When the news was passed *from hand to hand* that Laura Bridgman was in the office, the teachers and pupils came thronging round her, and filled the room and passage-way; while all the way up the staircase stood scores of little girls, with sparkling eyes and animated faces, eagerly gesticulating to each other, and conversing rapidly in dumb show.

It was a beautiful sight to see so much life and happiness among those unfortunates; but the principal attraction was little Laura, who, having taken off her bonnet and cloak, appeared one of the most interesting children you ever saw. Slender and delicately formed, with beautiful features and fair complexion, so graceful were her motions, so animated her gesticulations, and so full of life was her countenance, that, but for the green ribbon bound over her sightless orbs, you would have called her one of nature's most gifted children. Such is the power of the soul—such its independence of sense. There stood this child in a crowd, without one ray of light to pierce her ever-during darkness, without a sound to break the dreary stillness, without an odor even to show the presence of others; yet joyous as a bird, yet conscious of everything that was going on, yet eager to shake hands with all, and to learn

the names of all; delighted to find that everyone could talk in her finger language, and evidently enjoying the boon of existence, and speaking in dumb but expressive language the praise of Him who willeth the happiness of all whom He createth.

She was very impatient to meet Julia Brace, the only person in the world, perhaps, whose privation of sense approaches in degree to hers; and about whom it seems much had been told her. At last Julia was brought down, and the two met, and felt of each other. But what a difference between the two! Julia is a woman grown, and unprepossessing in her appearance—because she is without animation, without vivacity, without any expression of face. She was made to understand, by placing her fingers on Laura's eyes and on her ears, that she was blind and deaf like herself, but her countenance changed not; she manifested little interest, and in a moment or two began to withdraw from the child, who clung to her, put around her neck a chain of her own braiding, and kissed her. Vain impulse of affection! Julia coolly put into her pocket the present which Laura had brought her, and was making off from the child, whose distress now became evident, and who eagerly asked the others, "Why does she push me? Why does she not love me?"

What a contrast in their character! Laura wanted her affection and sympathy, and would not be satisfied without them; while Julia, having got her present, was desirous of terminating the interview, and carrying off her *possession*. Such is the effect of education; such the consequence of evolving the moral and social nature, as has been done in the case of Laura; or of exercising only the lower propensities, and allowing the human being to live as do the brutes, within himself and for himself alone.

I suspect this letter is from the hand of Dr. Howe, for it barely mentions him, and passes to that aspect of Laura's education on which he loved best to dwell, its effect in unfolding the higher nature, and completing the work which heaven leaves for man to do. He had

promised Colonel Stone, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, in a private letter some months before, to write something on this peculiar education: and this earlier letter is worth citing, because it speaks of another deaf, dumb, and blind girl (Lucy Reid, from Vermont), who did not prove so tractable a pupil as Laura.

LETTER FROM DR. HOWE TO W. L. STONE.

BOSTON, July 5, 1841.

MY DEAR COLONEL

You certainly have a most extraordinary faculty of finding out what everybody on earth is doing—indeed I begin to think you have some magnetic imp in your printing establishment who reads through stone walls as we do through glass—all for the benefit of the *Commercial!* How did you get hold of my account of the person blistering his fingers to read the Testament? It is a pity, however, that your Flibbertigibbet did not read more accurately. The scene was a military station on the banks of the Ganges—the subject a blind pensioner, a British soldier—not a Dutchman. He blistered his fingers, not once, but many times, and at last got them so that he could read easily, when he literally sang aloud for joy.

But, Colonel, I want your aid in a plan I have for stereotyping the New Testament for the blind.[1] It will be a very expensive affair—say $1,500 for the plates and one small edition; but after that there will be no expense save that of paper and binding—the press-work being but a trifle. We have been obliged to economise the edition which was printed in 1837, and to give copies only to those who were most likely to be benefited. But with all this we have not now more than

[1] See Dr. Howe's remarks on the Scriptures for the blind on p. 131.

enough to supply all who are calling for copies, and in the course of a few months all will be taken up.

There is no class of persons to whom the Scriptures are more acceptable than to the blind; for their infirmity, while it increases their sense of dependence upon God, gives them much leisure to study His word and His works.

I could give you the most touching cases of calls from the blind for the sacred Scriptures. I could send you autograph letters from them, acknowledging in the liveliest terms their gratitude for a gift of the Testament. I could prove to you from the statistics of the country, that the demand for the Scriptures by the blind will be permanent and increasing. All this indeed I propose to do, if we can devise any plan by which the work is likely to be accomplished. I wish, therefore, you would give me your opinion on the subject. I suppose we shall have to rely mainly upon the Bible societies. If it is advisable, I will come to New York to consult with friends there. I am desirous of accomplishing the work this summer.

I am happy to tell you, that, after nearly six months apparently vain efforts, we have at last opened the means of communication with the mind of our unfortunate deaf and blind girl from Vermont.[1] You know that she was very wild—almost savage, when she was brought here, and that she wore her head in a bag. For a long time she not only was sullen and unsocial, but she furiously repulsed all attempts to teach her, and would not submit to any endearments. So intractable was she, that I feared she might be insane.

When she grew more docile, she submitted, indeed, to the attempts to teach her arbitrary signs, but was entirely passive, and utterly unconscious of the nature of the process to which she submitted. Her mind, entirely unused to reflection, seemed enshrouded in darkness and stillness as profound as that of the tomb, and only at times manifested mute amazement; but at last it seemed to seize upon the clew which was offered to it, and by that clew is now guiding itself out into the light. She

[1] This was Lucy Reid.

is now manifestly aware of the nature of the process to which she is subjected; her countenance is alive with a human expression; she comprehends the signs, and names several things, and begins to ask for more. The most delightful part of it is that little Laura is a most ardent and useful coadjutor in the work of enlightening Lucy.

I shall at some time make you a communication for the *Commercial* on this subject.

Believe me ever yours,

S. G. HOWE.

The education of poor Lucy could not be carried so far as that of Laura ; and, though the case of Oliver Caswell, another blind youth, admitted to Dr. Howe's School about October, 1841, was far more interesting than Lucy's,[1] it did not approach the interest which Laura's peculiar mental and emotional development inspired in all who knew her, or read her wonderful story. An interest quite similar, and yet diverse is felt in Helen Keller, who now talks intelligibly, as Laura never could.

LAURA'S WORLDLY POSITION AT TWENTY YE S OLD.

When the school-education of Laura had been in some degree completed, Dr. Howe, who had, from time to time, reported her progress, made in one of his yearly reports the following statement and suggestion concerning her future career :

" Perhaps, by a little effort on the part of her friends,

[1] Lucy Reid came from Derby, Vt., February 16, 1841, and was recalled by her parents July 13th. Had she remained she could have been taught something useful. Oliver Caswell came September 30, 1841, and remained several years. His portrait with Laura's was painted by Fisher in 1844, and may be seen at South Boston.

money enough might be raised to buy for her a life annuity, which would place her beyond the reach of pecuniary want, and secure to her the attendance and companionship of some young lady, who could be to her what Miss Wight has so long been. Laura will do what she can, diligently and cheerfully, to perform those duties and labors of life, of which every conscientious person should discharge his proper share. She asks no one to do for her what she can do for herself. She wishes no one to be her menial or servant. She has already done some service in her day and generation, by setting forth in her deportment, under her sore afflictions, the native dignity of the human character. She has shown in what degree the spirit is dependent upon the senses for its manifestation and enjoyment. She has shown how little the fictitious and arbitrary distinctions of life are necessary to happiness. She is, however, utterly dependent upon human sympathy and aid for the continuance of her happiness, and even of her life. She can appeal only as she has done, by the mute exhibition of her helplessness, for that sympathy and aid. Hitherto it has been proffered with eagerness and in abundance. May it never be withheld ; may an hour of need never come to her ; but may new friends be raised up to her, when those who now watch over her with the tender solicitude of parents can watch over and comfort her no longer upon earth ! "

This wish of the doctor was fulfilled, and by the help of a small annuity, and the liberality of the Trustees of the Asylum,—which by this time called itself the "Massachusetts School for the Blind"—Laura continued to live at South Boston, until her

death in 1889, when she was nearly sixty years old. At that time, and for thirteen years before, Dr. Howe's son-in-law, Dr. Michael Anagnos, a Greek from Epirus, was the Director of the School which Howe had founded, and to which he had given the devotion of his life.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. HOWE'S SCHOOL FOR IDIOTS.

Early in his experience with the blind and the deaf Dr. Howe found that in many children this loss of certain senses was connected with a general weakening of the mental powers—sometimes with actual idiocy. This fact, and his observations among the insane, which began before 1840, drew his attention strongly to the condition of idiots; and when a member of the State Legislature in 1846, he procured the appointment of a commission to report to the Legislature on the number and condition of the idiots and imbeciles in Massachusetts. He wrote in 1846–47, the report of this commission, having previously collected the facts and statistics needful; and upon the statements and conclusions of this report have been based not only the provisions made for teaching feeble-minded children in Massachusetts, but those in many other States.

The report was published in 1847, and in 1848 the State appropriated $2,500 a year for three years, for the teaching of ten idiotic children. These children were gathered in and taught at the Blind Asylum, under the eye of Dr. Howe; in 1851 a separate school was opened in buildings not far off, and the

State appropriation increased to $5,000 a year. It is now (1891) about $30,000 a year, and the whole income of the school reaches nearly $50,000 a year. There are more than 300 pupils, and while some of them remain at South Boston, nearly all are now quartered in fine new buildings at Waltham.

Massachusetts has, in fact, thoroughly adopted as her own, this joint work of Dr. Howe and his friend, Dr. Edward Jarvis. With it may also be connected the name of another citizen, Caleb Cushing, eminent for his learning and abilities, but detested many years in Massachusetts for his pro-slavery politics. General Cushing often represented his town, Newburyport, in the General Court, usually as one of a lean minority, after 1841, when he followed John Tyler out of the Whig party. One year, about 1860, perhaps, he was a representative, when the usual committee reported an increased appropriation for Dr. Howe's Idiot School. There was some opposition; the committee did not support the bill in debate, and it was likely to be defeated. At this point Cushing, to whom nothing had been said by any friend of the bill, rose and spoke for ten minutes in its support; explained the usefulness of the school, praised Dr. Howe (then one of his warmest political foes), and carried the measure. Next week, in the railway train, Dr. Howe found Cushing sitting solitary; went up to him and thanked him warmly for his timely aid. "Dr. Howe," said Cushing, "you are a remarkable man." "You are pleased to say so, but why?" "You are a *very* remarkable man—the only man in Massachusetts that can see any good in what Gen. Cushing has done." There was pride and pathos in this remark.

CHAPTER V.

DR. HOWE'S UNIVERSAL PHILANTHROPY.

At his death in 1876, funeral honors were paid to this good man, under the name of "The Massachusetts Philanthropist," not because he was the only one of his class there, where philanthropy is common, but because his philanthropy was universal, and knew no limits. He, more than any man since John Howard, had, like that English reformer of prisons, trod in Howard's "open, but unfrequented path to immortality;" nor did he neglect Howard's particular clients, the wretches in prison. He joined in the movement in Boston which abolished imprisonment for debt; he was an early and active member of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, which once did much service; and for years, when interest in prison reform was at a low ebb in Massachusetts, the one forlorn relict of that once powerful organization, a "Prisoner's Aid Society" used to hold its meetings in Dr. Howe's spacious chamber in Bromfield street. He took an early interest in the care of the insane, with which his friends Horace Mann, Dr. Edward Jarvis, and Dorothy Dix were greatly occupied; and in later years, as will be seen, he introduced some most useful methods of caring for the insane in Mas-

sachusetts. He favored the temperance reform, and wrote much as a physician, on the harm done to individuals and to the human *stock* by the use of alcoholic liquors. He stood with Father Taylor of the Seaman's Bethel, in Boston, for the salvation of sailors and their protection from cruel punishments, and he was one of those who almost abolished the flogging of children in schools. During his whole career as a reformer of public schools in New England, Horace Mann had no friend more intimate, or more helpful than Dr. Howe, nor one whose support was more indispensable to Mann himself. To prove this much might be quoted from Mann's constant correspondence with Howe between 1838 and 1869, when Mann died. But it will be sufficient here to cite what Mrs. Howe has written concerning the two friends :

The labors of Horace Mann in behalf of public education belong to this period. They entitle him to grateful remembrance in the community in which he became an apostle of rational culture. Mr. Mann, like Dr. Howe, was at once a practical and an ideal philanthropist, inspired with a deep enthusiasm which expressed itself in timely words, and still more in deeds of lasting benefit to humanity. Trained in the legal profession, he derived from it the clear and logical modes of thought which guided his public life. The proper treatment of the insane, the introduction of normal schools and of high-school education for girls were matters to which he devoted many years of his life, with what result we need not here relate. The friendship which united these two noble men was intimate and lifelong. Each was to the other a source of inspiration. Both were strenuous opponents of every enslaving agency, and resolute advocates of principles truly republican. Dr. Howe always spoke of Mr. Mann with reverent

affection. The writer remembers a certain very thorough overhauling of the public schools of Boston which was instituted by Dr. Howe, in his one year of service on the school board,[1] and regarding which Mr. Mann said: "It could only have been done by an angel—or by Sam Howe."

During all this unwearied activity Dr. Howe never neglected his special task, the education of the blind, and Laura Bridgman; but there were times when he sighed for a furlough in this unceasing war. His health, shaken by fever in Greece, was never fully restored, and he had moods of restlessness and depression, in which his friends had to remind him how much he had done, and what a career was still before him. In those periods he sometimes sought to escape from the yoke of his task; the ills of humanity were too much for him to bear. Sumner has preserved the record of one of these escapades, which seldom went farther than to form and urge with zeal a project that soon failed or was abandoned. In the summer of 1841, when the Whig party had come into power after a long absence from national office, and Daniel Webster was Secretary of State, Howe was attracted toward Europe again, which for nine years he had not seen, and always towards Southern Europe. He would go to Spain as a diplomatist—in the hope, I fancy, that he could explore in some old Spanish library, the history of that extraordinary instruction of the deaf in Spain early in the seventeenth century, of which Sir Kenelm Digby described so fine an example in his *Nature of Bodies*, and concerning which Juan Pablo Bonet had written a book.

[1] This was in 1845-46

What followed shall be taken from a letter of Charles Sumner to his brother George, September 4, 1842 :[1]

My friend Howe, whose various claims to public and private regard you recognize, who was seven years in Greece, who was by the side of Lafayette during the Three Days ;[2] and who has led a life of singular chivalry and philanthropy; in many respects one of the most remarkable men of the age; speaking French, German, and Greek ; in a moment of restlessness, Howe allowed himself to apply for the place of Secretary of Legation, at Madrid, a year ago. His appointment was urged by the warmest letters from Prescott, who had been invited by Webster to designate some fit person for the place; Tecknor, who is, perhaps, Webster's warmest personal friend; Choate, who has Webster's place in the Senate, and Abbott Lawrence; but no notice was taken of the application, and Howe has regretted very much that he brought himself to make it."

These unhappy moods soon passed away, but they returned now and then, so long as Dr. Howe continued in his place at South Boston—and that was all his life. He died there in the beautifully retired cottage among the hills and overlooking an inland harbor, where his garden and orchard and greenhouses solaced the hours of leisure—which with him were few—where his children had grown up around him, and where he had so often entertained at his table the famous and the good from all parts of the world. His house was open no less to the obscure and persecuted, to the fugitive from Poland or France, or

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[1] "Memoir of Charles Sumner," by E. L. Pierce, vol. II., p. 222.

[2] Of July, 1830—the French Revolution, so styled.

Germany, or from a worse tyranny in Carolina, Virginia, and Kentucky. Here Longfellow had first met Kossuth, and here, a few years later, John Brown ate sparingly, and slept for a night, as he moved from State to State, preparing for some conflict in Kansas or Virginia. It was fitting that Howe should return there to die, amid the scenes of his philanthropic triumphs, and the garden trees he had planted. Dying, his memory reverted to the past.

Sternitur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.

CHAPTER VI.

DR. HOWE'S MARRIAGE AND VISIT TO EUROPE.

It was at the Blind Asylum, in South Boston, and as the instructor of Laura Bridgman, if I am not mistaken, that Miss Julia Ward, of New York, first saw her future husband. She was one of a family of three sisters, celebrated in New York fifty years ago as the "Three Graces of Bond Street," where their father, Mr. Ward, a banker (of the once well-known firm, Prime, Ward & King), lived elegantly, and entertained with hospitality. One of these sisters married Mr. Maillard, connected with the Bonaparte family, another, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, (father of Marion Crawford, the novelist); but the third and most gifted became the wife of Dr. Howe. They spent the summer of 1841 in Dorchester, not far from the Blind Asylum, and it was then, I suppose, that Dr. Howe fell in love. In August 1842,[1]

[1] Sumner, in a letter to Longfellow, dated August 20, 1842, makes this odd allusion to the visit. "At Stockbridge I left the girls (his sisters) to ramble about, while Howe and I started on a journey to New York, *including Hell Gate, where we passed the chief part of our time.* The 'Three Graces' were bland and lovely." As Sumner seldom jested, we must suppose that he did not typify courtship by "Hell Gate," but meant that they passed much time in excursions on the East River. See *Memoir of Charles Sumner*, II, p. 220.

along with his intimate friend, Charles Sumner, he visited New York for the sake of meeting Miss Julia Ward, and the "engagement" was soon after announced. They were married in April, 1843, and early in May sailed for England, preceded by a letter from Sumner to Lord Morpeth (afterward Earl of Carlisle) in which he said: "This note is mainly to announce the coming of my dear friend Howe, and his newly married wife. I cannot write too warmly of Howe. He is shy, reserved, modest, but full of worth, intelligence, and virtue. Perhaps you will remember his wife, who is unsurpassed in cultivation by any of her sex in the United States." She was indeed, as her subsequent life has shown, a lady of rare learning, genius, and grace of style, and her poems are now better known than those of any woman in America. Such a married pair could not fail to be well received wherever they might go; and, with the exception of Prussia, which was closed to them, they made the usual tour of Europe, spending much time in Italy, where Dr. Howe's oldest daughter, Julia Romana, afterwards Mrs. Anagnos, was born early in 1844, and christened by Theodore Parker, who also happened to be in Rome that winter. Three weeks later Dr. Howe made his brief visit to Greece, and to his Corinthian colony, already described. He had requested Sumner to visit this colony in 1839, and had given him letters to Tricoupi, Mavrocordato, and the other statesmen of Greece, but Sumner lingered in Rome, and never made the journey. Returning to Italy in April, Howe visited Naples, and then went to pass the summer in England. He there visited Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury, a man "of a spirit

kindred to his own." There also he made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Bracebridge, and, through them, of Florence Nightingale, not yet known to fame, though even at that time a young lady much admired ; having given evidence of that superiority of character which has since made her name one of those most honored in her own time. The bent of Miss Nightingale's mind in 1844 was in the direction of what we may call philosophical philanthropy. She held many conversations with Dr. Howe upon matters of mutual interest, and one or two which may be thought to have determined her after-life.

It was perhaps at this house of the Bracebridges or at some other charming home in Southern England, that the story should be localized which I have heard Dr. Howe tell, concerning himself and Florence Nightingale.[1] Always an early riser, Dr. Howe used

[1] Florence Nightingale is a year or two younger than Mrs. Howe, being born in 1820, at Florence, Italy (whence her name), the youngest daughter of an English banker named Shore, who to inherit an estate took the name of Nightingale, which his child has made so illustrious. She was highly educated, and in 1844 might compare with Mrs. Howe for her knowledge of Latin, of French and Italian, of German and of music, while she had that facility in mathematics which some women display so remarkably. But she also had a turn for active benevolence, and as a girl had visited hospitals and workhouse infirmaries, which was not then, as it has since become, a fashionable pursuit. She did not go through the training of Pastor Fliedner's school of deaconesses, however, until 1849, when she seems to have entered steadily on the work of her life. She became famous from 1854, when at the head of a hundred nurses, she established her hospital for soldiers of the Crimea at Scutari. She is still living (July, 1891), but has long been an invalid. Her sister, Lady Verney, died in 1890.

to spend the time before breakfast in the great garden of this English country-house where the Howes and Miss Nightingale were visiting. She also used to come forth into the garden, and they had many long talks there, among the roses and lilies. In one of these talks the young lady said: "Dr. Howe, you have had much experience in the world of philanthropy; you are a medical man, and a gentleman; now may I ask you to tell me, upon your word, whether it would be anything unsuitable or unbecoming to a young Englishwoman, if she should devote herself to works of charity, in hospitals and elsewhere, as the Catholic Sisters do?" Dr. Howe had learned by this time the earnest character of his young friend, and he said to her:

"My dear Miss Florence, it would be unusual, and, in England, whatever is unusual is apt to be thought unsuitable; but I say to you, go forward, if you have a vocation for that way of life; act up to your aspiration, and you will find that there is never anything unbecoming or unladylike in doing your duty for the good of others. Choose your path, go on with it, wherever it may lead you, and God be with you!"

Miss Nightingale thanked him, and the matter dropped; but when he heard afterward, that she had become a hospital nurse, he remembered this conversation.

In the previous summer of 1843, Dr. Howe had spent some time in Great Britain, renewing his acquaintance with Dr. George Combe, of Edinburgh, to whom both he and his friend Horace Mann were warmly attached—both being then phrenologists and

physiologists of Dr. Combe's school[1]—and visiting many public establishments with Horace Mann. Concerning this fruitful and brilliant season Mrs. Howe says:

Dr. Howe's bridal journey was made under circumstances of peculiar interest. Almost simultaneously with himself, his dear friend, Horace Mann, had taken a partner for life, and the voyage to Europe was made by the two couples in the same steamer. On arriving in England, they occupied for a time the same lodgings, and many of their visits to public institutions were made in company. I remember among these many workhouses, schools, and prisons. The establishment at Pentonville was then new, and in great favor. The Duke of Richmond and Viscount Morpeth, afterwards Lord Carlisle, were of our party on the day of our visiting the prison. On another occasion, Mr. Dickens accompanied us to Westminster Bridewell, where the treadmill was then in full operation. He appeared much affected at the sight of the unfortunate inmates, and exclaimed in Dr. Howe's hearing, "I cannot blame a woman for killing her own child, if she sees that he will become such a man as one of these." The narrative of Dickens had made the case of Laura Bridgman generally known in England and on the Continent. As a consequence of this, on the occasion of this visit, Dr. Howe became the object of the most gratifying attentions from people foremost in standing and desert. Thomas Carlyle called upon him soon after his arrival in London, and in the course of conversation expressed his amusement at Laura's question about the hours kept by horses[2] Sidney Smith spoke of Dr. Howe as a second Prome-

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[1] As early as December, 1832, Dr. Howe was secretary of a phrenological society in Boston, where Spurzheim had died.

[2] "Do horses sit up late?" asked Laura on one occasion; then, perceiving the impropriety of her verb, she said, "I mean do horses stand up late?"

theus.[1] The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Houghton (Monckton Milnes), the Marquis of Lansdowne, Basil Montagu, and the poet Rogers were among the pleasant acquaintances made at this epoch. The doctor was often called upon to recount the steps by which he had led an imprisoned soul from darkness into light. Dr. Howe kept in these new surroundings his own quiet dignity and modesty. In the highest company, one felt his height above that of other men. And this was shown in his judgment of men and of things, in his true kindness and geniality, and in his transparent simplicity and truthfulness. The presence and praise of people of rank neither uplifted nor abashed him. The humanity which he respected in himself he regarded equally in others, but the fact itself, not its adventitious trappings, claimed his service and homage.

Dr. Howe returned with his wife and child in September, 1844, and resumed his place at South Boston, and his laboring oar in the galley of reform. He had then a new interest in the prison question abroad, and became a more active member of the Prison Discipline Society, of which more hereafter. He found his friend Mann engaged in a sharp controversy about teaching deaf children to talk, and joined heartily with him in the endeavor (in 1844-45) to introduce articulation among the deaf pupils main-

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[1] Dr. Howe served this incorrigible wit as a peg on which to hang a jest. It was when Smith was suffering from his investment in the repudiated Pennsylvania bonds, that they met at one of the breakfasts of Rogers. Smith asked Howe to hold his crutches a moment, and then said, "You see they're all alike; here is this pleasant American philanthropist, and he has just taken away my only means of support." I suppose Smith could make old jokes look "amaist as weel's the new."

tained by the State in the Asylum at Hartford. In Switzerland, Holland, and Germany, the system had already been fully tried and established, and in these countries Dr. Howe and Mr. Mann had found opportunities of observing pupils in every stage of vocal discipline, "from the simultaneous utterance of unintelligible sounds to the very politeness and perfection of speech." They believed in the system then; but the innovation was strongly resisted at that time and long after by those committed to the old method of instruction, in which the language of arbitrary signs predominated even over the use of the finger alphabet. Unable to convince the American Asylum at Hartford of the propriety of at least giving the new method a fair trial, Dr. Howe began upon two little deaf-mute pupils a series of experiments, which finally had some share in leading to the establishment, in the neighborhood of Boston, of a small school devoted to the articulate method of education, whose teacher afterwards became the Principal of the Clark School for the Deaf in Northampton.[1] In the interim (twenty-two years) between his first efforts to this end and their final success, Dr. Howe was instrumental in leading many mothers of deaf-mute children to conduct their education upon this principle, the children receiving the greater part of their education at home.

"I have seen several of these grown men and

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[1] This was Miss Harriet Rogers, whose elder sister, Miss Eliza Rogers, had been one of the teachers at the Blind Asylum, and had particular charge of Oliver Caswell. Miss H. Rogers opened her school at Billerica in 1864, removed it to Chelmsford in 1865, and to Northampton in 1867, when the Clarke Institution opened there.

women, able to mingle in society, and to take part freely in conversation," said Mrs. Howe in 1876. Among these might perhaps be included Mrs. Bell, the wife of Prof. A. G. Bell.

In such labors passed away the two years up to the summer of 1846, when this second period of Dr. Howe's life closed and he began that third period of political conflict, which lasted for twenty years. Before entering upon the record of that, let me cite what Dr. Hedge, who had known him from 1832, and the poet, Bryant, whose acquaintance began even earlier, said of this devoted philanthropist, at his funeral in January, 1876. Dr. Hedge said:

He was never the hero of his own tale. I have talked with him, often and long, and should never have guessed from anything that fell from his lips that he had ever seen Greece, or lain in a Prussian prison cell, or penetrated the three-barred gate of Laura Bridgman's soul. Another peculiarity of his enthusiasm was the liberality, the tolerance that accompanied it. And this I believe to be one of the rarest of moral phenomena, the combination of philanthropic enthusiasm and a tolerant spirit. Excepting him only, I have never known a philanthropist—I mean an active, reforming philanthropist—who was also a fair-minded tolerant man. Many excellent, devoted, self-sacrificing men I have known of that vocation, men to rejoice in and thank God for; but they all had this taint of intolerance. Not content with strenuous advocacy of their own pet charity, not content with active service in that cause, they insisted that you should tread their narrow path, should merge yourself in their one idea, and reviled all who differed from them as to time and method, when even agreed as to ends. Advocates of temperance I have known who reeled and staggered and wanted to intoxicate you with their heady politics; champions of abolition I have known who wanted to fasten the

yoke of their method on your neck;[1] and even apostles of non-resistance who handled their olive-branch as if it were a war-club. Dr. Howe was not of that line. He was that exceptional character, a tolerant enthusiast, a fair advocate of a righteous cause.

Mr. Bryant said, among other things:

His place is in that class with which Virgil, by a noble climax, closes his enumeration of the great and good who possess the Elysian fields — a passage which has been thus translated:[2]

Patriots were there in freedom's battle slain,
Priests, whose long lives were closed without a stain,
Bards worthy him who breathed the poet's mind,
Founders of arts that dignify mankind,
And lovers of our race, whose labors gave
Their names a memory that defies the grave.

Howe might have claimed the snowy fillet, under the first and the fourth as well as under the last of these qualifications.

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[1] This was understood and resented in 1876 as applying to Garrison, who lived until 1879.

[2] "Æneid," VI, pp. 660-664. These are the lines:

Hic manus, ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
Quique pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,
Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes
Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

BOOK THIRD.

POLITICAL CONFLICT.

1846–1861.

Nec exstat alia lex Romae, alia Athenis, alia nunc, alia posthae, sed omnes gentes et omni tempore una lex continebit. Deus legis hujus inventor, disceptator, lator.

CICERO (*in Lactantius*).

Bewray not him that wandreth.

BIBLE.

The blind mole casts
Copped hills toward heaven, to tell the earth is thronged
By man's oppression, and the poor worm dies for't.
Kings are earth's gods ; in vice, their law's their will ;
And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?

SHAKESPEARE (*Pericles*).

Till now you have gone on and filled the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice ; till now, myself and such
As slept within the shadow of your power
Have wandered with our arms traversed, and breathed
Our sufferance vainly. Now the time is flush
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more!"

SHAKESPEARE (*Timon*).

CHAPTER I.

THE INSOLENCE OF THE SLAVEHOLDERS.

Dr. Howe had been bred by his father a Jeffersonian Democrat, like himself. As a boy and youth he had learned to dislike the Boston Federalists, and to abhor their thinly-disguised schemes for dissolving the Union. Consequently he paid less attention than he otherwise might have done to the growing political power and insolence of the Southern slaveholders, which, from 1820, when the Missouri Compromise was forced upon the North, was the most alarming feature of our politics ; especially from 1828, when a combination of Northern Federalists, with the Democrats of South Carolina, Virginia, and the whole North, elected Jackson and Calhoun President and Vice-President, defeating the able but unskillful administration of John Quincy Adams—who was supported on one side by Henry Clay, and on the other by Daniel Webster. This may be taken as the beginning of that complete control of the United States by the slave-power, which continued with slight mitigation till the autumn of 1860, when the insolent demands of the slaveholders proved too much even for the Democratic demagogues like Douglas, of Illinois, and caused a break in the dominant party ; in consequence of which Abraham Lincoln was chosen President. In these two and

thirty years, from 1828 to 1860, the oligarchy of slave-masters had succeeded in directing all our foreign affairs, and much of our domestic legislation.[1] But

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[1] Theodore Parker, speaking in 1855, said: "For the last 46 years, Freedom has not prevailed in a single instance, while Slavery has been eleven times victorious. At first, indeed, there was a struggle for the mastery, and it was not certain which would prevail. It was a drawn game until 1812; but then Slavery rallied all its forces, and conquered. From that to 1855, Slavery has had the mastery in our National Councils. Now let us look to the results. First, in the acquisition of territory: all that has been acquired has been slave territory. We bought Florida, annexed Texas. Slavery has been legislated into Utah, into New Mexico. California is a slave State—not by its Constitution, but by a principle as active; every year the Legislature votes that Slavery shall exist there 'one year more.' It exists by sufferance, but exists in its worst form. During all that time we have not acquired any free territory—but, on the contrary, have been very ready to part with some of that we had. So, also, has it been in the election of Presidents. Of the twelve who have sat in the Presidential chair, eight were born in slave States, and but four in the North; and none has been more disgracefully Pro-Slavery than Mr. Pierce, who now occupies the position. Five Southern Presidents have been reëlected; no Northern President has ever filled the office a second time. Why? Because the South is our master. When it takes a Northern man, it first rings him, to try how he sounds; and if he is sufficiently hollow, puts him in. How as regards the Judiciary? Thirty-five Judges have been appointed to the Supreme Court—19 from the South, 16 from the North. For 53 years we have had none but slaveholding Chief-Justices. The *sine qua non* for that office is that he should be sound upon the subject of Slavery. The South is also master in the appointment of diplomatic officers. Of 216 appointed to represent this country, 117 have been chosen from the South, 99 from the North. But even this gives no fair idea, for those chosen from the North are generally in favor of Slavery. If one of them were known to utter a word against that institution he would be quickly recalled."

it does not appear that Dr. Howe, though he became a "Whig" and an opponent of General Jackson, soon after his return from Europe in 1831, took very active interest in the agitation commenced by Benjamin Lundy and carried on by Garrison, Whittier, and their friends during Jackson's and Van Buren's administrations. He had many friends among the Southern slaveholders; he was indebted to a Virginian, Mr. Rives, for his release out of prison in 1832; and, in habits and tastes, he resembled the better examples of the Southern character. He would have passed anywhere out of New England for a Virginian or Kentuckian, having the slender and cavalier grace of the young men of those communities, and the easy, frank, high-spirited, and courteous manners that commended the best Virginians to the rest of mankind. "There is something about the Virginia gentleman," said Richard Dana,[1] in 1844, "which you don't find elsewhere. Plain in their dress, simple in their manners, the question whether they are doing the right thing, whether this or that is genteel or not, never seems to occur to them." It was this trait in Dr. Howe which made him a social favorite, so that while his political associates were ostracized in Boston by the rich and toryish families, he never was. George Ticknor might declare that "Charles Sumner had put himself outside the pale of good society," and good Dr. Palfrey might walk up Beacon street saying, "Once I was invited to these fine houses, but now I never enter them;" yet Howe,

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[1] "Richard Henry Dana," by Charles Francis Adams, vol. 1, p. 108.

the friend of Sumner, of Palfrey, of Horace Mann, and of Theodore Parker, could never be sent to Coventry; and he never lost his magic power of drawing money from the purses of his rich friends to help on his noble charities.

