

The
Golden Road

William Whiting

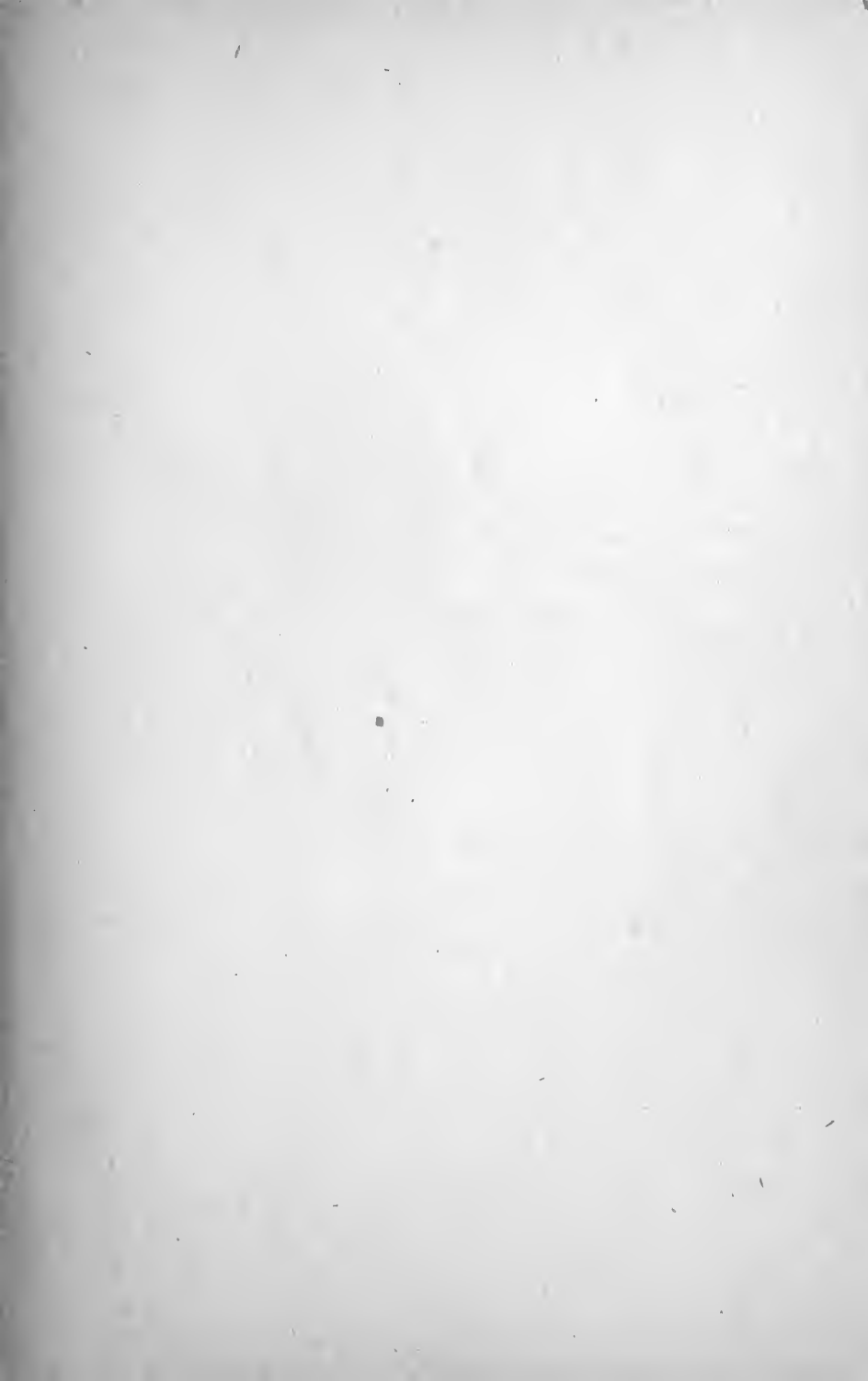


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THE GOLDEN ROAD

BOOKS BY LILIAN WHITING

THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL. *First, Second and Third Series*

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LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, POET AND FRIEND

THE BROWNING: THEIR LIFE AND ART

ATHENS, THE VIOLET-CROWNED

THE LURE OF LONDON

THE GOLDEN ROAD



Faithfully Yours
Lillian Whiting.

THE GOLDEN ROAD

BY
LILIAN WHITING
"

Illustrated from Photographs

"Of writing many books there is no end;
And I, who have written much in prose and verse
For others' uses, will write now for mine." — AURORA LEIGH



BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1918

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1918

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no. 1.

INSCRIBED
TO THE FRIENDS IN THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN
WHO MAKE LIFE FOR ME
A GOLDEN ROAD
WINDING ON THROUGH
THE WORLD BEAUTIFUL

LILIAN WHITING

*"World of the Real! world of the twain in one!
World of the Soul — born of the Real alone!"*

PREFACE

*“Years prophetic! the space ahead as I walk, as I
vainly try to pierce it;
Unborn deeds, things soon to be, project their shapes
around me;
The Unperformed, more gigantic than ever, advance,
advance upon me.”*

A BOOK so rambling in character as the present volume needs, perhaps, explanation or apology, or both. “The Golden Road” is not designed as travel, or biography, or autobiography, but a “blend,” as the food conservers say. No one liveth to himself alone, and our individual lives, I take it, derive much of their possible significance, and certainly a very large part of their happiness, from the lives they encounter on the march; from the noble and the great of soul whom they look to in reverent appreciation, from the friends whom they hold in unforgetting devotion. The book is as rambling as life itself, touching on points only, here and there; for life is a series of sequences, and events apparently unrelated at the time often appear, in any retrospective glance, as fitting themselves into a mosaic structure. For life itself, just the business of daily living, has always seemed to me the finest of the fine arts, in that it is the quality of this daily experience that determines its trend and its progress. As Doctor Holmes well said,—“It matters less where we stand than in what direction we

PREFACE

are moving." The business of living is like climbing a mountain; some are nearer the summit; some have only just entered on the journey; but each will reach the summit, sooner or later, if he hold true to the upward way. It is not, necessarily, success in life to have achieved power and fame, or to have made millions of dollars. It is success to keep measurable faith with one's ideals.

The spiritual development of man is the *raison d'être* for being on earth at all, and much that may be not undesirable is yet negligible in comparison with the opportunities for usefulness, with the privileges of lovely companionships, and the blessed consciousness of the divine leading. "It does not require a great man to do great things," said Bishop Brooks, "only a consecrated man." Perhaps no word of counsel could be more signally encouraging, for it suggests that the sincere desire to enter into the service of the Blessed Order, "not only with our lips, but in our lives," shall find its constantly enlarging opportunities to coöperate, however humbly, with the divine purposes. Poetry and Religion are living fountains from which to draw.

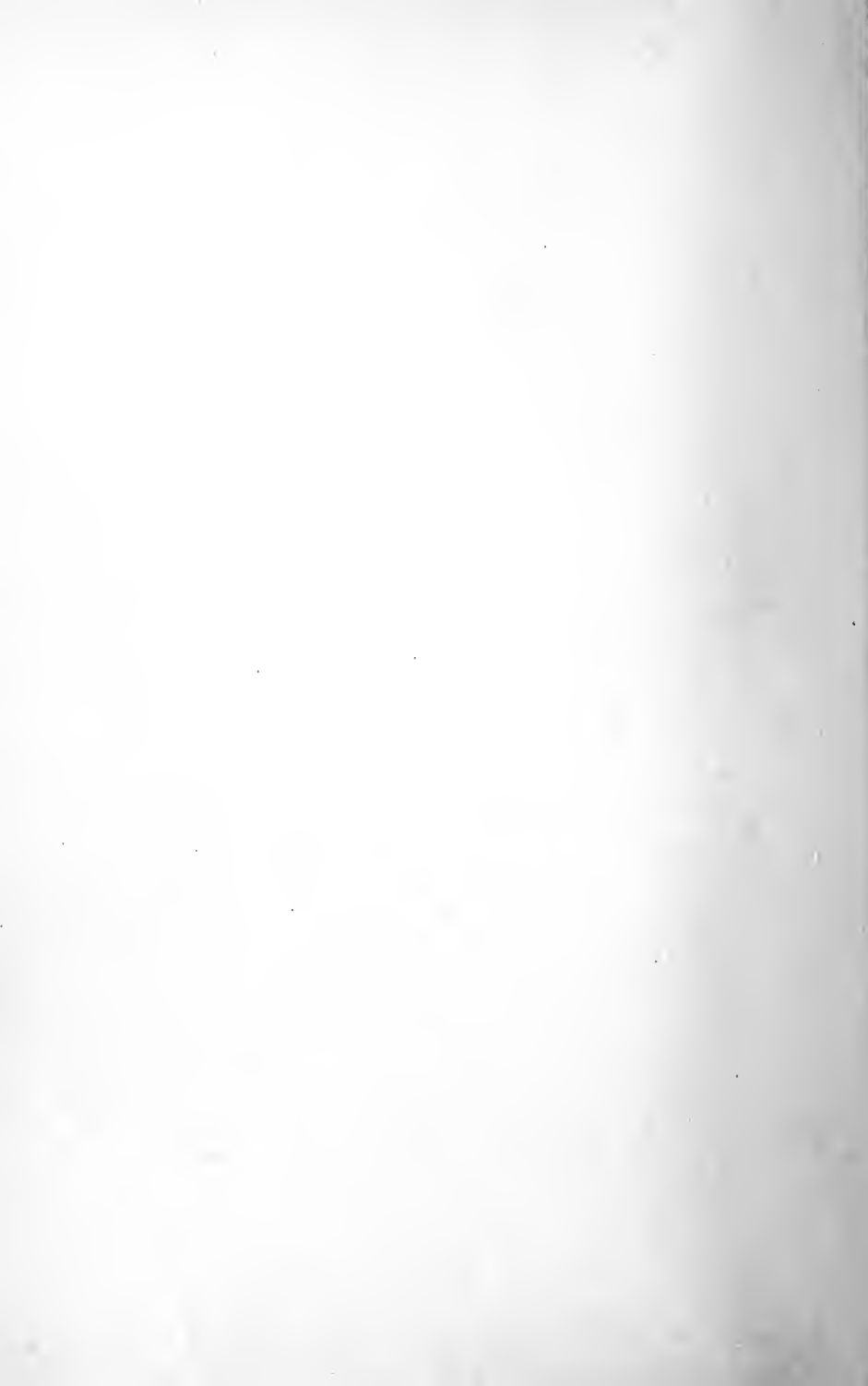
Life is a spiritual drama. It is the adventure of the spirit into changing conditions with constantly enlarging horizons, under whose luminous skies voice and vision beckon us on, even to that glory which shall yet be revealed. For the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are Eternal!

L. W.

THE BRUNSWICK
BOSTON, *June*, 1918

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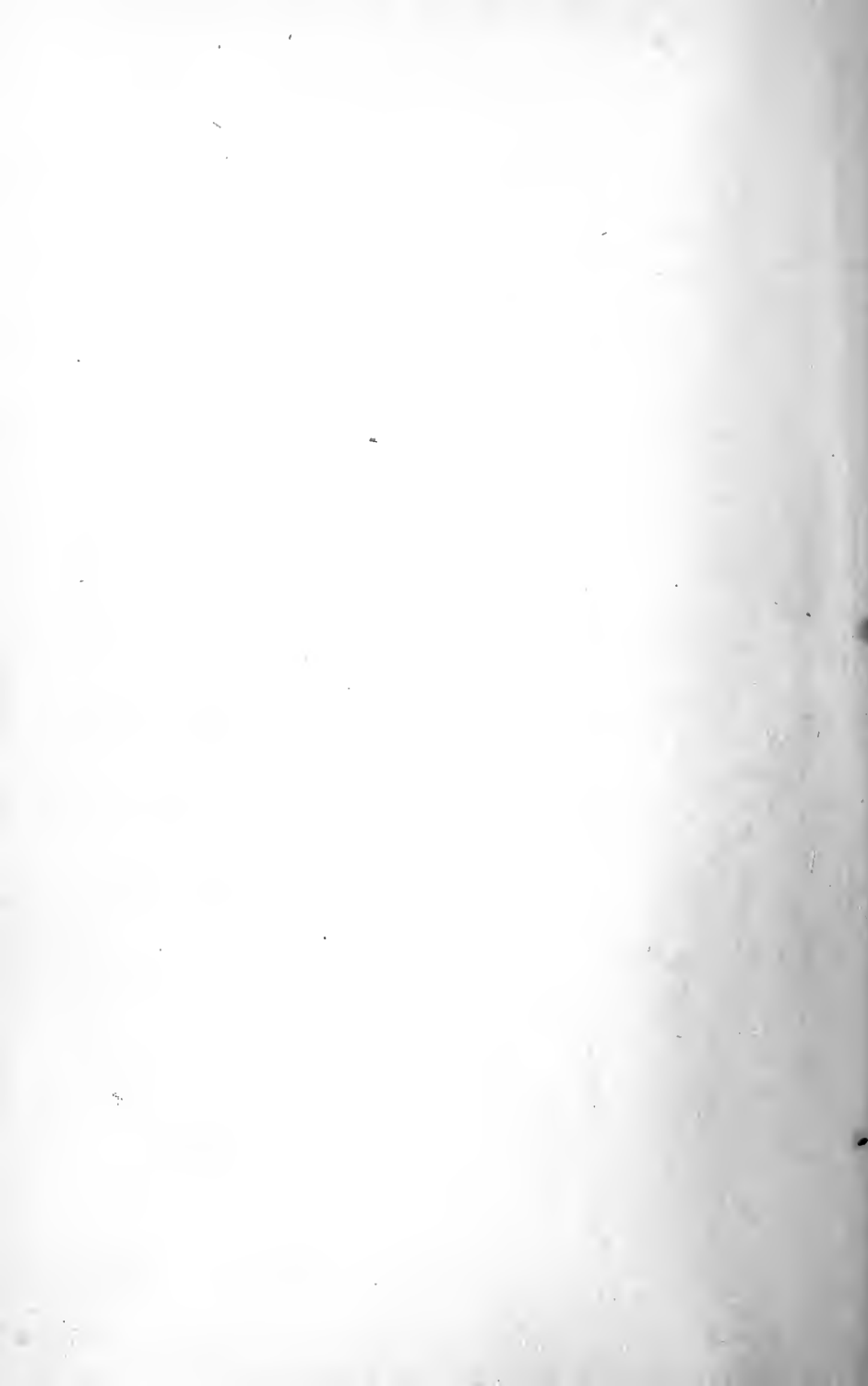
“Strong and content I travel the open road.