There was, in fact, a latent conservatism in Dr. Howe's nature which other conservatives saw and respected; he did these extrordinary things, they said, not because he had some ax to grind, or some point to carry, but because duty compelled him—*noblesse oblige.* He was not seen beating the drum or blowing the trumpet, but leading the forlorn hope; and when he entered definitely into the anti-slavery struggle, as he did in 1846, by accepting a nomination for Congress against Mr. Winthrop, he said, in signifying his acceptance, that he thought he could fill a ditch as well as another man. He had long been tending toward this position, but the time had till then never arrived when he could sacrifice himself for a cause, which was what he always stood ready to do.

The annexation of Texas in 1845 had greatly stirred the people of the North, who viewed it as simply a measure for the perpetuation of the slave-power, and for extending the area of slavery. Dr. Howe opposed it, as nearly everybody in Boston did; but he was then very busy with the educational controversies of his friend Horace Mann, with the question of prison discipline, and with measures for the improvement of the insane and the idiotic. He did not, therefore, take an active part against the admission of Texas; but so important was this act of the slave-power, as a step toward its great object, that it demands a chapter by itself.

CHAPTER II.

TEXAS, WEBSTER, AND SLAVERY.

WHEN the boundary between Louisiana and Mexico was fixed by treaty with Spain, during the Presidency of Monroe, in 1819, the Rio Grande was not taken for a boundary, because Spain was unwilling to concede it; but John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, favored that as the boundary. This would have given us Texas without a struggle, and Texas would have become, no doubt, a slave-holding Territory of the United States. It joined in the revolt against Spain, with Mexico, of which it was a province; and later, in the administration of Jackson, it revolted against Mexico, and secured its independence. One reason for this revolt was to protect slavery, which Mexico was inclined to abolish; and the result of Texan independence was to fasten slavery upon that broad land, which Jackson had sought to purchase, and which Calhoun and the leading slaveholders had determined to annex to the United States.[1] Their project was not favored by

[1] Benjamin Lundy, the pioneer Abolitionist, had warned the country in 1836–37 against this plot of the slaveholders to annex Texas, and had several times visited that State, while it was a part of Mexico, or in revolt against Mexico, to explore its condition, and do what he could for the abolition of slavery there. This is one of the most interesting portions of Lundy's life. See Thomas Earle's "Life of Benjamin Lundy" and the four-volume "Memoir of William Lloyd Garrison," vol. I.

Van Buren, friendly as he was to the slave-power; but it was revived under the Presidency of John Tyler, whose Secretary of State was Daniel Webster. One reason for forcing Webster out of Tyler's Cabinet was to evade his opposition to the Texas scheme; this was managed by Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, then a member of Congress, who finally succeeded in getting Calhoun appointed Secretary of State by Tyler, in the year 1844. The effect of these plots on Webster has been thus described by his friend, George Ticknor: [1]

Mr. Webster said that one day, in 1844, when he was sitting with Mr. Upshur, who was then Secretary of State, Mr. Upshur told him that "he would not continue in office a fortnight if he had not a particular object to accomplish." Mr. Webster said, "I felt Texas go through me," and in two days he knew all about it. Texas had anxiously desired the protection of the United States against a threatened invasion from Mexico, and had persuaded our Government to agree to give such protection if that invasion should take place. "We might, therefore," Mr. Webster said, "be in a war with Mexico at any time;" and he did not doubt the Administration would be willing to have such a war. He then went on and described the troubles that would follow any great enlargement of our territory in the Southern direction. He thought it would endanger the Union. He became very much excited; he walked up and

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[1] See George T. Curtis's "Life of Daniel Webster," vol. II, pp. 230-235. Mr. Curtis must also have known, but has suppressed the facts about Webster's connection with the Anti-Texas Convention of January, 1845, which he had desired to call, and for which Webster wrote the earnest anti-slavery "address." Mr. C. F. Adams has given Mr. S. C. Phillips' version of this affair in his "Richard H. Dana. A biography," vol. I, 173. See also Theodore Parker's "Daniel Webster" in "Additional Speeches," vol. I, p. 212.

down the room fast and uneasily. He said he had not been able to sleep at night, and that he could think of little else in the day. He had written two editorial articles in the *National Intelligencer*, and with great difficulty had pursuaded Mr. Gales to insert them, and to take full ground against any annexation of Texas. At his request also, Mr. Winthrop had introduced a resolution on the subject in the House of Representatives; and as he passed through New York he had engaged Mr. Charles King[2] to take the same ground, and had left with him more than one article to be published in the newspaper of which Mr. King was the editor. His object, he said, was to rouse the whole North on the subject. An election was about to take place in Connecticut, and he said, if it was in his power, he would make the Texas question an element in its decision, "If I had the means I would send men to Connecticut, who should run through the State from side to side, with their arms stretched out, crying, Texas, Texas," and he suited the action to the word in the most fervent and impressive manner. Mr. Webster's object also was to get up public meetings in Boston and elsewhere, and, if possible, to have a convention of all Massachusetts to protest against the annexation of Texas. Mr. Brimmer, then Mayor of Boston, endeavored to promote this with all his power. Mr. Charles G. Loring and a few other persons assisted him; but persons of mark and note in the Whig party, with the *Atlas* newspaper for their organ, earnestly opposed it. About this time, April, 1844, I dined with Mr. Webster at the

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[1] Robert C. Winthrop, then a member of Congress from Boston (against whom, in 1846, Dr. Howe was nominated, because Mr. Winthrop's course on the slavery question was not satisfactory to the "Conscience Whigs," of whom S. C. Phillips, C. F. Adams, Dr. Howe, F. W. Bird, etc. were the leaders), Abbott Lawrence, Nathan Appleton, etc., were called "Cotton Whigs," because their interests were bound up with the cotton manufacture.

[2] Brother of John A. King and James G. King, eminent Whigs of New York, and son of Rufus King, the friend of Hamilton. His paper was the New York *American*.

table of Colonel Thomas H. Perkins; Mr. N. Appleton,[1] Mr. Edmund Dwight, and several other of the principal Whigs of Boston were there. They expressed the opinion that Texas would never be annexed. Mr. Webster said, very strongly, that Texas would be annexed if a great effort were not made at the North to prevent it, and suggested a public meeting, a convention of the State, etc. "Mind," said he, striking his hand on the table, "I do not say that Texas will be annexed within a year, but I do say I think I see how it can be done, and I have no reason to suppose that the Administration sees it less clearly than I do." A slight laugh followed, expressing an incredulity not quite respectful, and the conversation was changed. Mr. Webster soon went away and one of the gentlemen said, "He ought to come out for Clay."[2]

At this time there was ill-feeling in Boston against Webster because he had clung to the weak and profligate administration of Tyler, a year after it had broken faith with its supporters, led by Clay. No doubt jealousy of Clay was one reason for this course on Webster's part. It threw power tempo-

[1] Father of Mrs. Longfellow, and of Thomas Gold Appleton, the renowned wit of Boston. He was a leading "Cotton Whig," a merchant and manufacturer. Mr. Dwight was a brother-in-law of George Bancroft, and the particular friend both of Webster and of Horace Mann, whose labors in the cause of education he seconded with liberal gifts of money. The *Atlas* supported Clay for President, the *Advertiser* Webster first and Clay afterward.

[2] He did "come out for Clay" at Baltimore the day after the National Convention had nominated his rival for the Presidency, May 2, 1844. Webster then said, "There is no question now before the country of public policy upon which there is any difference between that great leader of the Whig party and myself." It soon appeared, however, that Clay favored annexation at some future time; and this fact defeated him, by the votes of the "Liberty party" in New York. It almost caused a Whig secession in Massachusetts also.

rarily into the hands of Abbott Lawrence, and other opponents of Webster among the Massachusetts Whigs; and it also drew him a little more towards the "Conscience Whigs," led by J. Q. Adams, his son, C. F. Adams, Stephen C. Phillips, Charles Allen, of Worcester, and other men of note. In a speech made in Boston, October 5, 1844, John Quincy Adams, that "old man eloquent," went a step beyond Webster, and said to the young men of Boston: "Your trial is approaching. The spirit of freedom and the spirit of slavery are drawing together for the deadly conflict of arms. The annexation of Texas is the blast of a trumpet for a foreign, civil, servile, and Indian war, of which the Government of your country, fallen into faithless hands, has already thrice given the signal—first by a shameless treaty, rejected by a virtuous Senate [1]—and again by the glaive of defiance, hurled by the apostle of nullification [2] at the avowed policy of the British Empire peacefully to promote the extinction of slavery throughout the world." But Webster himself was then an opponent of slavery, and therefore the next step of his in this Texas affair was but natural, and would have done Webster great honor, could he have had the courage to follow it up. The time is the winter of 1844–45, just after

[1] This was Calhoun's first scheme for annexing Texas, submittted in the form of a treaty before the Presidential election, and rejected by a vote of two to one. After the election of 1844, Texas was annexed by joint resolution of Congress—a very unconstitutional procedure.

[2] Calhoun is here meant, who took offence at Lord Aberdeen's official utterances on the slave-trade, and announced that the United States protected slavery.

the defeat of Clay at the November election, and the narrator is Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, a former Congressman from the Essex district. I quote from the diary of 1850 in Adams's "Life of Dana," to whom Mr. Phillips told the story:

Webster had left Tyler's cabinet, and was out of office, and rather out of favor with the Whig leaders in the State for having stayed so long by Tyler, but, without doubt, supported by the people.[1] Mr. Phillips had been his warm and somewhat confidential friend. He found Webster fully and deeply interested in the movement against annexation. Webster advised that a convention be called at Faneuil Hall, and an address to the people prepared, as the first step towards rousing the North. Mr. Phillips reminded him that it was an important movement, on which the political fate of themselves and the party might hang, and that they must be assured of his support. He never will forget Webster's reply: "If there is any influence in the name of Daniel Webster, as some persons have said, you shall have it all! By this head and this heart" (suiting the action to the word), "if there is any strength in this old arm,[2] it is all devoted to your cause." Mr. Phillips then

[1] He was, in fact, chosen Senator this same winter by the State Legislature in the place of Rufus Choate, who had resigned; and there was no serious opposition to him in that body. Parker says, in his funeral sermon on Webster (1852): "He prepared some portions of the address of the Massachusetts Anti-Texas Convention in 1845; but as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting, and favored annexation, he did not appear at the convention, but went off to New York." This fact Parker had from C. F. Adams, I suppose.

[2] Webster was at this time nearly 63 years old; he was born Jan. 18, 1782, and died Oct. 24, 1852. He had just been through the campaign of 1844, making speeches for Clay in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania, and, in fact, was strong and active, as the next six years of his life showed. The above conversation probably occurred at the Tremont House, Boston.

wrote the call for the convention, which Mr. Webster revised and approved, and it was taken round for signatures. Then they found that a certain number of leading Whigs, represented by Abbott Lawrence and Nathan Appleton (since called the "Cotton Whigs") were indifferent to the subject, and averse to any action. Their general motives were well known. With some of them there was an additional special motive of unwillingness to coöperate with Webster in a movement that might redound to his credit. Mr. Lawrence, in giving his final refusal, said, "No, sir; we will not help Daniel Webster to right himself by this Texas movement." At the same time Mr. Webster's New York friends, hearing of the movement, became alarmed, and wrote to Webster, begging him not to commit himself and the Whig party of New England to it; that it would alienate the South, and seal the alliance between the South and the Northern Democracy; that the leading Whigs of Boston would not stand by him, and that there was not sufficient anti-Texas feeling in the North to be the basis of his political action. These letters, and the coldness of the Cotton Whigs, evidently deterred Mr. Webster, and when he was asked to sign the call for the convention (January, 1845), he held back. Judge Allen,[1] with his characteristic intrepidity, put Webster's name to it, and told him it should be published, and he might take it back if he dared. It was thus only that Webster's name appeared. As the time drew near for the convention, they found Mr. Webster more and more backward. They got him to work on the address on Monday, two days

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[1] Afterwards member of Congress from the Worcester district, and one of the delegates to the Whig Convention of 1848, who refused to support the nomination of General Taylor for President. Charles Allen was an excellent lawyer, a firm and upright judge, a great favorite with Webster, and very popular in his district. He joined in the nomination of Van Buren and Adams as the "Free-Soil" candidates, and this made certain the election of General Taylor.

before the convention.[1] It was written in Webster's office, he dictating and Mr. Phillips and Judge Allen writing; he divided the objections into heads, and took them up separately, leaving slavery to the last. When he came to this head, he paused and became very solemn, and told them frankly he did not know what to do. He stated the position of the question, the state of parties, the division among the Whigs, etc., and went no farther. All they could get from him was a promise to consider it, and to meet them Tuesday afternoon. At that time they received a note from him, saying that a case in which he was engaged obliged him to be in New York the next day—that he left that afternoon—that the business was in excellent hands, which could manage far better than he could; he wished them Godspeed, etc.

This account by Mr. Dana is not wholly correct. The manuscript of the address, which is mainly as it left Mr. Webster's hands, and was so printed, is partly in Mr. Webster's handwriting, and wholly of his composition. I have seen the manuscript and compared it, at various points, with the copy printed in February, 1845. It may be that a few passages here and there never received Mr. Webster's final revision; but most of it shows the marks of great care in its preparation, and equally of Webster's simple but ponderous style. As it has never been publicly acknowledged as his, I here give it almost in full, to show where he stood in 1844–45:

[1] The convention was called, and met Wednesday, Jan. 29, 1845; its president was John M. Williams, an old judge, and among its secretaries were George T. Curtis and John G. Whittier. Among the delegates was W. L. Garrison, whose disunion resolutions were voted down, although he had many supporters. See "Memoir of Garrison," vol. III, p. 136. Webster's name headed the signers of the call from Plymouth County, and George Ticknor also signed.

FROM WEBSTER'S ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

(January 29, 1845.)

It is a fundamental maxim of all American Constitutions, that the people are the only rightful source of political power; that government is a delegated and limited trust; that all authority not conferred is reserved; and that, in fact, there are grave questions, lying deeper than the organized forms of government, and over which government, in none of its branches, has just control. When, in the course of events, a question of this kind arises, it is fit to be examined, and must be examined, by the people themselves, and considered and decided by an enlightened and conscientious exercise of public judgment, and a full and determined expression of the public will.

It is, perhaps, a matter of necessity, that those to whom power is confided, under a free constitution, must be left, in ordinary cases, to be judges themselves of the limits imposed on their own authority, subject to such checks and balances as the framers of government may have provided. But in times of great excitement, of political party heat, in times when men's passions strengthen dangerously the natural tendency of all power to enlarge its limits by construction and inference, by plausible arguments and bad precedents; in such times it behooves the great constituent body to put forth its own power of investigation and decision, and to judge for itself, whether its agents are about to transcend their authority, and abuse their trust.

Such an inquiry is presented to the people of the United States, by the project broached last year, and now zealously and hotly pursued, of annexing Texas to the United States. This question transcends all the bounds of ordinary political topics. It is not a question how the United States shall be governed, but what shall hereafter constitute the United States; it is not a question as to what system of policy shall prevail in this country, but what the country itself shall be.

It is a question which touches the identity of the Republic. The inquiry is, whether we shall remain as we have been since 1789, or whether we shall now join another people to us, and mix, not only our interests, hopes, and prospects, but our very being, with another, and a foreign State. This fearful proposition must awaken, and we are glad to know does awaken, a deep and intense feeling throughout a great part of the country. It touches reflecting minds to the very quick, because it appears to them to strike at foundations, to endanger first principles, and to menace, in a manner, well calculated to excite alarm and terror, the stability of our political institutions.

We regard the scheme of annexing Texas to the United States, as being:

1. A plain violation of the Constitution.

2. As calculated and designed, by the open declaration of its friends, to uphold the interests of slavery, extend its influence, and secure its permanent duration.

I. There is no constitutional power in any branch of the Government, or all the branches of the Government, to annex a foreign State to the Union.

The successful termination of the Revolutionary War, left the old thirteen States free and independent, although united in a common confederacy. Some of these States possessed a large tract of territory, lying within the limits of their respective charters from the Crown of England, not as yet cultivated or settled. Before the adoption of the present Constitution, it is well known these States had made extensive grants of this territory to the United States, with the main original purpose of disposing of the same for the payment of the debt of the Revolution. The cession of Virginia, to whom much the largest portion of this territory belonged, being all the land within her original charter, was made in 1784; and it was the express condition of that grant, that the ceded territory should be laid out and formed into States, each to be of suitable extent, not less than a hundred nor more than one hundred and fifty miles square.

At the adoption of the present Constitution these territories belonged to the United States, and the Government of the United States was bound to make provision for their admission into the Union, as States, so soon as they should become properly settled and peopled for that purpose. For the government of this territory the memorable ordinance of July, 1787, was passed, and constituted the public law of the country until the present Constitution was adopted. It became then a part of the duty of the framers of that instrument to make provision suitable to the subject. The Constitution declares, therefore, "that Congress shall have power to dispose of, and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory of the United States." This gave the authority of governing the territory, as territory, while it remained such. And in the same article it is provided as follows:

Article 4, Sec. 3. "New States may be admitted by the Congress into this Union; but no new State shall be formed or erected within the jurisdiction of any other State, nor any State be formed by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States, without the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned, as well as of the Congress."

It is quite impossible to read this clear and exact provision, without seeing that Congress had in view two forms in which new States might be created and admitted into the Union. 1st, They might be created out of the territory which the United States possessed, and in regard to which the original stipulation was, that it should be formed into States in due time, and those States admitted into the Union. 2d, New States might be formed by the division of an existing State, or by the junction of two or more States, or parts of States; but in this case the consent of the Legislature of the States concerned was made necessary, as well as that of Congress. It is plain and manifest that in all this there is not the slightest view towards any future acquisition of territory.

A treaty for the annexation of Texas to the United States, was negotiated last year (1844), between the President of the

United States, and the Texan Government, and laid before the Senate, for its constitutional ratification, at the last session of Congress. It was sent, like any other treaty, and required, of course, the concurrence of the same proportion of Senators as other treaties require, to wit, two-thirds of all present. A confidence, very ill-founded, as events have shown, has been already expressed, and signified to Texas, that the concurrence of that number of Senators was certain. After many weeks of debate, the treaty was rejected by a vote of thirty-five to sixteen—it thus appearing that not only had two-thirds of the Senators not voted for it, but that two-thirds had voted against it. Here was supposed to be an end of the treaty, but no sooner was Congress assembled, at its present session, than a joint resolution was introduced, declaring that this treaty, the ratification of which had thus been decisively refused by the Senate, the only body which could constitutionally give it ratification, should, nevertheless, become the supreme law of the land. This resolution is now pending, modified in its form, but providing substantially for the same object ; it has already passed the House of Representatives, and should it pass both Houses, then an attempt will have been made and will have succeeded, so far as the forms of law are concerned, to ratify a treaty by mere majorities of both Houses, instead of the constitutional authority of the Senate.

We know not on what occasion bad objects have been more emphatically pursued by bad means, or in which the recklessness of the original purpose has been followed up by grosser disregard of all constitutional and just restraint. If this precedent prevail, the treaty-making power, as established by the Constitution, is at an end. It will be no longer for the Senate, the great conservative and most permanent body of the government, to act deliberately and gravely on treaties with foreign States, to judge of them in the light of its own wisdom, and under the responsibility of its own high character, and to grant its ratification, if the constitutional number of Senators present concur. The ratification of treaties will become the business of party majorities, temporary majorities, it may be bare major-

ities, of the two Houses, acting under the influences, and liable to all the errors, which may occasionally affect the proceedings of such numerous assemblies.

II. "Annexation is designed and calculated, by the open declaration of its friends, to uphold the interests of slavery, extend its influence, and secure its permanent duration."

The frankness of this avowal supersedes the necessity of any attempt to strip off disguises, or to bring hidden and concealed motives, into the light. There is no disguise, the motives are all confessed. They are boldly avowed to the country and the world; and the question is therefore open, visible, naked, and in its true character, before the American people.

When the treaty was sent to the Senate, it was accompanied by an elaborate message from the President, setting forth its character and objects. It was accompanied by parts, though meagre and scanty parts, of the correspondence which had preceded its conclusion. Repeated and persevering calls of the Senate produced, at subsequent periods, other and much more important parts of that correspondence. Since the rejection of the treaty, the Secretary of State has continued to address our public Ministers abroad upon the subject; and the country has now before it a mass of correspondence, between the Government in Washington and its diplomatic agents abroad, and between these agents and the Governments of Mexico and Texas. How far that correspondence, taken together, exhibits ability, dignity, self-respect, and respect for the rights of others; how far its general character, reflects honor and credit on the Government of this country, we willingly abstain from undertaking to show. We refer to it now only as containing those open confessions and avowals, of which we have already spoken, of the purpose with which annexation has been proposed, and is now pursued with such unwearied perseverance.

Here, then, is a spectacle, in our judgment, a sad spectacle, not only for the contemplation of our own country, but for that of the whole civilized world. These advocates of annexation insist that not only is slavery an institution desirable in

itself, fit to be retained, and necessary to be maintained as a blessing to man, but they seem to insist, also, that a leading object of the Constitution of the United States was to guard it, defend it, and assure its perpetual duration. Let the Constitution of the country be vindicated from this imputation; let its objects and its purposes, it ends and its means, be clearly stated, and then no lover of human liberty will feel disposed to turn his back upon it with disrespect. . . .

The States in which involuntary servitude existed were not called upon to abolish servitude before they could be admitted into the Union; nor, on the other hand, was the proposed government to be called upon to fortify the laws of the States, creating or establishing this involuntary servitude, by any interposition of its authority, or any guaranty or assurance whatever. It pledged itself, indeed, to exercise its authority to suppress insurrections, but this provision was as applicable to one State as another. There is reason, however, to believe that at that time there existed amongst the citizens of the country generally, even amongst those of the slave-holding States themselves, a belief that slavery was on the wane; that new views of political economy and of general interest would lead to the supplying of its place by free labor; and it may be added, with entire truth, that the successful termination of the war which had been waged for liberty and the rights of man had impressed a general expectation that the political liberation of the country from foreign dominion would tend to produce dispositions favorable to a change of the relation between the black and the white races; a change which, commencing with mitigation, and proceeding gradually and with safety from step to step, might eventually terminate in a total abolition of slavery.

Soon after the adoption of the Constitution, it was declared by George Washington to be "among his first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery might be abolished by law"; and in various forms, in public and private communications, he avowed his anxious desire that "a spirit of humanity," prompting to "the emancipation of the slave," "might diffuse

itself generally into the minds of the people ; " and he gave the assurance that " so far as his own suffrage could go," his influence would not be wanting to accomplish this result. By his last will and testament he provided that " all his slaves should receive their freedom," and, in terms significant of the solicitude he felt upon the subject, he " most pointedly and most solemnly enjoined upon his executors to see that the clause respecting the slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled, without evasion, neglect, or delay." No language can be more explicit, more emphatic, or more solemn, than that in which Thomas Jefferson, from the beginning to the end of his life, unformly declared his opposition to slavery. " I tremble for my country," said he, " when I reflect that God is just—that his justice cannot sleep forever." " The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest." In reference to the state of public feeling, as influenced by the Revolution, he said, " I think a change already perceptible since the origin of the Revolution ; " and to show his own view of the proper influence of the spirit of the Revolution on slavery, he proposed the searching question : " Who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself, in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose ? " " We must wait," he added, " with patience, the workings of the overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full—when their tears shall have involved Heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length, by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they be not left to the guidance of blind fatality ! " Towards the close of his life Mr. Jefferson made a renewed and final declaration of his opinion by writing thus to a friend : " My sentiments on the subject of the slavery of

negroes have long since been in possession of the public, and time has only served to give them stronger root. The love of justice and the love of country plead equally the cause of these people; and it is a moral reproach to us that they should have pleaded it so long in vain, and should have produced not a single effort—nay, I fear, not much serious willingness, to relieve them and ourselves from our present condition of moral and political reprobation."

It is manifest, then, that neither any specific provision of the Constitution nor anything to be gathered from its general intent, or any sentiment or opinion in the minds of those who framed it, and who were among the greatest men of the country at the time, can warrant the belief that more was expected of the Constitution, and the Government to be established under it, than the prevention of the further importation of slaves from Africa, leaving the States where it already existed to deal with it as an affair of their own; and it is equally manifest that the hopes of the wise and the good, the most ardent wishes of the most influential and patriotic men in the country, looked not to the further increase and extension of slavery, but to its gradual abolition; and the highest intellects of the country were exercised in the contemplation of means by which that abolition might be best effected. As significant of the fact that the framers of the Constitution considered domestic slavery a condition of things which would be of temporary duration, we ask your attention to this circumstance. While the Constitution contains provisions adapted to the actual condition of the Southern States, and to the servitude which existed there, it does not once recognize slavery in terms. The word slave is not to be found in that document. That the omission is not accidental would be clearly and necessarily inferred from the careful circumlocution by which this class of persons is provided for, without being named.

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The theory that the Constitution was made for the preservation, encouragement, and expansion of slavery; that every new

acquisition which freedom should make on her own soil, through the blessings of heaven upon toil and enterprise, should be counterbalanced by the incorporation into the body politic of an equal portion of exotic slavery; and that the decline of the latter, through the operation of beneficent causes, kindly placed beyond the control of man, should be retarded by subjecting to its desolating influence new regions, acquired by purchase, or fraud, or force, dates its discovery from a period long subsequent to the establishment of the Government.

We read on the first page of the Constitution, the words, "To establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity." These are the declared objects for which the Government was ordained. Are any of these ends promoted by the extension of slavery? We ask the advocates of the extension of slavery, which of the great objects of the Union they expect to promote by the success of their undertaking? *That the cause of justice is not advanced, by the subjugation of one portion of the human race to the despotic power and absolute will of another portion is a proposition, in the abstract, so absolutely true, that its denial, in few and remarkable instances, is regarded by the common understanding of mankind as the melancholy proof of a disordered intellect.*

. . . If, then, justice condemns this measure of the administration, as being at war with all its purposes, we shall look in vain, through this instrumentality, for the attainment of any constitutional object whatever. We will not ask, lest the inquiry should seem to be made in derision, if "the blessings of liberty" are to be secured by the enlargement of the limits of slavery, and the augmentation of its power. *That "domestic tranquility" will not be promoted by the increased strength of its disturbing cause; and that the safety of a nation in war will not be increased by the presence of a domestic enemy which holds motionless the arm that would be raised for its defence, are propositions admitting neither argument nor denial.*

Will the South disregard all remonstance, and press on to its consummation this deed of atrocious wrong? When the Constitution was framed, we have seen that there was harmony of sentiment among intelligent men in all sections of the country respecting the injurious influences of slavery. Nowhere do we find its evils more faithfully portrayed than in the speeches and writings of eminent men belonging to the slave-holding States in the early period of our history. The opinions they expressed of slavery have been verified at each step in the progress of the nation. *Withering every interest it touches; paralyzing the strength of States yet in their youth; more desolating than blight or mildew to the soil that sustains it; in all ages and countries, the wrong done to the nature of man, when he is subject to involuntary servitude, is avenged by the wide-spread ruin his reluctant service repays.* For this unhappy condition of society the remedy sought to be applied can only aggravate the mischief it would remove. *To eradicate the evil, not to disseminate it, is the dictate both of wisdom and philanthropy.*

But, whatever may be the policy of the Southern States upon the question of annexation, surely the appeal to the people of the free States will not be made in vain. Not only the highest obligations of duty bind them to oppose, with all their energies, the extension of a vast moral, political, and social evil, but it is clear that no other course is consistent with mere self-preservation. Their consent is demanded to the introduction into this Union of slave States, to be formed out of foreign territory. And for what end is this demand made? The object is undisguised. The purpose is single. *It is to control their policy, to make the interests of free labor subservient to the necessities of an artificial, unthrifty, unnatural and unjust condition of society. It is to force industry out of the paths which lead to abundance and prosperity, because those paths are open only to the feet of free men.* During the whole existence of the General Government, hitherto, Southern principles have had an almost unbroken sway. This has been felt in ruinous changes of public policy, seemingly capricious, but really intended, in

all its changes, *to discourage the industry of the free States, derange their business, and depress them to the level of communities in which all labor is held to be degrading, except that which is extorted from unwilling hands, by the lash of usurped authority.*[1]

It has been perceived that the night of this iron dominion was passing away. The energies of free men, put forth in submission to the laws of Providence, have overcome all obstacles, and opened the way for the growth, prosperity, and power of the free States. No sooner is that power beginning to be felt in the protection it extends to the interests which created it, than a gigantic effort is made to reduce it again and forever to subjection. The free States are called upon to assist in forging the chains that are to bind them. By the help of craven and treacherous representatives of these States, the foul deed, if done at all, must be accomplished. *But that representative of a non-slave-holding State, who shall be so lost to all his obligations to earth and heaven, as to yield his consent to a measure pernicious to one, and offensive to the other, will live, while he lives, the object of scorn and loathing to all lovers of liberty and of man; and when he shall have perished from the earth, the history of his iniquitous act will be the lasting memorial of his infamy.*

When, therefore, Dr. Howe, Charles Sumner, and the other Conscience Whigs of Boston, made opposition to Southern slavery the main article in their political creed, as they did in 1845–48, they had Daniel Webster for their leader and the spokesman

[1] Webster's part in the preliminaries of the Fanueil Hall Convention was no secret, and Charles Sumner, writing to a warm friend of Webster, Judge Story, said (Feb. 5, 1845): "You will read Mr. Webster's address to the people of the United States, promulgated by the Anti-Texas Convention. It is an able paper, which will lift our public sentiment to a new platform of Anti-Slavery."

of their opinions.[1] It is true that he had not the courage of his opinions, but the passages cited above, chiefly from his pen and from his great logical understanding, were and had been his opinions from the time he began to reflect on slavery until the fatal year 1850, when he deserted his convictions and incurred his own fearful sentence on such recreancy.

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[1] Charles Sumner up to 1845 had abstained from active politics, but he now threw in his lot with the "Conscience Whigs," against the aggressions of the slavemasters. In a speech made at Faneuil Hall November 6, 1850, Sumner said: "The first political convention which I ever attended was in the spring of 1845 against the annexation of Texas. I was then a silent and passive Whig. I had never held political office, nor been a candidate for any. No question ever before drew me to any active political exertion. The strife of politics seemed to me ignoble." From that moment the career of Sumner was determined; he was to increase and Webster was to decrease. See "Charles Sumner's Works," vol. II. p.p. 422–23. Although he says "the spring of 1845" he means January 29, in that year, the very meeting which Webster had promoted and run away from. At this time, Sumner was not quite 34; Howe was 44.

CHAPTER III.

THE MEXICAN WAR AND PRISON DISCIPLINE.

In the summer of 1845, Charles Sumner had given his great peace oration, "The True Grandeur of Nations" before the city authorities of Boston, and Dr. Howe had supported the extreme opinions there set forth. The Mexican War was already in anticipation, and the abstract peace principles of Sumner and his friends were in part their protest against that coming war. Robert C. Winthrop, then a member of Congress from Boston, had on the same day (July 4, 1845) given his famous toast, "Our Country However Bounded," and had thus laid the foundation for his future vote in favor of the Mexican war, which led to

[1] Robert Charles Winthrop, born in Boston in 1807, graduated at Harvard University in 1827, is a descendant of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and from his first appearance in public life, about 1835, was a political leader among men of his own age, until the dissolution of the Whig party in 1854. He then ceased to have any political eminence, and has since devoted himself to history and biography. He had not favored the anti-Texas agitation of Webster and Ticknor in 1844, nor that of Stephen C. Phillips and Judge Allen in 1844–45; and in 1846 he was the leader of the "Cotton Whigs" in the State convention at Faneuil Hall, where Sumner, Phillips, Allen, George Tyler Bigelow, Charles Theodore Russell and other "Conscience Whigs" maintained the doctrine of Webster's Address.

the refusal of Sumner, Howe, Andrew, and other "Conscience Whigs" to support Mr. Winthrop's re-election to Congress. From July, 1845, then, Howe was an opponent of the Mexican war, of slavery, and particularly of the rendition of fugitive slaves. He joined also with Sumner and Horace Mann in 1845-46 in an attempt to do justice to the Philadelphia system of separate imprisonment, in the meetings of the Boston Prison Discipline Society, of which Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, had been President, and of which Louis Dwight was Secretary, and Samuel A. Eliot[1] of Boston, Treasurer. This led to a heated and protracted controversy, carried on, as such things always are in Boston, with much personal bitterness. It brought Dr. Howe forward in a new capacity, as a prison reformer, and as a speaker at public meetings. His opposition to the Mexican war, like his interest in the prison question, was more plilanthropic than political; but both had political consequences of some importance. As a sample of his direct and manly eloquence, a passage from one of his speeches in opposition to Messrs. Dwight and Eliot, who favored the "Auburn system" of imprisonment, may here be quoted. It is also valuable for its personal reminiscenes, something in which Dr. Howe, like the

[1] Samuel Atkins Eliot was the father of President Eliot, of Harvard University, and the brother-in-law of George Ticknor. He represented Boston in Congress in 1850-51 and was the only Massachusetts member who voted for Mason's (and Webster's) Fugitive Slave Bill. He felt keenly the difference of opinion between himself and Dr. Howe, Horace Mann, etc., on the prison question; and the animosity thus excited had something to do, it is said, with his hostility to Sumner on more important issues. Upon such small hinges do great matters turn, especially in Boston.

Greek Karaiskakis, seldom indulged himself, thinking more of the future than the past.

DR. HOWE ON PRISON LIFE.

Sir, what is it that constitutes men *social* beings? Is it sleeping, packed away in separate cells, as near, but yet as separate and still, as the dead in a well-filled graveyard? Is it marching in lock-step, in silence? Is it sitting side by side in the shop, at the table, and in the chapel, but without a sign of recognition or sympathy? No, sir, it is through the sense of hearing that men most communicate—it is speech, and not sight, that makes men social beings. Who so lonely, who so unsocial,who so completely a hermit in the world,as your uninstructed deaf-and-dumb man? Before you give him a *language*, a system of signs, he is not only the loneliest man in the world, but generally a brutal, wretched, and miserable one. Now, sir, the (Auburn) Congregate System, as recommended by this society, strives to cut off all this communication by speech and by sound. It succeeds in doing so, or it does not succeed. If it succeeds, then it is really more solitary than the separate system, which makes special provision for communication. If it does not succeed, it holds up a false appearance to the world, and it injures the prisoners, by placing them in antagonism with rules which they break and learn to despise.

But, let me now describe the Philadelphia prison A prisoner, when he enters, is led blindfolded to his cell, or to his room, as it may be called, which is about twelve feet long by eight feet wide, and sixteen feet high in the center; this room has a board floor, it is well ventilated, and is warmed by an iron pipe, in which is hot water; it has his loom, or shoe bench; his table, his bed, a chair or two, a book shelf, etc. There is also a plentiful supply of fresh water, so that he has no occasion to go out for anything. It will be recollected that the reverend gentleman (Mr. Dwight) said the cells were like coffins, and the gardens like tombs in

which the coffins are placed. I had been conversing with one of the convicts in his room—I beg the reverend gentleman's pardon, in his coffin (large enough to hold a loom, a bed, a table, a book-case and a few chairs)—when I opened the door—the lid of the coffin, I suppose the reverend gentleman would call it—and went into the yard—the tomb, I mean, sir.

It was a small garden, sir, very small indeed, and it was surrounded with high walls; but there was the kind mother earth, as ready to yield her prolific bosom to the labors of the convict as to those of the husbandman; and there was the bright sun shining as warmly and genially upon the poor prisoner as upon any prince; and God, who sends his rain upon the unjust as well as upon the just, came down there in every passing shower, and was found there every morning in the glittering dew. It was autumn, and the flowers were fading, and the yellow leaves were falling from a peach tree, that grew by the garden wall! Yes, sir, a peach tree in the tomb of a Pennsylvania convict! He had planted it, and watered it, and nurtured it, and watched its swelling buds, and rejoiced over its opening blossoms, and caressed its tender leaves, until it became to him like a child, like a companion, like a friend, like a teacher. Every day the culture and care of his plant lightened the task in his cell; and on the Sabbath, after the study of his Bible, his dumb companions in the garden opened to him new pages in God's great book of Nature.

Such, sir, is one of the tombs of the Philadelphia prison! Such are the fruits of love and improvement which one prisoner gathered there! Would that those who cultivate larger gardens might gather from them such fruits for the body and for the soul! But to return to my description of the prisoner's life in his cell. He is, at first, left without work; but soon he demands it. For the first time in his life he learns that idleness is pain. Work is given to him, and he is left with it, to learn to love it. Contrast this with the situation of the prisoner at Auburn, who is marched up in military array, and placed at his work, and forced to occupy himself incessantly at it, upon pain of the lash.

I have been a prisoner, sir; I have known what a weary length of time is a day passed in a gloomy cell, without occupation, without books, without hope; what an age is a week, endured in close confinement; what eternity is a month, dragged out in a lonely cell, where, though it was not dark, I could see no sun, nor moon, nor stars. Among the first portion of my imprisonment (in the Prussian prison at Berlin, for the offence of aiding the Poles in their struggle for liberty), I was kept *au secret*, as it was called,—that is, no one was allowed to see me except the turnkey who brought my food—I could not know my offence, I could not tell when I was to be tried, I could not tell what was to be my fate, I could not receive a letter or newspaper, or know what was going on in the world. I bore up under this depressing, and purposely agonizing treatment, as well as one who had youth, and strength, and an ordinary share of courage could; but it was evident that my health could not endure long in my narrow cell, and my entreaty to be allowed exercise was complied with. I was led out into a court-yard of the prison, and I can assure you, sir, that though the fresh air was most delicious, and the bright sun was most welcome, I never cared to go there again. On either side were convicts in their cells, and they came to the gratings; the men began to talk ribaldly, the women to beckon to me, and because I shrunk away, they blasphemed and cursed me until I was glad to find refuge in my cell; and I thanked God for its silence and its solitude. It seemed to me a paradise in which I could live contented when contrasted with the hell it would have been if such wretches as I had seen had been its inmates with me.

Sir, I trust that when I escaped from that prison, I was at least no worse a man than when I entered it; but I shudder to think what might have become of me if I had been forced to work, to eat, to march, and to associate for five, ten, or fifteen years with the other prisoners. Sir, the hunger and thirsting of the human soul for sympathy and communion, is almost as dreadful as that of the body for food. One has a feeling as of moral starvation, which, in common natures, will overcome the

natural repugnance to associating with the depraved ; and perhaps not all my own conscious innocence, nor the virtuous precepts of my home education, nor my own self-respect, would have saved me from sinking into despondency, from forming intimacy with my comrades, and from suffering moral evils which must almost affect even innocent men, on being congregated with criminals. And if I should have been injured, if I shrank from congregating with criminals, shall I not plead for my brother who has the same feelings and the same nature as I have? May there not be a man committed to our prison who is as innocent of any crime as I was? May there not be others, who (when we consider the sudden and dreadful temptation that came over them in a moment), are hardly to be counted as responsible! And shall we herd these men in with hardened offenders?

It was philanthropy, too, which moved the compassion of Dr. Howe so deeply for the fugitive slave. He had compassion for all men, but most of all for those who had all men against them, and such almost were the fugitive slaves who escaped from the South. The first of these slave cases that attracted general notice in Boston, was that of Latimer, in 1844; the next was that of poor "Joe," who had hardly set foot in South Boston—the first free soil he had ever seen—when he was seized unlawfully, and carried back to slavery in New Orleans, by a Yankee shipmaster, acting under the orders of a Boston merchant. It was in the summer of 1846, in the midst of the Mexican war, and when Lowell was just beginning to publish those rustic poems, the "Biglow Papers," which first made the young poet known to the great world he has so long delighted with his writings. Dr. Howe issued a call for another Faneuil Hall convention (Sept. 24, 1846), where John Quincy Adams

presided, and where Sumner and Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker spoke. But the chief speaker was Dr. Howe, and this was the speech, perhaps the longest that he ever made in his life:[1]

I have been requested, fellow-citizens, as Chairman of the

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[1] Among those who sent to Dr. Howe letters of concurrence in the purpose of the Faneuil Hall meeting, were R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Gerrit Smith, Charles Sedgwick, and William H. Seward. Mr. Emerson wrote thus:

To Dr. S. G. Howe and his Associates of the Committee:

If I could do or say anything useful, or equal to the occasion, I would not fail to attend the meeting on Thursday. I feel the irreparable shame to Boston of this abduction. I hope it is not possible that the city will make the act its own, by any color of justification. Our State has suffered many disgraces of late years to spoil our pride in it; but never any so flagrant as this if the people of the Commonwealth can be brought to be accomplices in this crime, which, I assure myself, will never be. I hope it is not only not to be sustained by the mercantile body, but not even by the smallest portion of that class. If the merchants tolerate this crime, as nothing will be too bad for their desert, so it is very certain they will have the ignominy very faithfully put to their lips. . . . It is high time our bad wealth came to an end. I am sure I shall very cheerfully take my share of suffering in the ruin of such a prosperity, and shall very willingly turn to the mountains to chop wood, and seek to find for myself and my children labors compatible with freedom and honor. With this feeling, I am proportionately grateful to Mr. Adams and yourselves for undertaking the office of putting the question to our people, whether they will make this cruelty theirs, and of giving them an opportunity of clearing the population from the stain of this crime, and securing mankind from the repetition of it in this quarter forever.

Respectfully and thankfully, your obedient servant,

R. W. EMERSON.

CONCORD, Sept. 23, 1846.

Committee of Arrangements for this meeting, to make a statement of the reasons for calling this meeting, and of the objects which it is proposed to attain; and I shall do so very briefly. A few weeks ago, there sailed from New Orleans a vessel belonging to this port, owned and manned by New England freemen, under the flag of our Union—the flag of the free. When she had been a week upon her voyage, and was beyond the jurisdiction of the laws of Louisiana, far out upon a broad and illimitable ocean, there was found secreted in her hold a man, lying naked upon the cargo, half suffocated by the hot and stifled air, and trembling with fear. He begged the sailors who found him not to betray him to the captain, for he had rather die than be discovered before he got to Boston. Poor fellow! he had heard of Boston; he had heard that there all men were free and equal—he had seen the word Boston written on that ship; and he had said to himself, "I, too, am a man, and not a brute or a chattel, and if I could only once set my foot in that blessed city, my claims to human brotherhood will be admitted, and I shall be treated as a man and a brother"—and he hid himself in the hold. Well, sir, the knowledge of his being there could not long be kept from the captain, and he was dragged from his hot and close hiding place, and brought upon deck. It was then seen that he was a familiar acquaintance—a bright, intelligent mulatto youth, who used to be sent by his master to sell milk on board; he had been a favorite, and every man from the captain to the cabin boy used to have his joke with "Joe." They had treated him like a human being—could he expect they would ever help to send him into slavery like a brute?

And now what was to be done? Neither the captain nor any of his officers had been privy to his coming on board; they could not be convicted of the crime of willfully aiding a brother man to escape from bondage; the man was to them as though he had been dropped from the clouds, or been picked up floating on a plank at sea; he was thrown, by the Providence of God, upon their charity and humanity!

But it was decided to send him back to New Orleans; to

deliver him up to his old owner; and they looked long and eagerly for some ship that would take charge of him. None such, however, was found, and the *Ottoman* arrived safely in our harbor. The wish of the poor slave was gratified; his eyes were blessed with the sight of the promised land. He had been treated well for the most part on board—could he doubt that the hearts of his captors had softened! Can we suppose that sailors, so proverbial for their generous nature, could have been, of their own accord, the instruments of sending the poor fellow back! I, for one, will not believe it.

But the captain communicated with his rich and respectable owners, men whom he was accustomed to honor and obey, and they decided that whether a human being or not, poor "Joe" must be sent back to bondage; they would not be a party, even against their will, to setting free a slave. (Loud cries of "shame, shame," and "let us know the name of the owner.") The name of the firm is John H. Pearson & Co. (Repeated cries of "shame, shame.") It was a dangerous business this that they undertook; they did not fear to break the laws of God—to outrage the laws of humanity; but they did fear the laws of the Commonwealth. For those laws threatened the State's Prison to whoever should illegally imprison another. They knew that no person, except the owner of the runaway slave, or his agent, or a marshal of the United States, had any right to touch him; they were neither the one nor the other; and they therefore hid their victim upon an island in our harbor and detained him there.

But he escaped from their clutches; he fled to our city—to the city of his hopes—he was here in our very streets, fellow-citizens! He had gained an asylum—he called on us for aid. Of old, there were temples so sacred that even a murderer who had taken refuge in them was free from pursuit; but no such temple did Boston offer to the hunted slave; he was pursued and seized, and those of our wondering citizens who inquired what it all meant, were deceived by a lie about his being a thief, and he was dragged on board ship.

But the news of this got abroad; legal warrants were at

once procured; the shield of the *habeas corpus* was prepared to cover the fugitive; officers of justice were urged to the pursuit; the owner of the vessel was implored to give an order for the man's surrender—but all in vain. A vessel was found, bound for New Orleans, which would consent to be made a slave ship of. (Loud cries for the name of the ship.) The *Niagara*, belonging to the same owners—and on board of this ship the man was sent back, to receive the lash and wear the shackles, for his ill-starred attempt to be free, and to drag out all the days of his life as a degraded, wretched, and hopeless slave!

And now, fellow-citizens, how does all this differ from piracy and the slave trade? The man was free—free at sea, free on shore—and it was only by a legal process that he could be arrested. He was seized in our city, bound and carried into slavery by those who had no more right to do so than has the slave-trader to descend upon the coast of Guinea and carry off the inhabitants. All these facts are known and admitted; nay, they are defended by some who call themselves followers of Him who said, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them;" they are defended, too, by some of those presses whose editors arrogate for themselves the name of Watchmen on the Towers of Liberty!

And now it will be asked—it has been asked, tauntingly—how can we help ourselves? What can this meeting do about it? In reply, let me first state what it has *not* proposed to do about it. It is not proposed to move the public mind to any expression of indignation, much less to any acts of violence against the parties connected with the late outrage. As to the captain, it is probable that he was more sinned against than sinning. I am told that he is a kind, good man, in most of the relations of life, and that he was made a tool of. Let him go and sin no more. As for the owners and their abettors—the men who used the wealth and influence which God gave them to kidnap and enslave a fellow-man—a poor, trembling, hunted wretch who had fled to our shores for liberty and sought refuge in our borders—let them go, too—their punishment will be dread-

ful enough without our adding to it. Indeed, I, for one, can say that I would rather be in the place of the victim whom they are at this moment sending away into bondage—I would rather be in his place than in theirs; aye! through the rest of my earthly life I would rather be a driven slave upon a Louisiana plantation than roll in their wealth and bear the burden of their guilt; and as for the life to come, if the police of those regions to which bad men go be not as sleepy as the police of Boston, then may the Lord have mercy upon their souls!

But, Mr. Chairman, again it is asked: "What shall we do?" Fellow-citizens, it is not a retrospective, but a prospective action which this meeting proposes, and there are many ways in which good may be done and harm prevented, some of which I hope will be proposed by those who may follow me, and who, probably, will be more accustomed to such meetings than I am. But first let me answer some of the objections which have been urged by some of those gentlemen who have been invited to come up here to-night and help us, and have declined to do so. They say: "We must not interfere with the course of the law." Sir, they know as well as we know that if the law be the edge of the ax, public opinion is the force that gives strength and weight to the blow.

Sir, we have tried the "let-alone system" long enough; we have a right to judge the future by the past, and we know that the *law* will not prevent such outrage in time to come, unless the *officers* of the law are driven by public opinion to do their duty. What has made the African slave-trade odious? Was it the law or public opinion?

But, sir, in order to test the strength of this objection, let us suppose that instead of the poor hunted mulatto one of the clergymen of Boston had been carried off into slavery. Would the pulpit have been silent? Had one of our editors been carried away, would the press have been dumb? Would there have been any want of glaring capitals and notes of exclamation? Suppose a lawyer had been kidnapped in his office, bound and carried off to work on a slave plantation; would the limbs of the law have moved so lazily as they did week before last?

Or suppose a merchant had been torn from his counting-room in State street, and shipped for the slave market of Tunis would there not have been an excitement all over the city? Think you there would not have been " indignation meetings " on " 'Change ? "

And yet, sir, are any of these men more precious in the sight of God than the poor mulatto ? Or suppose a slave-ship from the coast of Guinea, with her human cargo on board, had been driven by stress of weather into our port, and one of her victims had escaped to our shores, and had been recaptured and carried off in the face of the whole community ; would there have been any want of " indignation " then ? And, sir, is there any difference, would it be a greater crime to carry such an one away ? except that as this man had been once a slave, he might be made a slave again—that is, that two wrongs might make a right.

No, Mr. Chairman, these are not the true reasons. It is, sir, that the " peculiar institution," which has so long been brooding over the country like an incubus, has at last spread abroad her murky wings, and has covered us with her benumbing shadow. It has silenced the pulpit ; it has muffled the press ; its influence is everywhere. Court street, that can find a flaw in every indictment, and can cunningly devise ways to save the murderer from the gallows—Court street can find no way of escape for the poor slave. State street, that drank the blood of the martyrs of liberty—State street is deaf to the cry of the oppressed slave ; the port of Boston, that has been shut up by a tyrant king as the dangerous haunt of freemen—the port of Boston has been opened for the slave-trader ; for God's sake, Mr. Chairman, let us keep Fanueil Hall free. Let there be words of such potency spoken here this night as shall break the spell that is upon the community. Let us devise such means and measures as shall secure to every man who seeks refuge in our borders, all the liberties and all the rights which the law allows him.

In the speech of John Quincy Adams, who pre-

sided, he said: "The state of my health and the feebleness of my voice will not probably permit one in ten to hear what I may say. Forty years ago I stood, by the suffrages of your fathers, and perhaps your grandfathers, in this same situation. I recollect the former situation well. A seaman had been taken out of an American frigate by the crew of a British man-of-war, and a similar meeting was called. The venerable Elbridge Gerry,[1] of whom you have all heard, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was sent for to come from his residence in Cambridge to preside. He came, and apologized for his age and infirmities, which should have kept him at home; he said that the event was of such a nature that if he had but one day more to live, he would have come. On that same principle I now appear before you. It is a question whether this Commonwealth is to maintain its independence as a State or not. It is a question whether yours and my native Commonwealth is capable of protecting the men who are under its laws or not."

Charles Sumner, who the day before had been voted down in the Whig State Convention, while supporting the anti-slavery resolutions of Stephen C. Phillips, was loudly called for in the meeting, and

[1] Gerry, in 1806, was but 62 years old, and was afterwards Governor of Massachusetts and Vice-President of the United States, dying in 1814 at the age of 70. Mr. Adams in 1846 was 79 years old, and he lived but a year and a half longer. The reasons that kept Webster from attending his own convention in January, 1845, never operated on one of the Adamses; and no contrast could be greater than that between the spirit of the old President and that of the would-be President who deserted his post in 1845, and betrayed it to the enemy in 1850.

made a good speech, which is not included in his "Works." He said, among other things: "There is no law of the United States, no regulation in the Constitution rendering it necessary for a person without authority from the master, to return a fugitive to bondage. I say, then, Captain Hannum was a volunteer—he violated the law of Massachusetts in the cause of slavery. And that poor unfortunate who has been pictured to you to-night, when he touched the soil of Massachusetts, was as much entitled to the protection of its laws as any of you, fellow-citizens—as as much as you, Mr. President, covered with honors as you are. Some twenty years ago, in the State of New York, an individual, not a colored person, was kidnapped, carried away, and killed. That outrage caused an immense excitement which spread from New York to Massachusetts, and finally enveloped all New England in its rage.[1] The abduction of William

[1] The abduction and murder of the worthless Morgan, who had published a book professing to expose the secrets of Masonry, took place in 1826, and the whole story is told in the autobiography of Thurlow Weed, at great length, and so as to leave no doubt what became of Morgan. He was drowned in Lake Ontario in the latter part of September, 1826, by John Whitney and three other persons, who rowed out from near Fort Niagara for that purpose. The Anti-Masonic political party was soon formed and became powerful in four or five States. Vermont cast its electoral vote in 1832 for William Wirt, the Presidential candidate of the Anti-Masons. The late Chief-Justice Chase, when a student in Mr. Wirt's office at Washington, was an Anti-Mason, so were Judge McLean, Thaddeus Stevens, John Quincy Adams, Charles Allen, of Worcester, Mass., and many of those who afterwards became active anti-slavery leaders. Judge Allen was a grand-nephew of Samuel Adams, the father of the American Revolution, and had many of the same traits.

Morgan by the Freemasons of his own State, roused the Northern States and raised a party which exercised an important influence upon the politics of the country. Now another individual has been stolen. We do know that he has been carried away into slavery, though we do not know that he has been slain. But he has been carried back to suffer all the wrongs which slavery can inflict. This outrage should rouse the citizens of Massachusetts and of the Northern States to call for the abolition of that institution which caused it." This allusion to the Anti-Masonic agitation of 1826–33 was better understood in 1846 than it would be now; but it was very pertinent and close as a comparison of two powerful influences which disguise from the minds of honest men the true nature of hideous crime. Every step in the murder of Morgan was parallel to those which slavery was forced to take in its own defense.

This indignation meeting at Faneuil Hall brought Dr. Howe conspicuously forward as a champion of the slave, and showed that the moral sentiment of Massachusetts—represented by the Adamses, the Quincys, the Phillipses, and the Channings, by Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Alcott, Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and John A. Andrew—supported him and his friend Sumner. But the mercantile spirit of Boston was insensible to the degradation to which it was subjecting the good old town. Stephen C. Phillips, [1]

[1] This gentleman was a distant cousin of Wendell Phillips, living in Salem, where a branch of the Phillips family had been settled for many generations, overflowing from there into Andover and Exeter, where wealthy Phillipses had founded schools in the eighteenth century.

himself a merchant, declared that he did not believe another merchant in Boston, except Pearson, would be guilty of such an act of injustice and wrong. To this Pearson replied in the newspapers, that his course was commended by the merchants of Boston, and that "the response of the Boston merchants assembled on 'Change any day from half-past one till two o'clock would confirm his doings by a vote of five to one."[1] As Boston was then largely engaged in the Southern trade of cotton, rice, molasses, etc., it is quite likely Pearson was right. There was, however, another class of merchants, represented by Samuel May, Charles F. Hovey, George W. Bond, George Higginson, and many more, who would have sacrificed their mercantile interests rather than send back a slave into bondage.

The upshot of the meeting was the appointment of a vigilance committee of forty members, of which Dr. Howe was chairman, and which continued to exist, in various forms, until the hunting of fugitives ceased in Boston, and the citizens began to enlist the same stalwart negroes as sailors and soldiers, who had for so many years been hunted as runaway slaves in the streets of the city and the country towns of Massachusetts. At that period (1862–63) Dr. Howe was by national appointment, a member of an emancipation commission, holding sessions in Virginia and South Carolina. Thus had the whirligig of time brought about its revenges.

Upon the principles laid down by Webster, in

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[1] 'Change at that time was on State street near the scene of the Boston Massacre of 1770—the Merchants' Exchange, a fine building, now torn away, standing just below the Old State House.

1844–45, the "Conscience Whigs" of Massachusetts formed their party. Sumner became early a member of it, and so did his friend, Dr. Howe. They maintained for some years, and even after the Mexican war, which they stoutly opposed, certain relations of friendship with Webster; so much so indeed that in October 1846, he wrote to Sumner[1] from Marshfield: "I have ever cherished high respect for your character and talents, and seen with pleasure the promise of your future and greater eminence and usefulness. In political affairs we happen to entertain at the present moment a difference of opinion respecting the relative importance of some of the political questions of the time. These differences I much regret, but shall not allow them to interfere with personal regard." This letter was written but a month before Dr. Howe entered definitely into political conflict, by accepting a nomination for Congress against Mr. Winthrop, which Sumner had a few days before declined to receive.

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[1] Sumner in January, 1845, was in the secret of the subsidy granted to Webster, at his own suggestion, before he would return to the Senate from Massachusetts. He writes to Judge Story that Webster's terms were $50,000, to be subscribed in Boston, and the same sum in New York; to be settled on his life and that of his wife. "The subscription in Boston has labored; though, when I last heard of it, the Boston sum had been subscribed—except about $12,000. The manufacturing companies have subscribed $1,000 each. None of the Lawrences subscribed, though the Appletons have. It is understood that the New York portion is to be made up by larger sums." At this date (February 5, 1845) Webster had been elected Senator. See "Memoir of Charles Sumner," Vol. II., p. 331. The money thus subscribed and funded has been in part returned since the death of Mrs. Webster.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. HOWE STANDS UP TO BE SHOT AT.

THE nomination of Dr. Howe as the candidate of the "Conscience Whigs," was ratified, November 5, 1846, by a meeting in the Tremont Temple of Boston, over which John Albion Andrew,[1] afterwards the "War Governor" of Massachusetts, presided, and where speeches were made by Sumner and Charles Francis Adams. In Sumner's speech he told this story of Dr. Howe: "When in July, 1830, the people of Paris succeeded in their revolution, Lafayette, votary of liberty in two hemispheres, placing himself at the head of the movement, made his way on foot to the City Hall, through streets filled with barricades and strewn with the wrecks of war. Moving along with a thin attendance, he was unexpectedly joined by a gallant Bostonian, who, though young in

[1] This eminent man, born in Maine, May 31, 1818, died in Boston October 30. 1867. He was formed by nature to lead the people in a crisis like that of our Civil War, during the whole of which he was Governor of Massachusetts, elected in November, 1860, and laying down his office in January, 1866. He was the close personal friend of Dr. Howe, whom he appointed in 1865 to the important position at the head of the State Charities of Massachusetts, of which more will be said hereafter. He was also before the war an intimate friend of Wendell Phillips and Theodore Parker, who spoke of him in those years as "the future Chief-Justice." I first met him at Parker's house.

life, was already eminent by years of disinterested service in the struggle for Grecian independence against the Turks; who had listened to the whizzing of bullets, and narrowly escaped the descending scimitar. Lafayette, considerately brave, turned to his faithful friend, and said: "Do not join me; this is a danger for Frenchmen only; reserve yourself for your own country, where you will be needed." That fellow-citizen heeded him not, but continued by his side, sharing his perils. That Bostonian was Dr. Howe."

This was a good introduction of his friend to a Boston audience, and it was literally true. He had thus guarded the march of Lafayette, and had received this friendly dissuasive from the old general. It was an honor thus to be addressed by that voice, so well known throughout the world, "a voice which the friends of free institutions *will recognize*," as Lafayette modestly said when he spoke against Napoleon in 1815. Sumner went on to say:

I shall feel a satisfaction in voting for Dr. Howe, beyond even the gratification of personal friendship, because he is not a politician. He is the friend of the poor, the blind, the prisoner, the slave. Wherever there is suffering, there his friendship is manifest. Generosity, disinterestedness, self-sacrifice, and courage have been his inspiring sentiments—directed by rare sagacity and intelligence. Such a character reflects luster upon the place of his birth, far more than if he had excelled only in the strife of politics or the servitude of party. He has qualities which especially commend him at this time. He is firm, ever true, honest, determined, a lover of the right, with a courage that charms opposition; he would not fear to stand alone against a fervid majority. Knowing war by fearful familiarity, he is an earnest defender of peace, with a singular

experience of life in other countries, he now brings the stores he has garnered up, and his noble spirit, to the service of his fellow-citizens.[1]

Yet with all these commendations, and in spite of the fact that he had before been elected to the School Committee, and to the Legislature, Howe received but 1,334 votes out of the 8,333 which were cast. Mr. Winthrop got 5,980—or nearly twice as many as all the candidates against him, and the next year (December, 1847), was chosen Speaker of the House at Washington, notwithstanding the opposition of Dr. Palfrey, a Whig member from the next district. Mr. Winthrop had now become, earlier than Webster, the champion of the "Cotton Whigs," and never afterwards rendered that service to the cause of freedom which his talents and eloquence would have made so effective. He served in the Senate for a short term, but was defeated as a candidate for reëlection in 1855, and refused the proposition of his successor, Henry Wilson, to take the lead of an anti-slavery party in Massachusetts in the summer of 1855. From that time his influence in Massachusetts politics became

[1] "Sumner's Works," Vol. II., pp. 333–335.

[2] John Gorham Palfrey, D.D., had been a clergyman in Boston where Webster was one of his parish ; he then removed to Cambridge where he was a professor in Harvard University and editor of the *North American Review*. He became a "Conscience Whig" and was elected to Congress from the Middlesex District which Edward Everett and Samuel Hoar had represented. His refusal to vote for his brother Whig, Mr. Winthrop, for Speaker, was the occasion of a bitter warfare against him ; the humorous side of which may be seen in Lowell's "Biglow Papers," as hereafter quoted. He was afterwards Postmaster of Boston, and died in 1881.

much less than that of Dr. Howe, whom he had so triumphantly defeated in 1846.

Horace Mann, who had been for more than a dozen years a co-laborer with Howe in many good causes, and who was himself to enter warmly into political strife two years later, did not approve of his friend's position in 1846. Writing to their common friend, George Combe, in April, 1847, Mann said: "At our last Congressional election Howe consented to be the candidate for Congress of the anti-slavery and anti-war party. I think in so doing he made a great mistake. Another man would have served as a rallying point as well he; and such is the inexorableness of party discipline that he at once lost a great portion of his well-earned popularity and extensive influence.[1] He was proscribed, and a few days after failed of being elected on the School Committee, when he might have been but for that misstep."

[1] In September, 1851, Theodore Parker wrote in his Diary: "Dr. Howe says that for twenty years he has been in Boston, most of the time at the head of the Blind Institution, and never received any sign of recognition from the city authorities, in the shape of an invitation to any of their festivities. Had he kept a great rum-shop," adds Parker, "and made men blind and idiotic, it would not have been so." It is probable that Howe a little exaggerated this neglect of him by the city officials, many of whom had been his personal friends; but they perhaps thought him too busy with his philanthropies to care for their feasts. A few days after this (September 24, 1851) Howe and Parker dined at the Norfolk County Cattle Show, where their friend George R. Russell had given the Address.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE ACT IN BOSTON.

FROM 1846 to 1850 events moved fast in the degradation of the North and the triumphant progress of the slavemasters. A slight check was given them by the honest and manly administration of General Taylor, who, although a slaveholder, and the father-in-law of that notorious leader of the South, Jefferson Davis, had yet a soldier's training, and a patriot's love for his country. He was elected in 1848, took office in 1849, and was soon beset, as his predecessors and successors were, by the slavemasters with their insolent and treasonable demands. Two or three witnesses (Mr. Hamlin, afterwards Vice-President,[1] Thurlow Weed, and General Pleasanton), testify to the spirit with which, in January, 1850, General Taylor

[1] Hannibal Hamlin, born in 1809, and just deceased (July, 1891), was a Democratic politician in Maine for many years before 1850, and at this time was a Democratic Senator from that State. He belonged to the anti-slavery Democracy, however, like John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, and S. P. Chase, of Ohio, and in 1856 became a Republican. He was elected Vice-President on the ticket with Abraham Lincoln in 1860, but displaced from the ticket in 1864, to make room for Andrew Johnson, at the request of Lincoln himself. His testimony in this matter cannot be impeached. That of Mr. Weed has been called in question by Mr. Stephens; but it must be in substance correct. The passage soon to be quoted from Webster confirms it.

met them. The particular persons were three Southern Whigs, A. H. Stephens, Robert Toombs, and a North Carolinian named Clingman. They had just left President Taylor in the White House, when Mr. Hamlin called on him, and this is Mr. Hamlin's account:

> As I was approaching the door to the President's room, Messrs. Toombs and Stephens, of Georgia, came out. They were excited in their manner to a degree that attracted my notice. I found the President alone and much excited. He appeared like an enraged lion in a cage; in fact, he must have walked across the room three or four times before he even noticed me. He then spoke to me, but still continued pacing the room. "Mr. Hamlin," said he, "what are you doing in the Senate with the 'Omnibus Bill?'" (This was Henry Clay's last compromise.) My reply was prompt: "Mr. President, I believe the bill wrong in principle, and am doing what I can to defeat it." His rejoinder was as prompt and very decided. "Stand firm, don't yield! it means disunion, and I am pained to learn that we have disunion men to deal with. Disunion is treason"—then, with an expletive, and an emphasis I shall never forget, he said "that if they attempted to carry on their schemes while he was President, they should be dealt with as by law they deserved and executed."