*“You road I enter and look around! I believe you are
not all that is here;
I believe much unseen is also here.*

*“The earth expanding right and left hand,
The picture alive, every part in the best light,
All seems beautiful to me;
I can repeat over to men and women, You have done
much good to me.*

*I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air,
and all great poems also;
The efflux of the soul is happiness—here is happiness;*

*“Allons! after the Great Companions! and to belong to
them!
They, too, are on the road! they are the swift and
majestic men; they are the greatest women!”*



THE GOLDEN ROAD

I

VOICE AND VISION

*“But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The World and the Ages;
‘Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless.’”*

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

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

For one library reader who habitually ensconced

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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In Matthew Arnold's monograph on Emerson he speaks of the voices that were in the air in his undergraduate days in Oxford and that still haunt his memory. "Happy the man who in the susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him forever." These influences to which early youth is as impressionable as is clay in the hands of the sculptor serve as the formative material out of which all subsequent life selects and combines in ever changing forms. For it is the vision no eye hath seen; it is the voice no ear hath heard, that become the determining and the controlling factors of life.

The fascinating old French city of St. Louis was less cosmopolitan in those years than now; its aristocratic quarters still numbered French families of distinction who lived by the *ancien régime*, the ladies of whom would never dream of taking the air in a less exclusive manner than behind the closed windows of their own carriages. These *grandes dames* of rose-water and rose-leaves, securely hedged about from any contact with an up-to-date (and, to them, degenerate) world, included women of the finest, even if narrow culture; they were refined, accomplished, polished to their finger tips; they were of a generation just vanishing. There were French Catholic churches, with the same beautiful rites that have always been in evidence in the old Faubourg Saint-Germain of Paris, and their social and religious atmosphere was distinctively French.

But other voices also called in St. Louis, more than in any other city of the great Middle West,

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



JOHN HEMMING FRY

From a photograph

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cambridge, Nov. 25, 1878.

Dear Miss Whiting:

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

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

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

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

Yours very truly

Henry W. Longfellow

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

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

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could pay money who happened to possess a bank account; that was a mere detail; but intelligent appreciation was quite another matter, and its price was above rubies. As for this Arcady in which this group of Idealists lived, —

“No gold could buy you entrance there,
But beggared love could go all bare.”

They were the folk “born and nourished in miracles,” who were only surprised when the miracles did not happen. That they should happen was, to the group, the natural expectation and normal fulfillment of things. They held the cheerful (if not remunerative) faith of the spirit’s right of way. The poorest individual was enthroned in this outpouring of mingled erudition of the severest order, and the sweet, simple friendliness of the diviner order. To Doctor Harris and his contributors it was the truth of philosophy, the reality of human helpfulness, that stood for the traffic of life. The *clientèle* extended itself far afield, and beside Miss Peabody in Boston there came into the charmèd circle of the writers the poet, John Albee; that versatile and unclassifiable author and journalist, Frank Benjamin Sanborn, with one or two other New Englanders in temperamental accord. Quite co-equal with Hegel, as a tutelary deity, was Emerson, who shone resplendently on the literary horizon. Then there was “the acorn-eating Alcott,” as Carlyle termed him, who more than once migrated to St. Louis with his Pythagorean stores of wisdom.

Of all this unique group, William Torrey Harris became the most widely recognized figure. Mr.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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if the tragic poets of Greece were seen through somewhat of the same enchanted air, as one sees Persian poetry through the glamour with which Emerson invested it, — there were other authors much read by one wayfarer who browsed about in libraries and literature, because of their direct appeal to herself and not, primarily, because of Doctor Harris.

Born and bred in a home whose chief furnishings and resources were books and periodicals, the habit of reading thus became instinctive and unconscious; and with what avidity did she in early youth thus fall upon the modern English classics. In Wordsworth, Coleridge, Walter Savage Landor, Macaulay, Carlyle, Newman; Grote, whose history of Greece yet remains unsurpassed; Guizot; Buckle, in his most vital and suggestive "History of Civilization"; and Gibbon, who, strangely, conceived his sublime dream when standing on the steps of the Capitoline, where, on the very spot, a hundred years later, Mill first thought of his work which later appeared under the title, "On Liberty." Then there were Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, John Morley, Rossetti, George Eliot, Walter Pater; Swinburne, with his ineffable music; Victor Hugo and George Sand. Note-books and pencil became the tools of everyday life. What wonderful passages were found in the poets to repeat to one's self, walking the streets while facing a golden sunset. Always there are Dante and Browning; then, too, one dipped into the Italian pages of Villari; and also into Balzac, Michelet, De Musset, Lamartine, Mme. de Sévigné, Pascal, Sainte-Beuve, Guizot, Montaigne, Baudelaire, and Paul Bourget.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

II

LITERARY LIFE IN BOSTON

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

EMERSON

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

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

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

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year between London and Boston, with her wide circle of literary friendships abroad was a vital link of closer contact between the *litterati* of both cities. William Dean Howells edited the *Atlantic Monthly*. He was succeeded in his editorship by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, when Mr. Howells left the Puritan capital for New York, which a veracious historian may still regard as the only unkind act in his lovely life. Emerson and Longfellow had passed; Lowell was representing his country at the Court of St. James. The fame of Edwin Percy Whipple, as one of the most enthralling of lyceum lecturers, was still in the air, and the home of the Whipples in Pinckney Street was a sort of literary Mecca.

As one of the early editors of the *North American Review*, the only critical review of the country at that time, Mr. Whipple had been in close touch with Hawthorne, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, all of whom discussed their work, more or less, with him, and sought that understanding sympathy and comprehension which he was so well fitted to give and which is singularly sustaining to the spirits of the writer. The Whipple home thus became somewhat of a repository of notable manuscripts, — autograph copies of poems and masses of personal letters from the authors whose works we now hold as American classics. For one book¹ of my own Mrs. Whipple's generous kindness permitted me the use of the autograph copies of "The Chambered Nautilus," in the characteristic writing of Doctor Holmes, and of Mr. Longfellow's poem, "The Rainy Day," in his

¹ "Boston Days." Boston, Little Brown & Company, 1902-12.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“There was the Door to which I found no key!”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Curiously the first local assignment given me by the

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

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

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

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

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

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to the Library, with the addition, from time to time, of stray literary matters of my own for I have laid up my treasures, not, alas! I fear, in heaven, but in my earthly paradise, the Public Library of Boston.

The School of Philosophy at Concord was a notable and brilliant assemblage, and as the *Traveler* must needs send a reporter to record its learned disquisitions, the newest and least important member of the staff begged the privilege of taking up her residence in that famous village for the six weeks' summer session of the school. An indulgent chief granted the request, one contributing element doubtless being that to most of the workers on the paper the very name of Concordian philosophy was anathema. The press in general were more apt to regard these lectures as matter for irreverent witticism than to take Mr. Alcott's academy at all seriously. But to the newcomer Concord was the chosen haunt of the Muses and the Graces; the privilege of listening again to Doctor William T. Harris was one to prize, and the discourse of Pythagoras to the Athenians could not have seemed to them more convincingly great than seemed to her those of Mr. Alcott, Doctor Harris, President McCosh of Princeton, Mrs. Howe, Denton J. Snider, Thomas Davidson, Doctor Elisha Mulford, and Mr. Sanborn. The philosophers formed an enthralling group.

The Boston *literati* were by no means synonymous with the devotees of the School of Philosophy. Mrs. Howe was about the only one of the immortals who was much in evidence there. The themes discussed ranged over Mysticism, Platonic Philosophy, the Personality of God; and Mr. Alcott's rambling discourses included

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

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

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

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

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

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“Power, reft of aspiration;
Passion, lacking inspiration;
Leisure, not of contemplation, —
“Thus shall danger overcome thee;
Fretted luxury consume thee;
All divineness vanish from thee.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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kind of matter that I, myself, loved to read. I told them of Doctor Holmes, of Edward Everett Hale, of Mary A. Livermore, of Lucy Stone, and Julia Ward Howe. I told them of the great publishing houses and the books that were coming out. I endeavored to picture the scenic effects, as well as the great spiritual impress, of the preaching of Phillips Brooks in Trinity. I gave them fragments of these wonderful sermons that I would write down while listening to the inspired speaker. I told them of Mrs. Howe's home, and the home life of some of the other immortals of which I was privileged to enjoy reverent glimpses. And it was not long before Mr. Nixon offered me the signal remuneration of five dollars a letter, which in time increased to four times that sum. Then I captured the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* (for which I had written gratuitously, somewhat, in my student days), and they paid me even thirty dollars a month. But money? It was a mere negligible factor. It did not occur to me that I had embarked on the stern project of earning a living. (I cannot say as much for my mental state in the present year of 1918.) But in that idyllic time I was simply doing the thing that I loved to do, and if it brought in payment, well and good, and if it did not, I wanted to do it all the same. But of this trend of effort I shall venture to speak later on.

Doctor Holmes remains, perhaps, the most unique as well as the most brilliant figure in Boston literary life. He united wit and profundity, speculative questioning and an anchorage of faith, imaginative vision with a microscopic power of observation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

296, Beacon Street,
Nov. 27, 1891.

My Dear Miss Whiting:

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

Faithfully and Gratefully

Oliver Wendell Holmes

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



MARY ASHTON (RICE) LIVERMORE

From a photograph

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Whipples when he visited Boston; and among others there might be James Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Howe, Mr. Alcott, and his daughter Louisa, who was a great favorite with the Whipples; Mrs. Moulton, Mrs. Spofford, Anne Whitney, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Colonel Higginson, Charles Eliot Norton, Mrs. Diaz, Mrs. Livermore, and occasionally Mr. Whittier.

Such people as these did not require hired performers to entertain them. The conversation, sometimes general, sometimes that of groups drawn together by some affinity of nature or temperament, was of the nature of joyous social intercourse between people who had something to say or to discuss with each other. One was always liable to hear the brilliant, the significant, the inspirationally suggestive; there was charm, wit, repartee; there was sometimes music, and in the late evening appeared a maid with ice creams, cake, coffee, some simple refreshments, of which the great people partook with quite the zest of ordinary mortals. Mrs. Whipple was a wonderful hostess. She made of entertaining a fine art. She had an extraordinary penetration, insight, sympathy; fairly a divination, indeed, of human nature, which made her practically unerring in social life. She was not of the order of hostesses who merely "warmed, fed, and lighted" their guests. She went, by some divine alchemy of her own, straight as light to the imprisoned splendor, bringing it into response and manifestation. To one unimportant guest, it was a liberal education to be permitted the delight of these evenings. It fell among my own undeserved privileges to see much of the familiar household life of the Whipples; if it seemed

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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almost as if he had some undefined prescience that only a brief time remained to him on earth. If he were asked to speak in a country schoolhouse, he met the request if it were possible for him to do so. The fact that the people wished to hear him was enough. At one time an aged minister of some denomination other than Episcopal wrote to Bishop Brooks from the Middle West, explaining that his congregation was giving him a trip to Europe on account of ill health, and asking if, when he passed through Boston, he might hope to meet the Bishop? The reply was an invitation to be the bishop's guest while in Boston; and finding that he was feeble and old, Phillips Brooks went with him to New York and saw him off on his steamer. Numberless instances of which this is typical might be told of this man who, indeed, was truly one who came on earth not to be ministered unto, but to minister. The distinctive quality that best defines the life of Phillips Brooks was his power of relating the divinest conceptions of social relationships to the ordinary occurrences of daily life.

"Not he that repeateth the Name
But he that doeth the Will."

In the ministry that followed that of Phillips Brooks, the rectorship of Reverend E. Winchester Donald, D.D., Trinity was most fortunate. Essentially was he the King's Cup-bearer. Doctor Donald was not less a remarkable personality, in another way, than his distinguished predecessor. The beauty of his voice, the notable quality of his sermons, and more than all beside, his tender and faithful friendship, his unfalter-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“The Fairest enchants me;
The Mighty commands me.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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In any retrospective glance one may easily be led to wonder as to whether Maeterlinck is not quite right in considering the speculative contemplation of past, present, and future as really constituting "one immense present." Life is such a series of sequences that it is difficult, if not impossible, to view any single chapter of experience, or any event of import in one's life, as being isolated in itself. All these events are seen later to be part and parcel of the persistence of evolutionary progress. All that go to make up the complex thing we call life, — friendships, influences, experiences in every way, — become factors and reappear as fragments that complete each other in the mosaic of living. They come and go under various forms of expression and varying conditions; they transmute themselves into character and qualities.