Mr. Weed, who met Mr. Hamlin as he came out, is even more explicit as to General Taylor's purpose. He found him walking rapidly to and fro. "Did you meet those damned traitors?" he said. They came to talk with him about slavery; and when he told them he would approve of any Constitutional bill that Congress would pass, and would execute the laws of the country, they threatened a dissolution of the Union. In reply he told them that if necessary he would take command of the army himself, and if they

were taken in rebellion, he would hang them with less reluctance than he had hung deserters and spies in Mexico. Growing more calm, he took a seat, and told Mr. Weed that these men presumed upon his acquiescence in their treason, because he was a Southern man and a slaveholder ; but he had looked carefully into the question since he became President, and was now satisfied that the exactions and purposes of the South were intolerable and revolutionary. He added that Jefferson Davis was the chief conspirator in the scheme which Toombs, Stephens, and Clingman had broached to him.[1] There is a letter of Daniel Webster's to Franklin Haven, of Boston, dated September 12, 1850, two months after Taylor's death, that bears on this same subject of his firmness against the Democrats. Webster, who, by this time, had been persuaded by his friends and his hopes to desert the cause of the North, writes :

General Taylor was an honest and patriotic man ; but he had quite enough of that quality which, when a man is right we call firmness, and when he is wrong, obstinacy. What has been called his plan was simply to admit California under her free constitution, and to let the Territories alone altogether, till they could come in as States. General Taylor told me, in the last conversation I had with him, that he preferred California should not come in at all rather than that she should come in bringing the Territories on her back. And if he had lived it might have been doubtful if any general settlement would have been made. He was a soldier, and had a little fancy, I am afraid, to see how easily any military movement by Texas could have been put down. His motto was, *vi et armis*. He had a soldier's foresight, and saw quite clearly what would be the

[1] See "Life of Thurlow Weed," vol. II., pp. 176–178.

result if the Texas militia should march into New Mexico[1] and there be met by the regular army of the United States. But that he had a statesman's foresight and foresaw what might happen if blood should be shed in a contest between the United States and one of the Southern States, is more than I am ready to affirm.

General Taylor died in July, 1850, and from that time till Abraham Lincoln took the chair in March, 1861, our Presidents grew more and more subservient to the slave-power. Fillmore, urged on by Webster, signed the Fugitive Slave Bill in September, 1850, and Pierce, his successor, enforced it in Boston. Under this act, the earliest slave case in Boston, well known at the time, was that of William and Ellen Craft. Theodore Parker, writing to James Martineau in London, November 11, 1850, two months after the Fugitive Slave Act passed, thus tells this tale: "The Crafts have been in Boston nearly two years; are sober and industrious people. She is a seamstress, he a cabinetmaker. They are members of my parish. A few weeks ago there came a ruffian from Macon, in Georgia, by the name of Hughes—he is a jailer at home—with authority to seize and carry off the two fugitives. He applied to the proper officer, got his warrant, and secured the service of the marshal. All was ready for the seizure—but William armed himself with two revolvers and a substantial dirk, and

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[1] This was one of the threats of the Southern "fire-eaters" of that period—the object being, as it afterwards was in marching the Missouri militia into Kansas, to make sure of another slave State. Compare the firmness of Taylor in 1850, with the weakness of Pierce in 1855–56.

was ready to kill any one who should attempt to kidnap him. His wife was concealed by some friends who kept her safe and sound. After the danger was over Craft's friends thought it wiser for them to go England, that you may see what sort of men and women we make slaves of in 'the Model Republic.' My grandfather fought at the battle of Lexington against 'the British,' but now I am obliged to look to 'the British' for protection for the liberty of two of my own parishioners who have committed no wrong against any one."

The "friends" who concealed Ellen Craft were Theodore Parker and his wife, at their house on Exeter Place.; and it was Dr. Howe, with his "vigilance committee," who "persuaded" Hughes, the slave-catcher, to leave Boston without serving his warrant on the Crafts. Hughes had vowed he would carry them back to Georgia. Parker had called once at the United States Hotel, where the two Georgians were ; he called again on October 30, 1850, and was introduced to Hughes. who said to Parker : "I hear you are a minister and a great moralist, but this don't look much like it." "What does not look like it?" "Mobs and violence." "But I came to prevent that—you must be satisfied that you cannot carry William and Ellen Craft out of Boston." Hughes said he was satisfied of that, and sneaked away southward that afternoon. A week later the two fugitives were legally married by Mr. Parker, who gave them a Bible and a sword for their spiritual and physical salvation, and they soon sailed for England. William Craft and his wife lived in England for some fifteen years, then they returned

to Boston and afterwards went to Georgia, where they lived in security for years.

This affair of the Crafts took place soon after the passage of Senator Mason's Fugitive Slave Bill. Other cases followed in all parts of the country; some of much pathos, and some of great atrocity. They had much to do with the uprising of Northern manliness against the wicked law; but so completely have circumstances now changed, that it is difficult for the present generation to comprehend that such things ever took place. Listen then to the recital of a case, by a man conspicuous for his moderate opinions; and you will understand why the "Compromises of 1850" were so provocative of indignation in Massachusetts. Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, a well-known historian, writing from Bowdoin College in January, 1852, told this story of one case, which, within his knowledge, occurred in Boston in 1851:

A colored girl eighteen years of age, a few years ago, escaped from slavery at the South. Through scenes of adventure and peril she found her way to Boston, obtained employment, secured friends, and became a consistent member of a Methodist Church. She became interested in a very worthy young man, of her own complexion, who was a member of the same Church. They were soon married. Their home, though humble, was the abode of piety and contentment. Industrious, temperate, and frugal, all their wants were supplied. Seven years passed away; they had two little boys, one six and the other four years of age. These children, the sons of a free father, but of a mother who had been a slave, by the laws of our Southern States, were doomed to their mother's fate. These Boston boys, born beneath the shadow of Faneuil Hall, the sons of a free citizen of Boston, and educated in the Boston free schools, were, by the compromises of the Constitution,

admitted to be slaves, the property of a South Carolinian planter. The Boston father had no right to his own sons. The law, however, had long been considered a dead letter. The Christian mother, as she morning and evening bowed with her children in prayer, felt that they were safe from the slave-hunter, surrounded as they were by the churches, the schools, and the free institutions of Massachusetts.

The Fugitive Slave Law was enacted. It revived the hopes of the slave-owners. A young, healthy, energetic mother, with two fine boys, was a rich prize. She would make an excellent breeder. Good men began to say: "We must enforce this law; it is one of the compromises of the Constitution." Christian ministers began to preach: "The voice of the law is the voice of God. There is no higher rule of duty. We must send back the fugitive and her children, even though we take our sister from the sacramental table of our common Saviour." The poor woman was panicstricken. Her friends gathered around her and trembled for her. Her husband was absent from home, a seaman on board one of our Liverpool packets. She was afraid to get out of doors lest some one from the South should see her, and recognize her. One day, as she was going to the grocery for some provisions, her quick and anxious eye caught a glimpse of a man prowling around, whom she immediately recognized as from the vicinity of her old home of slavery. Almost fainting with terror, she hastened home, and taking her two children by the hand, fled to the house of a friend. She and her trembling children were hid in the garret. In less than one hour after her escape, the officer, with a writ, came for her arrest.

It was a dark and stormy day. The rain, freezing as it fell, swept in floods through the streets of Boston. Night came, cold, black, and tempestuous. At midnight, her friends took her in a hack, and conveyed her, with her children, to the house of her pastor. A prayer-meeting had been appointed there, at that hour, in behalf of their suffering sister. A small group of stricken hearts were assembled. They kneeled in prayer. The poor mother, thus hunted from her home, her husband far

away, sobbed, in the bitterness of her anguish, as though her heart would break. Her little children, trembling before a doom, the enormity of which they were incapable of appreciating, cried loudly and uncontrollably. The humble minister caught the contagion. His voice became inarticulate through emotion. Bowing his head, he ceased to pray, and yielded himself to the sobbings of sympathy and grief. The floods of anguish were unloosed. Groanings and lamentations filled the room. No one could pray. Before the Lord, they could only weep. Other fugitives were there, trembling in view of a doom more dreadful to them than death. After an hour of weeping (for the voice of prayer had passed away into the sublimity of unutterable anguish) they took this Christian mother and her children in a hack, and conveyed them to one of the Cunard steamers, which, fortunately, was to sail for Halifax the next day. They took them in the gloom of midnight, through the tempest-swept streets, lest the slave-hunter should meet them. Her brethren and sisters of the church raised a little money from their scanty means to pay her passage, and to save her, for a few days, from starving, after her first arrival in the cold land of strangers. Her husband soon returned to Boston, to find his home desolate, his wife and his children exiles in a foreign land.

I think that this narrative may be relied upon as accurate. I received the facts from the lips of one, a member of the church, who was present at that midnight "weeping-meeting," before the Lord. Such is slavery in Boston, in the year 1852. Has the North nothing to do with slavery?

Theodore Parker says in his Diary for November 6, 1850: "Saw Dr. Howe this afternooon; he looks better, in fine health and spirits. I went with him to the Faneuil Hall meeting of Free-Soilers. Sumner was on his legs—a fine speaker, a very sincere and good fellow, only he wants courage. Howe is braver and richer in ideas, but not so well trained for literary

work." Yet this very speech of Sumner, given on the eve of the State election, probably made him Senator the next spring. In it he attacked the new Fugitive Slave Act, and declared that he would never obey it, because, "from beginning to end it sets at naught the best principles of the Constitution, and the very laws of God." He added: "Into the immortal catalogue of national crimes it has now passed, drawing by inexorable necessity its authors also, and chiefly him, who, as President of the United States, set his name to the Bill.[1] I believe that this Bill will be executed here. Fugitive slaves are the heroes of our age. In sacrificing to this foul enactment, we violate every sentiment of hospitality, every whispering of the heart, every commandment of religion." Following up this bold declaration, Sumner's first long speech in the Senate, in 1852, was upon his motion to repeal the Fugitive Slave Act; and though it failed then, it succeeded twelve years later, when Sumner carried through the Senate (June 28, 1863) by a vote of 27 to 12, a bill already passed in the House, repealing both Webster's Fugitive Slave Act, and that of Washington, which was passed in 1793. At this time the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln had been in force for a year and a half, and slavery only existed in a few of the border States. Twenty years

[1] This was Millard Fillmore; but the author of the bill was Mason, of Virginia, and its chief supporter in Massachusetts was Daniel Webster. Mason introduced it as a ruse to get a pretext for disunion, not expecting it would pass; but Webster took it up as a means of gaining the favor of the South, and his influence carried it through.

after the annexation of Texas (December, 1845), Texas itself was a free State.[1]

The wealthy and commercial classes of Boston and the other Northern cities, who had favored the passage of the "Compromises of 1850," slave-catching bill and all, were little aware how revolting the Fugitive Slave Law was to the plain people of the North. Nothing did so much (until the Dred Scott decision of 1857 came) to rouse the North against the tyranny of the slave-masters, as did this odious enactment. The Garrisonian Abolitionists seized upon it at once, and for once they had public opinion warmly on their side. When the bill passed Samuel A. Eliot represented Boston in Congress, and voted for it. Charles Devens, afterwards an honored general and judge, was the marshal of Massachusetts. At the meeting of the Massachusets Anti-Slavery Society, January, 1851, Wendell Phillips offered this resolution:

Resolved, That in regard to Samuel Atkins Eliot, in his votes on the Territorial and Fugitive Slave Bills, we will not undertake to decide whether he represented or misrepresented his

[1] Senator Foster, of Connecticut, by no means a radical politician, said in debate on the repeal of Webster's Act: "In my opinion it was a most iniquitous measure, and certainly most obnoxious to the people of the Free States from the day of its passage to the present hour (January 19, 1864). That bill was passed in a period of great excitement; a malicious and malignant spirit had been excited. Sectional and partisan feeling raged over the land. An arrogant and defiant party in their pride of power passed that bill. From the first day I had the honor of a seat in this body until now, I should have cheerfully voted for its repeal at any time." Yet only 12 Senators had voted against this bill when it passed in 1850, and the vote in the House was 109 to 76—many Northern "Doughfaces" dodging the vote.

constituency; but since neither he nor his friends have attempted any defence of either of those measures except as necessary to avert dangers which nothing but the grossest ignorance could believe to exist, his base selfishness and craven spirit at that crisis make all former Northern treason look white by the side of the blackness of his infamy; and as long as New England retains any spark of the spirit or of the pride of her ancestry, his memory will be held in loathing and abhorrence.

Mr. Phillips referred to the vote which Mr. Eliot gave in the Massachusetts Legislature, instructing the Massachusetts delegation in Congress to oppose all extension of slavery; and to his subsequent vote, at Washington, as one of that delegation, in favor of all the Compromise measures with Slavery, the Fugitive Slave Law included. It was base fear for the Tariff, said he, and an equally base and false plea, that the law of 1850 is *no worse* than the law of 1793, that led him to give this disgraceful vote. "If the law of 1850 is no worse than that of 1793, how comes it that within four months we have had, here in Boston, two different attempts to recover fugitive slaves, and that they are occurring by scores throughout the Northern States, and so much more frequently than ever before in the history of the nation? It becomes our duty to express our moral contempt and indignation at Mr. Eliot's vote and whole course in this matter, and to show that the presence of the slave-catchers in our streets is a consequent and a fitting commentary on his vote."

That satirical abolitionist, Edmund Quincy, a few days after wrote thus about Marshal Devens:

The blame of there having been no slave caught in Boston seems to be gathered upon his devoted head. There was an

attempt to have him decapitated for not restoring the Crafts to the patriarchal bosoms they had ignorantly fled from in Macon. But as he was ready to arrest Craft if Hughes or Knight would point him out, President Fillmore thought the request, although it came from the right side of the line, a little on the wrong side of reasonable. It seemed hardly fair to oblige the marshal to know every fugitive slave within his district by sight. Two or three weeks ago it was rumored that there was another slave hunt on foot in Boston. I do not know who the Nimrod was, the mighty hunter whose game was man, but it was reported and believed that the whipper-in of the pack was a New York lawyer. Now, a warrant was issued, the marshal appointed special deputies, the quarry was started ; but somehow it was never caught. The huntsmen, whether at fault or not, were disappointed. And the blame, it seems, is laid on the shoulders of Marshal Devens. But it is understood that the slave in question was of Craft's way of thinking, and that he was prepared with the same persuasives that Turpin found effectual with the bishop's coachman :

> " But Dick put a couple of balls in his nob,
> And *purwailed* on him to stop,"

and that this was so well understood that the marshal and his men thought discretion the better part of valor. On this statement of facts, it is understood that a complaint has been entered against the marshal, and that he has gone on to headquarters to justify himself. I think he will not be able to do it, and that he will have to give place to a worthier successor. City Marshal Tukey and Deputy Sheriff Watson Freeman,[1] who distinguished himself by the constitutional courtesy with which he treated Hughes and Knight under the affliction which was traitorously visited upon them by the Vigilance Committee, are said to be the two prominent candidates. I shall recommend either of them as eminently worthy of this post of danger and

[1] Freeman was in fact marshal under Buchanan, and attempted to kidnap me. F. B. S.

of honor, when President Fillmore applies to me for my advice.

At this time a North Carolina newspaper gave this list of slave prices :

"We give the *sales* of a few that have been effected from the 1st of January, 1851. We note as follows : Women, aged from 28 to 45 years, brought from $665 to $895 ; a family (mother and three children, very ordinary, but young), $1,525 ; a man, aged 45, his wife and two children, $1,810 ; a man, no age given, $1,118 ; and a woman and four children, $1,850. The above sales were either for cash or ninety days' credit, interest added, with approved notes payable at bank. These sales and the annual hirings were made at public auction ; others were hired privately at prices ranging from $150 to $300, as to quality, and business to be pursued."

The exact market value of a Boston church member, with her two children, was therefore about $1,500 by this scale of prices—enough to tempt the cupidity of those wretches who dealt in human flesh in Virginia and the Carolinas. A few years later than this (in 1854) Anthony Burns, a fugitive from Virginia was seized, sent back into slavery by Edward Greeley Loring, a Slave Law Commissioner of Boston, and at the time Judge of Probate in Suffolk County, but removed from that office in 1858 by Governor Banks. Several of the rich men of Boston combined to purchase him from his master, and this was the sequence of events in his case : The chief movers in the matter of purchase were Hamilton Willis and Rev. L. A. Grimes, a colored pastor—the latter collect-

ing most of the subscriptions. The price named by Suttle, the master, was $1,200 and the money was raised. Among the subscribers were Charles P. Curtis and Thomas B. Curtis, each for $100; Charles H. Mills and Augustus Perrin, $50 each; Glidden & Williams, $50; Samuel A. Eliot (father of President Eliot), $50; and Hamilton Willis, Moses Grant, Winslow Lewis, Samuel Johnson, Andrew Carney, Jacob Sleeper, etc., $25 each. George Baty Blake authorized Mr. Willis to receive from him "any amount you might think proper to call on me for."

Why, then, was not Burns handed over to his friends in Boston? Col. Suttle was about to draw up the agreement in the office of Watson Freeman, the Marshal of Massachusetts, May 31, 1854, when B. F. Hallet, the District Attorney, came in and talked with Suttle, who then said to Mr. Willis: "I must withdraw what I have done with you." Thereupon Hallet said, pointing to the spot where Bachelder had been killed by Martin Stowell, resisting a rescue of Burns, "That blood must be avenged." On Friday, June 2, when Mr. Willis went to receive Burns on board the revenue cutter, which carried him from Boston, he was told by Mr. Parker, counsel for the slaveholder, "Col. Suttle has pledged himself to Mr. Hallet that he will not sell his boy till he gets him home." It was therefore a Boston lawyer who prevented the sale. Burns was carried away by force, lodged in the prison at Richmond and loaded with irons as a punishment for running away, until November (five months), when he fell violently ill, and the physician ordered his irons taken off. He was then put on the auction block and sold to a North Caro-

lina slave trader, McDaniel, who bid him off for $910. Suttle lost $300 and more by taking Hallet's advice, but McDaniel made $400, for he delivered Burns to his Boston purchasers in Baltimore subsequently for $1,300 and expenses. This bargain he was compelled to keep secret in Virginia, for "had it been known," says Mr. Dana, "that Burns was to be restored, there would have been danger to his life." McDaniel was obliged to carry him away from Richmond by night for fear of a mob. He reached Boston early in 1855, and told Mr. Dana this story in March of that year. He died in Canada in 1862.

This was the last of the Boston slave cases, in all of which Dr. Howe took an active part. The rescue of Shadrach in the winter of 1850–51, the rendition of Sims in April, 1851, and the arrest and return of Burns in 1854, called forth the services of the Vigilance Committee of 1846, of which he continued to be Chairman, so long as there was any danger to the fugitives.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES SUMNER IN THE SENATE.

WHEN Burns was carried away from Boston, after a vain attempt to rescue him, Charles Sumner had been for three years the successor of Webster in the Senate at Washington. But he owed his election, in April, 1851, to the indignation felt in Massachusetts against the Fugitive Slave Law, as much as to any cause. The contest over the election was long and doubtful; and Dr. Howe was one of the friends of Sumner who guided it to its final issue of success. Writing early in February, 1851, Edmund Quincy, skeptical as to the final result, but well informed concerning the hostility to Sumner, spoke as follows:

"There has been another unsuccessful attempt to elect Mr. Sumner to the Senate. He came nearer to success than at any former time. On one ballot he lacked only two, and on the other but three, of a majority. If all the Free-Soilers had been present, he would have been chosen. There is a report that one man chosen as a Free-Soiler voted for Mr. Winthrop. But for this I do not vouch, nor did I hear his name. The Free-Soilers and the portion of the Democrats that act with them in good faith, are still confident of final success. But I apprehend there will always be the necessary *one* or *two* either conveniently ill or absent or treacherous. The Post and Hallet wing of the Democrats are almost beside themselves with rage and fear. Their papers foam at the mouth, and talk like things possessed, in the view of anybody but a slave-catching Whig or Democrat being sent to the Senate from Massachusetts."

But Sumner, whose cause was very skilfully championed by Dr. Howe, among others, was finally chosen by one vote, in April, 1851, and took his seat in the Senate as the successor of Webster the next winter. At that time Webster was Secretary of State under Fillmore, having resigned his seat in the Senate in July, 1850, when Mr. Winthrop was appointed for a few months. Though no man could be less homicidal than Sumner, he might almost be said to have acquired his Senatorship as the old priest of Diana at Nemi obtained his place—by slaying his predecessor.[1] For after the spring of 1851, in which Sumner was chosen Senator, the power and the life of Webster withered away. He still made speeches and held his followers together, but his day as a leader of the people had gone, never to return. It was a sad descent from that moral height in which the narrative of his friend Ticknor places him, when the iniquity of Texas was first broached and first opposed by him. Poor Webster! "letting 'I dare not,' wait upon 'I would,'" until age and ambition turned his noble purposes into timid and selfish schemes, which he vainly sought to cover with the cloak of patriotism. The words of his Texas address, in which true patriotism glows, will henceforth rise up against him and the evil deeds in his last two years of unhappy life.

Sumner had been preceded in Congress by his friends Dr. Palfrey, Charles Allen, and Horace Mann. The two last-named were chosen in 1848, Mann on the 3d of April, to fill the vacancy of John Quincy

[1] See Renan's *Prêtre de Nemi* in his "*Drames Philosophes*," Paris, 1888.

Adams, and Allen in November, at the regular election. Mann favored the election of Winthrop, of Massachusetts, as Speaker, but Dr. Palfrey and Judge Allen voted against him, as Dr. Palfrey had done in December, 1847, when Mr. Winthrop was chosen. It was this vote of 1847 which called out the indignation of State street and the "Cotton Whigs" against Dr. Palfrey, and thus occasioned the inimitable satire of Lowell to fall on them in the "Biglow Papers." Reporting the speech of "Increase Doughface, Esquire," at a caucus in State street, Hosea Biglow represented this "Cotton Whig" as thus expressing himself:

No? Hez he? He haint, though? Wut? Voted agin him?
If the bird of our country could ketch him, she'd skin him.
Who ever'd ha' thought sech a pisonous rig
Would be run by a chap thet wuz chose fur a Wig?
"We knowed wut his principles wuz 'fore we sent him?"
Wut wuz ther' in them from this vote to prevent him?
A marciful Providunce fashioned us holler,
O' purpose thet we might our principles swaller,
Wer'n't we gittin' on prime with our hot and cold blowin',
A condemnin' the war whilst we kep' it agoin'?
"Wut's your name? Come, I see ye, you up-country feller,
You've put me out several times with your beller;
Out with it! Wut? Biglow? I say nothin' furder,
That feller would like nothin' better'n a murder,
He's a traitor, blasphemer, an' wut ruther worse is,
He puts all his ath'ism in dreffle bad verses.
Wy, he goes agin war, agin indirect taxes,
Agin sellin wild lands 'cept to settlers with axes,
Agin holdin' slaves, though he knows its the corner
Our libbaty rests on—the mis'able scorner!"

All these men were friends of Dr. Howe,—Judge

Allen less intimate than the others—and all were effective antagonists of the South in Congress. When Webster abandoned his principles in 1850, they all turned against him, and used their great influence in Massachusetts to destroy the hold he might have on the people of that State. Judge Allen was specially called upon to do this, for to him, as well as to S. C. Phillips, had Webster in 1844 imparted his sentiments concerning Texas and slavery, which Allen fully shared.[1] Both had been present when Webster composed and dictated, at his office on Tremont street, the address which has already been cited, and both had sought in September, 1846, to bring the Whigs of Massachusetts to the position of Webster in 1844. When, therefore, he abandoned that position himself, in March 1850, Mr. Phillips, Judge Allen, Dr. Howe and all their friends attacked Webster. At this time, or soon after Dr. Howe became an editor of the *Boston Daily Commonwealth*, of which Joseph Lyman was the responsible editor, and in which Mrs. Howe assisted her husband as literary and political contributor. And at all times Dr. Howe's office up stairs at 50 Bromfield street, was a

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[1] So strong was the feeling on Judge Allen's part that he proposed to withdraw from the electoral ticket for Clay in Massachusetts, when the candidate wrote his fatal letter concerning annexation. Mr. Phillips persuaded him not to do so; but when Clay had been defeated he joined with Phillips in the movement for a State convention which Webster had initiated in the spring of 1844. These two "Conscience Whigs" were more in Webster's councils in November and December 1844 than any other men, and when Phillips in December wrote his "Appeal to the People of Massachusetts on the Texas Question" (published by Little & Brown anonymously), Webster read it, revised and approved it,

rallying-point and meeting-place for all the political anti-slavery men of Massachusetts. In 1855-56 it became a center of efforts to make Kansas a free State, and it was there that John Brown first met Dr. Howe in 1857.[1]

The extensive correspondence of Dr. Howe with Sumner and with Horace Mann from 1850 till the the death of his two friends, shows how much they depended on him for counsel, for action, and for reaching effectively the public ear. Howe was all the more serviceable to them and to the cause, for the reason that he had no political ambition, and never sought office or distinction for himself. He was content, as so many of the political abolitionists were, to work for the good of the cause, without seeking a recompense in glory or in salary. He gave freely of his own money, gave his time, and associated with men of all sorts who could help forward the good work. He took part in the "coalition" of Democrats and anti-slavery men ("Free-Soilers") in 1850-53, as did Sumner and Mann and Henry Wilson; and he was one of the first to join the newly formed Republican party in 1854-55, when the disintegrating wave

[1] Mrs. Howe tells me that after her return from Rome, where she had spent the winter of 1850-51, she and Dr. Howe had desks at the South Boston cottage (which she christened "Green Peace," from its verdure and quiet), and composed their papers for the *Commonwealth* in the same room, with occasional interchange of ideas. This newspaper was the successor of Elizur Wright's little *Chronotype*, of 1846-50, and also took the place of C. F. Adams's *Boston Daily Whig* (1845-48) and of Henry Wilson's *Daily Republican*, to all of which Dr. Howe contributed more or less. *The Commonwealth* was revived as a weekly in 1862, and still survives.

of "Native Americanism" swept over the country, destroying the Whig party and weakening the Democrats at the North. When Sumner was brutally attacked by Brooks of South Carolina in the Senate chamber and during the years of his illness and recovery, Dr. Howe was his faithful and judicious friend; and when the old Whigs, the Democrats and the least progressive of the Republicans sought to defeat Sumner's reëlection in 1862–63, Dr. Howe joined with his friends F. W. Bird, W. S. Robinson, Henry L. Pierce and many others in thwarting this combination against the radical Senator who favored the instant emancipation of the slaves as a war measure. By this time the famous "Bird Club,"[1] of Boston had become a political power, and it was no unusual thing to see at its dinner-table on Saturdays the two Massachusetts Senators, Sumner and Wilson, Governor Andrew, half a dozen Congressmen, with Dr. Howe, Mr. Bird, George L. Stearns and many more of the radical Republicans of New England. Dr. Howe continued to dine with this club until his death in 1876.

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[1] The Bird Club originated about 1850 in the dining together at George Young's Hotel in Boston of a few of the political anti-slavery men, who, like Francis William Bird of Walpole, were active in elections and campaigns. By 1856, when the Kansas troubles came on, it had become a large and powerful body of men, with no definite organization, who looked upon Mr. Bird as their friend, and brought other friends to sit at his weekly club-table. At one time perhaps 100 men were members of this Round Table, which met weekly at Young's or Parker's, to dine together, With the election of Governor Andrew in 1860, they took charge of the State Government of Massachusetts, and controlled it for a dozen years, or until 1873.

CHAPTER VII.

THE KANSAS CONTEST AND JOHN BROWN.

THE repeal of the Missouri Compromise by the Nebraska Act of 1854, opened the Territory of Kansas, then twice as large as all New England, to the curse of slavery. In order to prevent its establishment there, the anti-slavery men of New England formed a colonization company, which in 1854–55 did something to provide Kansas with anti-slavery inhabitants. Dr. Howe entered warmly into this plan, as did many of his friends, but took no leading part in the Kansas contest until the spring of 1856, when he raised what was called the Faneuil Hall Committee, to supply the wants and sustain the courage of the Free-State men in Kansas. Dr. Howe said afterwards:

I was connected with two Kansas committees. One was raised for the purpose of getting clothing and money for aiding the suffering inhabitants of Kansas; that was the express object of the committee of which I was chairman. Another committee of which I was a member, was raised for the general purpose of aiding the inhabitants of Kansas in the defence of their freedom then invaded, and repelling invaders. The first was the Boston committee, usually called the Faneuil Hall Committee, inasmuch as the original meeting was at Faneuil Hall; it had no official name; it was not an incorporated body;

it was called just what people chose to call it. The other was the Massachusetts Kansas Committee.

In fact he was also a member of the National Kansas Committee, formed at Buffalo in 1856, with a member from each of the Northern States, and sometimes two; and he had some share in raising the first large sum of money to buy arms for Kansas that was contributed in Boston in 1855—some thousands of dollars, which were expended in the purchase of Sharp's rifles. The Faneuil Hall Committee, organized in May, 1856, pledged itself to raise money for use "in a strictly lawful manner" in Kansas; but most of the other committees were not so scrupulous, and gave their money freely to arm the colonists who went out to defend the Free-State cause. The National Kansas Committee, which had its headquarters at Chicago, received and forwarded many of these arms, and in other ways aided the anti-slavery colonists; but Dr. Howe's connection with it was little more than a nominal one. Of the Massachusetts State Committee, however, he was a very active member in 1856–57,[1] and this took him to Kansas, and brought him into close relations with John Brown, the hero of Kansas and Virginia. Dr.

[1] Between May, 1856, and January, 1857, I passed through all the grades of these Kansas committees—beginning in June, 1856, as Secretary of the Concord Town Committee; then in July helping to organize a county committee for Middlesex, of which I was Secretary; then serving as Secretary to the Massachusetts State Kansas Committee, from December, 1856, until the committee dissolved in 1858–59; and, finally, serving upon the National Committee at its last meeting, in January, 1857, as proxy for Dr. Howe. F. B. S.

Howe made his acquaintance, as many of us did, in January, 1857; and, when the little civil war in Kansas was virtually ended, in 1858, Dr. Howe joined, with a few others, in contributing money and arms for Brown's attack on slavery, first in Missouri in 1858–59, and then in Virginia in October, 1859. In the winter of 1858 59, he thus briefly described Brown, in a note to John M. Forbes, of Boston:

> If you would like to hear an honest, keen, and veteran backwoodsman disclose some plans for delivering our land from the curse of slavery, the bearer will do so. I think I know him well. He is of the Puritan militant order.[1] He is an enthusiast, yet cool, keen, and cautious. He has a martyr's spirit. He will ask nothing of you but the pledge that you keep to yourself what he may say.

Brown and Dr. Howe were nearly of the same age—Brown a year and a half older; they were much of the same build and figure, though very unlike in temperament and training. Brown was the last of

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[1] Mrs. Howe in her memoir published in 1876, relates this striking anecdote: "I remember a conversation in which, in the strictest confidence, Dr. Howe told me of a wonderful man, an apostle, a Puritan of the old type, who had devoted himself to an elaborate plan for the emancipation of the Southern blacks, with the zeal and courage which ever characterize the saviors of mankind. The name of this person was confided to me at a much later date, but so vivid had the Doctor's portraiture of him been, that when, a year or two after this time, he came to my door, I said to him, "You are Captain John Brown?" to which he replied, "I am." Dr. Howe did not agree with the general opinion, then prevalent, which characterized John Brown's scheme of negro emancipation as incapable of execution. He insisted in after years that the plan had been a very able one, and that it's failure could not have been a foregone conclusion."

the Puritans; Howe was one of the Cavaliers, but with an enthusiasm for liberty as warm as Sidney's or Colonel Hutchinson's. Their likeness and their unlikeness drew them together, and there was none among his few New England intimates to whom Brown disclosed his secret plans more willingly than to Howe. Yet that latent conservatism in Howe's nature, of which I have spoken, sometimes came forth and drew him back from the extreme measures undertaken by this foreordained champion and martyr. Particularly was this so after a visit which Dr. Howe made to South Carolina in the spring of 1859, on his return from Cuba, whither he had accompanied Theodore Parker. The letter above cited was given me by Dr. Howe, Feb. 5, 1859, just before he sailed for Cuba ; but when he visited the courteous planters of Carolina a few months later, and saw how peacefully they were living among their slaves, he shrank from a conspiracy, like that of Brown, which might possibly bring every horror upon his Carolina friends. Consequently he had little to do with the final arrangements for Brown's Virginia campaign, though he did raise some money for it in the summer of 1859, and welcomed the eldest son of Brown, when he visited Boston that summer, in furtherance of his father's plans.[1]

[1] In the examination of Dr. Howe by Jefferson Davis and other Senators at Washington (February 3, 1860), a letter from John Brown, Jr., was produced, dated Syracuse, N. Y., August 17, 1859, addressed to John Henry Kagi, Brown's secretary, at Chambersburg, Pa., in which this son of John Brown, speaking of his father as friend Isaac, said:

"While in Boston, I improved the time in making the acquaintance of those staunch friends of our friend Isaac. First, called

Dr. Howe's first knowledge of John Brown's Virginia plan was communicated to him by me in February, 1858, upon my return from a visit to Gerrit Smith, at Peterboro, N. Y., where Brown had laid the whole scheme before Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Edwin Morton, and myself, with the request that we should make it known to Dr. Howe, Theodore Parker, and

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on Dr. H.——, who, though I had no letter of introduction, received me most cordially. He gave me a letter to the friend who does business on Milk street. Went with him to his house in Medford and took dinner. The last word he said to me was, 'Tell friend (Isaac) that we have the *fullest confidence in his endeavor*, whatever may be the result.'"

The examination then proceeded :

Davis—Was it in that month of August, 1859, you saw John Brown, Jr., in Boston ?

Howe—It would be impossible for me to recollect any further than that it was not in cold weather.

D—Did he introduce himself ?

H—He introduced himself.

D—Did you receive him as the son of old John Brown ?

H—I did, and was very glad to see him as the son of John Brown.

D—Did he tell you the object of his visit to Boston ?

H—He did not,

D—Did he tell you that he was there endeavoring to collect money ?

H—He did not.

D—Did he apply to you for money ?

H—He did not.

D—Do you remember having given him a letter to a gentleman who does business on Milk street ?

H—Very likely I may have done so.

D—Do you know to whom he refers ?

H—Mr. George L. Stearns.

Dr. Howe said to me after his return from this examination, that he could have asked questions more difficult to answer.

T. Wentworth Higginson, as he had just made it known to Frederick Douglass, at whose house in Rochester he had drawn up the "Provisional Constitution," which he read to us at Mr. Smith's house. Brown soon after visited Boston, and talked over his plans more fully with Parker, Howe, Higginson, and George L. Stearns. The last-named gentleman and Gerrit Smith were the largest contributors to Brown's campaign fund, for which, first and last, Stearns gave in money and arms at least $8,000, and Smith, per haps, $1,000. In February, 1858, Brown had in possession arms valued at $6,000, and all he needed in money, he said, was $1,000. With this small sum in hand he was ready to take the field and commence emancipation by force in the spring of 1858. Mr. Stearns acted as treasurer of this fund, and before the 1st of May nearly the whole amount had been paid in or subscribed—Stearns contributing $300, and the rest of our committee (six in all) smaller sums. It soon appeared that the amount named would be too small, and Brown's movements were embarrassed from lack of money before the disclosures of his false friend, Hugh Forbes, made it expedient to postpone the expedition to a more favorable time. Forbes was an Englishman of some military knowledge, acquired under Garibaldi in 1848-49, who had undertaken for hire to train Brown's men in tactics, and had done so in Iowa, for a short time. The money which he was to receive was not forthcoming after awhile, and Forbes began to write letters to Charles Sumner, Dr. Howe, and myself—none of whom had then seen him—demanding that we should pay him, and also depose Brown from the command of the expedition. These

letters began to come before any of us knew Brown's plans, and were continued while Brown in the spring of 1858, was on his way (about May 1st), with a dozen or twenty "shepherds," for the "market" at Chatham in Canada, where he wished his Massachusetts friends to meet him. But just then came a letter to me from Forbes, followed by one to Dr. Howe, threatening to make the matter public. On the 2d of May, Dr. Howe, Mr. Stearns and myself met for the consultation on the new aspect of affairs presented by these letters from Washington, where Forbes then was. Theodore Parker was also consulted on the same day, and I wrote the result (May 5th) to Higginson as follows:—

"It looks as if the project must, for the present, be deferred, for I find by reading Forbes's epistles to the doctor (Howe) that he knows the details of the plan, and even knows (what very few do), that the doctor, Mr. Stearns, and myself are informed of it. How he got this knowledge is a mystery. He demands that Hawkins[1] be dismissed as agent, and *himself* or some other be put in his place, threatening otherwise to make the business public. Theodore Parker and G. L. Stearns think the plan must be deferred till another year; the doctor does not think so, and I am in doubt, inclining to the opinion of the two former."

On the 7th of May Gerrit Smith wrote: "It seems to me that in these circumstances Brown must go no further, and so I write him. I never was convinced of the wisdom of this scheme. But as things now stand, it seems to me it would be madness to attempt

[1] A name ("Nelson Hawkins") assumed by Brown, who also called himself, at different times, "Shubael Morgan," "Isaac Smith," and, perhaps, by other names.

to execute it. Colonel Forbes would make such an attempt a certain and most disastrous failure. I write Brown *this evening*." On the 9th of May, 1858, Higginson wrote to Parker a brief note from Brattleboro, protesting against delay. "I regard any postponement," he said, "as simply abandoning the project; for if we give it up now, at the command or threat of H. F., it will be the same next year. The only way is to circumvent the man somehow (if he cannot be restrained in his malice). When the thing is well started, who cares what he says?" He soon after wrote more fully to Parker, giving many arguments against delay. Parker replied: "If you knew all we do about 'Colonel' Forbes, you would think differently. Can't you see the wretch in New York?" At the same time Dr. Howe wrote to Higginson: "T. P. will tell you about matters. They have held a different view from the one I have taken, which agrees mainly with yours. I think that the would-be traitor is now on the wrong track. I told him some truth, which he will think to be false (for he thinks evil), and he will probably be bungling about in the dark and hesitating until the period for his doing harm has passed. Forbes has disclosed what he knows to Senator Seward, or *says* he has." A few days after this, Dr. Howe also admitted that the enterprise must be postponed. I was in almost daily consultation with him, and on the 18th of May I wrote to Higginson: "Wilson as well as Hale and Seward,[1] and God knows how many more, have heard about the plot

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[1] Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusettes, John P. Hale, Senator from New Hampshire, and W. H. Seward, Senator from New York, were the persons here named.

from Forbes. To go in the face of this is mere madness, and I place myself fully on the side of Parker, Stearns, and Dr. Howe. Mr. Stearns and the doctor will see Hawkins in New York this week, and settle matters finally." On or before May 20th, Mr. Stearns met Brown in New York by appointment, and wrote to Higginson from there that "we are all agreed" about the recall of these arms from Virginia "for reasons that cannot be written." Previously Dr. Howe had thus replied to Senator Wilson's letter of May 9th, in which he insisted that Brown's reported plans should be given up.

BOSTON, May 12, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I have just received your letter of the 9th. I understand perfectly your meaning. No countenance has been given to Brown for any operations outside of Kansas *by the Kansas Committee.* I had occasion, a few days ago, to send him an earnest message from some of his friends here, urging him to go at once to Kansas, and take part in the coming election, and throw the weight of his influence on the side of the right. There is in Washington a disappointed and malicious man, working with all the activity which hate and revenge can inspire, to harm Brown, and to cast odium upon the friends of Kansas in Massachusetts. You probably know him. He has been to Mr. Seward. Mr. Hale, also, can tell you something about him. God speed the right!

About the same time, Dr. Howe sent a final letter to Hugh Forbes, in which, among other things, he said:

"I infer from your language that you have obtained (in confidence) some information respecting an expedition which you think to be commendable, provided *you* could manage it, but which you will *betray* and

denounce if Brown does not give it up! You are, sir, the guardian of your own honor; but I trust that for your children's sake, at least, you will never let your passion lead you to a course that might make them blush. In order, however, to disabuse you of any lingering notion that I, or any of the members of the late Kansas Committee (whom I know intimately) have any responsibility for Captain Brown's actions, I wish to say that the very last communication I sent to him was in order to signify the earnest wish of certain gentlemen, whom you name as his supporters, that he should go at once to Kansas and give his aid in the coming elections. Whether he will do so or not, we do not know." [1]

At the time Mr. Stearns met Brown in New York City, May 20, 1858, it was arranged between them that, from that time forward, the custody of certain rifles which had become Stearns's property, should be in Brown's hands as the agent, not of the Kansas Committee, but of Stearns alone. It so happened that Gerrit Smith, who seldom visited Boston, was going there late in May, to deliver an address before the Peace Society. He arrived and took rooms at the Revere House, where (May 24, 1858) the secret committee, organized in March, and consisting of Smith, Parker, Howe, Higginson, Stearns, and Sanborn, held a meeting to consider the situation. It had already been decided to postpone the attack, and the arms had been placed under a temporary interdict, so that they could only be used, for the

[1] See "Life and Letters of John Brown," p. 459. (Boston, Roberts Brothers, 1885.)

present, in Kansas. The questions remaining were whether Brown should be required to go to Kansas at once, and what amount of money should be raised for him in future. Of the six members of the committee only one (Higginson) was absent, and as this was the only occasion when Smith acted personally with all his associates, who met in his chamber at the Revere House, he was made chairman of the meeting. It was unanimously resolved that Brown ought to go to Kansas at once. As soon as possible after this, Brown visited Boston (May 31st), and while there held a conversation with Higginson, who made a record of it at the time—saying that Brown was full of regret at the decision of his friends to postpone the attack till the winter or spring of 1859, when the secret committee would raise for him two or three thousand dollars; "he meantime to blind Forbes by going to Kansas, and to transfer the property so as to relieve the Kansas Committee of responsibility, and they in future to know his plans." "On probing Brown," Higginson goes on, "I found that he . . . considered delay very discouraging to his thirteen men, and to those in Canada. Impossible to begin in the autumn; and he would not lose a day [he finally said] if he had three hundred dollars; it would not cost twenty-five dollars apiece to get his men from Ohio, and that was all he needed. The knowledge that Forbes could give of his plan would be injurious, for he wished his opponents to underrate him; but still . . . the increased terror produced would perhaps counterbalance this, and it would not make much difference. If he had the means he would not lose a day." He complained

that some of his Eastern friends were not men of action; that they were intimidated by Senator Wilson's letter, and magnified the obstacles. Still it was essential that they should not think him reckless; "as they held the purse, he was powerless without them, having spent nearly everything received this campaign, on account of delay—a month at Chatham, etc." Higginson notes down a few days later that Dr. Howe told him Brown left Boston, June 3, with five hundred dollars in gold, and liberty to retain all the arms, and that "he went off in good spirits."

Brown spent the following season in Kansas where he did much anti-slavery work; and in the winter of 1858–59, while Dr. Howe was going to Cuba and returning, he brought out a party of twelve freemen, whom he had forcibly emancipated in Missouri, and conveyed them safely to Canada, near Detroit. He then came to New England for the last time, saw all the members of his secret committee except Theodore Parker, who was then in England, and about June 2, 1859, left Boston for Virginia, by way of Ohio, Chambersburg, Penn., and the Kennedy farm in Maryland. He set out from Chambersburg for Harper's Ferry June 30th, and was on the ground early in July. Dr. Howe had aided him to raise the $2,000 which found needful for his expedition, but he had not been active in the matter. He again contributed in August; for Brown's secretary, Kagi, in a note to John Brown, written August 27th, says: "I to-day received the inclosed letter and check [fifty dollars]." This was the money sent on by Dr. Howe about August 25th, and the letter was this:

DEAR FRIEND: I begin the investment with fifty dollars, and will try to do more through friends. Our friend from Concord called with your note. DOCTOR.

I was the "friend from Concord," and on the 30th of August I wrote to Brown from Springfield:

"S. G. Howe has sent you fifty dollars in a draft on New York, and I am expecting to get more from other sources (perhaps some here), and will make up to you the three hundred dollars, if I can, as soon as I can." It was made up a few weeks later, Gerrit Smith contributing $100. This amount, with $600 contributed in October by Francis Jackson Merriam, of Boston, was the last gift by his friends to John Brown, before he made his foray at Harper's Ferry, October 16, 1859. Seldom have men engaged in so formidable an undertaking with such slender pecuniary resources.

When the blow had been struck and the desperate enterprise had failed, there was the greatest excitement throughout the country. Men knew not what to think of these strange events, and the wildest words were uttered by the calmest men.

Dr. Howe shrank at first from acknowledging his connection with Brown, and distressed some of his friends thereby; for he was overcome by the contemplation of results which he might have foreseen, but did not. He was charged, in company with many of his friends and others whom he never saw, or scarcely knew, with all manner of dark and bloody plots, most of which he could truthfully disclaim as beyond his knowledge. The New York *Herald* obtained some of Forbes's correspondence, which it published, along with the letters found in Brown's possession

when captured. To show what the public were then asked to believe, let me quote an article from the New York *Herald* late in October, 1859:

THE EXPOSURE OF THE NIGGER-WORSHIPING INSURRECTIONISTS.

If the crafty schemers who encouraged old Osawatomie Brown to carry out his insane project of seizing on the Harper's Ferry armory, distributing arms to the slaves, inciting them to insurrection and revolutionizing the Government, had hugged themselves into the delusion that they had covered up their tracks and were safe from the chances of exposure, the correspondence which we have published within the last few days must have dispelled that illusion. They are, one and all of them, known now to the Government and to the country as sneaking conspirators, who, with a guilty knowledge of the plans of the crazy old fanatic whose earthly career is fast drawing to a close, managed to keep themselves perhaps clear of direct responsibility to the law, but at the same time gave to Brown countenance, encouragement, and support. The law wisely and justly brands with equal guilt the accessory before the act and the actors in the crime. And in the first category we find the names of Senator Seward, of New York; Senators Wilson and Sumner, of Massachusetts; Senator Hale and ex-Governor Fletcher, of New Hampshire; Governor Chase, of Ohio; Hon. Gerrit Smith, ex-member of Congress; Rev. Joshua Leavitt, of New York; Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune;* Mr. Lawrence, a prominent merchant, and Dr. Howe, a physician of high standing in Boston; Dr. Bailey, late of the Washington *Era;* Dr. Jesse Bowen, of Iowa City, and F. B. Sanborn, a graduate of Harvard, and now a leading teacher in Massachusetts. This is no list of low born, ignorant, and despised traitors to the Union and its States. It is no concoction of local disaffection. It shows that the treason had infested all classes, from the desperate adventurer to the occupant of the

Senatorial hall. The whole plot was fully known for the last year and a half to Seward, Sumner, Hale, Chase, Fletcher, Giddings, Sanborn, Howe, and the leading Abolitionists and black Republicans on both sides of the Atlantic. It is impossible to resist the conviction that they all knew and approved of it. That they knew is clearly proven by the correspondence of Brown himself, and of Forbes, the British Abolitionist whom they employed to train Brown's men in guerilla tactics. That they approved is not only shown affirmatively by the fact of their supplying Brown with money and arms, but is as clearly shown, indirectly, by the fact of their not denouncing him. Here were Senators of the United States, members of Congress, Governors of States, merchants, and prominent men in New York, New England, and the West, who kept in their own guilty breasts a secret which might have involved, and which actually seemed to involve, the very existence of the Government; whereas, a word from them would have stopped the conspiracy in its very inception.

This was the tone of the champions of slavery. On the other side was the argument from morality itself, pungently stated thus by Elizur Wright, of Boston:

Look here, my Honorable Proxy for compiling Statute Books, if a man with wit and limbs, but too lazy or too mean to work out his own honest living, appropriates to himself the fruits of another man's toil, he is a criminal, isn't he, whether you have described his crime in your statute book or not? Very well. You describe it and send a sheriff. He is too much for the sheriff and knocks him down. Is he less a criminal for that? You send a judge. He bribes that dignitary. You send a parson. He gags him with bread and cheese. You send lawyers, and, for a pinch of snuff, they swear his blacknes sis all white. He laughs the very idea of punishment to scorn. Has he become less a criminal by all that? By and by he allures somebody into a partnership of his iniquity. Nobody interferes to enforce the law and the letter thereof dies and is buried.

Multiplied criminals walk abroad, and, finding it too tedious to appropriate products, appropriate the producers. Those that resist they kill, adding murder to robbery, *ad libitum;* and for the convenience of doing so write statutes to that effect. Nobody rebels. Is the crime growing less, O sapient legislator?

Law, so called, is exactly bottom side up as to this now immense partnership of criminals. Is the moral nature of their conduct changed by that fact? They have died and left their crime to their children and their children's children, garnished with piety and polite literature. Has it, therefore, become righteous *per se?* Out of millions who do not think it righteous, there is not one who will risk his life to rescue one of its victims. Does it follow that it is criminal to rescue one of its victims? I say it is the holiest thing a man can do—and as sure as there is a hereafter, it is the sanest, provided he has any talent for it. I think Brown and his followers had remarkable talent for it. They, at the cost of entering heaven some years earlier, placed themselves on the side of law, order, and honesty. I think they deserve to be imitated by all the moral and physical force in the world, till man-stealers are not considered more sacred than pickpockets.

In this sharp conflict against crime installed as law, with armies and dignitaries of all sorts to uphold it, the friends of John Brown were called upon to exercise prudence; and they did so. Without disclaiming their opinion of Brown, and their wish that he had succeeded, they had first to prevent the political harm that timid statesmen, like Henry Wilson, feared might result from their conspiracy. Most of them were active, voting Republicans, though none were leaders in that party; for the charges of the *Herald* were mere blank cartridges shot off to alarm the supporters of Seward, Sumner, and the other leaders.

Such was the state of things when Dr. Howe published this letter :

BOSTON, November 14, 1859.

Rumor has mingled my name with the events at Harper's Ferry. So long as it rested on such absurdities as letters written *to* me by Colonel Forbes or others, it was too idle for notice. But when complicity is distinctly charged by one of the parties engaged, my friends beseech me to define my position ; and I consent, the less reluctantly, because I divest myself of what, in time, might be considered an honor, and I want no undeserved ones.

The outbreak at Harper's Ferry was unforeseen and unexpected by me ; nor does all my previous knowledge of John Brown enable me to reconcile it with his characteristic prudence, and his reluctance to shed blood, or excite servile insurrection. It is still to me a mystery and a marvel. As to the heroic man who planned and led that forlorn hope, my relations with him in former times were such as no man ought to be afraid or ashamed to avow. If ever my testimony to his high qualities can be of use to him or his, it shall be forthcoming at the fitting time and place. But neither this nor any other testimony shall be extorted for unrighteous purposes, if I can help it.

There are, among the statutes of our Union, certain weapons, concealed as are the claws of a cat, in a velvet paw, which are seemingly harmless, but are really deadly instruments by which we of the North may be forced to uphold and defend the barbarous system of human slavery. For instance, a dishonest judge, in the remotest South, or in far off California, may, upon the affidavit of any white person, that the testimony of any citizen of Massachusetts is wanted in a criminal suit, send a marshal, who may take such citizen before the judge, and there, among strangers, force him to recognize for his appearance in court, or be committed to jail. Upon the stand, such expressions of opinion may be drawn from him as will mark him for an Abolitionist, and turn him out of the Court House to the tender

mercies of a people once called chivalrous and generous, but among whom the love of fair play seems rapidly dying out.

Such martyrdom might be coveted by some, if any high purpose were to be gained by it; but it is especially undesirable when the testimony is not sought with open and righteous, but with false and revengeful purpose. I am told by high legal authority that Massachusetts is so trammeled by the bonds of the Union, that, as matters now stand, she cannot, or dare not, protect her citizens from such forcible extradition; and that each one must protect himself, as he best may. Upon that hint I shall act; preferring to forego anything rather than the right to free thought and free speech.

Yours faithfully, S. G. HOWE.

The "legal authority" here cited was that of John A. Andrew, a year afterwards elected Governor of Massachusetts on the distinct issue that he was a friend of John Brown and of his main purpose to destroy slavery, though not a promoter of his conspiracy. On the 12th of November, two days before this letter of Howe's was written, I consulted Mr. Andrew (who had previously made the same disclosure to Dr. Howe), and the result of my conference was thus communicated by me to Colonel Higginson, then living at Worcester:

BOSTON, November 13, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: I had a talk with Andrew last night, who showed me the statute about witnesses. It appears that by a law of August 8, 1846, a witness whose evidence is deemed *material* by any United States judge, may be arrested by a warrant from a judge, without any previous summons, and taken before that judge to give bond for his appearing to testify. This leaves no room for a writ of *habeas corpus*, unless the State judges are willing to take the ground that the statute is unconstitutional, or that it means the process shall run only within the judge's district, or circuit; and Andrew does not

believe, nor do I, that our judges are ready to take either ground. Therefore, if arrested, a witness can only be released by a tumult. This may do very well in Worcester, but is rather precarious in Boston, and, therefore, Phillips thinks there should be some concert of action between those likely to be arrested, and some decision come to about what shall be done in case of arrest. Would your Worcester people go down to Boston to take Dr. Howe or Wendell Phillips out of the marshal's hands?

But, first of all, the public attention must be called through the papers to this singular law, which is unknown to most lawyers. Can you set some young (or old) lawyer to look it up, and write articles about it for your city papers? I will try to get the Springfield *Republican* to do the same thing, and, if possible, the Boston papers and the *Tribune;* and, through my brother, the New Hampshire papers. Thus preparation would be made for any action which might be taken under it.

This preparation was made through the newspapers; but, to avoid all possibility of arrest, Dr. Howe followed up his letter by retiring to Canada for a few weeks. His letter excited the most adverse comment, as will appear from another letter of mine, written to a warm friend of Brown, who did not understand Dr. Howe's position, and supposed he was yielding to the storm that raged against all anti-slavery men. I wrote (November 17, 1859), as follows:

How differently people look at things! Yesterday my brother, George Walker, wrote me that Dr. Howe's letter was "the height of imprudence"; to-day you call it "the extreme of baseness;" I don't think it either, though I am a little sorry it was written. I do not think the time has yet come for declaring the whole truth about Brown; better the numbers, tne names, and the plans of his accomplices should be unknown, for then they can work in the same way hereafter if they choose. I don't see why it is any worse to conceal the facts

now than before the outbreak; *provided* that Brown and his men do not suffer by such concealment. What has been prudence is prudence still, and may be for years to come. But if any person wishes to come out and declare *himself* in Brown's plot, he would have a right to do so, however we might regard the prudence of it—no right at all to implicate others. To do that now would not only be an abuse of confidence, but, so far as a well-meaning man can be base, would be the "extreme of baseness." At the same time no fear of an exposure would drive me, or any right-thinking man into a course which he disapproved. My action will be directed, not by considerations about myself or any other *person*; but by what seems to me the best good of the *cause*. Dr. Howe has not acted in all ways as I should have done, neither have you; but so long as each person acts for *himself* we must allow such diversities. If, however, the Doctor or yourself should act so as to compromise others, I should have a much stronger feeling about that.

I suppose you know that Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns are in Canada; at least, so I am informed. I got to-day a letter from Miller, Gerrit Smith's son-in-law, saying that E. Morton is on his way to Europe, and Mr. Smith too unwell to attend to any business. Hoyt writes that preparations are making at Charlestown to summon witnesses from hereabouts; and that Sennott was asked by Hunter where Sanborn lived.[1] I have no intention of leaving Massachusetts at present. We talk of a meeting here, in Concord, on the day of Brown's execution—do you know anything to prevent it?

No attempt was made to arrest Howe, Sanborn, or other persons until the winter following. At that sea-

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[1] The persons above named were George H. Hoyt, the young lawyer who went from Boston to defend John Brown, George Sennott (an adopted son of Colonel Miller, Dr. Howe's comrade in Greece), a Boston attorney, who defended the companions of Brown, and Andrew Hunter, the prosecuting attorney at Charlestown, in Virginia.

son, Congress having met, and a committee of the Senate, with Mason, of Virginia, at its head, and Jefferson Davis one of its members, having been appointed to inquire into the conspiracy of Brown, Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns came back from Canada, and consulted with their friends in Boston, as will be seen by the following letter to Colonel Higginson. I had previously written urging our friends to return, although Montgomery Blair, and others in Washington and Virginia, friendly to our cause, advised staying out of the country:

CONCORD, Dec. 20, 1859.

DEAR FRIEND: Do you know that John A. Andrew has five letters written by you which ought to be in your possession, as my own are in mine? On Saturday and Sunday I had conferences with Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns, and with Wendell Phillips and Andrew. It was resolved by Howe, Stearns, and myself that we would not go to Washington to testify, but would do so in Massachusetts, fearing that the summons was but a Virginia trap. Accordingly, we have written to our Senators at Washington that they must propose a commission for taking evidence in Massachusetts, and thus make this issue: "If you want the *bodies* of Massachusetts Abolitionists, you can't have them; if you want their *evidence*, that they will give in their own State." This ought to be a good issue for our people, and Wilson ought to make it. If you approve this course, please agitate among your people to produce a sentiment in its favor, as we are doing here. It is thought best not to *publish* it in the papers just yet, till we hear from Washington. My own plan is to receive the summons, if it comes, and petition the committee to hear my evidence here, because I, an avowed Abolitionist and friend of Brown, cannot be safe in a city so near Virginia, where the Senate does not protect its own members, but allows one to be assaulted and another threatened with hanging.

Howe will probably return to Canada. Harriet Tubman[1] is in Boston, but soon goes to Canada.

Yours ever, F. B. SANBORN.

Two weeks later (January 2, 1860), I again wrote to Higginson from Concord, having in the meantime visited New Hampshire, where my friends offered to protect me from arrest if I would stay. Higginson had not been summoned, but it was supposed he would be:

I am still firm in the faith not to go to Washington, not seeing any good that will result from it, but a chance of evil. Testing the law is a side issue; there are a thousand better ways of spending a year in warfare against slavery than by lying in a Washington prison. If I were you I should decline to go. Howe thinks he may go; Stearns not. Charles Brace spent Sunday with me; he is stanch for John Brown, and says at the West there is great sympathy for him; that Schurz[2] told him the Republicans are stronger in Wisconsin for his effort. Wilson got some wholesome truth while he was in Massachusetts, but he is acting in a craven way. Sumner is entirely different.

These letters, hastily written at the time, may serve to show the state of feeling and the course of events. Brown was tried and executed—and, less than two years after, the armies of the nation were

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[1] This was a courageous fugitive slave, and friend of John Brown, who was not supposed to be safe from capture, except in Canada.

[2] Carl Schurz, afterwards Senator from Missouri, member of the Cabinet, etc., was then a Republican leader in Wisconsin. Mr. Brace was the founder of the Children's Aid Society in New York, and was in Concord to present the claims of his great charity. He died in Europe in 1890. Charles Sumner and Henry Wilson were then the Senators from Massachusetts, men of very different fiber, though both were sincere anti-slavery men.

marching into Virginia, singing the John Brown song:

> "He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
> His soul is marching on."

Never was a martyrdom more quickly followed by the world's recognition of a martyr. On the day of his execution Dr. Howe was in Canada, pacing his room at Montreal, weeping and fretting that he could do nothing more for his old friend; while at Concord, Alcott, Emerson, Thoreau, and the good people generally, were holding a funeral service for the death of a martyr. Later in the winter, as we have seen, Dr. Howe and Mr. Stearns went to Washington and testified before the Senate committee. The evidence given was not very serviceable to the slaveholders, who had hoped to implicate the leaders of the Republican party in the plot of Brown; but they were struck with the openness with which these witnesses and others avowed that they meant to destroy slavery if they could, and in every way they could. Jefferson Davis, and Mason, of Virginia, in their majority report for this committee, quote from J. R. Giddings, Dr. Howe, and Mr. Stearns, and thus introduce the words of Brown's chief pecuniary supporter:[1]

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[1] As mention has been made of other witnesses whom this committee would have heard if it could, I may say that Colonel Higginson was never summoned, Gerrit Smith was an inmate of the Utica Asylum, and incapable of testifying; Frederick Douglass and Edwin Morton evaded arrest by visiting England. In regard to other persons, the report makes this statement:

"Before closing, the committee deem it proper to state that four persons summoned as witnesses, to wit: John Brown, Jr., of Ohio, James Redpath, of Massachusetts, Frank B. Sanborn, of Massachusetts, and Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, failing or

As a further exposition of the views entertained by those devotees to the so-styled "cause of freedom," the committee refer to the evidence of George L. Stearns. This gentleman was, as shown by his testimony, one of the most active and successful workers in that "cause." Of his views as to the legitimate use of money contributed to this "cause," we have this expression:

"From first to last, I understood John Brown to be a man who was opposed to slavery, and, as such, that he would take every opportunity to free slaves where he could; I did not know in what way; I only knew that from the fact of his having done it in Missouri in the instance referred to; I furnished him with money because I considered him as one who would be of use in case such troubles arose as had arisen previously in Kansas; that was my object in furnishing the money; I did not ask him what he was to do with it, nor did I suppose he would do anything that I should disapprove."

To the question "Do you disapprove of such a transaction as that at Harper's Ferry," he answered:

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refusing to appear before the committee, warrants were issued by order of the Senate for their arrest. Of these, Thaddeus Hyatt only was arrested; and on his appearance before the Senate, still refusing obedience to the summons of the committee, he was by order of the Senate committed to the jail of the District of Columbia. In regard to the others, it appeared by the return of the marshal of the northern district of Ohio, as deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms, that John Brown, Jr., at first evaded the process of the Senate, and afterwards, with a number of other persons, armed themselves to prevent his arrest. The marshal further reported in his return that Brown could not be arrested unless he was authorized in like manner to employ force. Sanborn was arrested by a deputy of the Sergeant-at-Arms, and afterwards released from custody by the Judges of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts on *habeas corpus*. Redpath, by leaving his State, or otherwise concealing himself, successfully evaded the process of the Senate.

"And the committee ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject."

"I should have disapproved of it if I had known of it; but I have since changed my opinion; I believe John Brown to be the representative man of this century, as Washington was of the last—the Harper's Ferry affair, and the capacity shown by the Italians for self-government, the great events of this age. One will free Europe, and the other America."

The remark was prophetic, and the names of Garibaldi and of John Brown will be coupled more and more, as the men who best exemplified, in the two hemispheres, the heroism that the cause of liberty has called forth in our century. Garibaldi succeeded, John Brown seemed to fail, yet greater success followed the defeat of the Puritan than the victory of the Italian hero. Dr. Howe lived to see the cause of John Brown triumphant in America, as the cause of Botzaris had triumphed in Greece. He regretted the aid he gave to that old hero no more than he regretted the support he had given to the countrymen of Botzaris in their direst need. He heard with the most solemn approval, that strophe which Julia Ward Howe chanted in the midst of contending armies to the music of the "John Brown Song":

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

NOTE.—As the Civil War practically extinguished slavery, it seems best to terminate the account of Dr. Howe's political life here, and to consider his labors in the war period as a part of his later philanthropic work.

BOOK FOURTH.

THE COUNSELS OF ACTIVE AGE.

1861–1876.

The rest that earth denied is thine,—
  Ah, is it rest? we ask,
Or, traced by knowledge more divine,
  Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue
  One darkened sphere like this;
But what has heaven for thee to do
  In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,
  No rugged path to smooth,
No struggling soul to help and cheer,
  No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,
  No more we ask to know;
The hand will guide thy ways above,
  That shaped thy task below.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

CHAPTER I.

THE CIVIL WAR AND ITS MEANING FOR DR. HOWE.

THE outbreak of the great Rebellion of the Slave-masters, in 1861, brought no dismay to Dr. Howe any more than to Wendell Phillips. They saw in it the beginning of the end of negro slavery, and they welcomed the conflict, with all its possibilities of national humiliation, and personal ruin, and the sorrow of bereaved families. Their first thought was that which Tennyson so well uttered at the opening of a much less momentous struggle—the Crimean war.

> "I wake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
> And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
> Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
> Then hail, once more, to the banner of battle unrolled!
> Though many a light shall darken and many shall weep,
> Yet God's just wrath shall be wreaked on a giant liar;
> And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
> And the heart of a people beat with one desire."

When the desire of the Northern people for national unity and freedom burst forth in April, 1861, with a fervor which made it the universal reiteration of Webster's grand war-cry, "Liberty and Union,

now and forever, one and inseparable," Dr. Howe was in his sixtieth year, and had passed the age for military service. His uncertain health, moreover, made it impossible for him to bear the risks and exposures of camp life. But his energy and experience were immediately placed at the disposal of the Government. As a member of the Sanitary Commission he did much service, and his good counsels and generous coöperation were long remembered by those who then labored with him to alleviate the horrors of war. Among these was his ancient friend Miss Dix, whose life, admirably written by Francis Tiffany, discloses the large share Dr. Howe had in her first efforts to ameliorate the condition of the insane. In this later work of providing hospitals and nursing for the sick and wounded, the two friends, almost of equal age[1] accomplished much, but the labors and cares of army life were too much for both of them. It was otherwise with the practical tasks of Emancipation, the first of which was to prepare the public mind for the reversal of the whole national policy in regard to slavery as it had been enforced for forty years. Dr. Howe threw himself into this movement with all the zeal of youth and all the wisdom of age. After his preliminary service in the Sanitary Commission was over, and before the war had continued five months, he called a meeting of anti-slavery men at his office in Boston; out of which grew the Emancipation League, the reëstablishment of the *Commonwealth* newspaper as its organ, and many of the active

[1] Dr. Howe was born November, 1801; Dorothea Lynde Dix, April 4, 1802. She long outlived her friend, dying July 17, 1887.

influences which, in 1862-63, brought on the irreversible decree of President Lincoln, abolishing slavery, under the "war powers" of the National Government. I find among my old papers this record of the meeting:

BOSTON, Sept. 5, 1861.

A meeting called for this day was held at Dr. Howe's room, 22 Bromfield street, to take into consideration measures tending to the Emancipation of the Slaves as a War Policy. Present: James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Henry Channing, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Thomas H. Webb, Edmund Quincy, James D. Whelpley, Samuel G. Howe, F. W. Bird, Wendell Phillips, Geo. L. Stearns.[1] The subscriber was requested to invite you to attend an adjourned meeting at the same room, on Tuesday the 10th inst., at 3 P. M.

(Signed) G. L. STEARNS.