III

FIN DE SIÈCLE

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

*“In the years that shall be ye shall harness the Powers
of the Ether*

And drive them with reins as a steed.

*Ye shall ride as a Power of the air, as a Force that is
bridled,*

On a saddled Element leap.

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

STEPHEN PHILLIPS in “Midnight, 1900.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Thy Sister

Frances.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Church of the Disciples, was another of these delightful writers of frequent notes. In one of these he said:

. . . What a vernal equinox it is! And did you revel in the opera last night? . . . Did you ever try to make yourself believe that spiritual receptivity might dispense with rest, so that even in our life here there would be "no night?" I doubt whether we could hold such "abundant life" as to dispense with periods of repair. . . . But I didn't "go for" to write you so soon again except to make an acknowledgment for that dear little book, William Watson's poems, some of which I at once recognized as poems I had copied months ago, and it pleased me to see that nearly every one of these had been marked by your hand. The gladness of getting possession of your marked copy! Do you know how good a thing it would be for you (and for us!) if you would take a birdlike flight across the Common and alight at 12, Chestnut Street, some day, when you are not expecting to come, nor expected, giving yourself and us a surprise? And even if we all chanced to be out, it would make no great difference; you could walk into the study where you would be at home in just five seconds. If I could know in advance just when you could surprise us, I wouldn't miss it for a shilling! Just now it would not interrupt anything serious, for idleness is my leading industry. . . .

Again Doctor Ames writes:

. . . Of course you'll go off to London and illuminate its fogs, and we shall be bereaved. As to your writing of me as a representative Boston preacher before you had written of Edward Everett Hale, who has been much longer in the field and shone ten times as brightly, it would simply be your ruin! I cannot be sorry for your kindly thoughts of me, but it is not easy to see upon what meat it feeds. Do come and

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

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

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

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

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

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

From the days of Harriet Hosmer to Emma Ben-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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quisite Introduction, biographical and critical, to the complete edition of Mrs. Moulton's poems (1908) published soon after her death. The death of Mrs. Moulton occurred in the August of 1908. At that time I was in Paris, and a cablegram from her daughter, saying that she had left a request that I should be her biographer, brought me back to Boston. Mrs. Spofford replied to some inquiry of mine regarding Mrs. Moulton's last days:

. . . . Never was illness borne with such patience and sweetness. She read her letters, and I read much poetry aloud to her, especially Tennyson. The day before she passed she recited the poem of her own, beginning,

“Roses that briefly live:”

and her voice had all its wonderful range and beauty. . . . Her daughter requested that flowers should not be sent; but they came in such quantities, the house was lined with them. . . . The more I think of her the greater she seems to me. Her poems, her nature, her life, — there must be abundant material to make a very interesting book. How we shall miss her, her cheer, her sympathy, her goodness! . . . How lovely of you to treat my verses so. It warms my heart. I hope we shall see more of each other when you return. . . . I read last night a lovely poem of yours, “A Magic Moment,” in the *Bazar*. How do you find time for so much? I have a fancy that only systematic people achieve a good deal, and you never struck me as systematic. Alas! I am not. . . . Do you ever cross the river (referring to the Seine) at sunset, looking to the Eiffel Tower against the background of splendor, and on the other side to the twin towers of Notre Dame? . . .

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Thought is the wages
For which I sell days.”

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Mrs. Botta was one of the rare personalities whose high order of talent, expressing itself in poetry, prose literature, and the plastic art, was yet so rivaled by a marvelous capacity for friendships with the most diverse groups of people, as to make one half forget her genius or her achievements in the signal charm of her presence. Her house was a wayside of hospitalities, and the ornaments of her home were, indeed, the friends who frequented it. Mrs. Botta was among the first to recognize the spiritual beauty and the classic art of the poems of Edith Thomas. She had been the friend of all the wonderful group from Emerson and Margaret Fuller to Helen Hunt and Edith Thomas and Louise Imogen Guiney.

One evening at Mrs. Botta's house gleams in my own memory, when Mr. and Mrs. William Wetmore Story, of Rome, were the guests of honor, and Mr. Story read from his then unpublished manuscript, "He and She; A Poet's Portfolio." That evening must have revealed to the poet the high place he held in his own country, for all literary New York, as it was in that day, was present; and Kate Field, a fairy figure in a blue gown with roses in her corsage, assisted the hostess in receiving the distinguished guests. The genial and gracious air of Mr. Story on that night is quite unforgettable. He seemed to be all that a poet and a great sculptor could be, — dowered, indeed, so richly and variously, that his life on earth afforded no adequate time for his complete unfoldment. The Storys were in their native country on a brief visit, and to hear of their life in Rome, where they were domiciled in the old and famous Palazzo Barberini,

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

IV

SAILING ENCHANTED SEAS

“*The sea I sail has never yet been passed.*”

DANTE

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

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

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

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

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

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“Stop!” exclaimed Mrs. Moulton, lifting a dainty hand; “there is your title; ‘*From Dreamland Sent.*’” So the little *chansons* received their christening, and with these slender hostages given to the world, the gleam of the golden road beckoned to Italy.

Never could there be a more complete misnomer than to think of the “golden” road as associated in the least with its literal significance. Its gold was of the fairy order; the gold of priceless friendships and associations; of pleasant leadings, flowers and fragrances, of stars and sunsets.

“The Gleam, flying onward,” beckoned to the unknown, and after a brief glimpse of London, the crossing to Paris was made in a sudden storm that transformed the Channel into a sea of mountainous cataracts. The spring salons had opened, and the charm of French art held me under its resistless spell.

On that initial visit, as on every subsequent one for eighteen consecutive years after, Paris stood to me as a universe in herself, and one that was all-satisfying. One could conceive of passing absolutely blissful eternities within the limit of her environs without thought of going further. There was Art, there was Beauty, there was Literature, there was Science. There were every phase, privilege, opportunity, that the mind of man could imagine. The only pain that Paris can ever offer is when one must leave her. And the interludes between one’s sojourns in the City of Sainte Geneviève are sustained by the hope and the confident expectation of being again permitted the rapture of a stay in Paris. For myself, my world began and ended, so it then seemed, with this marvel-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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not a destroyer, but a great creator these lines assert him to be. "His creations are the foundations upon which Hungary is built to-day" is added. When the "Eighty Club" of London made their pilgrimage to the tomb of the Hungarian hero, they decorated it with an immense wreath, tied with gold and blue ribbons, with the legend, "To the Glorious Memory of Louis Kossuth."

The Exposition grounds were oriental in design and color; vistas of statues, towers, banners, whose brilliant hues floated to the winds; fountains, with their mermaids, naiads, and sea gods, throwing up jets of water seen through rose and green and violet lights; avenues of palaces; minarets and domes piercing the air; weird strains of Hungarian music; festoons of colored lanterns by night, and fantastic electrical effects, — all these blended in fascination indescribable. The royal opera house in which the Literary Congress met was superb; and the statuesque line of soldiers, who stood at attention all the way on the grand *escalier*, presented such immovability that it was a question as to whether they were animate or inanimate forms. At this congress papers were read in many languages, and discussed in as many more, and it closed with a grand banquet so sumptuous in every detail, and with such splendor of decorations, such brilliancy of oratory, such cordial and genial feeling, that all bounds of race and country vanished in a sense of literary brotherhood and community of ideas and of aims.

The pavilions of all these southern Danube countries had infinite points of interest, and I especially recall

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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the delightful informality of Italy, I was enjoying the matutinal coffee and rolls from a tray, easily resting on a little table on the balcony, and looking out on the wonderful pageant. Why should one bestow himself in the *salle-à-manger* when all Venice could be before his eyes for the asking? A June morning, and one's first sight of Italy, and that initial sight in Venice! Could life on this terrestrial plane ever again offer any happiness comparable with this moment?

There is a further dreamlike recollection of a little white room whose only defect was that it had to be shared with the Venetian mosquito, who had profited little by the privileges of his environment, and was as venomous as if he had been a mere native of New Jersey. Wraithlike, too, across this vista of twenty-two years, rises my first wandering from a door in the rear of the hotel, into the *calle*, by which two minutes' walk led one into the Piazza di San Marco, where Petrarca sat in the seat of honor at the right of the Doge, against the background of the bronze horses, to witness the brilliant festival that celebrated a Venetian victory over the Greeks.

The Piazza is the concentration of Venice; the incomparable splendor of San Marco, — “an illuminated missal in mosaic”; the lofty tower, the arcades, the mosaics on the façade of the cathedral! One had only to enter the portals; pass the thirteenth-century mosaics of the vestibule, on into the atrium and under the Oriental splendor of those domes, to stand before the *Pala d'Oro*, that altar of gold encrusted with silver and aglow with thousands of precious jewels, wrought in Constantinople in 1105. One wanders to the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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a very wonderful social facility. To her *casa* she had annexed a portion of the ancient Palazzo Giustiniani-Recanti, for space in which to bestow the many guests whom she delighted to entertain. Easily first of these was Robert Browning and his sister Sarianna, who were annually domiciled with her over a long period. "To whom but you, dear Friend," wrote the poet to her in his "Asolando," inscribed to Mrs. Bronson, "should I dedicate verses, some of them written, all of them supervised in the comfort of your presence, and with yet another experience of the gracious hospitality now bestowed on me since this many a year."

The Giustiniani had an outlook on a court and garden of great beauty, through old Gothic windows where the Doge Marcantonio Giustiniani may often have gazed. He loved his Venice though he ruled her with an iron hand; and it is said that his death, in 1694, was marked by elaborate mourning ceremonies.

Mrs. Bronson's request to the old Italian keeper of the Browning palace was the magic sesame; and I was privileged to linger at will in those spacious and magnificent salons filled with the souvenirs of the wedded poets. Barrett Browning had purchased the Palazzo Rezzonico in 1888, bringing to it his bride of a year (Fannie Coddington of New York), and here, in December of 1889, the Poet passed away. So majestic and beautiful was his appearance in death that Mrs. Barrett Browning had a photograph taken of him which has never been reproduced until now, in this present volume. Barrett Browning kept this palace until 1905, when he sold it, and purchased Casa Guidi in Florence. To his daughter-in-law the Poet

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

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

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

In the stately salon looking out on the Grand Canal



ROBERT BROWNING

From a photograph taken after his death, December 12, 1889, in Palazzo Renssonico, Venice, and presented to the author by Mrs. Robert Barrett Browning

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there was a recessed alcove which had been the private chapel of the Rezzonico, and which Barrett Browning had converted into a shrine for his mother. He had draped the windows in palest green plush, placing on either side tall gold vases encrusted with green; and on the ivory-hued wall he had caused to be inscribed, in golden lettering, the same inscription that Tommaseo wrote for the tablet affixed to Casa Guidi in Florence.

The library abounded in autograph presentation copies from brother authors, and also in translations of nearly all the works of both the Brownings. A vast salon with a floor of black marble had been the scene of the funeral of the poet. Each visitor to the Rezzonico was requested to write in the record book, and my own inscription was these two lines of Mrs. Browning's own:—

“Albeit softly in our ears her silver song was ringing,
The footfall of her parting soul was softer than her singing.”

V

ITALIAN LIFE AND EXPERIENCES

“A glimmer of dim marbles, rich and rare;

*A smile that runs from heaven down to me,
A music and a silence . . . Italy!”*

GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

FROM Venice to Florence on this initial *bel giro* in Italy! It was a moonlight evening, and between Bologna and Florence the route lay amid purple mountain peaks swimming in a sea of silver mist. The haunting pictures of those Venetian days, the thrilling anticipations of the Florentine days on which I was about to enter, were equally mingled. Venice seemed a dream, and I could not but wonder whether, could I have returned that night, I should still have found those domes and towers gleaming in the ineffable light? Still the mountain peaks loomed toward the violet sky, floating in seas of silver. The moon came down and fluttered in the trees. The stars shone with a brilliancy indescribable, and now and then a meteor darted through the air. Florence, lying fair in the Val d'Arno, announced itself by the colossal Duomo that towered over the city. The strange, tall tower of the Palazzo Vecchio and the colossal Duomo that dominates Florence were faintly described in shadowy

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outline under the brilliant Italian skies. It was all bewilderingly familiar, so vividly has Florence been pictured and described, and still incredibly unreal.

The house built by Thomas Adolphus Trollope, in the Piazza Indipendenza, had become a private hotel, admirably kept by Mrs. McNamee of New York; it was fairly enshrined in literary associations of the days when the Trollopes made their home one of such famous hospitalities; when on the terrace overlooking the garden with its ruined statue gathered the Brownings, Landor, Isa Blagden, Dall'Ongaro, and Pasquale Villari, then a youth from Sicily to whom Robert Browning took an especial fancy; when Charlotte Cushman, Harriet Hosmer, and Robert Lytton (later Lord Lytton, the "Owen Meredith" of poetic fame) were sojourning in Florence and joined in the resident group; when George Eliot and Mr. Lewes were for some weeks the guests of the Trollopes during the time that the author was making her studies for "Romola"; all these, and other delightful reminiscences related in journals and magazines by Bayard Taylor, Kate Field, and other writers, had so invested the Villa Trollope with interest for me that I joyfully embraced the opportunity of being domiciled under its roof. The long French windows in my room opened out on the very marble terrace where the famous folk had long ago assembled to talk of Italian liberty and Italian poetry, and to eat ices and strawberries on summer evenings. The full moon turned the fountain to sprays of silver, and the "ruined statue" gleamed from the dark greenery of orange trees at the end of the walk. To draw a chair out on this

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terrace in the witching hours and gaze on this scene was to fancy it fairly peopled again with those figures of the past. All the interior of Villa Trollope verified the descriptions I had read, — the broad marble staircase, the balconied room of George Eliot, overlooking the piazza, where in the evenings she had written out her notes for “Romola”; the faint strains of music from the streets that echoed then, as now, on the midnight air.