F. B. Sanborn, Esq., Concord.

Dr. Howe entered actively into the campaign for Emancipation, and had been in Washington laboring with President Lincoln again and again, during the military preponderance of McClellan, which was felt

[1] With a single exception, these were the names of prominent emancipationists in Boston. Garrison, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy were of the extreme non-voting Abolitionists; Howe, Bird, and Stearns were political anti-slavery men, friends of Charles Sumner and members of the Bird Club; Clarke and Channing (the latter a nephew of the great Dr. Channing) were Unitarian clergymen, who had separated from their sect more or less on the slavery question; and Dr. T. H. Webb was the faithful, hard-working Secretary of the New England Emigrant Aid Company, who had done more for the freedom of Kansas than all his associates in that company put together. In the "Memoir of W. L. Garrison" by his sons, vol. iv., p. 48, the date given for the formation of the Emancipation League is December, 1861; but this note shows that the idea originated with Dr. Howe as early as August of that year.

by all the anti-slavery men to be friendly to the continuance of slavery. The turning-point in the national administration was thus marked by him in this letter to his friend Mr. Bird :

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5, 1862.

MY DEAR BIRD: I never want to be glad alone, and I hasten to communicate to you the cause of my present joy. The fact, long ago suspected by the instinct of the people, begins to get through the skull of the "powers that be." An egregious blunder of McClellan, which made a botch and failure of the late proposed forward march, has convinced the President that he is utterly incompetent to the task of handling a great army. There is a great fight going on over him, and I do not doubt that, though his fall may be delayed, it will come soon.[1] I have long thought he was a humbug (an unintentional one), and I think the more he stirs now to defend himself, the more plainly will he show his incompetency.

The President has been long on the anxious seat; but has, at last, had a change of heart, and has set his face steadily Zionward, though he is as yet rather ashamed of his Lord. He considers slavery to be a great stumbling-block in the way of human progress, and especially of this country. He feels that whoever has a hand in its removal will stand out before posterity as a benefactor of his race. Why in the world, then, does he not "speak out in meetin'" and relieve his mind? Simply because of his fatal habit of procrastinating; he puts off and puts off the evil day of effort, and stands shivering with his hand on the string of the shower-bath. He has, however, gone so far as even to make up a message to Congress, which, if sent, will prove to be a bomb-shell. If he is not further demoralized by victories, he will be brought up to the scratch.

As to Congress, there are a few earnest and disinterested

[1] McClellan was removed from the sole command March 11, 1862, within a week after this letter.

patriots, but they could be carried off in an omnibus; and if, after their departure, some Guy Fawkes could successfully explode his mine, there would be no great loss to this world, though, doubtless, a sudden increase of the population of Hades.

Do you think of going to Fortress Monroe? I shall probably be at liberty to leave on Saturday, though perhaps not until Wednesday next.

The President's Message thus foreshadowed was sent to Congress the next day; it contained a proposition for the gradual abolition of slavery, with compensation from the National Government to the States which might adopt such a measure. Congress passed the desired vote,[1] yet nothing resulted from it at home by reason of the pro-slavery feeling in the border States; but abroad it began to "turn the current of popular feeling" in favor of the North.

Addressing the Emancipation League in Boston four days later, Phillips welcomed the message, and, quoting from Dr. Howe's letter, said: "If the President has not entered Canaan, he has turned his face Zionward." A year afterward, Dr. Howe, with Robert Dale Owen and James McKay, were appointed by Secretary Stanton a "Freedmen's Inquiry Commission" to consider what should be done for the slaves already emancipated. In course of this inquiry he had occasion to consult his friend Prof. Agassiz as to the physiologic and ethnologic future of the negro

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[1] The measure received the President's signature, April 10, 1862, and on the 16th of April he signed the bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, with compensation to the owners. A few slaves were freed under this act, but none under the measure recommended in the message of March 6th.

race; and his letter, as published in the "Life of Agassiz," will show how Dr. Howe viewed these questions twenty-eight years ago. They were written in August, 1863, and their important parts are the following.[1]

The more I consider the subject to be examined and reported upon, the more I am impressed by its vastness; the more I see that its proper treatment requires a consideration of political, physiological, and ethnological principles. Before deciding upon any political policy, it is necessary to decide several important questions, which require more knowledge for their solution than I possess. Among these questions, this one occupies me most now. Is it probable that the African race, represented by less than two million blacks and a little more than two million mulattoes, unrecruited by immigration, will be a persistent race in this country? or will it be absorbed, diluted, and finally effaced by the white race, numbering twenty-four millions, and continually increased by immigration, besides natural causes? Will not the general practical amalgamation fostered by slavery become more general after its abolition? If so, will not the proportion of mulattoes become greater and that of the pure blacks less? With an increase and final numerical prevalence of mulattoes, the question of the fertility of the latter becomes a very important element in the calculation. Can it be a persistent race here where pure blacks are represented by 2, and the whites by 20–24? Is it not true that in the Northern States, at least, the mulatto is unfertile, leaving but few children, and those mainly lymphatic and scrofulous? In those sections where the blacks and mulattoes together make from seventy to eighty and even ninety per cent. of the whole population will there be, after the abolition of slavery, a sufficiently large influx of whites to counteract the present numerical preponderance of blacks? It looks now as if the whites

[1] See *Louis Agassiz, His Life and Correspondence*, vol. II, pp. 592-617.

would *exploiter* the labors of the blacks, and that social servitude will continue long in spite of political equality. You will see the importance of considering carefully the natural laws of increase and their modification by existing causes before deciding upon any line of policy. If there be irresistible natural tendencies to the growth of a persistent black race in the Gulf and River States, we must not make bad worse by futile attempts to resist it. If, on the other hand, the natural tendencies are to the diffusion and final disappearance of the black and colored race, then our policy should be modified accordingly. I should be very glad, my dear sir, if you could give me your views upon this and cognate matters. If, however, your occupations will not permit you to give time to this matter, perhaps you will assist me by pointing to works calculated to throw light upon the subject of my inquiry, or by putting me in correspondence with persons who have the ability and the leisure to write about it.

Be assured I shall try to keep my mind open to conviction and to forbear forming any theory before observing a wide circle of facts. I do not know how you got the idea that I had decided in favor of anything about the future of the colored population. I have corresponded with the founders of "La Société Cosmopolite pour la fusion des races humaines" in France—an amalgamation society, founded upon the theory that the perfect man is to be the result of the fusion of all the races upon earth. I have not, however, the honor of being a member thereof. Indeed, I think it hardly exists. I hear, too, that several of our prominent anti-slavery gentlemen, worthy of respect for their zeal and ability, have publicly advocated the doctrines of amalgamation; but I do not know upon what grounds.

I do, indeed, hold that in this, as in other matters, we are to do the manifest right, regardless of consequences. If you ask me who is to decide what is the manifest right, I answer that in morals, as well as in mathematics, there are certain truths so simple as to be admitted at sight as axioms by every one of common intelligence and honesty. The right to life is as clear

as that two and two make four, and none dispute it. The right to liberty and to ownership of property fairly earned is just as clear to the enlightened mind as that $5 \times 6 = 30$; but the less enlightened may require to reflect about it, just as they may want concrete signs to show that five times six do really make thirty. As we descend in numbers and in morals, the intuitive perceptions become less and less; and though the truths are there, and ought to be admitted as axiomatic, they are not at once seen and felt by ordinary minds. Now, so far as the rights of blacks and the duties of whites are manifest to common and honest minds, so far would I admit the first and perform the second, though the heavens fall. I would not only advocate entire freedom, equal rights and privileges, and open competition for social distinction, but what now seems to me the shocking and downward policy of amalgamation.

But the heavens are not going to fall, and we are not going to be called upon to favor any policy discordant with natural instincts and cultivated tastes. A case may be supposed in which the higher race ought to submit to the sad fate of dilution and debasement of its blood,—as on an island, and where long continued wrong and suffering had to be atoned for. But this is hardly conceivable, because, even in what seems punishment and atonement, the law of harmonious development still rules. God does not punish wrong and violence done to one part of our nature, by requiring us to do wrong and violence to another part. Even Nemesis wields rather a guiding-rod than a scourge. We need take no step backward, but only aside, to get sooner into the right path.

Slavery has acted as a disturbing force in the development of our national character, and produced monstrous deformities of a bodily as well as moral nature, for it has impaired the purity and lowered the quality of the national blood. It imported Africans, and, to prevent their extinction by competition with a more vigorous race. it set a high premium on colored blood. It has fostered and multiplied a vigorous black race, and engendered a feeble mulatto breed. Many of each of these classes have drifted northward, right in the teeth of thermal laws, to

find homes where they would never live by natural election. Now, by utterly rooting out slavery, and by that means alone, shall we remove these disturbing forces and allow fair play to natural laws, by the operation of which, it seems to me, the colored population will disappear from the Northern and Middle States, if not from the continent, before the more vigorous and prolific white race. It will be the duty of the statesman to favor, by wise measures, the operation of these laws and the purification and elevation of the national blood.

In the way of this is the existence of the colored population of the Northern and Middle States. Now, while we should grant to every human being all the rights we claim for ourselves, and bear in mind the cases of individual excellence of colored people, we must, I think, admit that mulattoism is hybridism, and that it is unnatural and undesirable. It has been brought to its present formidable proportions by several causes, mainly by slavery. Its evils are to be met and lessened as far as may be by wise statesmanship and by enlightenment of public opinion. These may do much. Some proclaim amalgamation as the remedy, upon the theory that by diluting black blood with white blood in larger and larger proportions, it will finally be so far diluted as to be imperceptible, and will disappear. They forget that we may not do the wrong that right may come of it. They forget that no amount of diffusion will exterminate whatever exists; that a pint of ink diffused in a lake is still there, and the water is only the less pure.

Others insist that mulattoism is not and cannot be persistent beyond four generations. In other words, that, like some other abnormal and diseased conditions, it is self-limiting, and that the body social will be purged of it. In the face of these and other theories, it is our duty to gather as many facts and as much knowledge as is possible, in order to throw light upon every part of the subject; nobody can furnish more than you can.

Faithfully yours,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

These statements, made by Dr. Howe nearly thirty

years ago, some of which have been strikingly confirmed and others disproved by the course of events, show with what candor of mind he approached the subject in which he had been so long interested as a partisan. It was inevitable that his theories and those of all other men should yield to the political, social, and economic necessities of the nation. In the reconstruction of the Southern States, he steadily supported the policy of his friend, Senator Sumner, favoring negro suffrage in those States as a political measure, made necessary by the state of feeling among the white population. But he also strenuously favored the education of the colored race by all practical means, well knowing, however, that the performance of political duties would be the most powerful education that the freedmen could receive, now that the close of the war had made it needless to continue their military education as soldiers in the national army. He had been one of the first to advocate the enlistment of colored troops, which was begun in Kansas by the men whom he had aided in their contest for freedom in 1856, and continued with great earnestness by his friends Governor Andrew and George L. Stearns in Massachusetts. Indeed every measure looking towards the reorganization of the United States, on the basis of national freedom and the equality of all men before the law, constantly received his support. and some of them originated in his fertile and intuitive mind.

CHAPTER II.

THE NESTOR AND ACHILLES OF PUBLIC CHARITIES.

It was odd to see Dr. Howe at any period of his long life appear as the advocate of peace. Like the great Captain in all philanthropies, he came not to bring peace, but a sword. He was as naturally militant as he was constitutionally charitable and the friend of mankind. When the long warfare against negro slavery and the servility of American freemen was practically ended, late in 1864, by the success of Abraham Lincoln's Emancipation policy, and his reelection to the Presidency, Dr. Howe was called by his friend Governor Andrew to another long campaign against false methods and hurtful conservatism in the field of public charity. A "Board of State Charities" (the first ever established in America) had been created in 1863, in Massachusetts, at Governor Andrew's request, and Dr. Howe was made a member of this body towards the close of 1864, when he was 63 years old. He showed himself a Nestor in counsel and an Achilles in action in this new field of strife. In October, 1865, he became, by the choice of his colleagues, Chairman of the Board, and so continued until he declined a reëlection, in 1874; nor did he finally withdraw from the Board until June,

1875, when he began to give up all public employments.

The genius of Dr. Howe soon found means to turn the theory and practice of public charity in Massachusetts in new directions, and to convert by gradual changes the existing policy of congregating the poor and the defective in large establishments into a better and wiser system. In its full development, this system requires the thorough classification and the diffusion among the people, so far as possible, of the exceptional classes with which public charity must deal. In practice much yet remains to be done, but his theory has become the accepted one in Massachusetts and elsewhere. In whatever he undertook, and in all the detailed work of the Board, his courage, his enthusiasm, his faith in the future good of mankind, enabled him to overcome obstacles which others had found insurmountable. He used to define obstacles as "things to be overcome," and generally the result justified his definition. Happily combining theory and practice, insight and experience, the seeing eye and the helping hand, he was better fitted than any man of our time to perceive and apply the laws—spiritual no less than economic—by which public and private charity should be governed.

Dr. Howe accepted this position of Chairman of the Board of State Charities just after the close of the war, in November, 1865, and he continued in it for about nine years, when his age and increasing infirmities led him, in 1874, to give it up. In these busy years, during which he passed the allotted period of three score years and ten, he performed a service no less useful and more general in its results than at

any time during his more active period of philanthropy. For his varied experience combining with his native insight enabled him to formulate principles and even to forecast the future, in the wide organization of charities throughout the United States. The system he devised for Massachusetts, though never fully carried out in his lifetime, now prevails to a great extent there, and in a less degree in many other American States; while it has been introduced in European countries in some of its features. This is but a fair exchange between Europe and America, since it was from some of those countries that Dr. Howe himself took the hint for other portions of his charitable system.

This system was developed and illustrated in successive annual reports of the Board over which he presided from 1866 to 1873. The most formal statement of its principles is to be found in the second Report of the Board, issued in 1866, some passages from which may here be cited. Dr. Howe there gives these

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC CHARITY.

In considering what measures ought to be taken for the care and treatment of the dependent and vicious classes, we are to bear in mind several principles.

First. That if, by investing one dollar, we prevent an evil the correction of which would cost ten cents a year, we save four per cent.

Second. That it is better to separate and diffuse the dependent classes than to congregate them.

Third. That we ought to avail ourselves as much as possible of those remedial agencies which exist in society—the family, social influences, industrial occupations, and the like.

Fourth. That we should enlist not only the greatest possible amount of popular sympathy, but the greatest number of individuals and of families, in the care and treatment of the dependent.

Fifth. That we should avail ourselves of reponsible societies and organizations which aim to reform, support or help any class of dependents; thus lessening the direct agency of the State, and enlarging that of the people themselves.

Sixth. That we should build up public institutions only in the last resort.

Seventh. That these should be kept as small as is consistent with wise economy, and arranged so as to turn the strength and the faculties of the inmates to the best account.

Eighth. That we should not retain the inmates any longer than is manifestly for their good, irrespective of their usefulness in the institution.

These maxims Dr. Howe proceeded to illustrate by example and argument, dwelling particularly on the necessity for separating and diffusing, rather than congregating, the dependent classes; on the importance of enlisting the people themselves in the direct work of social reform, and of elevating the dependent classes, so that public charities and reformatory agencies may be lessened in number and contracted in sphere. He also undertook to show that the system of providing large public institutions for the permanent dwelling of special classes of the dependent is unsound in principle; that such establishments are only to be tolerated as a choice of evils; and consequently that they should not be multiplied, and those existing should not be enlarged without pressing necessity. These were all matters of serious moment, and some of them were quite new to the people, who found themselves called upon to

take up the work of public charity instead of leaving it to official persons. This they have since done to a great extent, but in 1866 not only the practice, but the theory itself, was little known. Upon this point I may quote Dr. Howe's argument, which the next quarter of a century after 1866 has fully sustained:

The attempt to reduce to its lowest point the number of the dependent, vicious, and criminal classes, and tenderly to provide for those who cannot be lifted out of them, is surely worthy the best efforts of a Christian people. But that the work may be well done, it must be by the people themselves, directly, and in the spirit of Him who taught that the poor ye shall always have *with* you—that is near you, in your hearts and affections, within your sight and knowledge; and not thrust far away from you, and always shut up alone by themselves in almshouses or reformatories, that they may be kept at the cheapest rate by such a cold abstraction as a State government. The people cannot be absolved from those duties of charity which require knowledge of and sympathy with sufferers; and they should never needlessly delegate the power of doing good. There can be no vicarious virtue; and true charity is not done by deputy.

There should be the least possible intervening agency between the people and the dependent classes; on the contrary, the wants and sufferings, the capacities and the desires of the latter should be brought home to the minds and hearts of the former. If organized public charity must exist, the distinction between it and private charity should never be needlessly increased by any action of government. Each citizen should be led not only to sympathize with all of whatever class, but to show sympathy by action. If, for instance, we are to have almshouses, they should be so organized as to repel the lazy or criminal pauper, but to attract the kindly visitor, and enlist the sympathies of the people. There need be no fear of exhausting the popular heart, for it is like the widow's cruse, and yields more affection as it is more largely drawn upon. The sympathies of the people can always be easily called forth.

Dr. Howe next spoke of

THE TRUE FAMILY SYSTEM.

In providing for the poor, the dependent, and the vicious, especially for the young, we must take the ordinary family for our model. We must bear in mind that they do not as yet form with us a well-marked and persistent class, but a conventional, and, perhaps, only a temporary one. They do not differ from other men, except that, taken as a whole, they inherited less favorable moral tendencies, and less original vigor. Care should be taken that we do not by our treatment transform the conventional class into a real and persistent one. In providing for them we are to consider that, although there exists in them as in all men a strong gregarious instinct, out of which grows society, there are yet stronger domestic instincts out of which grow the family, and upon which depend the affections and the happiness of the individual. We cannot make the gratification of one instinct atone for the disappointment of the others. No amount of instruction and mental culture compensates for stunted affections; no abundance of society compensates for poverty of domestic relations; and the denial of these to the dependent poor, especially to the young, can only be justified by stern necessity. The family has been called the social unit. It is, indeed, the basis without which there will be no real society, but a multitude of individuals who harden into selfishness as they grow older. By means of the affections growing out of the family, the individual is divided into many, and the interests of others are felt to be his own.

God not only "set the solitary in families," and made "blood thicker than water," but seems to have ordained that the natural institution of the family, growing out of kindred, and long familiar intercourse, must be at the foundation of all permanent social institutions, and that by no human contrivance should any effectual substitute be found for it.

It would be a beautiful and most hopeful sight to see fifteen hundred children and youth—of a class who elsewhere are confined in reformatories, or shut up in pauper houses—scattered

over our Commonwealth, and cared for by the people themselves. What need of organixing emigration for our unemployed unmarried women, and opening fields for their energies on the Pacific Slope when such a blessed work as this may be done at their own doors? The children themselves would thus be placed in circumstances most likely to correct the effects of the unfavorable tendencies which they may have inherited, and of the evil habits into which they may have fallen.

This hope of Dr. Howe has since been fulfilled, and there are now in Massachusetts from 1,200 to 1,600 children and youth of the class mentioned, living in families instead of being cooped up in great establishments. This method of family care for the dependent has also been applied to the insane, as Dr. Howe had recommended, first of all men in America. When visiting Europe for the last time, in 1867, he inspected the Belgian Colony of the Insane at Gheel, near Antwerp, and in the sixth Report of his Board, Dr. Howe thus described and reasoned upon this unique establishment:

The present general aspect of the colony is this. There is a peaceful, industrious community of eleven thousand people, one-third living in comfortable and sightly houses in the village of Gheel; the rest living in farm-houses, scattered over about 30,000 acres of land. Living with these people, forming a part of their families, and undistinguishable at first sight, are between ten and eleven hundred lunatics.[1] Of these, about a score are under constant confinement, and medical treatment, in the central hospital. The others are lodged, singly or in couples, in the houses of well-to-do people; or are employed as tailors, shoemakers, joiners, nurses, or farm laborers. A

[1] These had increased to 1900 when I visited Gheel, in June, 1890; while the number in the Central Hospital was sixty-five. F. B. S.

few, attended or unattended by servants, lounge about the parades, coffee-houses, and places of public resort, or roam the fields, fishing and hunting. Others run up and down the streets upon errands, or carrying packages in their arms, or small loads upon barrows. Others work on the tailor's bench, in the shoemaker's shop, or at the wash-tub, or in the kitchen or nursery, tending infants and little children. A few sit and stare with vacant look; but the most are stimulated to activity by the activity about them. But by far the greater number work upon the farms in the surrounding country. Wherever you see a gang of half a dozen peasant men or women at work, be sure there is at least one lunatic among them. Now and then, indeed, one of them may have gyves upon the ankles, to prevent running; but for the most part the restraint is self-imposed; and the spirit of emulation and the hope of reward are the only restraining powers.

Contrast this with the general aspect of our lunatics at public institutions.[1] These are gathered together, nearly two thousand in number, in seven establishments. They are all of them under restraint, by walls and by keepers. Almost all of them are under lock and key most of the time, by day and by night, Go into any of the public institutions and ask, how many of your patients are free to take their hats and walk out of the door without the leave or knowledge of a keeper, and the answer is, hardly one. Non-restraint is preached, That is the theory. Cages, chains, straps, camisoles, muffs, bed-cribs, restraining-chairs, are abolished as far as it is thought they can be with safety. But the old superstition remains, and the whole establishment is one great restraining machine. Surely we may learn something by studying these contrasted pictures. There, freedom is the rule, confinement the exception. Here, confinement is the rule, freedom the exception. There the general rule is occupation out of doors, here it is confinement in idleness.

Make allowance for difference of race, of education, of habits;

[1] He means in Massachusetts alone.

make all proper deductions for mistakes and exaggerations; allow for the fact the insane at Gheel are to a certain extent picked cases, still there remains this striking contrast. But can the colony system as practised at Gheel be introduced into Massachusetts? Surely not, now; nor ever, perhaps, as a whole. Gheel was not enacted, nor built; it grew. Planted centuries ago, the virtue that was in the seminal idea—*occupation for the insane in company with the sane*—counteracted the false ideas, and kept the whole in vigorous life. It took centuries, too, to educate a people to carry on the system. But growth of all kinds is more rapid with us; and if we plant good seed, free from tares, the growth here will be more in one generation than there in a century. At any rate, we may improve our own system by imitating the chief features of that.

It is twenty-one years since this was written by Dr. Howe; and in that period much that he foreshadowed in the passage quoted has been done in Massachusetts. The insane have been provided with more occupation in the hospitals, and allowed greater freedom; while the Scotch system of boarding them in families, also recommended strongly by Dr. Howe, has been put in practice, though on a small scale as yet. But it has already shown most favorable results, and will doubtless be extended more and more, as these results become better known. One of them is what Dr. Howe noted at Gheel in 1867, that these caretakers of the insane, and the community where they live, profit in a natural and wholesome manner by the system. Upon this and other points he said:

The business of keeping lunatics has been the main source of the marked prosperity of the town of Gheel, and of the surrounding country. About four hundred are employed in the town, and do a great deal of the work. A still larger number are employed in the surrounding country; and it is mainly by their work, and help, and by the pittance received from Gov-

ernment that the peasants have been able to clear up waste land, and improve their gardens and houses. It is *by utilizing the brain power which remains to lunatics* (and which we waste) that the peasants of Gheel make the wilderness to blossom as the rose.

At Gheel about one patient in fifty is confined within the hospital; in Massachusetts, while all are so confined a large part of the time, hardly one-fiftieth are completely free from confinement, or from close supervision at any time. This comes not from any fault of the superintendents, but from the nature of the system, the structure of the buildings, and the condition of the neighborhood. This is a matter of so great importance to the insane that the whole system should be modified so as to give to the superintendents the means of allowing all the freedom which patients, of certain classes, can enjoy with safety to themselves and to the public. If there is but one poor, dazed man or woman confined in our lunatic hospitals who pines for freedom, and who could enjoy it without harm to others, we ought not to rest until it can be accorded. But there are scores and hundreds so confined; and we must not let the fact that it has always been so, and, under our system, must be so, prevent our calling for remedial measures.

One of the chief virtues of the Gheel system is that the insane are surrounded by normal or sane influences, while under our system they are surrounded by abnormal or insane influences. The most powerful of all influences upon the sane or insane is that of human symyathy. What is fabled of the chameleon is true of man. The ordinary man soon takes on the moral hue of those about him; it is only the extraordinary man who does not. Under our system of treating lunatics, nine-tenths of the social influences upon any one patient may be called abnormal, and only one-tenth are normal influences, since the insane part of the community in which he lives is as nine to one of the sane. But under the colony system, as practised at Gheel, a thousand insane persons are scattered among more than 700 families, where the normal influences are at least as five to one of the abnormal; and as the lunatics mingle much in the

community at large, it may be said that the normal or sane influences areas ten to one of the insane.

In June, 1890, the number of families at Gheel which received insane inmates had increased beyond 1,000, and the patients so placed were more than 1,800. The number of such patients under family care in Massachusetts does not much exceed 200; but, among the hundred families that receive them, in exact accordance with the principles laid down by Dr. Howe in 1866–67, are several whose success with their patients fully justifies all that he then said. Could he have seen, for example, the change for the better wrought in the insane woman under her care by Miss Alice Cook, at Sandwich, in the past five years, Dr. Howe would have said: "Here is a verification of the principles I have formulated, from observing the natural and intuitive methods of the Belgian peasants." This gifted and energetic woman, aided by her mother and sister, has wrought the virtual recovery of several insane women since 1886, whose malady was thought by physicians to be incurable. And it only needs a class of women such as this, to accomplish the same excellent result in hundreds of cases. [1]

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[1] A rural poet, observing what has been done in this instance, has printed some lines which well describe, in a plain way, the natural magic of women who understand how to deal with their demented and bewildered sisters. He says :

> Her gift once found, she made it much her care
> To soothe and tame the wildest creatures there ;
> Pleased, they beheld, even with those frenzied eyes,
> Her tender ways—their solace and surprise;

The principles of Dr. Howe, thus verified in respect to the chronic insane, have been still more fruitful in their application to another class of the unfortunate —deaf children—who were formerly known in America as deaf-mutes, but many of whom now practice speech. Speaking of the deaf and blind, and of the poor generally, Dr. Howe said in 1866 :

Now, out of unsound and abnormal conditions there must, of course, grow certain mental and moral tendencies, which, to say the least, are unwholesome. And it is a natural consequence (though disregarded in practice) that if an individual with these tendencies lives in close association with others like himself, all his peculiarities and tendencies are intensified by the intercourse. The greater the majority of unsound persons in his community, the greater the intensification of his abnormal tendencies. Each acts upon all ; and the characteristics of class, or caste, are rapidly developed. Nothing is more contagious than evil. This is seen in those who are gathered in

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Her courage calm when anger, true or feigned,
Threatened the blow that her strong hand restrained ;
Her diligent labor at each menial toil,
And her bright lamp that never lacked for oil.

The fixed and haggard look grew soft and mild
In those sad faces, and once more they smiled;
Slowly their fashions strange they put aside,
Checked the loose tongue, the unwonted labor tried ;
With awkward zeal, and such as love alone
Could show or bear, they made her tasks their own.

Each knew her place, each found her happiest hour
In that brown cottage with its orchard bower ;
They plied their toil, they roamed through field and wood,
Plucked the wild berries, fed the cackling brood,
Tilled the small garden, spread the ample meal,
Sang their old songs and danced to music's peal.

almshouses. Before entering, they, of course, had become poor and broken down; but they nevertheless had some individuality of character; they were not yet formed into the complete pauper shape, though they were tending in that direction. But when a man is gathered with others like himself into a general almshouse, he is apt to lose it utterly. If his associates have also lost theirs, they act and react unfavorably upon each other. The evils growing out of their condition are all intensified by close association, and the pauper spirit, strong as that of a caste, soon becomes the pervading spirit of the place. It is at once perceptible to the moral sense in all large institutions, and can hardly be kept down, becauses it arises from morbid mental and moral conditions.

It may be permitted to draw a further illustration of the principle under consideration from some persons (neither vicious nor criminal), the similarity of whose defect or infirmity causes them to be classed together, such as the deaf mutes and the blind.

It is common to regard these as forming special classes, though speaking strictly no such classes exist in nature. The cases spring up sporadically among the people, from the existence of abnormal conditions of parentage, which produce a pretty equal average number of cases in every generation, among any given population. They abound more in some localities and some neighborhoods than in others; owing, probably, to ill-assorted marriages. . . .

The morbid tendencies are not strong—certainly not irresistible—at least with the blind. They are educable, like all tendencies and dispositions, and by skillful management may be turned to advantage. Certainly they ought to be lessened, not strengthened, by education. Now they are lessened, and their morbid effects corrected in each individual, by intimate intercourse with persons of sound and normal condition—that is, by general society; while *they are strengthened by associating closely and persistently wtth others having the like infirmity.* They, themselves, seem to have an instinctive perception of this, and the most delicate of them feel the morbid tendency

which may segregate them from ordinary people, and put them in a special class. They seem to cling to ordinary persons, as if fearing segregation, and strive to conform themselves to their habits, manners, and even appearance.

It is generally supposed that this feeling, especially in the blind, arises only from the fact that the blindness and poverty are associated together, and that poverty calls forth contempt, lightened, in their case, by pity. But the feeling has a deeper source. It is very strong in those of delicate and sensitive natures, and it ought always to be respected and encouraged. Our principal in treating them should be that of separation and diffusion.

Guided by this principle we should, in providing for the instruction and training of these persons, have the association among them as little as is possible, and counteract its tendencies by encouraging association and intimacy with common society. They should be kept together no more closely and no longer than is necessary for their special instruction; and there should be no attempts to build up permanent asylums for them, or to favor the establishment of communities composed wholly or mainly of persons subject to a common infirmity.

This is far more important with the mutes than with the blind, because of their speechlessness. Language, in its largest sense, is the most important instrument of thought, feeling and emotion; and especially of social intercourse. Blindness, in so far as it prevents knowledge of, and participation in, the rudimentary part of language, to wit, pantomine, or signs, gestures, and expression of features and face, tends to isolation; but the higher and far more important part of language, speech, is fully open to them. Then their sense of dependence strengthens their social desires; increases their knowledge and command of speech, and makes that compensate very nearly, if not quite, for ignorance of other parts of language. The blind, if left to ordinary social influences, are in no danger of isolation, It is when we bring them together in considerable numbers that the tendency to segregation manifests itself; and this is

rather from necessity than from choice, for the social cravings become more intense with them than with us.

With mutes it is not so. Speech is essential for human development. Without it full social communion is impossible; since there can be no effectual substitute for it. The rudimentary and lower part of language, or pantomime, is open to mutes; but the higher and finer part, that is, speech, is forever closed; and any substitute for it is, at best imperfect. This begets a tendency to isolation; which not being so effectually checked during youth, as it is with the blind, by a sense of dependence, becomes more formidable. To be mute, therefore, implies tendency to isolation.

Hence Dr. Howe argued that the language of signs must not be taught to the deaf, any more than to the blind, but that they should cease to be mute by learning to articulate; and by reading the lips, should avoid the necessity of signs.

This position taken by Dr. Howe in respect to the education of deaf children speedily led to an improvement in their training almost as great as that which he had introduced and carried forward in respect to the blind between 1833 and 1844. The supporters of what was in America the established method of deaf-mute instruction, came forward with some condescension and some bitterness to oppose these fanciful notions, as they deemed them, of the Massachusetts philanthropist. In 1844, when, in coöperation with Horace Mann, Dr. Howe had attempted to introduce teaching by articulation, which they had seen so successfully in use in Germany and Switzerland, the managers of the Hartford and New York asylums had been able to thwart their efforts. But in the twenty years which had elapsed many changes had taken

place, and, to the surprise of these old-fashioned instructors of the deaf, the people responded promptly to the appeals of Dr. Howe and his friends. A controversy again took place, a war of pamphlets and newspapers, but the victory did not rest with the conservatives. An old gentleman in Massachusetts, John Clarke, of Northampton, whose large property had been destined by him and his wife for the education of the deaf, had his attention called to this dispute ; and he sent word to the Governor of Massachusetts in 1866, that he was ready to endow a school in Massachusetts for deaf children, so that it might no longer be necessary to send them to Hartford, in another State. The Governor communicated this offer to the Legislature; an inquiry was instituted in 1867, and the legislative committee, in a long report, to which was annexed the testimony of Dr. Howe and others in favor of articulation, recommended that a school be chartered in Massachusetts, to receive the funds of Mr. Clarke. An act was passed in the same year authorizing this, and Mr. Clarke was induced, probably by the evidence thus furnished, to use the new school for teaching articulation to the deaf. This was made practical at once by the appointment of Miss Harriet Rogers (who had been teaching articulation for two years to a small school in Chelmsford), as Principal of the Clarke School at Northampton. This took place in the summer of 1867, since which time the Clarke Institution, as this school is called, has grown to more than a hundred pupils, and a school in Boston almost as large, and named for Horace Mann, also teaches articulation to day papils in Boston and its vicinity. Consequently two-

thirds of the deaf children of Massachusetts are now taught by the new method, while less than a third of them remain in the school at Hartford. Even this is no longer under the old system, but gives instruction in articulation to a considerable number of its pupils. Moreover, in New York and several other States, articulating schools are maintained, and in most of the schools where the sign language is employed, classes in articulation are formed; so that the whole number of children in the United States at present learning by Dr. Howe's method is several thousand. In 1866 not more than half a dozen children were practicing this method in the whole country.

Dr. Howe considered this subject of instruction for the deaf in several of his annual reports, and in that for 1868 he wrote as follows:

"Public enlightenment will lead to the adoption of a system for the deaf which will be far better for them, since it will bring them into closer relations with society, so that their special education shall be less costly to the State, and the contributions which they make to the common weal, more abundant than they ever have been. Some mothers will try to teach their born mutelings to use the rudiments of speech. Others, whose children have become deaf by disease, will make them keep up the habit of speaking; and some of each class will succeed to such an extent that the little ones can go to the primary school with their brothers and sisters, and learn much that is useful, especially if the teacher gives a little special attention and aid. By the assistance of an intelligent hearing child, who should act as monitor and instructor to the mute child, the teacher might give it preparatory training which would save years of hard labor, and hundreds of dollars expense, because it would be so much gained for its subsequent training in a special institution. In centers of population large enough to furnish five

or six semi-mutes, or mutes adapted to the simple method of articulation, they will be gathered into the primary and grammar schools, and there taught much that is useful. The number required to be gathered into central special institutions and taught there will be very much lessened, and their stay in them much shortened, because all who succeed in articulating and reading upon the lips can go and learn their trades just as other children do, among the common people, instead of being retained, as they are in the old institutions, to work for years with other mutes. In this way they will be all the time improving in their means of intercourse with the world, instead of being secluded from it, and confined for years with a crowd of mutes in the workshops of a public institution. Many of the small German establishments for deaf mutes are in this respect greatly superior to our vast and showy institutions. This method of teachiug the mutes their trades is philosophical, simple, and cheap; and it favors what should be the great object in the education of any class of defectives, to wit, their separation from each other, and their diffusion in society.

The course this indicated by the aged experience of this man of practical genius has in fact been taken since 1868; and, although all that he anticipated has not yet taken place, and perhaps will not occur for a century, yet the movement is strongly in that direction. So too, with regard to other matters of public charity and wise education; the true way has been pointed out, sometimes with a little exaggeration and in a spirit too polemical, but on the whole, so that Dr. Howe's successors in the same field find they must walk in it. To few men is it granted to work such a change in established methods so swiftly.

CHAPTER III.

DR. HOWE AND THE CRETANS.

WHILE engaged in the great work of reorganizing the public charities, Dr. Howe's services were again called for in the scene of his early adventures, Greece and the Island of Crete, which is not yet (1891), as it should be, a part of the restored nation of the Greeks. In 1829–30 the allied powers of Europe would not permit its annexation to Greece, on the avowed ground that the new nation might be too powerful for European control if allowed to retain this magnificent island. With all the valor of his youth, confirmed by the wise experience of a lifetime, Dr. Howe now came forward in 1866 as the champion of a race long and sadly oppressed, engaged in a death struggle for its freedom. A meeting was held at Boston in aid of the Cretans, January, 1867, in whose proceedings Governor Andrew, Wendell Phillips, and Bishop Huntington took part. When, on this occasion, Dr. Howe rose and said: "Some forty-five years ago I became greatly interested in the war for Greek independence," a murmur of astonishment ran through the hall, for he then looked like a man still in the vigor of life, and those who saw him had forgotten his youthful chivalry. With the aid of this meeting, and by personal exertions, Dr. Howe succeeded in raising funds for the Cretans, $37,000 being sub-

scribed, largely in Boston and its neighborhood, and in March, 1867, Dr. Howe for the last time sailed for Europe, designing to visit the scene of the war in person, and to use his own judgment in distributing the supplies, as he had done forty years before at Ægina. Mrs. Howe, who was his companion on this journey, thus describes it:

I had already twice accompanied Dr. Howe to Europe, with great pleasure and profit. But I must speak of this, our third joint expedition, as an occasion characterized by a new charm and interest. Two dear daughters went with us, and heightened our enjoyment by their fresh delight in scenes new and strange. To be the bearer of aid and comfort to those who contend for the right, must ever be a happy boon. The doctor's heart was full of this happiness, and something of its peace and serenity was shared by those about him.

Once arrived on the other side of the ocean, the welcome and Godspeed of the friends of Greece and of freedom gladdened him at every step. In Liverpool, the heads of the Greek Committee waited upon him on the evening of his arrival. In London, the doors of the brilliant and genial Greek society flew open to receive him, and a glimpse of Eastern warmth and brightness shone through the foggy atmosphere of London. In Geneva, I remember that the Cretan Committee seemed to have been particularly active, and that this bond of sympathy brought us into contact with some very intelligent and excellent people. Delightful as were all the stages of this journey, Dr. Howe hurried through them, in his haste to reach the scene of his mission. He paused, as he passed, only long enough to take needful rest, and reached Athens by the beginning of June, 1867. Lingering a little by the way, I joined him in that historic city some weeks later, and found him surrounded by his committee, and busily at work. In the formation of his plans and the choice of his assistants, Dr. Howe, as usual, followed his own good judgment, sometimes giving of-

fence to those who thought their own better, but retaining throughout the confidence and approbation of those most nearly concerned in the ministrations confided to him. At the risk of his life, he visited the island of Crete, and conferred with parties engaged or interested in the conflict, maintaining, however, to all others a strict incognito. After his return, a war frigate was placed at his disposal by the Greek government, and in company with him we visited Nauplia, and took carriages from thence to Argos and Mycenæ. At Argos, I was present at the disiribution of a part of the clothing sent from America for the Cretan women and children. These poor creatures, wan and sad-eyed, thronged outside the door of the large room in which the garments were arranged. They were allowed to enter only in small companies, as their names, duly registered beforehand, were read from a list. Some carried small infants in their arms, some were surrounded by groups of children. A *papa*, or secular priest, of their own country had them in charge. Dr. Howe was aided in these and other distributions by a young Greek gentleman, Mr. Michael Anagnos, who afterwards accompanied him to America and became his son-in-law and assistant at the Blind Asylum, where he has been elected Principal since the death of his beloved chief.[1]

In Athens, and in many other places, distributions of clothing were made. These garments were the gifts of various sewing-circles in Boston and New York, and constituted the greater part of their winter's work. The money brought from America was mostly invested in biscuit, baked in Athens, and packed for transportation in the loose, baggy trousers worn by the Greek peasants. Supplies of food and clothing were thus ingeniously combined, and two of the blockade-runners which

[1] Dr. Anagnos is still (1891) at the head of the Asylum which his father-in-law founded, and has carried it forward to even greater success than attended it in the days of Dr. Howe. He has now *four* deaf and blind pupils, instead of Dr. Howe's one (Laura Bridgman), but several of them are no longer dumb, for he has taught them to speak.

did so much mischief to American commerce during our civil war now earned a better reputation by carrying these helpful gifts to the suffering inhabitants of the desolated island. Dr. Howe and his party returned to America in the autumn of 1867, after an absence of eight months. He and his were still intent upon aiding the Cretans. To this end the ladies of his family, with the aid of many others, devoted much time to the organization of a fancy fair, which was held in the Boston Music Hall in Easter week, 1868, with the net result of some twenty-thousand dollars. Dr, Howe meanwhile commenced the publication of a small newspaper, entitled *The Cretan*, of which the object was to enlighten the American public upon the merits and antecedents of the Cretan question. This publication was continued during six months.

After his return to America, in the latter part of 1867, Dr. Howe prepared and printed a report[1] to the contributors for the relief of the Cretans, from which it appears that the whole value contributed in money and clothing in New England and New York exceeded $50,000. Of this sum about $25,000 was collected in Boston; $12,364 in New York; and more than ten thousand garments, valued at $13,000, were contributed by persons in Boston and other parts of New England. The mode of distributing these supplies, like that adopted by Dr. Howe in 1828, is noticeable for its application of the true principles of private charity; and it was a remarkable coincidence that much of this distribution took place in 1867, at the port of Ægina, where Dr. Howe had rebuilt the old Mole forty years before. Portions of this report are as follows:

You began your contributions in the winter of 1866–67, and I arrived in Greece with them early in May, the Cretan insur-

[1] Published in Boston early in 1868.

rection having broken out in August, 1866. I immediately proceeded to ascertain by personal inspection the number, condition, and wants of the Cretan refugees in Greece itself. There were then over 12,000 entirely destitute and supported by charity; about 2,000 who had saved enough in their flight, or were able to earn enough to support themselves; and more were continually coming. The largest part were children of a tender age; the rest were women, and a few old men. They were living huddled together in barracks or other buildings, twenty, thirty, forty in a room, sitting or lying upon the floors, without tables, chairs, or bedsteads. In this sad condition, ragged, hungry, and idle, they anxiously awaited news from their husbands, fathers, brothers, fighting for their homes and the gardens which they themselves had abandoned, but fondly hoped to see again.

In all this penury, dirt, and suffering the women looked sad, but patient and resigned; the girls looked more hopeful; while the little ones were as merry as your children. But they all strove to make the best of their sad condition, and, grouping themselves according to families, each one arranged some tattered blankets, or rude utensils, broken crockery, and scraps of furniture, in some nook or corner, and hung upon the wall a rude cross or other church emblem, so as to make a faint semblance of their homes, thus manifesting, in a striking degree, two traits of Greek character which I have often mentioned—family instinct and religious sentiment—the enduring strength of which has helped to preserve the nationality with such wonderful purity through the flood of invasions and ages of foreign domination. Moreover, in spite of all their penury, squalor, and rags, they showed signs of the physical beauty and mental vivacity which distinguish the Cretans among the Greeks, who are acknowledged to be preëminent, physically, among the various nationalities of the East. Fine skins, delicate features and limbs, and large lustrous eyes, made them remarkable even in Greece. The photographs of some of these groups will show that neither fancy nor partiality made them appear thus in my eyes. The moral condition of the refugees was such as would

be expected of such a people: they were chaste, sober, frugal and withal self-respectful. They had neither the habits nor the air of paupers. There was a certain tidiness even in their rags. They received from the Anglo-Greek and other committees their allowance, averaging $2.50 per week for a family of five, and expended it almost entirely upon bread and salt, using the balance to buy a few sticks of wood for cooking, or other absolute necessaries.

The simplest and the easiest course for me would have been to pay over my funds to existing committees, and let them distribute; and some were disappointed that I did not do so; but for what seemed good reasons, I determined to make special distributions, as far as possible, under my personal inspection. The existing committees had funds enough to supply the refugees with food for months to come, but they could not provide for other wants; and, besides, they were restricted in the use of their means to those who had actually left the Island of Crete, while I had no other restriction than the moral obligation to relieve the suffering non-combatants of Crete. Part of my funds, indeed, might have been applied to any sufferitg Cretans, whether armed or not. Said one large contributor: "I recommend you to buy bread with my money, but if you find that cartridges are more needed, buy them." All the aid the refugees were then receiving, from the foreign committees and from the Government, was their daily dole of cash; and this barely sufficed to feed them on poor and imperfectly-cooked food.

Of course, there were cases where the clothing was hardly enough to hide nakedness—cases of extreme suffering, arising from the sickness or disability of a mother, and cases where families could not even get into barracks; but lay on the ground in stables and out-buildings. My first care was to provide for such cases, and to this end I placed funds in the hands of the American missionaries, who went in and out like ministering angels among these poor people.

The next step was to try to arrest the demoralizing effect of idleness by providing some employment. There were many

difficulties in the way. The people of the towns in which the Cretans had taken refuge, with the exception of the Athenians, are poor, and do their own work. Labor was not in demand. Besides, the Cretans were mostly of the peasant class. Some women knew how to spin and to weave; but few of them, and none of the children, could sew or knit. They disliked the idea of domestic service; still more the idea of breaking up their families. They regarded their exile as only temporary, and clung to the hope of a speedy return to beloved Crete. Their strongest form of expression was, "May I never see dear Crete if I don't do—thus and so." "Ah, my dear babe," moaned a mother over the body of her child, "death is dreadful; but, alas! to die in a strange land, and be buried out of Crete!"

These difficulties had deterred the other committees from the attempt to supply employment; but on my proposing it to the American ladies, Miss Baldwin, Mrs. Constantine, Mrs. Hill, and Mrs. Kalopothakis and Mrs. Sakellarios, and Miss Hill, they undertook it, and carried it out beautifully. We got a job for making a large number of coarse bags. The ladies were supplied with material, and taking some of the most intelligent Cretan women to help them, they cut it up, and then let it be known that all who could sew might have work, and be paid fifty *leptas* [1] for each bag made. The news spread, and immediately the houses of the ladies were besieged by applicants. The poor creatures came from long distances, under the boiling sun, many carrying infants in their arms, and waited patiently hour after hour, until they received cloth, needles, and thread, upon which they hurried home and eagerly went to work. We graduated the payment so that by working industriously a woman could earn a little more than the allowance made by the committee, which she was to renounce while the work lasted, so as to economize the funds. Difficulties, however, were found in the way of this. The women generally were very eager for work, and the demand soon ex-

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[1]This would be from 8 to 10 cents—the *lepton* being $^1/_{100}$ of the Greek *drachma*.

ceeded the supply. The poor creatures crowded about the depot at early dawn, and pleaded piteously for a share of the work. We then made arrangements to supply knitting-work. We purchased and dealt out yarn and other materials to all applicants who knew how to knit, and paid them 50 *leptas* a pair for all the stockings they made ; the materials cost about 50 more *leptas*. We established a depot for the sale of the stockings, and pushed them off upon the market at about 80 *leptas* per pair. This apparent loss of 20 *leptas* was a real gain, as it made the means go so much farther. Thus, suppose the daily allowance to be 50 *leptas* to women who did not work, and 60 to one who did, the first brought nothing back, the second brought a pair of socks, which could be sold for 40 *leptas* more than the cost of material. Thus her daily cost was only 20 *leptas*, while she had the advantage of occupation, and of feeling that she was earning something, instead of entirely dependant upon charity.

Observe here the simplicity and effectiveness of this arrangement, combining frugality with industry, and guarding against the great risk of all charitable giving—that it may pauperize the recipient. The next step taken once more exhibits the constructive and political genius of Dr. Howe in matters of charity, which he certainly understood better than any man of his period. He established industrial schools—perhaps for the first time in Athens.

But many women and most of the children did not know how to knit, or even to sew ; and so we established work-schools in which they could be taught, and soon had in Athens several hundred in constant attendance. These schools were conducted principally by the ladies above mentioned, aided by intelligent Cretans whom they selected for assistants. The pupils in these schools in a short time exceeded a thousand, and they continued through the winter of 1867-68. A Greek in Athens, during that winter, said that he thought our

schools for these children were by far the most important work done for the Cretan refugees.

Not content with relieving those who had fled from their island-home, Dr. Howe determined to visit Crete, distribute supplies under his personal direction, and endeavor thus to lessen if not to stop the exodus of Cretans from their country. At that time (June, 1867) thousands of families had been driven from their villages to the neighboring mountains, hoping soon to return. The Turkish armies had not penetrated all the mountain regions ; and the only pressing danger there was starvation. Dr. Howe says, "I myself, while sailing along the coast, saw the smoke going up from the Cretan villages by day, and saw the light of the fires at night ; not only from villages on the plains, but from hamlets in the mountains, from shepherds' huts and folds, and from the tents and other shelters built by refugees who had now abandoned them, and clambered up higher with their children and goats. Thence they looked out upon the sea for some blockade runner upon which they could take refuge. If, therefore, means could be found to throw provisions into the interior with reasonable assurance that it would reach hungry women and children, it would lessen the inducement to leave the island." What was done for this purpose, though not very effectual, was so romantic in its incidents that Dr. Howe's account should be given. He says :

I caused a large quantity of coarse nutritious biscuit to be baked, and packed in sacks of thirty pounds each, so that when landed upon the beach in the night, as they would have to be, they could be carried on men's shoulders into the mountains. Fortunately, I found a man well-fitted to lead the enterprise,

and who volunteered to do it—Captain Elias Stekoulis, a Greek, whose character for courage and honor had been well established by years of confidential service on Garibaldi's staff. Having guarded against the danger of the provisions and garments being seized by Greek soldiers, the next step was to elude Turkish cruisers on the water and Turkish troops on the land. On the night of June 14th, the bags were landed on the Cretan shore, almost under the range of the guns of the blockading squadron ; and before daylight they had all disappeared. They had been expected, and a crowd of men, with a few mules and donkeys, had come down from the mountain fortresses, and been waiting for them upon the beach since sunset. The sacks were immediately laden upon the animals or upon men's shoulders, and carried up to places of safety, without the loss of a single one.

At sunset the Turkish officer on duty on the blockading ship, sweeping the horizon with his spy-glass, saw nothing but stones and sand upon the beach, and reported, "All's well!" At daylight he looked again, and saw only the sand and stones, and again reported, "All's well!"

There was a touch of real heroism, on this occasion at least, in the conduct of these simple but chivalrous Cretans. We had appealed to their honor, and they answered honorably. Strong men, armed, undisciplined, unrestrained by martial or civil law, numerous enough to defy opposition, hungering and not knowing where to find the next meal, took this food upon their shoulders, and toiled for miles up the mountain passes, and threw it down before the women and children, and broke not their own fast, nor their faith! Individual men have often imitated the dying Sidney's generous self-denial, and passed untasted the cup of water to lips less parched than their own, but masses of men rarely.

Besides the distribution at Athens, already described, and in the Island of Crete, Dr. Howe undertook in the late summer of 1867 to supply with New England clothing the many Cretans who had

taken refuge in the islands of Ægina and Melos—those being supposed to stand in the greatest need. The Greek Government gave him an order for any naval steamer that might then be unemployed. Their navy, however, consisted chiefly of one steam frigate, two sloops of war, two or three tugs, and sundry old craft too dilapidated to float. Dr. Howe thus described the expedition :

"A crazy old tug was the only thing then available, and upon this I embarked with several boxes of clothing. Mrs. Walter Baker, of Boston, who was returning from a tour in the East, happened to be in Athens ; and she, with Miss Mary Baldwin, volunteered to go with me and attend to the distribution. So we sailed out of Port Piraeus, and across the Gulf of Salamis, down to old Ægina. The ancient port was formed by projecting two vast walls into the sea, and approaching the ends thereof so nearly that the narrow opening could be closed by a chain, and further guarded by towers. Chains and towers, and most of the superstruction, were gone ; but the foundations of the enormous walls were still above the surface, and made a secure haven within. It had, however, become much choked up with the soil washed down from the hills, and by rubbish from the town, and would have been still more so but for the mole built here by the agent of the American-Greek committees[1] in the old war of independence, forty years ago. Grateful to us it was, landing upon this broad, substantial mole, to find assembled upon it the populace of Ægina, many of whom were witnesses of its structure, and all of whom regarded it as a monument of the generosity and of the practical beneficence of the American people.

Near the town is a vast building, erected during the presidency of Capo d'Istria, for an orphan asylum. It is an extensive pile, one story high, built around a square, and divided

[1] Dr. Howe himself.

off into small rooms. These had been stripped of everything even the wooden floors. There were gathered about 1,200 refugees, women and children, with a few old men, and three or four *papas* or priests. Like the other Cretan refugees, they were sadly destitute of all the comforts, and some of the necessaries of life. Their allowance from the committee was but forty *leptas* a day—just enough for meal and salt—and a few sticks of wood for cooking. Their garments had become soiled and tattered, and many were nearly naked. They had no occupation, and sat with folded hands, looking out over the sea for some vessel from Crete, and listening for news from their husbands and fathers, then battling for their homes.

One large room had been set apart for a church; and here we opened our boxes, and sorted out the garments. Admitting one family at a time at one door, we hastily gave to each person a shirt and drawers and gown, and dismissed them for the others. It was a hard task, for the poor creatures were so eager to get a garment of any kind to cover their children's nakedness or their own, that they thronged and choked the passages. Still they did not clamor, or beg in words. There was none of the crying out, and praying, and blessing you, so common among mendicants. They were unpracticed in any art of begging. Pressing hunger and want, and fear of nakedness impelled them to come and show their condition. Mothers mutely held up their infants above the crowd, and pushed their little girls before them—but were still. It was only after they had clutched some garments and were bearing them away, that they broke out into exclamations of joy and gratitude.

While in Athens, Dr. Howe wrote to the London *Times* (July 17, 1867) an account of his mission and the occasion of it, somewhat similar to that which I have quoted. In this he estimated the refugees in Greece as 13,000, of whom 8,400 were dependent for support on the charity of committees. He estimated the refugees in Crete itself (besides 8,000 who had

taken refuge in the Turkish fortified towns), at between 15,000 and 25,000. To a large number of this great army of destitute persons, Dr. Howe carried or sent relief; and this whole magnificent charity sprung ultimately from his own personal interest in the Greeks and their cause. In summing up his Boston report to the subscribers,[1] he said:

> The general result of your contributions and of my mission has been most satisfactory. You have fed the hungry and clothed the naked; indeed, your garments are now the only clothing of thousands of Cretan women and children. You have established work-schools for the employment of women. You have opened, and now maintain, training and industrial schools for boys and girls, which are still doing good. By these means you have directly promoted the cause of mercy, and indirectly sustained the cause of freedom.[2]

The Cretan insurrection of 1866–67 failed, as such movements have often failed, before and since; but Dr. Howe never lost faith that it would eventually succeed. When General Grant became President, in 1869, Dr. Howe would gladly have gone to Greece as

[1] Among the four or five largest subscribers, who each gave $500, were Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, N. Y., John M. Forbes and Martin Brimmer, of Boston, and a Greek merchant of New York. Several persons on the list had subscribed forty years before to the fund which Dr. Howe then raised.

[2] When I was in Athens in April, 1890, there were again in that city hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Cretan refugees; and, as I write this note (July 8, 1891), I find in my latest Athenian newspaper, *Le Messager d'Athènes*, these remarks: "Letters from Crete mention sanguinary conflicts between Turks and Christians. It is beyond dispute that the suppression of freedom in Crete has sown in all hearts the seeds of hatred, which will not fail to germinate at the first opportunity." Nothing but expulsion of the Turks can, indeed, tranquillize the island.

the American Minister Resident, a position for which he was specially fitted, and in which he could have done something to promote the prosperity and extension of the Greek nation ; but the place was wanted by the politicians at Washington to pay off some political debt, and so the appointment never came to him. While in Athens, in 1867, he met again, after a separation of many years, his companion of the Greek Revolution, George Finlay, who still lived in Greece. He found his old friend taking an opposite view to his own concerning the Cretan struggle, but this did not prevent a renewal of their former comradeship. When Finlay died, in 1875, a few months only before the death of Dr. Howe, the latter thus mentioned him in a letter to Mr. Bird: [1]

SATURDAY, AUGUST, 1875.

MY DEAR BIRD: I thank you for your letters to Harry.[2] I came in town to have the pleasure of seeing you, and of going to dine with you, but find myself *hacking* perpetually with a cold, caught yesterday, and am not fit company for any but barking dogs. In most respects I am better. Drop me a line giving news of Robinson's health.[3] The news of the death of my old, well-beloved friend, George Finlay, in Athens, depresses me very much. I am now the only surviving member of the gallant band of Philhellenes who fought for the freedom of Greece in the darkest days of her revolution. Almost alone on earth, I cling to you as one of very few who have known and loved poor old SAM'L G. HOWE

(Sometime yclept the Chevalier).

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[1] Francis William Bird, born in 1810, and still living, has been the friend successively of three generations of the leading men of Massachusetts.

[2] Henry M. Howe, the only surviving son, then just married, and setting out with his bride to make the tour of Europe.

[3] W. S. Robinson, "Warrington."

CHAPTER IV.

THE QUIXOTIC SANTO DOMINGO EPISODE.

President Grant, perhaps remembering that he had overlooked Dr. Howe in 1869, offered him, in January, 1871, an appointment as one of three commissioners sent by him to visit Santo Domingo, at one extremity of the island of Hispaniola, which is mainly controlled by the Haytians. The latter have given their French name to the whole island, while Santo Domingo, the Spanish name, is applied to the Eastern half, which has long been independent of the Haytians. The Dominicans, through their President, General Baez, a colored man of Spanish descent, had offered to annex themselves to the United States, and General Grant favored the scheme, against which the good sense of the American people pronounced very strongly when their opinion was afterwards taken. But, while the question was undecided, Senator Wade, of Ohio, with Dr. Howe and President White, of Cornell University were made a special commission to visit the island and report on its condition and on the disposition of the inhabitants with regard to annexation. The project was, of course, unacceptable to the Haytian Government, and encountered the active opposition of its representative at Washington. But its most formidable and outspoken opponent was Charles Sumner, then and for

almost twenty years previous the senior Senator from Massachusetts, and the warm personal and political friend of Dr. Howe. It was, no doubt, with a view to make friends for his pet scheme in Massachusetts that President Grant tendered this appointment to Dr. Howe, whose best friends were opposed to his acceptance. But all the romance and Quixotism of Howe's nature were aroused by this appointment ; he saw an opportunity to serve the colored race, as he thought, in a region where they had for centuries been, by turns, most cruelly oppressed and most barbarously triumphant ; and he yielded to the wish of the enemies of Sumner.

The expedition was ill-omened from the start ; for it was rumored that the Government steamer *Tennessee*, on which the commissioners sailed (along with Frederick Douglass, H. B. Wheelwright, and other *attachés*), was not seaworthy, and it was even reported that she was lost.[1]

The visit of the commission lasted only two months or less, and their report was necessarily quite imperfect. They were, however, convinced of the great richness and value of the territory owned by the

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[1] Mrs. Howe says : "Concerning the seaworthiness of this steamer, many injurious reports were set on foot, causing great unhappiness to those whose friends were among her passengers. The infrequency of mail communication between Santo Domingo and the United States made it impossible to hear from the steamer within a month from the time of her departure. The writer cannot forget the distress suffered by herself and others during this interval, through those unfounded rumors of disaster to the vessel and all on board of her. Nor can she forget the warm overflow of sympathy with which the news of Dr. Howe's safe arrival in Santo Domingo was received in Boston."

Dominicans, and received a favorable impression of their intelligence and capacity for moral and intellectual culture. They reported that the proposed annexation would be productive of benefit to both parties, "by affording to the United States a wide range of tropical productions now purchased from other powers at great cost, and by guaranteeing to the Dominicans the improvements and institutions indispensable to the growth of their country." All that they saw of Haytian society, on the contrary, led them "to look in its future for that intensification of barbarism which develops itself in semi-civilized races from whose career the elements of intellectual progress are excluded." These views were shared by Frederick Douglass; "himself of mixed blood, and familiar with the colored people of the South, he saw in Hayti, for the first time, a negro society from which the help and influence of the white race were as far as possible excluded." There can be no doubt that the annexation of Santo Domingo would have introduced the influence of the white race once more.

Dr. Howe's opinion in favor of annexation never changed during the few years that he lived after this expedition. His report and that of his fellow commissioners made no impression on his countrymen; the scheme was voted down by a great majority, and the only durable and important consequence of the affair was the removal of Senator Sumner, by his party associates in the Senate, from the position he had held for ten years of Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. But Dr. Howe saw no occasion to modify the views which he had

expressed, and "his happy faith in immutable principles showed him for the Dominicans, as formerly for the Cretans, a future of peace and progress in the good time sure to come," as Mrs. Howe says. This scheme having failed, another was set on foot, and a company formed to obtain a lease of the peninsula of Samana, under favorable conditions, and with valuable rights and privileges. Dr. Howe anticipated great benefits from the realization of this project, and embraced it so warmly as to become one of the directors of the new enterprise, which was organized in the autumn of 1871, as the Samana Bay Company; several of his associates being those who had zealously urged annexation upon President Grant. This led him to make a second visit to Santo Domingo, where he spent two months in 1873. Capital was needed for the new undertaking, whose design, as Mrs. Howe says, "was chivalrous and grandiose." It was, in fact, quixotic; and the doctor, along with many other and more practical qualities, had the nobler traits of that imaginary Spaniard, the typical Don Quixote. A loan was needed; the Government of the little island republic passed from the hands of Baez, who favored the Samana Bay Company, into those of his enemies; capitalists were shy of a country so fickle in its politics, and the loan came to nothing. While it was pending, however, Dr. Howe with his wife, in 1874, three years after his first landing on the island, again made a brief sojourn in Santo Domingo, partly to restore his failing health and partly to promote the interests of his Company. Mrs. Howe has thus described this, his last of many expeditions for the good of humanity:

Yielding to urgent solicitation, Dr. Howe embarked March 6, 1874, on board the steamer *Tybee*, in a feeble and suffering condition. At sea, he soon revived, and before the end of the voyage appeared to be in his usual health. He landed at the capital (Santo Domingo), and was soon in communication with the new President, Gonsales, whose attitude towards the Samana Bay Company was a matter of some anxiety. Dr. Howe was accompanied on this voyage by Colonel Fabens and Captain Samuels of New York, the three being charged with negotiations between the Samana Bay Company and the new government. The change in the government was found, upon a nearer view, to have been the work, not of a political party, but of a financial interest. The merchants of Puerta Plata, an important town on the sea-coast, jealous of the anticipated growth of Samana, had subscribed large sums of money in order to place at the head of the government a person devoted to their interest. Such a man they had found in President Gonsales.

The conclusion of the whole may be briefly summed up as follows: The revolution prevented the loan; the failure of the loan rendered the Company unable to fulfill its engagements. The new government took advantage of this failure, which itself had caused, to annul all concessions made by its predecessor in favor of the Samana Bay Company. The matter being thus at an end, the whole party, much chagrined, reëmbarked on board of the *Tybee*. Dr. Howe and I were left at Samana, where we took up our abode in a pretty cottage formerly belonging to Colonel Fabens. The remainder of the party returned to New York.

Here we arranged our plans and occupations to suit with a stay of some weeks, in a position of much isolation, but in a region of surpassing beauty and grandeur. I remember this time as delightful to both of us. The Doctor had been greatly troubled at the untoward termination of the Company's affairs, but his energetic nature never yielded long to any discouragement. He applied himself diligently to the settlement of such claims and questions as lay within his reach and power. The

beauty of the surrounding country tempted him to frequent rides. He was early and late in the saddle, and dashed up and down the steep hillsides or Samana with all his old fearlessness. A row on the beautiful bay sometimes took the place of the excursions on horseback, in which I was not easily able to keep up with the swift pace of my companion. In the quiet of noonday he amused himself with the adventures of Don Quixote, which he read easily in the Spanish language. He often called me from my work to read me some favorite scene, which he esteemed too entertaining to be read alone. The cloudless skies and transparent waters, the gloom and grandeur of the tropical forest, the quaint and primitive ways of the people who surrounded us—all this we enjoyed with a freshness of delight not unsurpassed by the enthusiasms of youth. The time flew swiftly by, and when at its end we turned our faces homeward, our satisfaction was not unmingled with regret.

Before embarking for Santo Domingo, and again while at Samana in April, 1874, Dr. Howe wrote to his friend Bird two letters which are interesting in this connection, and also as containing his reflections on the death of Charles Sumner, which occurred in March, 1874.

OAK GLEN, S. PORTSMOUTH, R. I.[1]
September 1, 1873.

MY DEAR BIRD: The fate of our Samana Bay Company will be decided at the monthly meeting on Wednesday. You have not studied the matter much, and do not know how important for the cause of freedom and for the spread of our commercial and political institutions in the West Indies is the question whether St. Domingo, "the key of the situation," shall be possessed by us, or by some European power.

The Company may now possibly be taken from the control

[1] This was the name of Dr. Howe's country-house, a few miles from Newport, where he often spent his summers, and from which most of his letters to Mr. Bird were written.

of those who want to make it a miserable speculating concern to kite it in the market, and then slink out without doing anything for the island,—and be put under the management of wiser and better men. I feel bound to be at the meeting, even at a loss of the pleasure, and the failure of friendly obligation, to attend your daughter's wedding. God bless her, and you; and give you a large share of such happiness as I have had in the felicitous marriage of three daughters.

Ever Faithfully,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

SAMANA, April 9, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: I am filled with sorrow and pain by the news of dear Sumner's death. It came in a chance number of the *Herald*, which merely alluded to it, as a thing sometime passed, and in mention of his will. Agassiz—Sumner,—*les Dieux s'en vont!* I wrote to him shortly before I left, beseeching him to leave off brain-work and go to Europe—or better to Hayti—and try to check the backward progress towards barbarism of that interesting but misguided people. People throughout this region, while admitting Sumner's talent and goodness of heart, feel that the greatest opponent of their freedom and elevation has been removed. The Haytians, on the other hand, will mourn the loss of their great friend.

The Samana Bay Company has at last been struck down by the British and German commercial men, who saw in its success the destruction of their own trade from Puerto Platte; and by the influence of the British Government, which foresaw in its success the spread of American ideas and institutions over their vast island, and all the surrounding ones. The finger of the British Government, and the money of its secret revenue fund, are to be seen plainly in the late transactions.