To know Florence through pictures and descriptions, and then, by some miracle, to be free to wander through her streets; to find the statue of Ferdinando de’ Medici in the Piazza dell’ Annunziata, — that magnificent equestrian group by Giovanni di Bologna, which inspired Browning’s poem, “The Statue and the Bust,” and picture the moment when,

“He looked at her as a lover can;
She looked at him as one who awakes;
The past was a dream and her life began;”

to find the marketplace of San Lorenzo, where Browning chanced upon “the old yellow book” which suggested his plot for the greatest of his poems, “The Ring and the Book”; to lay lilies on the tomb of Mrs. Browning, and stand by the graves of Landor, Arthur Hugh Clough, Theodore Parker and Isa Blagden; to loiter at will in the splendid galleries of the Pitti and the Uffizi; to pass long golden afternoons in the Accademia, and in San Marco, even to linger in the cell of Savonarola, which still holds his desk; to wander and dream in the vast Palazzo Vecchio; to stand in the little chapel where Savonarola made

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his last communion, on the morning of his execution; to note the very spot, now marked by a tablet, where the fagots were lighted on that fatal morning of May 28, 1498; to find the house of Dante; the tower of Galileo, — all these were interests of an initial visit, with the absorbing study of pictures and sculpture and monumental memorials! Only those who have shared these raptures can enter into the ineffable joy of mornings in Florence. Every annual visit from this first glimpse of the Flower City in the summer of 1896 up to the latest one of 1914 only deepened its charm, and in these recollections and reminiscences of Florentine experiences that rise in my memory like the Aurora in northern skies, no separate consideration is given to any particular visits. They all seem to blend.

Socially, Florence is one of the most cultivated cities of Europe, — a society of scholars, artists, and writers, mingled with beauty, fashion, and interesting personalities. One of the most interesting is Professor Villari, "*del maestro*," the biographer of Savonarola and of Machiavelli, the author of several works on Italian history and of political and critical essays. He holds a chair in the University of Florence, and is also a senator of Italy. In the winter of 1910, Professor Villari received from the Crown the honor of the *Gran Collare dell' Annunziata*, which makes him by courtesy "cousin to the king," and entitles him to be addressed as *Excellenza*. This decoration assures its possessor of an invitation to all royal fêtes (indeed, it carries an obligation to be present at these), and it is so rarely bestowed that Professor Villari is only the ninth, in the entire history of Italy, to have re-

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ceived this highest honor of the Crown. In the early sixties, Doctor Villari had married Miss Linda White, a young English lady, who was visiting Florence and who was a special friend of Kate Field's; and to both these young girls the Brownings gave a warm friendship. Madame Villari acquired the Italian language almost as familiarly as her native English, and thus she has been enabled to become the perfect translator of her husband's works. She has also made some excursions into literature on her own account, and she aided Professor Villari materially in the deep researches required for the writing of those notable biographies. His life of Savonarola ranks with the best biographical work in all literature. In recognition of this and of his Machiavelli, he has received honorary degrees from several of the universities of Europe, including the crowning honor of the D. C. L. from Oxford. Doctor Villari is held as the greatest living authority upon Italian history and progress.

The home of the Villaris is one of the centers of scholarship and culture. His library is notable for its large collection of rare mediaeval works; and the numerous salons are enriched with old bronzes, carvings, and various souvenirs of Florentine history.

Another of the delightful personalities met in Florence was the Marchesa Peruzzi de' Medici (whose death occurred in 1917), the only daughter of William Wetmore Story. Apparently all the fairies came to the christening of his daughter Edith; no princess royal could look back on such a childhood as was hers, with Mrs. Browning to tell her children's stories, and Thack-



PASQUALE VILLARI, LL.D., D.C.L.

From a photograph

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eray actually to write for her "The Rose and the Ring," to amuse the little maid of six years during some childish illness, when the great novelist sat by "Eddie's" bedside and read to her the chapters as they were written. In later life she exhibited with pardonable pride a sumptuous volume, bound in rich Venetian red, with roses and rings in gold decorating the cover, and her own name also in golden letters, while the fly-leaf showed Thackeray's autographic inscription to his little friend. This was not the only book from an illustrious author that had been especially bound for Edith Story. Robert Browning had caused a set of his own works, complete, and also a set of Mrs. Browning's, to be individually bound in vellum and gold for her, with his autographic inscription; Henry James sent her autographed copies of his own books as they appeared from the press; and her library, indeed, was largely made up of such treasures from a great number of the famous authors of the nineteenth century. The Marchesa was practically an Italian woman, born in Rome, and speaking Italian as her native language, although her English, too, was perfect, and her French would have graced a Parisienne. She was so highly accomplished, and beyond all her lovely gifts and culture was that nameless natural charm which is the supreme gift of life.

It was in 1876 that Edith Story became the wife of the Commendatore Simone Peruzzi de' Medici, a distinguished Florentine, who at that time was a gentleman-in-waiting at the court of King Umberto. In the Via Maggio in Florence (not far from Casa Guidi where the Brownings lived) is the old Palazzo Peruzzi,

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one of the beautiful old palaces of Florence. The Peruzzi is one of the famous families of Italy who, for generations, were intermarried with the Medici, and one room in the palace was entirely hung with portraits of the dead and gone Medici, some of them dating back to the thirteenth century.

The Peruzzi always used the Medici crest — a shield containing a number of red balls on a gold ground. One branch of the house had three lilies on a blue ground. The Peruzzi were followers of the Guelph party, and Ubaldino fought in the war for the independence of Italy. He died leaving no children, and his wife Emilia lived in one of the Medici villas at l'Antella. In recent years (about 1905) this villa was bought by Robert Barrett Browning, and up to the time of his death, in July of 1912, Mr. Browning was occupied in restoring this structure. There was a tower which he had divided into seven stories of one room each, access to which was gained by a marble staircase on the outside. Each of these rooms Mr. Browning was furnishing in the fashion of a certain distinct period. One April day, in the spring of 1910, Mr. Browning sent his motor car into Florence to bring the Marchesa Peruzzi and myself out to his villa. That afternoon we spent in the gardens, walking between rows of tall white lilies, and I, between the two old friends, listened with delight to their conversation.

Among several letters from the Marchesa, one under date of March 13, 1916, is of rather special interest, because of what she says of a new tribute offered to Mrs. Browning. She thus writes:

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. . . You cannot imagine the pleasure I have had in reading your charming book.¹ It has taken me from the hard, cruel realities of the days we are living in, with all their heroic deeds and the sorrow we must have at heart, into that other atmosphere of those you bring before us so vividly.

Thank you most warmly for what you have given me. I know you will feel interested in the beautiful tribute offered to the memory of our dear Mrs. Browning so I send you the account of the ceremony of the unveiling of the little marble tablet at the side of Casa Guidi, under *her* balcony, that took place yesterday. The Syndic made a most charming and touching speech, a tribute to that golden heart which palpitated with love for our Italy, at a moment when all seemed only a dream, that has now, so fully, been realised. I was glad to be a little link with that Past whose friendship held such a strong grip on my life. Write more, dear Miss Whiting, and believe me, with the truest appreciation,

Yours Cordially,

Edith Peruzzi de' Medici.

One strong attraction to Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, — whose villa in Florence, just outside Porta Romana, among sloping hills and masses of flowers was always visited by his countrymen who came to the Tuscan capital, — one allurements to Mr. Ball in his Florentine life was that it was the residence of his friend, Francis Alexander, the artist, who is now chiefly remembered because of his daughter, Francesca, the protégée of Ruskin. Miss Alexander's translations of Tuscan songs, her "Story of Ida," and other literary work endeared her to the reading public.

¹ "The Brownings: their Life and Art." Little, Brown, and Company, Boston, 1911.

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My first meeting with her in Florence was due to the kindness of Miss Isabel MacDougall, who asked her consent to give me the privilege, and, accompanied by my friend, I went at the hour Miss Alexander had named. In her absolute simplicity of dress, with hair black as a raven's wing, and arranged after the Madonna fashion, she seemed to have just stepped from the walls of Santa Maria Novella, or some other *chiesa*, where saints most do congregate in pictorial evidence. Mrs. and Miss Alexander lived then in the Albergo Bonelli, their apartment reached only by innumerable flights of stairs, but it opened on a broad terrace which provided such possibilities for air and exercise that Miss Alexander remarked that she sometimes did not descend to *terra firma* once in three months.

Her little salon was entirely lined with pictures, large and small, — good and bad, perhaps, — that she had collected. She was reticent, yet cordial, and at times very fluent in conversation. She was the friend of the poorer people, who adored her. Like Mr. Ball, that particular order of the universe which we know as the great world made no impression at all upon her; she would have treated the poorest peasant with the utmost courtesy; she could not have done more for one of the Strozzi princesses. She lived in a world where conventional distinctions had little recognition. As a young girl “she drew exquisitely,” said Mr. Ball, “working every day in the cloisters and churches under her father's guidance.”

Mrs. Alexander lived to a great age, and she was not far from ninety when she collected the material for a

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very unique book, the "*Libro d'Oro*," transcribing her manuscript in the most exquisitely clear and microscopic hand. The work was published by the Boston house of Little, Brown, and Company sometime in the early years of the present century.

Mr. Ball, whose household was completed by his daughter and son-in-law, the Coupers, with their three sons (all true Florentines), was located near the former home and studios of Hiram Powers. Mr. Couper had been a pupil of Mr. Ball's, as well as of Daniel Chester French, and he and his father-in-law had almost a gallery of their own work in a pavilion and studios in the grounds of the villa. Mr. Ball's great equestrian statue of Washington in the Public Garden in Boston, his portrait statue of John A. Andrew, and other notable works in his native city and in other parts of the States, keep his name in vivid remembrance. He is one of the few sculptors of the early period whose work survives the changes of plastic art without adverse criticism.

In the eighties Mr. Ball passed one entire summer in Boston, during which time I frequently enjoyed his society, and in a note received from him during that sojourn, when he so missed his Florentine home and family, he wrote:

. . . I feel very deeply the really touching manner in which not only my old friends, but many new ones, have greeted me, as if determined that I shall not feel too keenly the absence of those dear faces that have been wont to greet me, morning, noon, and night.

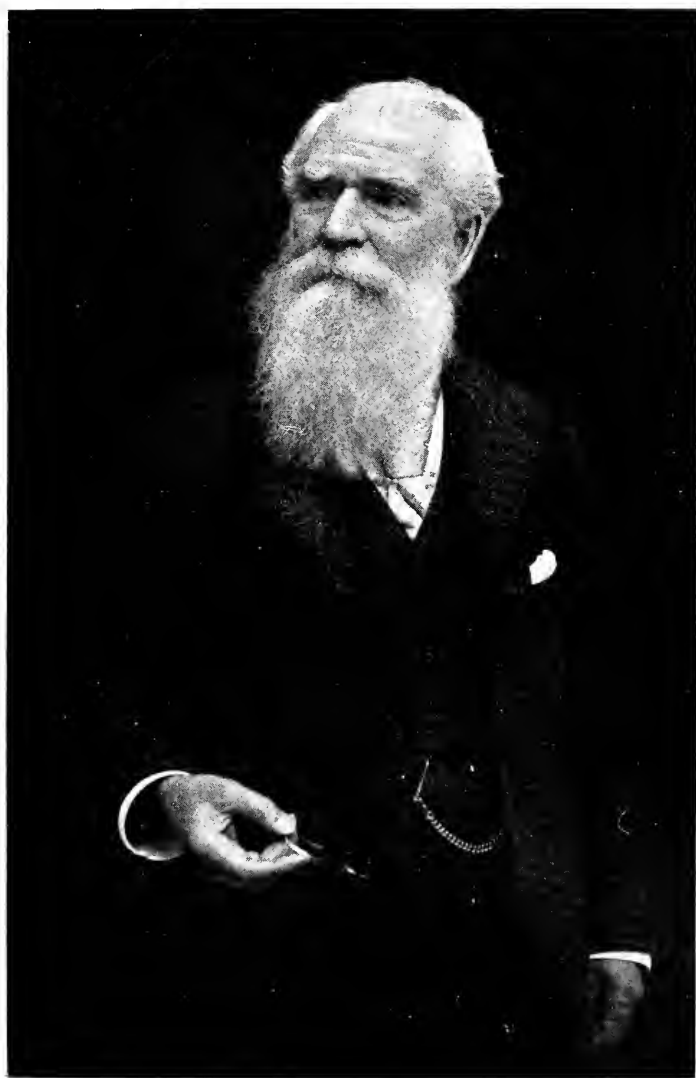
On a wonderful June evening, the eve of St. John's Day, when I was a guest at their villa, and Florence

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was illuminated in honor of the *fiesta*, Mr. Ball proposed that we should all drive around the encircling hills of Florence (a distance of some fifteen miles) and look down on the glorified scene. Two landaus were engaged, in one of which Mr. Couper and his sons bestowed themselves, while Mr. Ball with his daughter and myself were in the other. The tower of Palazzo Vecchio, the vast Duomo, Giotto's Tower, and, indeed, almost every structure in Florence was ablaze. The curious effects in illuminations in Italy are produced by what they call the patella light, a little cup of oil in which floats a wick and which is attached to the iron and stone work of the towers and balconies. These lights flicker and glow and waver with every breath of air, a very moving forest of brilliancy, offering a spectacle as unique as it is splendid. When an illumination is to be made hundreds of men are employed in hanging these little cups.

Another American sculptor in Florence was Larkin G. Mead, a brother-in-law of Mr. Howells. Mr. Mead's Italian wife, who spoke no English, lent her pretty grace to their home, where I enjoyed more than one delightful evening. One of Mr. Mead's creations, "The River-God," placed at the head of the Mississippi River, perpetuates his name in this country.

One cannot recall charming social centers in Florence without vivid remembrances of Lady Paget and the circle she drew about her in her villa on Bellosguardo. The villa was picturesque and legendary, in that it had formerly been a convent, and the refectory was still used as the dining-room. The approach was by winding terraces up a steep hill, the road shut in by



THOMAS BALL

From a photograph

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high walls, in which here and there an open gate disclosed glimpses of some mediaeval villa and grounds that might have belonged in a tale of Boccaccio. The ancient convent was full of mysterious passages and surprises; its heating facilities were so inadequate that its châtelaine and her guests not infrequently dined in fur coats, in winter; but the splendor of the view that it commanded over the towers and domes and palaces of Florence would have reconciled one to almost any minor discomfort. Across the rich green of the valley rose the heights of Fiesole, almost opposite, with the tower of the old cathedral, and with convents, villas, tall, dark, cypress trees, and clustering hamlets spread over the ranges of hills.

While her name and title were English, Lady Paget was born in Saxony. Walpurga, Countess Hohenembs, passed her childhood (in the early forties) in the castle built by the Emperor Henry. She was taught English with such success that before she was fifteen she had read the English classics. Born and bred in court circles, the youthful countess was one of four young girls of noble birth appointed to assist at the marriage of the Princess Royal (later the Empress Frederick) to Prince Frederick William. This was in 1858; and on arriving she was taken to Windsor Castle, presented to the Queen, Prince Albert, and the bride-elect, and at dinner was placed next Lord Palmerston. It was her duty to accompany the royal bride to Berlin, and for three years the Countess Hohenembs remained with the Princess Frederick. It was during this period that she first met Sir Augustus Paget, and their marriage took place from the royal household, Princess

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Frederick giving the wedding breakfast for the bride. Two weeks later they visited London, where the Queen commanded Sir Augustus and Lady Paget to dine at Windsor Castle, and the bride was placed at the right of Prince Albert. During Lady Paget's stay in the household of Frederick and Victoria, she lived on terms of personal intimacy with the Crown Princess, who, some thirty years later, became the Empress Frederick. There are few now living who knew her so intimately as did Lady Paget. She describes her as a most unusual character, with a strange tendency to melancholy, yet with great power of decision and a remarkably swift grasp of conditions. "No one could then have foreseen how circumstances and tragic events would shape her to a peculiar mold," Lady Paget has since remarked of this Princess Royal of England, whose life was destined to be one of great trial. The Empress Frederick was a great admirer of the Empress Eugénie, who has always enjoyed the friendship of the royal family of England. Lady Paget once spoke to me of one especial characteristic of the Empress Frederick that suggested a subtle prevision of future events. When she was a young girl she one day made a drawing of an imaginary scene, representing a woman bending over a dead soldier on the Crimean battle field, with a portending storm in the sky and an atmosphere of tragedy. This was but one of many similar scenes that she constantly produced, apropos to nothing at the time. Did some dim shadow of the terrible period opening in 1914 fall into those mid-nineteenth century years?

During his diplomatic career, Sir Augustus Paget

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became British Envoy to Denmark, where they lived for some time in Copenhagen; later they were at the court of Portugal, and in 1867 he was appointed Minister to Italy, Victor Emmanuel then being the king. At that time Florence was the Capital, "and there was about that exquisite city," said Lady Paget later, "a subtle but saddening charm; '*pulita quanto un giojello,*' as Benvenuto Cellini terms it."

"The art and beauty of Florence enchained me," Lady Paget would say, referring to those historic days; but in 1871, when Sir Augustus was made the Ambassador to Italy, and they took up their residence in Rome (which had become the Capital), she made her allegiance to the "Città Eterna" when first she caught sight of the dome of St. Peter's. Those were the days of Roman pageants and splendor.

Lady Paget was always *persona grata* at court; but her wide and varied culture led her also to many intimacies with artists, poets, and scientists. She greatly admired the art of Mr. Story, and she would frequently go to sit with him in his studio while he was at work, and she would recall with delight the sparkle and charm of his conversation.

The honor of membership in the *Insigne Accademia di San Lucca* was conferred on Lady Paget, the only other woman member being the Contessa Lovatelli, a daughter of the well-known Roman savant, the Duca di Sermonetti. From all this rich background of her life, and with her charming personality, it will be easily recognized that she held a very notable place in Florentine society.

Lady Paget was *grande dame* to her finger tips;

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but she was equally a mystic and a born reformer. It is almost incredible that a woman whose life was compact of the most conservative social traditions of imperial Europe should have been a vegetarian, a suffragist, a theosophist, and intensely absorbed in psychical phenomena; yet this anomaly is true. There was no phase of modern reform with which she was not in sympathy, and she opened Villa Paget for drawing-room lectures on all these themes. Lady Paget was a loyal admirer of Annie Besant, whose intellectual greatness and remarkable presentation of spiritual truth she deeply appreciated.

In the winter of 1900, Mrs. Besant came for a memorable three days to Florence, to give public lectures, and on one afternoon she addressed a distinguished company of invited guests at Lady Paget's. That January day fell like a rose in June, luminous, with sunshine that flooded the Val d'Arno. The hillside terraces were fragrant with roses and climbing wisteria. Lady Paget received in a salon of which the side toward Florence was almost wholly of glass, framing a picture of the city below that could hardly be effaced from memory. The air was laden with the breath of orange blossoms, and the profusion of pink oleanders in bloom made a feast of color. Against this rose-colored background Annie Besant stood, her white robes falling in the long, straight lines that the artist loves, looking the priestess who might have just stepped from the processions to the temple of Eleusis.

Lady Paget herself, in her appearance, always suggested a mediaeval abbess, a "most reverend Excellency," in that she was never seen without drapery

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over her head, falling gracefully at the back, and a collar that completely concealed her neck and throat, fitting closely to the outline of the cheek and the delicately pointed chin.

There was an almost continuous procession of house guests, who were among the eminent people of the day, in her villa. Her receptions were almost invariably enriched by visiting foreigners of distinction, for no city more than Florence attracts cosmopolitan travel. On one day there was Mrs. Humphrey Ward, for whom Lady Paget gave a breakfast afterward; again, at an afternoon tea, the guest of honor was Gabriele d'Annunzio, who enlivened, if not electrified, the occasion by rather wildly reciting from his own poems. There were titled guests, sometimes, the Princess (whose daughter is the present Queen of Italy) being an old and especial friend of the hostess. Now and then it was discreetly rumored through Florence (and no whispering gallery was ever more favorable for the dissemination of secrets than was Florence!) that Margherita, *Regina Madre*, was a quiet and secluded guest at Villa Paget. Quite aside from her royal investiture, the Queen-Mother was an old friend of Lady Paget's, dating from the time that she was the beautiful Princess Margherita of Savoy.

It was at one of these interesting receptions that I first met Professor Oscar Browning, of Oxford. Large of stature, in a rather bulky and undefined way, a fluent and easy conversationalist, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, Professor Browning suggested little of the traditional Oxford don in his appearance. Finding that I was staying in the Villa Trollope, he

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asked if he might call the next day and see again the interior that he remembered so well, as a guest of Mr. Trollope's more than forty years before. He came and — he talked! He had known George Eliot in a close intimacy, and Lewes, Herbert Spencer, Frederic Harrison, and all that circle. It will be remembered that it is Professor Browning who has written the only satisfactory biography of George Eliot, considering the two or three biographies as distinctive from the invaluable biographical material afforded by the arrangement of her letters and diaries by Mr. Cross. A biography should be something more than the mere narrative of dates and outer events; and Professor Browning, who knew George Eliot so well, was endowed with that temperamental response that enabled him to interpret, rather than merely to picture, her life.

Oscar Browning is not, as must be well known, a relative of the poet whose genius has made the name immortal, but the two were in the most friendly accord. The poet was twenty-five years the senior of the Oxford don; they had much in common, and while Professor Browning did not especially endeavor to trace out the arms, if any existed, of the ancestral Brownings, he records, in his "Memories," that when he first saw "Pen" Browning's gondoliers, at the steps of the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice, "with their red tunics and the bands of gold and silver on their arms," he wished that he could display anything so striking. He adds that he "is reluctantly forced to believe" that between the poet and himself there were no ties "save those of friendship, which are often stronger than those of blood." Robert Barrett Brown-



ROBERT BARRETT BROWNING

From a photograph presented to the author by Mrs. Browning

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ing ("Pen") apparently inherited something of that vein of romanticism that expressed itself in some of the early poems of his mother, — as "The Romaunt of Margaret" and the "Vision of Poets."

It was quite in keeping that in the Villa Trollope, in which George Eliot had written out her notes for "Romola," her old friend should have been led to speak of her freely. When Mr. and Mrs. Lewes were living in the Priory, in Regent's Park, Professor Browning made it a point to travel up to London to be present at their Sunday afternoons when they received their friends. He described their drawing-room as divided, with the grand piano in the smaller one; and he recalled the chief pictorial decorations as being the drawings that Frederick Leighton had made for illustrating "Romola." He mentioned that Herbert Spencer was invariably present on these occasions; that Mrs. Lewes would sit in an armchair by the fire, conversing with but one guest at a time, while Mr. Lewes handed around the tea. One interesting admission Professor Browning made, in that it was himself from whom, to some degree, George Eliot derived her character of Doctor Lydgate. As is well known, her Dorothea had her original prototype in Emilia, Mrs. Mark Pattison (later Lady Dilke), while Mark Pattison himself suggested Mr. Casaubon. Professor Browning told me, in reply to some questioning, that it was the custom of George Eliot always to read from Homer (whom she read in the original) before she began any writing, as the great Greek effectually carried her into an atmosphere different from the modern spirit by which she was surrounded. Homer had the effect

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of insulating her, it would seem, from the immediate life; of opening the portal into that atmosphere of lofty thought wherein dwell the gods.

Edward Dowden placed George Eliot among those artists "who, with Shakespeare, unite breadth of sympathy with power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of men." With this estimate Professor Browning was in complete agreement, and he pointed out her wonderful power in a clarion call to the spirit, as given in such passages as that one where she asserts that we "are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid doing and shabby achievement."

Benjamin Jowett of Oxford, the master of Balliol, the greatest translator of Plato, the scholar and philosopher, and the very apostle of serenity, persistence, and power, the close friend of Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, and also of George Eliot, was another member of Professor Browning's circle. Whom, indeed, of those who made great the mid-Victorian era, had he not known? Born in 1837, he was over sixty years of age at this time, and from his boyhood at Eton and Rugby, to all his later Oxford life, he had lived in the constant companionship of the intellectual forces of his time. He inquired if he might see the room he so well remembered as the study of Thomas Adolphus Trollope, where he wrote, always standing at his high desk? Mrs. McNamee, most gracious of *padronas*, willingly granted this, inviting him into the remembered study, now transformed into a room of her private suite. I took him out into the garden to see

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the ruined statue which had in no wise improved by time, nor, indeed, deteriorated. It remained as Kate Field had described it more than thirty years before, and it is probably just as recognizable to-day.

Among the great scholars of Florence whom I was sometimes privileged to meet at dinners, was the Commendatore Guido Biagi, who was the curator of the Laurenzian Library, and a great authority on Dante. He was the son of a Florentine artist, born in the Palazzo della Vacca, "behind the bells of San Lorenzo." His earliest recollections were of the curious, slender campanile of this ancient *chiesa*, and of the Capello Medici. Doctor Biagi has translated into Italian many poems from Browning; he is the author of a book called "Last Days of Shelley," and of many learned works.

Helen Zimmern, a well-known woman of letters in Florence, made a specialty of lecturing on Dante, as well as on many aspects of art. Miss Zimmern had bestowed herself in Florence in 1887, and during my own annual sojourns she lived in the Palazzo Buondelmonte, in the Piazza Santa Trinità. In this old fifteenth-century palace Miss Zimmern had a spacious and beautiful apartment, the gem of which was her terrace, which looked upon the gardens of the Strozzi, and had a distant view of blue mountains. The terrace itself, with its awning, its rugs, table and chairs, was a summer drawing-room; and a spacious salon within made a convenient lecture room. At a period when brilliant hues in feminine draperies were less in evidence than now, Miss Zimmern would appear for the talks in a deep orange-colored costume of strange

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design, but one that, if it were a trifle *outré* then, would be quite in keeping with the singularly bizarre styles not infrequently seen to-day. Perhaps it was a futurist costume. In these flaming draperies, with her peculiar individuality, she suggested something of the sorceress, in a way pleasing, however, rather than otherwise, to the imagination.