I linger here to enjoy the delicious climate and recover my health. I am heavier, stronger, hungrier, and more elastic in muscle and mind, than I have been during the past ten years. For a week past, every day has been even more balmy and de-

licious than our hot summer days. I live in the open air *all* the time; for windows and doors stand open day and night. We are perched in an eyrie upon a promontory, jutting into this magnificent bay, which is surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills and mountains, covered with perpetual verdure, and clad to the very tops with timber and precious woods. At the foot of one hill is a little rocky basin, with a clean sandy beach, up which the breakers roll continuously: and in which I bathe every day, lying down in the surf and rubbing myself with the white sand. It is a positive pleasure merely to live in and enjoy such a climate, especially as we have none of the pests of our summer weather, no mosquitoes or flies, no fleas. The genial warmth of the day never grows into oppressive heat; for just as surely as the sun gets up toward the zenith, in comes the cool trade wind; and at night the land breeze cools off the air, and one is glad to draw a blanket over him after going to bed.

It is luxury to look around at the gorgeous panorama of hills and mountains, of diversified shape, and covered by the richest verdure. Verily, whose eyes have not seen the tropics, they have not seen the earthly glory of the Lord. And then the fruits are so plentiful, so varied, so fresh. Bananas, in varieties which you never see, fat and luscious, and—five for one cent. Oranges cheaper than our apples; pine-apples, bigger than your head, ten for a dollar; and mangoes, sapodillas, cayelias, the fruit of the papina flower; the cactus and the like. Vegetables in profusion and of various kinds, sweet and cheap—three crops of corn being gathered from the same spot in one year. Fish, varied and delicious; meats? ah! there we fail, for one can hardly get a bit of fresh meat that one can chew up and swallow.

But the people—the people? Well, they are docile, temperate, courteous in manners, and rich in undeveloped resources, like their island; but uncultivated, cunning, and untrustworthy in business. They are, however, superior in every respect—higher by the whole head—than the semi-barbarian negroes of Hayti, and superior in many respects to the inhabitants of

the neighboring islands, but—but "better twenty years of Boston than a cycle of Cathay." Dear old Boston! I long to see you again as soon as the rugged winter, which meets and throttles one like an enemy, is gone, and I trust I shall enter your streets and walk over the stumps of the Paddock elms before the middle of March; and dine with "the boys" every Saturday afternoon.[1]

With kind regards to everybody, except B. B., I remain

Ever faithfully,

S. G. Howe.

Alas! this glowing picture of health and renewed youth, was not long realized after his return home, as the two letters which follow will show. They are also noteworthy for the warmth of affection which they display towards men of such different natures as were the friends whom he names. The final tribute to Sumner is very touching and very true:

Newport, July 27, 1874.

My Dear Bird: I hoped, last week, to be able to go to Boston on Saturday, mainly that I might meet and condole with you in your great sorrow; but I was still too feeble. Sometimes the feeling of sympathy in the sorrows of others helps lighten one's own, or ought to do so. There is my good friend Fabens, who, last week, was stricken down in sorrow for the *fifth* time, by the death of the fifth and last remaining boy. Hardly fifty himself, he has seen five goodly sons, grow up to near manhood, and blossom into hope of a goodly life, and then successively and slowly decline and die before his afflicted eyes. Fabens I know to be a gentleman, pure and upright in all his intents and actions, quixotic as some of them were,—and yet, Sumner had the misfortune to be so blinded by passion

[1] "The boys" were his friends of the Bird Club, the Saturday Club, and the Massachusetts Club—the last an offshoot of the first. All dined either weekly or monthly in Boston.

and prejudice as to hold him up to the contempt of the country. I gather some hope for the correction and improvement of my own character when I see men so much higher and better than I am fall into such errors as I am conscious of in myself.

I have been more ill since you were here than ever before, and some of my symptoms seem to forebode an unfavorable end, such as swelling of the feet, but I am now sensibly gaining strength.

It may be I shall have two or three years more of power of work; but it is doubtful, and I abide my summons for departure. I hope, my dear Bird, that I may yet have opportunity of communion of spirit with you.

With kind regards to your family, ever faithfully,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

OAK GLEN, August 12, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD: If you, or any of yours, have been victims of chronic rheumatism or neuralgia, you will understand how the pain and *malaise* utterly paralyze one's volition, and how one can put off, from day to day, and from week to week, duties and even inclination. My suffering has been almost constant during about two months; so that, although able to get into the saddle and ride about, I have shrunk from performance of duties, such agreeable ones even as writing to dear friends. Hence, my silence on the one subject near my heart, to wit, my sympathy and interest in you and your affairs. Two days ago, I suddenly felt a relief such as one who had been pinched and screwed up in iron armor until his joints were stiff and all his bones aching, would feel by having the inflexible armor exchanged for a silken vestment. This is the third day of my relief, and I begin to hope that the disease has left no seeds in my system which will sprout again.

Glad, indeed, I am that you are to be so near us,[1] and hopeful of your presence under our roof. It would be very imprudent

[1] At Narragansett Pier, in Rhode Island.

for me to go in the boat, and I would not do it for any money, although I would do it if it were the only way to see you. After to-day we shall have plenty of spare room, and would welcome you and any of your family. Mrs. Howe will be away to-morrow, but home again on Friday.

I rejoice to hear of dear, good Wilson being better. Must he not sometimes feel as a man whose skin has been inflated with wind until he soared over people, and might fear lest some accident or rupture would let the wind out and himself down? "Ah, my son," said Oxenstiern, "you do not understand with how little wisdom the world may be governed!"

I note, in silence and sadness, what you say about my venturing a criticism upon one of the public acts of my dearly-beloved Charlie.[1] Would I were worthy of the affection which he accorded to me during so many years of an intimacy as great as between brothers, and greater than between ordinary brothers. Oh! the times when we walked or drove daily together, spent our evenings together, and, finally, retiring to our chambers, with a door open between them, talked and communed about matters great or small until one dropped asleep with the music of the other's voice, subsiding from audible words into the music of dreams! Dear Charlie! the hope of renewed youthful intercourse makes immortality all the more desirable; although by no immortal spirit can chaster, purer, nobler sentiments be expressed than were expressed by thy mortal lips! Never an impure word, never a selfish wish, never a dishonest purpose! Faithfully, SAM'L G. HOWE.

There was quixotism in the enthusiasm of Howe for the impossible in Santo Domingo; there was quixotism of another sort in the separation of Sumner from his party associates under the administration of Grant. But how rare and noble the quixotism of such men was, may be seen by the whole tenor of

[1] Charles Sumner. The Wilson mentioned just above was Sumner's Senatorial colleague Henry Wilson, then Vice-President.

their useful lives.[1] Their trusted friend, known to them and to thousands who have loved him as "Frank Bird," speaking of them and of their three associates, Horace Mann, John A. Andrew and Theodore Parker, said at Dr. Howe's funeral:

Mann, Parker, Andrew, Sumner, Howe! When has been granted to one generation the inspiration of five such men? To the age which they lighted up and led, each has left an imperishable record "of noble ends by noble means attained." To us who knew and loved them, they have left precious memories and immortal hopes.

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[1] Mrs. Howe, speaking of the years 1845–50, says: "A satirical production of those days presented Dr. Howe and Mr. Sumner in the light of two knights-errant of philanthropy, constantly on the lookout for some human right to vindicate, some injury to redress. Fortunate was it for the community that it possessed two such brave and disinterested champions of ideal and practical justice."

CHAPTER V.

AGE, INFIRMITY, AND DEATH.

In the summer of 1874 Dr. Howe was closing his 73d year. It was 45 years since he had enjoyed the vigorous health of his Grecian campaign—for his Corinthian fever never wholly left him, and gave him many days and nights of suffering during his whole public career. But his constitution had been firm, his habits always good, and his care of his own health more judicious than most medical men bestow when they are their own patients. Now, however, age had come upon him, with the labor and sorrow which Scripture has foretold to those who live beyond the allotted years of three score and ten. The remaining correspondence of Dr. Howe with Mr. Bird is pathetic, but full of interest; and nothing that he has written throws more light on the character and the affections of our hero. The first in date is the letter written upon the first news of young Mr. Bird's death:

OAK GLEN, July 12, 1874,

MY DEAR BIRD: We were all greatly shocked by the sad news of your poor boy's death. We have sorrowed with you and for you, and continue to feel deep sympathy in your affliction. Greater sorrow is not given man to suffer than that for the untimely death of a child; and the death of a son is probably more keenly felt by us fathers than any other. Up to this day,

the death of my youngest boy,[1] my best beloved child, comes over me like a fresh pang; and I go away and weep alone. I well know, therefore, the keen pangs which you must now be suffering. Time will soften, but never entirely remove them. Oh! for the soothing and blessed hope of reunion beyond the the grave! Why cannot we two mourning fathers enjoy it in full faith and assurance, without the damning doubt? I vainly hope against hope; and cling desperately to the best reason in favor of immortality, to wit, the existence within us all of this pleasing hope, this striving, this longing after immortality. Can God have created it within our hearts merely to cheat and disappoint us? No! Let us then hope for a reunion of the loved and lost ones.

I struggle on against the insidious disease which seems to have become chronic in my system at a period when the recuperative power is nearly exhausted. My hope is that this three months' storm will have exhausted its viperous force before the season of summer is entirely over.

Give to your wife and family the assurance of the sympathy of me and of my family; and trust that I am and shall be faithfully and affectionately,

Your friend,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

P. S.—Monday noon—I have this moment received your sad note.

During this summer of 1874, Dr. Howe was still Chairman of the Board of State Charities, in which office I succeeded him, the next October.[2] The visit

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[1]Born in South Boston and named for his father—known to Theodore Parker therefore as "Sammy South Boston."

[2] A year before Dr. Howe resigned the chairmanship of this Board he had placed his resignation in my hands; to be sent to the Governor, if I thought best. In the note accompanying this, dated Newport, Sept. 25, 1873, he said:

MY DEAR SANBORN: I inclose a letter to the Governor, to be

to the great State almshouse, mentioned in the following letter, was that important one which led to the investigation and subsequent exposure by the colleagues of Dr. Howe, in 1876, soon after his death, of serious evils in the care of the sick and insane, and the general management of that almshouse. The last motion offered by Dr. Howe as a member of the Board, in April, 1875, was in favor of such an investigation.

OAK GLEN, Friday, August 21, 1874.

MY DEAR BIRD. I am disappointed in my hope of your presence here, or of at least a letter from you. I went up to Boston on Monday last intending to accompany the Board of Charities upon its visit of inspection of Tewksbury Alms House on Wednesday; but found myself too feeble to go. I returned here yesterday, rather better than worse for the journey. Verily old age diminishes greatly the recuperative power; and there are certain disorders, which, as Dr. Bigelow says, old persons have no business to have. Oh! how little do we appreciate the advantage, the beauty, the happiness-giving of

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used when and as you decide, I reluct at the last moment at giving up the chance of being useful in reconstructing the Board, and giving to it the power and dignity which it ought to enjoy. X's resignation opens the door of hope to having one with whom I could work more sympathetically. Another event makes more necessary the help of men who will work openly, and frankly, irrespective of party influence. Confiding in your earnest and disinterested care for the efficiency of the Board, and the welfare of those wards whom it is a duty to watch over, I leave the matter in your hands. I do not propose to attend the next meeting, unless a telegram or letter from you should summon me.

Faithfully, SAMUEL G. HOWE.

I did not think it needful to send this resignation to Governor Washburn, and Dr. Howe continued at the head of the Board (of which I was then Acting Secretary) for a year longer. F. B. S.

the *capacity for work!* While we possess it we are more apt to complain of fatigue than to rejoice in the possession of the power. Fatigue! fatigue is not the natural result of work; but the punishment of the sin of *overwork.* Everyone who feels the pain, the discomfort of fatigue, expiates thereby, or suffers the consequence of his sin. The normal consequences of normal work are a pleasant feeling of well-being, and a positive increase of bodily ease and of happiness.

I am not going to moralize, however, but to ask you to send me a prescription for and description of the means of exterminating house-flies; or, rather, keeping their number down to a supportable degree. A fly has a right to a certain degree of hospitality; but he has no right to light upon my nose, to tickle my skin, to soil my wall paper and furniture, nor to poison my food with his excrement. I believe that positive disease is engendered, or at least aggravated, by the amount of fly excrement which men swallow.

Do, in mercy, send me the remedy. I would fain treat an individual fly as did my Uncle Toby the overgrown one "which had buzzed about his nose and tormented him unmercifully all dinner-time." I would, like him, catch the insect in hand, go to the window, let him escape, and say, "Go, poor devil. I will not harm a hair of thy head; the world is wide enough for thee and me;" but, zounds! a hundred thousand poor devils become a nuisance, a pest, a source of dirt, and nastiness, and disease. Send me the remedy! or, better still, bring it.

Mrs. Anagnos will return to the Institution to-morrow, and I wish much that you facilitate and promote the intercourse between your daughter and her. . . . I want to increase her relations with good people. She is rather shy; but I know that she has great regard for your daughter; a sort of inheritance of my weakness for you.

All send regards, and our love, and he is as ever, yours,

SAM'L G. HOWE.

I expect to go to Boston September 5th, and to remain until Saturday, P. M., for the purpose of meeting with the Club.

OAK GLEN, July 2, 1875.

MY DEAR BIRD: I was grieved to hear from some one that you complained about my not having called upon you during the three days I was in Boston. My dear old boy! I was unable; and not free from pain in all the time. And, besides, where find you? I wanted enough to find time and means to get at you; but, you know that pain and illness deprive one of half one's powers.

I have been quite ill here most of the time; but am free from pain to-day: aud rejoicing in the company of dear Maud. I have fearful and useful teachings of the ill-effects of this woman's movement and concern in public affairs upon domestic duties, relations, and affections. Horace (Mann) would not have had it so; neither would dear Theodore (Parker); neither would Charles (Sumner). It was our rare good fortune to know and love them all. Horace appreciated you more thoroughly than did Theodore, who was more taken up with general principles and public interests than with individual affections. Rarely indeed do really great men take deep interest in the relations between individuals, and in the moral affections; but Horace did.

I hope you will see Mrs. Howe, who is in Boston, and who esteems you very highly. I shall probably be in Boston the latter part of next week, and if I do not see you it will be because there is no Parker's.

The time for my dear son's departure for Europe draws nigh, and I feel anxious about it.

Let me hear from you, and believe me to be ever faithfully and affectionately your friend.

S. G. HOWE.

P. S.—What do you think of the plan of my bringing an action in a U. S. Court against the city of Boston for recovering of some five or six thousand dollars paid under protest, for taxes on Mrs. Howe's personal property, already and fully paid in the city of New York?

OAK GLEN, near Newport, July 20, 1875.

MY DEAR BIRD: I am slowly recovering, I trust, from the severest malady which I have suffered for a score or two of years, I was at one time much depressed by the belief that I had Bright's disease. Chloral did me more harm than good. I tried morphia, etc. At last, under advice of Dr. Francis, I left off medicine and all food or drink except pure fresh milk, under which my bad symptoms subsided, I got relief from pain and am mending. It was, however, terribly and painfully depressing to my moral nature. Mrs. H. proved a devoted nurse and tender wife, and displayed patience, watchfulness, and kindness. It was very dark, dear Bird, during a week and more. I saw no light or hope for this world, and was uneasy and unhappy about the next. Oh! how I wished for your soothing society! Friends came and wrote, and there was no lack of sympathy. I trust that the worst is over, and that with my quart of fresh milk daily, I may yet live for some usefulness.

I hear nothing from you or of your circle, I suppose you are scattered. I have my dear Maud with me, and Mrs. Flossy Hall [1] and her two children. My place has improved very much; it is now lovely to look upon, and very enjoyable. I wish earnestly that you could come and stay some days with your old and fast friend,

SAMUEL G. HOWE.

Mr. Bird accepted this invitation, and found Dr. Howe indeed very wretched, and seeking relief in that which distressed all about him, groans and exclamations. His friend soothed him and yet did not fail to remonstrate with him for what seemed an unmanly act, all the more painful in one so courageous as Dr. Howe.

> In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
> Fears of the brave and follies of the wise!

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[1] Daughter of Dr. Howe.

But the next letter shows how well the kindly reproof was taken :

OAK GLEN, August 6, 1875.

MY DEAR BIRD: I hear, through Friend Earle,[1] that you are looking fresh and well. I have profited much by the precepts which you gave me, and the living example which you set me.

The effort to suppress groaning is partly successful. I am much better than when you were here. The trouble has subsided, and returns only after some indiscretion of diet or taking cold, when I have to expect sleepless nights. I have taken to milk, upon which I improved so much that my doctor sent me word to take half-raw, red, and bloody beef, or something of the kind. He began to surmise that I might get entirely well on the lacteal fluid.

My dear Harry will sail from Boston for Great Britain on the 12th of August. Try to see him, and give to him and to his wife some wise, fatherly talk. He can be heard of at No. 20 Bromfield street; if you cannot call to see him, leave a note for him, bidding him to go to see you. If you can get any letters for him, or will put me in the way of doing it, it will be a very great service. Do you know our Minister or Consul at London, Paris, or Berlin, or Vienna well enough to introduce the pair?

I hope to meet you the next time I go to Boston; meanwhile I hope and trust you may go on improving in health.

With best regards to your faithful and useful daughter,

Faithfully, S. G. HOWE.

In the letter following this in date (printed on a previous page) he speaks of the depression following the news of George Finlay's death, says he is the last survivor of the Philhellenes, and signs himself

[1] Edward Earle, of Worcester, a good Quaker, and a colleague of Dr. Howe in the Board of Charities.

"sometime yclept the Chevalier," alluding to his membership in the Greek Legion of Honor. But now comes the last letter, written but four weeks before his death.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1875.

MY DEAR BIRD: I am alive, but in a deplorable state on account of following your earnest and repeated advice, and taking a dose of *Chloral*, which nearly killed me. I took it very reluctantly last night, and it came near bringing me to an end before nine o'clock this morning. I wish I could tell you all about it. I can only say, beware of advising old and feeble persons to take such a potent and variable dosing as Chloral. It is potently medicinal, but liable to be poisonous and speedy and fatal in its operations. Nothing but your presence will ever get any more of it down the throat of your old and affectionate friend, S. G. HOWE.

Of these last weeks Mrs. Howe says:

He returned from Newport to Boston before the first of October, 1875, and seemed at first to have benefited by the change. He walked as usual between his own house and the Blind Asylum, and, with the aid of his carriage, visited the Idiot School. But he felt, and we felt, that a change was drawing nigh. On Christmas Day, he was able to dine with his family, and to converse with one or two invited guests. But, on the first of January, he remarked that he should not live through the month. This presentiment, though not at the time regarded by those to whom he mentioned it, did not deceive him. On January 4th, while up and about as usual, he was attacked by sudden and severe convulsions, followed by insensibility; and on January 9, 1876, he breathed his last, surrounded by his family, and without pain or apparent consciousness.

I had seen him often during this long illness, had visited him at Oak Glen, and played whist with him to while away the hours of pain and uneasiness.

Upon the first news of his apoplectic attack, I hastened to South Boston, and to his bedside, but alas! he was unconscious. As he lay there, free from pain and flushed slightly with the fever of his disease, I was struck with his resemblance to our heroic friend, John Brown,—the same resolute and tender cast of features, the same firm nose, white beard, and gray locks. He was indeed of a like temper, though so different in training, in versatility and fortune. Mr. Bird has a tenderer reminescence of his final interview with this comrade of many years. He says:

At my last visit to him, two days before he was struck down, I found him in extreme suffering. Soon after I went in, he said with great gravity and emphasis, "I shall not live to the end of this month." I laughed it away; but yet, may it not have been one of those mysterious shadows which coming events sometimes surely cast before? During the interview, he charged me with most affectionate messages to my family, repeating them as though under the same premonition. As I rose to leave, he followed me into the hall, threw his arm around my neck, and with a beautiful smile said, "My dear old fellow, let me kiss you," and gave me a warm kiss. Within two days the thick curtain fell.

The news of Dr. Howe's death was received by the whole community with sincere sorrow. The Governor of Massachusetts communicated it to the Legislature, then in session, which passed appropriate votes commemorating his services to the State; and the same Chief-Magistrate (Governor Rice) presided at the memorial meeting in his honor, held at the Music Hall, in Boston, February 8, 1876. A former Governor (A. H. Bullock) in an address at this meeting well described Dr. Howe's public character in these words:

It would be an omission in my memory of an official connection with him, extended over three years, if I were not to bear my testimony to his almost ubiquitous attendance on his work. He was at South Boston, he was at his office in town, he was at the rooms of the Board of Charities, he was at the Executive Chamber, he was sometimes at his own house, he was always where duty called. He seemed capable to drive all the reforms and charities abreast; and yet he was seldom on a strain; always having an air we all liked of a man of business, of a man of the world, what Carlyle would call "a good, broad, buffeting way of procedure"; of dauntless force of character, of firmness that was impassive, of modesty that was unfeigned; a little mutinous whenever governors attempted to interfere with his methods, but that was of no consequence, since he was mutinous to revolt whenever he saw the image of God oppressed, or wronged, or neglected. Nor will I leave him without an allusion to his last great work. I refer to his association with a few other gentlemen, more active in this than he was, whose names I might call if some of them were not present, in organizing, I may say in establishing, under the endowment of Clarke, that noble institution on the banks of the Connecticut, where the deaf, no longer dumb, learn to discern a voice from a mute breath, to catch human language at sight from human lips. I look to that Institution with perfect assurance of the greatest results, and I recur not without sensibility to the days when we thought him essential to us in laying its foundations.

Of his friendships, and of those rarest qualities that attracted friends to his side, as the loadstone draws the metal, Mr. Bird said on the same occasion:

Dr. Howe's circle of acquaintances was very large. For more than a quarter of a century his quiet back office in Bromfield street was the resort not only of sufferers and the friends of sufferers from "every ill that flesh is heir to," but of the noble

men and women of Massachusetts and the world. There were originated, discussed, and put into the way of execution most of the philanthropic enterprises that had for their object the amelioration of the woes or redress of the wrongs of humanity. Of friends in the true sense of the word, to whom he gave his full trust and confidence, he had, I think, but few.

> "But those he had, and their adoption tried,
> He grappled to his soul with hooks of steel."

And all such, the longer they knew him, were more and more impressed with his fidelity to convictions of truth and duty, his single-hearted consecration to the welfare of others, and his rare self-forgetfulness—I do not mean unselfishness merely, but an entire unconsciousness of any special services he had rendered or could render to the world. I never knew him voluntarily to relate any of the heroic or benevolent deeds of his life. During his periods of suffering, I sometimes tried to divert him, by referring to some stirring incidents of the past; and only last summer I thus induced him to describe his expedition in aid of the Polish refugees in the presence of one of his daughters, who, I think, heard it then for the first time from his own lips.

"This is the man," said Edward Everett Hale, himself an active philanthropist, "who redeemed that word 'philanthropist' from the scorn which was falling upon it, and which I have half a right to say it deserved. The impression that the word philanthropist gives even now, in half the civilized world, is of a person with long hair, who talks of something about which he knows nothing. And Dr. Howe with his practical ability, with his knowledge of men, able to use everybody just as far as his purpose went, perfectly unmindful of reputation—he made himself of no reputation—he took upon himself the form of a servant,—this man has redeemed that word of words

from such base sneers, and placed it where it belongs. If he led every man and woman, sooner or later, to take his view of any one of our charitable systems, it was because he did not speak and act without studying to the bottom the whole subject he dealt with. Men had to follow where such a man directed."

CHAPTER VI.

CHARACTER AND RESULTS.

The language of friendly eulogy is seldom more just than were these tributes to the lamented dead; but in a biography written fifteen years after Dr. Howe's death, something needs to be said in addition to these truthful words, and beyond what the vicissitudes of life, as here related, have called forth as we passed them briefly in review. There has been time since 1876 to see this romantic character in perspective, and to separate what was merely accidental and a part of his age from what belonged to the type and structure of his personal being.

Viewed thus, it occurs to be said that his youth was romantic and adventurous, not only from his own impulses, but because the early years of the century invited romance and hazardous deeds. It was the age of Napoleon, to whom for a time all things seemed possible; of Byron, who was the Napoleon of the world of letters; of Scott, who inspired in all his readers—that is, in all who could read at all—the sentiment of chivalry in other than the feudal forms as well as in those time-honored accessories of feudalism which so pleased that historical and poetic mind. Of all the intellectual influences of his youth, it is probable that Scott's was with Dr. Howe the most

potent and the most intimate; and be it remembered that this "Wizard of the North," who had thrown such luster over mediæval customs and mouldering castles, and the loyal bonds of feudalism, was also, in his "Heart of Mid-Lothian" the founder of the later school of philanthropic fiction in which Dickens and Mrs. Stowe became so illustrious. Philanthropy, indeed, is the inward spirit of chivalry; and seldom have the two been more closely united than in Howe.

For, be it observed, this strong bent of his nature which showed itself in Greek and German adventures, and afterwards in the founding of instructive charities, was only called into action a little earlier by the military spirit of his boyhood and by the poetry and the example of Byron. As the Jesuits said of Sir Kenelm Digby, "If he had been dropped out of the clouds in any part of the world, he would have made himself respected;" so, Dr. Howe, wherever he found himself, would have gone upon some errand of mercy or justice; so strong in him was that sentiment which the ethical pedants since his time call "altruism." He was born to benefit others, and by choice he selected for his benefactions those who could least repay his service with their own—the blind, the deaf, the insane, the idiotic. He thought it unsuitable to practice medicine and surgery for money; nor was he at any time very willing to sell his service, preferring to bestow it without recompense. He would have agreed heartily with that definition of his class among men which said, "A gentleman is one who has something to give, not something to sell;" and there was, indeed, some pride mingled with his benevolence, showing that

he had not reached that elevated degree of saintliness, where humility is the chief requisite.

His was by no means a faultless character. He had the strength and also the weakness of an active temperament; he was hasty and sometimes harsh or exacting, as well as tender and generous. He could be as capricious and as persistent as if caprice and persistence were not antagonistic qualities. He loved power, though he seldom sought it; and was often unjust to his opponents, of whom, first and last, he had a great many. To his intimates he was the most charming of companions, with that "terrible gift of familiarity," of which the Frenchman speaks; he was then full of good humor, appreciative, affable; but sometimes, and to some persons he was anything but charming. He inspired respect, however, where he did not win affection; and though he was sometimes, as Carlyle said of himself, "gey ill to deal wi'," he was easily forgiven for the temperamental and surface faults of a nature essentially superior, noble, and winning. In aspect as well as in character he was in his prime a true type of the educated American—lithe, impetuous, an Arab in figure and in horsemanship; dark in eye and hair, but with a glowing color and a manner that bespoke energy tempered by inward courtesy. Till within a few months of his death it was his custom to spend some part of every day on horseback; and he was a lover of the horse, and the humbler servants of man. He was a good gardener, too, and in the intervals of his busy life he grew pears and grapes—a fact which Theodore Parker did not fail to record in that half-humorous, half-serious epitaph which he wrote for

his friend from Santa Cruz, after parting from him for the last time, in February, 1859.[1]

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[1] A part only of this long inscription in mortuary Latin can here be given, with a free version:

Hic jacet
Expectans resurrectionem justorum
Omne quod mortale erat
Viri eximii
Samuelis Gridleji Hovve, M. D.
Juvenis lusit in universitate Brownensi,
Causa Educationis,
Et Præsidi reverendissimo celeberrimo Messer
Multum displicuit;
Sed versatus valde fit
In Linguâ difficilissima Universitat. Brownensis,
Et ejus Artibus, Literis, Philosophiaque;
Inter Proceres pulchros fuit Antinous.
Studuit Artem Medicinæ:
Discipulus multa cadavera deterravit et in frusta secavit
Vi et armis:
Magister multorum Animas Heroum ad Orcum præmature demisit.
Inter Medicos verus Æsculapius,
In terrâ Argivâ,
Multos Turcos occidit et Arte Medicâ et Gladio,
Quo melius nunquam se sustentabat supra femur militis.
Pro Polonia invictissima bellavit;
Incarceratos visitavit, Cæcos fecit videre,
Mutos dicere, Stultos intelligere (ut ipse;)
Lunaticos in sanam restituit mentem;
Liberavit Servos:
Pyros jucundissimos sibi fecit crescere in hortis;
Vixit annos circiter lxxvii.
Clamant incarcerati, lacrymant cæci,
Mœrent muti, lugent stulti,
Stridunt lunatici
Atque sedent servi in pulvere.

There was indeed something in Dr. Howe's earnestness and untiring zeal, often changing its objects, but never ceasing to act, which might cause the unthinking to laugh, and induce even his friends to

---

Awaiting the resurrection of the just
Here lies all that was mortal
Of that illustrious man,
Samuel Gridley Howe, M. D.
As a youth he disported in
Brown University
Looking towards Education,
And much he offended
Its reverend and famous President
Messer.
Yet he became well versed
In the difficult dialect of
Brown University,
Its Arts, its Letters, its Philosophy.
He studied the medical art ;
As a pupil, with force and arms,
He disinterred many subjects and
Cut them in bits ;
As a Master in the art
He sent to Pluto's gloomy reign
The souls of many chiefs untimely slain ;
A true Æsculapius among doctors
He slew many Turks by medical art
Or by the sword,
Than which
A better never did sustain itself
Upon a soldier's thigh.
He fought for Poland the unconquered,
Visited those in prison,
Made the blind see, the dumb speak,
The foolish understand,
As well as *he* could.

smile now and then. It was a sort of quixotism, a little at variance with the fashion of the times, and of the circle in which he oftenest moved. But when those who smiled looked at the great results attained, and saw his most quixotic undertakings at last crowned with success, they wondered more than they jested at him. Hardly any enterprise to which he put his hand zealously failed in the end to prosper, though it might be twenty or thirty years after his effort and his prediction of ultimate success. For he had the insight of genius; he understood the logic of events and situations, and could thus foresee what was sure, sooner or later, to come. The education of the blind and the deaf, the training of idiots, the best care of the hopeless insane, of poor children, of the dependent classes in general, have already followed, or seem about to follow in the track which he marked out thirty, forty, or fifty years ago.

Persons gifted with this unerring divination of the future do not need, and seldom possess those instrumentalities of talent which make men famous in literature, in politics, or in the arts of life. Dr. Howe never acquired, nor perhaps ever sought to attain, eloquence in oratory or a finished style in writing; indeed

---

He restored the insane to their
Right mind,
He freed the slave.
He made his garden yield the choicest pears.
He lived about seventy-seven years.
Prisoners bewail him, blind men weep for him,
The dumb lament, idiots mourn,
And the insane cry out for him;
And the slaves sit down in the dust.

he was rather averse, as men of action often are, to oratory and those who profess it. For literature he had a hearty admiration, but it was the effect rather than the form of good writing that he admired. He spoke with fluency three or four of the languages of Europe, and could make himself understood in most of them; was a scholar as well as a man of affairs; he wrote always with facility and often with great vigor, in a style savoring, as did his keen and logical intellect, rather of the French than the English characteristics. He was impatient of the labor of writing, though never very well satisfied with what he wrote, and apt to leave it unfinished and untrimmed, trusting to the force of his ideas to carry his meaning along.

There grew up in Boston and its neighborhood, in Dr. Howe's early and middle life, a group of remarkable men; to whom others not of that neighborhood were attracted by congeniality of aspirations or tastes. Such were Channing, Emerson, Webster, Everett, Allston, the Danas, Alcott, Hawthorne, Longfellow, Lowell, Margaret Fuller, Garrison, Theodore Parker, Horace Mann, Sumner, Agassiz, Choate, Andrew, Wendell Phillips, James Freeman Clarke. Each of these men and women was capable of some excellent part in the work of life, and no one of them iterated or greatly imitated the task of any other. To us who come after them they seem as one group, carried through two successive generations of men; but, in fact, they formed a number of small groups drawn together by accident or by affinity, and often contending warmly, group against group. Among all these, and others whom I have not named, Dr. Howe

stood forth, as individual and almost as conspicuous as any. He was neither saint, nor poet, nor orator, nor matchless prose-writer; neither great lawyer, nor man of unquestioned eminence in science, nor artist, nor seer, nor persistent champion of a single great cause; but his own work, such as it was, drew the attention of all. He was known and welcomed in all these groups, and he reflected as much luster on his native city as most of those enumerated. He was of their time and endowed with a portion of their spirit ; he was, for half a century, one of those few persons who could not be omitted when Boston was described ; and, like the rest of these able men, he has left no direct successor. Unique in his position, broad in his sympathies, yet not sympathizing with all; a genuine American democrat, and yet, by instinct and culture a gentleman, nay, a chevalier—he mingled many contrasted qualities. He gained distinction without seeking it, valued it but little, was more deeply interested in ideas than institutions, and was impatient of the common worldly success, of fame, and the mere sound of titles. New England will see many illustrious men hereafter, but hardly any like him, so peculiar was Dr. Howe in his talents, in the circumstances of his career, and in the far-reaching results of his philanthropic activity.

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