Isabel MacDougall has for many years been one of the most distinguished musical artists of Florence. Born in Casa Guidi, the only child of the famous divine, Reverend John Richardson MacDougall, D.D., she was yet as truly a Florentine as if she had centuries of Italian ancestry behind her. A scholar in a wider than ordinary sense; a fine linguist, a critical appreciator of the world's best literature, Miss MacDougall adds all this rich culture to her musical gift. It is no exaggeration to call Isabel MacDougall one of the great artists, and had the traditions of her family allowed her to go on the lyric stage, her rich mezzo-soprano voice and rare personal charm must have made her one of the world's great singers. In the winter of 1900 Miss MacDougall came to Boston as the guest of Mrs. James T. Fields, in that wonderful old treasure house of literary fame in Charles Street, now gone from all save memory. Here Isabel met the choicest of Boston society and made hosts of friends. Mrs. Howe became very fond of her, and often, in a twilight hour, she would sing song after song in German, Italian, French, English, and the wonderful Scotch ballads, for Mrs. Howe alone. "It was a privilege," she said afterward, when returning to Florence, "to sing for such a connoisseur in musical art as was Mrs.

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Julia Ward Howe." Miss MacDougall had appeared once with the Kneisel Quartette, and was about to make her second appearance, when a cablegram flashed to her the tidings of the serious illness of her father, whom she fairly idolized. She caught the swiftest steamer sailing to Cherbourg, rushed down on the train to Florence, and arrived just fifteen minutes after Doctor MacDougall had entered into that fairer realm we shall all one day see. She shared his noble courage, his unflinching faith; and putting aside her own grief and sense of irreparable loss, she devoted herself to comforting and caring for her mother and rearranging their plans for living.

Mrs. MacDougall, happily still living as I write, is a typical Scotch gentlewoman. A lady of as exceptional culture as she is of exceptional goodness to every human being, she holds a special place in Florentine life. During Doctor MacDougall's life they had occupied an entire floor of a splendid old palace on the Lung' Arno Guicciardini, in one large salon of which the church services were held; and this apartment, being in the nature of a parsonage, would thus be the home of the pastor who should be called to succeed Doctor MacDougall. It was one of the most beautiful locations in Florence. At night the long line of lights, up and down the Arno on both sides, had made a fairyland of the scene. The lofty rooms of the palace, with their impaneled mirrors, their painted ceilings, their carvings and niches for bust or statuette, were eloquent of the past. Mrs. and Miss MacDougall found a pleasant apartment in the Via dei Serragli, overlooking a garden where, in summer nights, the

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fireflies darted, to which they migrated with the grand piano, the old paintings, and the wealth of books, many of which were presentation copies from their authors. Closely connected with them by ties of the most perfect friendship was Madame la Baronne Faverot de Kerbrech, the widow of the distinguished French general, who had a villa among the orange trees at the foot of Bellosguardo, and who is a fine amateur pianist. The households of Mrs. MacDougall and of the Baroness became almost as one, each staying with the other much of the time. From her apartment in the Avenue Kleber, Paris, Madame la Baronne flitted in the early spring to her Florentine villa, where in February flowers and greenery heralded the summer. Mrs. Macdougall and her daughter were much in Paris with the Baroness, where Isabel entered into the musical life of the French capital. Alas! One can only refer to these days now in the past tense, as if a century, rather than a mere period of four years, had intervened.

To Lady Paget's kind offices I am indebted for one of the priceless friendships along the golden road. I met her in the Tornabuoni one late afternoon, and she invited me, with Miss MacDougall, to her villa to meet her friend and guest from Rome, Donna Roma Lister.

"To hear a suggestion from Lady Paget is to obey," I laughingly replied, "especially when obedience is so richly rewarded," and in the sunset hour we found ourselves driving up the terraced heights of Bellosguardo. The friendship thus initiated in a scene whose enchantment of beauty can never be lost by



DONNA ROMA LISTER

From a photograph

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those who have entered into its mystic spell continued to unfold its entrancements through many future chapters that were yet to be unrolled in the "*Città Eterna.*" One is always inclined to accept Emerson's assertion that, "My friends come to me unsought. The great God Himself gave them to me!"

For more than twenty years, closing with his death in 1904, Professor Willard Fiske, formerly of Cornell, occupied the villa that had been the home of Walter Savage Landor. He kept the classic atmosphere and invested it with modern luxury, fitting it up with rugs woven in Damascus after the special designs and colorings he himself selected; there were tall Persian vases, inlaid cabinets, rare treasures brought from Egypt, tapestries, mosaics, old Florentine and Venetian furniture, and in the marble mantel of one salon he had carved the portrait bust of Landor.

Especially notable was the great Dante and Petrarca collection that Professor Fiske had made, including numerous first editions and rare copies. With these he had, too, a large collection of Icelandic literature; and for this incomparable library he secured one floor of an old palace on the Lung' il Mugnone, whose windows commanded the purple spurs of the Apennines. This apartment was magnificently furnished with immense library tables, maps, globes, and two secretaries were in constant attendance. Such a collection was of the greatest interest to scholars; there was here one copy of the *Divina Commedia* bearing the date of 1536: and numerous volumes that could not be duplicated in the entire world. It was an unsurpassed joy to pass mornings in this wonderful

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library, and Professor Fiske was most hospitable in his permission to the devotees of literature. At his death he left this unrivalled collection to Cornell University.

Rather inevitably out of all the magic of this atmosphere a book of mine entitled "The Florence of Landor" took shape, the scheme of which aimed to present, not the Florence of my own knowledge, but the Florence I had never seen, and which lay between the dates of Landor's entrance into it in 1821 and his death in 1864. That period included years of remarkable social brilliancy, when the Brownings, the Trollopes, Kate Field, Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Lewes (George Eliot), the Hawthornes, Mrs. Stowe, Marchesa d'Ossoli (Margaret Fuller), Emerson (who visited Florence in the early years of the decade of 1831-1840 solely to meet Landor), Frederic Tennyson, the Storys, and other notable people came and went. Then, as now, the romance, the tragedy, the passionate exaltation and the passionate despair of the fifteenth century still lingered. This effort to offer some transcription of those days was published in 1905; and was succeeded in 1907 by another effort to embody somewhat of my impressions of the country in a volume called "Italy, the Magic Land," ranging over Rome, and the notable personalities of the day; Assisi, Siena, and all that enchanting southern Italy of Naples, Amalfi, Capri.

Charles Landor, the son of Walter Savage Landor, with his wife and his daughter, the charming Madame Mancioni, continued to live in Florence, and his death only occurred as recently as in 1914. It is his son,

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Arnold Henry Savage Landor, who is so widely known as explorer, author, and lecturer, and whose great work, "Across Unknown South America," richly illustrated from his own paintings and from photographs, is said to be the history of "the most important results of any modern exploration."

The Palazzo Rucellai is one of the most beautiful and famous of the old palaces of Florence; and Eddità, the present Contessa Rucellai (the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Bronson), is one of the most active women of the day in the intellectual life of the Flower City. To the gracious consideration of Contessa Rucellai I had especial reason for being indebted; for when (in 1910) I was in Florence in frequent consultations with Robert Barrett Browning regarding a work¹ that prefigured itself to me, — a plan of presenting the complete life of both Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in one volume, — Contessa Rucellai immediately offered me the use of all Robert Browning's letters to her mother, which comprise some of the most interesting expressions of the poet. So there were long mornings in the Palazzo Rucellai when I copied from these and enjoyed the conversation of my hostess. Doctor Dowden's "Life of Browning" must forever remain incomparable in its spiritual analysis of the poet's genius; other biographies of him, of importance, enrich literature; but in all these Mrs. Browning was hardly more than incidentally referred to; and the thought of giving alternate chapters to Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett up to the

¹ The Brownings; Their Life and Art. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company, 1911.

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time of their marriage; then a transcription of that wedded idyl of life that lasted for fifteen years, closing with her death in 1861; and tracing the remaining years of the poet's life until his own passing in 1889, incited the sympathetic interest and the ardent co-operation of Robert Barrett Browning.

One of the fascinations of Florence is that one can go nowhere without coming upon legend or poetic tradition. On the hillside below Fiesole is pointed out the very spot (now marked by a shrine) where it is believed San Francesco and San Benedetto met; and loitering, one brilliant May-day, in a very old and long since disused cemetery, I found on a stone this curiously touching inscription in ancient Latin:

HYEME ET AESTATE
ET PROPE ET PROCUL
USQUE DUM VIVAM
ET ULTRA!

of which a rather free translation runs:

Summer and winter
Near and far
So long as I live
And beyond!

After that what can be said?

VI

SOCIAL SEASONS IN ROME

“Great is life, great and mystical, wherever and whoever.”

WALT WHITMAN

MY own first visit to Rome was, of all times, in August, when the city is supposed to be quite uninhabitable. In Paris a telegram came one morning from some Chicago friends who had landed at Naples and were taking Italy on their way north: a telegram that announced, “Rome is cooler than Paris; come”; and an instant response flashed back that I would start that evening. Down through the sublime scenery of the Mont Cenis pass; a night’s pause at Genoa, arriving at Rome in the early morning, — it was all as bewildering as a journey through the starry spaces. And what a carnival of sight-seeing we all enjoyed! Socially, Rome was deserted, and there was nothing else to do; and a very favorable time it was for all that preliminary survey that one never cares to repeat. One descends into the catacombs of St. Calixtus; makes the tour of Castel Angelo, lingers in the cell where Beatrice Cenci was confined; sees the ghastly crypt of the Capuchini, and a myriad other things pertaining to ancient Rome which he feels it his duty to himself to see once, but which are then checked off, as a finality. He may even attempt the prescribed

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ascent of Scala Santa on his knees, if he be of a particularly adventurous or literal turn of mind; but, at all events, these things are mere preliminaries. On the other hand, to linger in the Pantheon, to stand in the Coliseum watching the swallows flit above against a background of blue sky; to gaze upon the wonderful frescoes in San Lorenzo; to drive over the rough Appian Way, with pauses at the tomb of Cecilia Metella; to visit the ancient *chiesa* of Santa Agnese and linger in its underground sanctuary; to drive on the Campagna with its magnificent ruins turned to a vivid scarlet by the afternoon sun, — all these may repeat themselves. Yet all the tourist excursions are no more Rome than Bunker Hill Monument and the Common are Boston. To know Rome, in the infinite interest of the Pinacoteca Vaticana; in the splendid sculpture of the galleries, the magnificent salons of the Villa Medici; the churches, the excursions, and above all the life, is an occupation for uncounted years.

When I first knew the Vedders, they were living in the Capo le Casa, a street running down the steep slope from the Via Sistina to the Corso. Their apartment was reached by five flights of stairs; and on a ring at the ground floor, a basket was let down from one of their windows in which cards might be placed. There was no elevator, yet after climbing the stairs the visitor found that the game was worth the candle. They had that poetry of Rome, a terrace, from which not only fresh air and some degree of exercise could be enjoyed, but which also commanded a view of wonderful beauty. Paintings by Mr. Vedder and many gifts from his brother artists gave the rooms

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distinction, and Miss Vedder's art of tapestry weaving was in evidence. She became famous for her rediscovery of the ancient art, and much of her work adorns beautiful homes in the States. Mrs. Vedder was the devoted inspirer of the household life, making and keeping the conditions harmonious for the art work of her husband and daughter; reading the books they had not always time for, and passing on their contents conversationally; writing Mr. Vedder's letters, a task to which he had personal objections to ever entering on himself, and also usually succeeding in what she laughingly called the hardest work of her married life, — that of inducing her husband to rise in the morning. Mr. Vedder had the same temperamental objections to entering on active participation in the day and daylight duties that he had to letter writing; but the lover of his art will concede that when he does rise, it is to some purpose. Considering this preference, it was little short of a psychological phenomenon when, at the age of seventy, Mr. Vedder began rising at five in the morning to write poems. He had never written a line of verse in his life, nor any other line that he could escape, and he had even expressed the opinion that it would be a consummation devoutly to be wished if all literature could be reduced to a cablegram. Yet here was the artist invading the morning at the most heroic hours, betaking himself to his little study for his tryst with the Muses, while his daughter, Anita, with her bronze-brown hair and the light of the Italian stars in her eyes, declared that her father "lived in solitude in the bosom of his family." In addition to the verses,

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came "The Digressions of V." When it was whispered about Rome that Mr. Vedder was writing a book, it was as incredible as if he had been building an aeroplane to rise through the Seventh Gate to the throne of Saturn. In fact, that would have been so truly Vedderesque as to be quite conceivable.

I recall late afternoons when I was privileged to trip down the steep hill of the Porta Pinciani from my hotel, to the Vedders', and to be shown into the artist's study and listen to the poems that he had captured since my last call. Apparently they rose before him like Banquo's ghost. One that ended with the lines, —

"And on the stretching Appian Way
The drowsy shepherds pipe all day
While basking lizards lie,"

I especially liked, — all but the "lizards."

"Is there nothing more agreeable out there," I asked, "than those horrid things?"

"You don't like lizards?" exclaimed Mr. Vedder. "Why, a lizard is the very poetry of Rome!" One may be silenced, but not convinced.

Within more recent years the Vedders have removed to a delightful apartment in the Via Porta Pinciani, where the windows overlook the rose gardens of the Villa Malta and its mediaeval wall, hidden by masses of riotous bloom. This change was largely for the greater comfort of Mrs. Vedder, whose failing health saddened her friends; but it was less than a month after they were installed in this new and lovely place before she passed on to the fairer realm and her body was tenderly laid in that little cemetery whose



THE SOUL BETWEEN DOUBT AND FAITH

From a photograph of the painting, presented to the author by Mrs. Vedder

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beauty made Shelley in love with death. Mrs. Vedder (Carrie Rosencrans) was a woman of exceptional qualities, with her intellectual grasp and her executive ability. The summer home of the Vedders, on Capri, the "Torre Quatre Venti," had always given her the greatest enjoyment, with its enchanting views over the blue water to Naples, terraced on the heights, and Sorrento in the golden west. This villa was a picturesque combination of towers and terraces, and at the top was a lofty studio for Mr. Vedder, which he could enter from the terrace without passing through the house. Robert Hichens, in his romance, "A Spirit in Prison," has glorified all this seaside region of Naples. It seems that the Torre Quatre Venti quite lived up to its name, and indulged itself in winds that would have immortalized the "Tower of the Winds" in ancient Athens. Mr. Vedder, with his new-found power as a poet, thus pictured them:

"They blow from North, they blow from South
And likewise from the East and West;
And all so pleasantly, the while,
'Tis hard to say which wind is best."

The Saturday afternoon receptions at Mr. Vedder's studio in Rome always brought together a congenial company. At one time he had as a working studio the Villa Strohl Fern, outside the Porta del Popolo, among the hillslopes, with greenery trailing over the walls, and his pictures and sketches made it a memorable art gallery. Mrs. Vedder and their daughter made tea, and artists and literary folk, and many Italians, titled and untitled, eagerly availed themselves

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of the privilege of the artist's conversation as well as that of studying his unique and impressive work. There is an indescribable spell of fascination in a Vedder picture, of which its artist holds the secret. One is swift to feel the effect; it defies analysis.

The story of Mr. Vedder's incomparable illustrations for the *Rubaiyat* is a wonderful instance of the power of the subconscious. Long before they went to Rome, when they were living in Perugia, in the Villa Uffreduzzi, an artist friend, Mr. Ellis, came to call, bringing with him the Fitzgerald translation of Omar Khayyám. This was Mr. Vedder's first introduction to the poem, which Mr. Ellis read aloud. "And he was a man who could read," said the artist, "and even convert Chaucer into a musical flow of melody." They would sit out on the terrace, pouring libations of wine out of an old Etruscan cup, while the sunset lights gleamed over the great plain stretching to Assisi, and the sudden Italian twilight fell. The precipitous height of Assisi, crowned by that wonderful memorial church the San Francesco, with its long cloisters, standing on a spur of the Apennines, loomed up in the air, spectral against the sky. Mr. Vedder describes how in the afternoons curious cloud shapes and strange atmospheric phenomena invested all this region; and now these effects unconsciously blended in his mind with Omar's quatrains, as his friend read them aloud. It was thus that his marvelous creations illustrating the poem first began to form themselves in his mind. But who may essay any interpretation of Elihu Vedder unless he take the key that the artist himself gives us in one of his sonnets?

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“As some unnoticed mountain, silent and apart,
Standing for centuries, a monument of peace,
Suddenly, without warning, furiously breaks out
Pouring the glowing lava from its burning heart,
So have I stood in silence all my former days
And only now pour out my heart’s long-treasured lays;
Perhaps ’tis better so; the lava’s glow
Against the coming night will brighter show!”

Robert Hugh Benson, that fascinating, vivid and altogether unaccountable personality, was to be met from time to time in Rome. He was full of surprises and contradictions, with health undermined by his extreme asceticism, whose dramatic requirements of life were their own compensation to him. He demanded the moving drama of every day, yet he was a mystic, a visionary; he was mediaeval and yet capable of the clearest reasoning, at times, with a naïveté, a warmth of friendliness and sincerity which won all hearts. The son of the Lord Bishop of Lincoln who became an Archbishop of Canterbury, bred in the traditions of Lambeth Palace, he became an ardent devotee of the Catholic communion in which he found “absolute spiritual peace.” The stately ceremonials were temperamentally grateful to him. He loved pageantry, but it was the spiritual mystery behind the pageantry that held his allegiance. At one time he was announced to lecture in the great hall of the Cancelleria. The occasion was like a scene on the stage. Velvet armchairs were placed in the few front rows for the Cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church and for the great ladies of Catholic Rome. Principessas and duchessas and marchesas

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were numerous. As each lady came she dropped on her knees before her Cardinal and kissed his ring before taking her seat. Monsignor Benson sat behind a small table and apologized to his audience for not standing on account of illness. His face was thin, his eyes brilliant, his manner restless in the extreme. He spread his arms out over the table; he leaned back in his chair; he half rose and fell again into his seat. And all this time his words poured forth in rapid torrents. His theme was his reasons for embracing Catholicism; and his eloquence was brilliant if not persuasive. On the celebration of a Cardinals' mass, in San Giovanni Laterani, he participated with eager joy, the impressive procession of the Blessed Sacrament satisfying his intense craving for ceremony. The choir sang the Palestrina music, so exquisite that it might have come from Paradise, and he closed his eyes in rapture as he listened. Meeting him once as a fellow guest at a *déjeuner* in Rome, where the hostess was a Church of England woman and an old friend of the Benson family, his manner was completely changed from that of the restless, vehement lecturer. He had, indeed, a relay of personalities, yet no aspect of his nature was without this prevailing intensity of demand on life. He was a prolific writer of Catholic fiction, but he utterly and *con intenzione* ignored the art of the novelist. His stories are rather argumentative presentations of his faith thrown into dialogue form. Apparently he believed that to be the more popular way of presenting his plea. In Rome he attached himself to the church of San Silvestre, the church entered through an arcade,

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leading into the atrium that dates back twelve centuries. San Silvestre had been the scene, in past ages, of terrific deeds of violence; and Monsignor Benson declared, in a private conversation, that he never entered it without being conscious of violent and opposing forces. Perhaps in no other city in the world does the past so blend with the present and seem fairly incorporated into its very texture as in Rome.

While Rome is not so rich in pictorial art as is Florence, yet it is here that one finds the best of Michael Angelo and Raphael in museums and churches. For not only in the Raphael *Stanze* in the Vatican does one study the imperishable genius of this artist in that supreme work, the Transfiguration, but his celebrated Sibyls are in the church of Santa Maria della Pace; the Isaiah in San Agostino, and the Entombment in the galleries of the Villa Borghese, where visitors in Rome often congregate on Sunday afternoon. The picturesque scheme of sculptures and buildings on the Campidoglio, where once stood the shrine of Jupiter Capitolinus, is due to Michael Angelo. The long flights of steps leading from the Piazza Aracoeli to the Capitoline, where the ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius keeps guard; where the statues of Castor and Pollux define the portals; where the Muses stand — all this classic grouping of art and architecture speak the genius that summoned it into being.

Rome is so rich in sight seeing that no prolonged residence exhausts the ardor. The Signora Ciocca (*all' illustrissima*), a sister of the late Professor Langley of the Smithsonian Institute, laughingly related

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that she and her Italian husband debated as to whether they should remodel their villa, or buy a motor car; and that their interest as sight-seers, despite their permanent residence, was so keen that they preferred the car. "We start out with the avidity of newly-arrived tourists," added the Signora; "and we are always finding out things of which we had not dreamed." The decision in favor of the motor car might well have been a matter of congratulation to the friends of the Ciocca, as well, they so generously invited others to share their pleasure.

One afternoon on the Campagna photographed itself in my memory. We had enjoyed a long sweep over that wonderful plain that surrounds Rome, every inch of which is historic ground, faring forth from the Porta San Giovanni to Frascati, and on to Albano, Castel Gondolpho, and Lago di Nemi (beneath whose green waters is still supposed to be the barque of Caligula), and on to the slopes where Æneas landed. Between Rome and Frascati were scattered the magnificent ruins of the Claudian aqueducts, whose pillars and arches turned to gold and scarlet under the brilliant sun. Far in the distance was the faint violet line of the Alban hills. We passed the Torre di Mezza and lingered to gaze on "the weird watcher of the Campagna." The infinite spaces of plain and sky, with the vast dome of St. Peter's on the horizon; the green slopes that broke the level, like billows of the sea, all glowing with masses of scarlet poppies; and far in the distance the summits of snow-crowned mountains, all made up such a picture as could never be forgotten.

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One morning in Rome memorable to me was that on which Mr. Waldo Story took me to his studios to see the casts of nearly all the important works of his father, William Wetmore Story. It was specially interesting to see his two Sibyls, the Cumæan and the Libyan, — the latter with its air of sinister mystery. The Cleopatra and a few other works had been familiar in New York, but rather largely Mr. Story's statues went into the great private collections in England and were not known to the American public. Waldo Story was himself a sculptor with a charming array of work, though largely of the decorative order. There was the fountain he had created for the Rothschild estate in England, — a Galatea in bronze, standing in a marble shell drawn by nereids and attended by cupids. Another fountain was a design of the "Nymphs Drinking at the Fountain of Love." There was a portrait bust of Cecil Rhodes, who had been a classmate of Mr. Story's at Oxford. The sculptor spoke of him with enthusiasm, as a man of singularly noble character and splendid enterprise; not an empire-builder in a sense of personal ambition and aggrandizement, but as one who saw life on a large scale, and who was instinct with energy to create far-reaching issues.

To come into a closer knowledge of the elder Story's work as represented by the casts of his numerous statues, groups, and busts, was to understand why his daughter, the Marchesa Peruzzi de' Medici, felt that Henry James, in his semi-biographical work, "William Wetmore Story and His Friends," had done scant justice to her father's art, and that he merited higher

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rank in plastic creation than that assigned him by Mr. James. This may well be, for Mr. Story was a man of much versatility of genius, and not unnaturally his literary gift appealed to Mr. James more strongly than his sculpture. But the peculiar charm of Mr. James' book defies analysis; it presents a series of pictures, that rise like magic, of that wonderful life of the Storys and their friends in the Palazzo Barberini.

It was sometime after this morning in the Story studios that the announcement came of the sale of all the household effects of William Wetmore Story that had continued to remain after his death in the forty rooms of their apartment in the Palazzo Barberini. "Let us go and see these rooms," said Grace Ellery Channing (Mrs. Charles Walter Stetson) to me; for we had both heard from childhood of this apartment and the guests who frequented it.

The Stetsons lived in the Piazza Barberini, in an apartment reached by five flights of stone stairs, which proved no barrier to their friends, for were not Charles Walter and Grace Channing Stetson at the top? It was delightful to drop into Mrs. Stetson's little salon in the late afternoon, for tea and talk with the artist and his wife, whose addiction to writing poetry and romance left her none the worse as a conversationalist and a friend. Like all artists, daylight was golden to them, and to that end it became their habit to rise early in the morning. In the late afternoon, they were always ready for the habitués who loved to climb to their Arcady; but there were others who besieged them in the evening; and to make an evening call is, to an Italian, to arrive about the

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Christian hour for going to sleep. "Our evening callers come just as we are about putting out the lights," laughed Mrs. Stetson, "and then they stay all night!" To the native Italian, two o'clock in the morning is not at all an improbable hour to terminate a visit.

To Mrs. Stetson and myself it was easy to identify many of the rooms of the Story apartment. There was one salon in yellow brocade, walls, furniture, all, even to the tea table laden with all the paraphernalia for afternoon tea, that had served English duchesses and Italian princesses, poets and artists, and guests of many claims to distinction; there was a guest room which we felt sure had been the one occupied by the Brownings, for a few days, one season, until they could find an apartment. There was the private theater where the play written by Harriet Hosmer had been given, in amateur theatricals. What a commentary on the rich life that had been lived there were these deserted rooms! Everything was ticketed for sale, even to a lamp bracket. As we were about leaving, we came into a room where some one had wound up a discarded music box that was in the form of a soldier with a plumed hat. The tinkling tune in the discordant mechanism ran on, and with mutual accord we seated ourselves in silence on a sofa to listen to the end. Like a thing of life it would stop, then catch up the note again, and at last—"the rest was silence." It was like a dirge that marked the end of the lovely life of the Storys in that most splendid of Roman palaces.

Nine years of work in which he revelled was given

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to Charles Walter Stetson in Rome before his too early and pathetic death. Mr. Stetson was just entering on a gratifying recognition, having made an exhibition in Paris that inspired amazing praise from some of the best French critics who felt that his glory of color and pervading beauty recalled traditions of the old Italian masters. Diego Angeli, the foremost art critic of Italy, wrote that he "loved the tremendous light" in these pictures. There was one idyllic scene, — a *festa* under the ilex trees in a luminous atmosphere with sunshine shimmering through the trees, upon dancers in joyous abandon, — that especially charmed all lovers of Italy. Another work of note was his "Beggars," showing a procession of Cardinals in their rich robes that contrasted with a mass of mendicants who seemed to sink into darkness before the eye, a curious effect. The King of Italy purchased one picture of Mr. Stetson's, and it hangs in the palace of the Quirinale. By some necromancy of art Mr. Stetson had really painted Italian atmosphere before he had ever seen Italy. Of New England nativity, he was so temperamentally akin to Italy as easily to assimilate her atmosphere. Between Mr. Stetson and Mr. Vedder there was a warm friendship based on their mutual sympathies in the realm of imaginative creation.

Never had the mortal body of painter or poet a more romantic disposition than that of Mr. Stetson. After cremation in Rome, Mrs. Stetson and the young daughter of his first marriage sailed for the States, carrying the ashes with them; and one night while they were still on the Mediterranean that he so loved,

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the wife and daughter went alone to the upper deck, under a midnight moon, with no one near, and reverently scattered the ashes on the blue waters of this tideless sea.

Franklin Simmons was one of the notable American artists in Rome, where he had lived for nearly fifty years before his death in 1913; and he had been decorated by the Crown with the title of *Commendatore della corona d'Italia*, the next to the highest honor in the gift of the King, the highest being that of the Order of the *Annunziata*, so rarely bestowed. The great studios of Mr. Simmons were fairly galleries of his own art; works of ideal beauty, — all of which he left to the art museum of Portland, Maine, that they might found a "Simmons Gallery"; his fortune was to be used for the transportation of his sculpture from Rome to Portland and to endow this gallery. Before the provisions of his will could be carried out, the war opened; and at this writing all his work is still housed in his Roman studios, awaiting the fulfillment of his bequest when the world shall have emerged from its period of overwhelming tragedy.

On the seventieth birthday of Mr. Simmons I had the pleasure of making a little *fiesta* in his honor. A notable group of his special friends gathered. Mrs. Simmons, an accomplished musician and a favorite social figure, had passed from earth a few years before. The Boston custom of invoking the Muses on the occasion of birthday festivities had laid its spell upon me, and I ventured to read this bit of rhyme written for the occasion, however little it may have warranted a place in that golden afternoon.

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The snowdrifts and frosts of the Pine-Tree State
Where our friend first opened his eyes,
Are linked to-night with the radiant light,
Of the blue Italian skies;
For he followed his Star unto lands afar
And he gave all the powers of his youth, —
No trial or hardship his progress could bar
In his service of Art or of Truth.

The *Città Eterna* received him as one
Of her own, by a right divine;
He came to her as a loyal son,
To worship at Beauty's shrine;
He gave her all gifts, his life and his love,
His genius, his tireless devotion;
And his noble work is a heritage rare
To Art, on both shores of the ocean.

The panorama of Roman years
In its changeful gifts and grace
Has brought to him sorrows, and joys, and tears,
In common with all the race;
It has taxed his endurance, rewarded his power;
It has given him world-wide fame;
And the gods, who companion his every hour,
Unite with us all in acclaim.

And *She*, who was beauty, and music, and love;
Whose presence lent radiance rare
To the sculptor's life, as he toiled alone,
Amid visions that filled the air, —
She is evermore near, in her new-found grace,
Of ineffable sweetness and light;
Almost can we catch the smile on her face,
As she joins in our tribute to-night.

The service of Art is the worship divine
The spirit of man to uphold;

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Through Art he approaches the heavenly shrine,
Whose portals are topaz and gold.
O, Sculptor! True artist! whose statues may stand
In their marvelous beauty supreme, —
The maiden who looks on the fair "Promised Land";
"Galatea," aroused from her dream, —

The "Mother of Moses," whose mystical eyes
Seem to gaze into long-coming years, —
Seem to read all the future, foretold to arise,
For her child, with its triumphs and fears, —
The "Genius of Progress," which nobly proclaims
That Wrong shall forevermore fail,
That Evil is conquered and riven in chains,
That the Powers of the Good shall prevail, —

And "Penelope," fair in her wistful surprise,
That Ulysses should tarry so long;
The radiant "Angel," whose wonderful eyes
Flash forth all the joy and the song
Of the life more abundant; of all that awaits
Which the artist's high dreams have foretold;
All these dreams shall be real when we pass through the gates
To the City of Jasper and Gold!

The studios of Moses Ezekiel, another American sculptor, a native of Virginia, were in the ruins of the old Baths of Caracalla, a picturesque haunt of Rome. Mr. Ezekiel was one of the most courteous and accomplished hosts, and he had a genius for entertaining. He was unmarried and had his living rooms as well as his studios in this ruin. The rooms were lighted by small windows at the top of the wall; sconces were screwed in for candles that illuminated his rooms with the soft light; his salon contained bookcases stocked with a wealth of books in vellum and Russia leather,

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and a long table seating more than forty persons at which he delighted to give his friends a supper after one of his musicales. From the ceiling hung masses of flowers encircled by lights; the candles in antique sconces threw their flickering glow over strange antiques and fragments of ruined marbles. On those walls of Diocletian's were the frescoes of bygone ages, and the floor was made of tiles fifteen hundred years old. A grand piano, a harp, a violin, on all of which Mr. Ezekiel himself played, were in evidence. The fireplace was excavated out of the solid rock in which, above, shelves were cut. On these shelves were ancient vases, Etruscan cups, tablets standing upright, slabs of marble with ancient inscriptions, sketches and pictures and photographs *alta moderna*. It is safe to assert that Mr. Ezekiel's studios and salon were the most unique interiors in all Rome.

Mr. Ezekiel was singularly versatile in his gifts. As a sculptor his work was marked by exquisiteness of finish, a refinement, a beauty of feeling, and his wonderful group of Homer suggested a still loftier power. For in this work the sculptor had certainly caught the very spirit of antiquity. The figure of Homer was of heroic size, in a seated pose, represented as reciting from the Iliad, beating time with his hands. At his feet was his guide, a youthful Egyptian, who holds a lyre. One fine example of his work is a recumbent figure of the Christ in which the delicacy and reverent ardor of the artist are felt by the observer. He had unusual social gifts, and no artist was more welcome in society than Mr. Ezekiel. He invested those musical evenings in his studio with memorable

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charm, and brought the warmth and graciousness of his native Virginia into his Roman home.

Nor could one forget pleasant hours with Mrs. John Elliott, the "Maud Howe" of Boston name and fame, whose apartment was cheerfully approached through long corridors lined with Etruscan tombs. This apartment, with its terrace looking out on St. Peter's, had an added interest in that it was the Roman domicile of Mrs. Elliott's cousin, Marion Crawford, the novelist, who loaned it to the Elliotts, as he was then in his Sorrento villa. Mr. Elliott was engaged upon an important art commission, and he found Rome the fitting environment for the creative work. Mrs. Elliott, with her magnetic charm of presence, was a potent influence in intellectual and artistic life. She had, I believe, more than a formal acquaintance with Margherita, *Regina Madre*, whose sympathy with art and artists was part of her gracious personality.

Driving home one night at the witching hour of two A.M. (not in the least an infrequent hour to emerge from a Roman dinner party) with the Contessa Fren-fanelli-Cybo, we paused in front of the ancient Pantheon whose only eye of glass looks from the roof to the sky; and we half expected to see a train of spectral figures issue forth. Yet the stillness was hardly broken save by the plashing of the fountain of Trevi which was near, and into which many a sojourner in Rome flings a penny, as he tastes the water, in accord with the tradition that thus shall he visit Rome again. To feel that history which is written on the air of the city, that is voiced by the mighty structures, the ruins, the vistas, the monuments, no time equals a midnight

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drive through the silent and deserted streets. It is a profound and impressive experience.

The ceremonial dinner is at nine, in Rome, and on this particular occasion it had been given by Donna Roma Lister in the Palazzo Senni, just across the Tiber from the grim Castel San Angelo. Donna Roma occupied the *primo piano* of the palace, and one ascended the colossal staircase under the watchful gaze of a great statue of Caesar Augustus. The apartment was very interesting in rare souvenirs; for Donna Roma's mother came of an English family of great distinction, and she enjoyed the personal friendship of Queen Victoria, manifestations of which were in evidence in two signed drawings by the Queen which had been wedding gifts; and a crayon portrait of the Empress Frederick, autographed. Three beautiful salons were *en suite* lined with pictures, busts, statuettes, tapestries; on a tall pedestal beyond the grand piano was a life-size portrait bust of Lady Paget; the dining room was hung with old family portraits; the library was attended by an Italian youth whose familiarity with books in several languages enabled him to produce those asked for at a moment's notice. Donna Roma's boudoir was hung with yellow satin damask, and was bewilderingly attractive with its inlaid desk and cabinets and the myriad articles of *vertù* that the resident in Rome is apt to collect.

Among the guests on this night had been Mrs. Hoare of London, the widow of the head of the banking house of the Hoare Brothers, and a special friend of Archdeacon Wilberforce, and also of Mrs. Ellicott, the widow of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and her

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daughter Rosamond. Mrs. Hoare had never visited the States; but she was interested in the intellectual and literary activities of this country, with which she had familiarized herself by an unusually intimate acquaintance with American literature. She had known Lowell, too, and many of the most distinguished American visitors to London. Mrs. Hoare was especially interested in the work of the Society for Psychical Research, and Frederick Myers had been one of her nearer friends. The conversation at dinner turned somewhat on these themes, and the Principessa d'Antuni, whose husband was a son of the Prince del Drago, related a curious experience. The Principessa was a princess in her own right, before her marriage to the Principe d'Antuni. She came from Northern Italy, and related that on the first evening when she entered the old Palazzo del Drago as a bride, she was alone in one of the salons for a little time, and the Spanish lady, who had been her husband's first wife, came to her (in all sweet friendliness) and gave her a certain prophecy which she repeated that night at the dinner table, and which had already come true. Another guest, a Professor in the University of Rome, had known Mr. Myers, whose death came in Rome in 1901; and he spoke at some length of the peculiar alertness and brilliancy of thought that had characterized this poet and thinker. In that poetic and beautiful little English cemetery in Rome a tablet has been placed to the memory of Frederick Myers, with the words: "He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him long life forever and ever." Italian life is full of experiences that have to do with the borderland of

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the unseen, and the topic is fruitful of narrations of experiences, many of which, like that of the Principessa d'Antuni, rival even the narrations of Florence Marryatt.

An "audience" with the Pope is something only granted to special claim; but the consistory, where some twenty men and women may be received together, is fairly attainable to any one who has friends in touch with the Vatican. And the opportunity of penetrating into the private salons of the Palazzo Vaticano is one invested with interest. The superb *scala regia*, now closed, was open to visitors on the occasion that I recall. Passing up this sculptured flight, those who came for the consistory were conducted through several rooms of the private apartment of the Vatican and finally seated in one, in chairs stiffly disposed about the walls. The rooms we passed through were in no wise remarkable, holding little beyond pictures, a table with a tall crucifix, and chairs. The virtues of the Vatican palace did not, apparently, include punctuality, and we all sat, in a temperature quite below the American idea of comfort, for some two hours before His Holiness appeared. Women who attend these functions must be clothed in black, with black lace alone over the head. It is the custom to bring one's jewels, crosses especially, to have them blessed by the Pope. When the Holy Father entered, clad in white, and preceded only by a bishop in his violet robes, every one knelt, and he passed around the circle, placing his hands on the head of each and invoking a blessing. Pope Pius X was very gracious in manner, and smiled as we offered him our

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various little tokens to be blessed. He was so short as to look almost boyish in figure, and his face, without beauty or perhaps much distinction, was most kindly and serene.

An Embassy ball is always an occasion of social interest; and a brilliant one given by the United States Ambassador and Mrs. Henry White lingers among my memory pictures. The Embassy was then in the old Palazzo del Drago; and there were titled guests of the Roman nobility; here and there an Eminence, in his scarlet robes, who was still, according to the old custom, preceded on his departure by two servants bearing flaming torches. Carolus Duran, then the director of the French Academy, was magnificent in all his jewelled orders. He was a short man, inclined to stoutness, but bearing himself with great dignity, and having an exquisite courtesy of manner. Miss Élise Emmons of England, a granddaughter of Honorable Wayman Crow of St. Louis, was passing that winter in Rome, and her presence at the ball that night added much of interest. The Ambassador and Mrs. White made the Embassy one of the lovely centers of social life.

When Monsieur Albert Besnard succeeded Carolus Duran as director of the French Academy, the event created a stir of interest. For Rome was fully aware of that new phase of French, Italian, and Spanish art represented by Boutet de Monvel, Boldini, Degas, and Besnard, the latter of whom was held to have initiated a new movement which was the transition between Impressionism and the art ushered in with the twentieth century. In the Salon of 1898 Besnard had

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exhibited a portrait of Madame Jourdain, seen by the golden light of a shaded lamp while a blue-gray twilight still shone through the window, — a portrait with a sort of iridescence, whose witchery and necromancy held captive the gazer. Monsieur Besnard painted with his mind as well as with his palette. He was scientific, he was ethical, he was imbued with enthusiasm for a new social ideal. His decorative scheme for the Salle des Sciences, in the Hotel de Ville in Paris, had taken for his theme, "Science spreads light over the universe." He fairly painted the air and motion and the lyrical aspects of cosmic mystery. So with all this interest investing his name, it is not strange that he was hailed in Rome as the prophet of a new era. Some years before he had sent to New York a number of his Symbolist works, which I had the good fortune to see, and later, in Paris, his wonderful portrait of Madame Réjane, in a pink gown with roses, one of which has fallen and seems about to be swept away by her advancing tread, another instance of almost painting motion. This portrait had led to my being privileged to meet the artist and his wife, — Madame Besnard being also an artist, — and enjoying one or two little visits at their home in Paris. After their establishment in the Villa Medici they gave an evening reception that always stands out in my mind among Roman festivities. The entrance hall of the villa was hung with priceless Gobelin tapestries, and the salons were distinctive with Italian art. The French Ambassador and Madame Barrière, Sir Rennell and Lady Rodd, Principessa d'Antuni the Chilian Minister and Madame Aldunate, the

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Swiss Minister and Madame Pioda, Donna Roma Lister, Miss Élise Emmons, Madame Matilde Serrao, the novelist, and Monsignor Duschennes were among the guests. The evening was one of those memorable ones that shine as luminous hours along the Golden Road.

VII

DAYS IN ATHENS AND ALGIERS

*“Radiant, violet-crowned, by minstrels sung,
Bulwark of Hellas, Athens illustrious.”*

PINDAR

TO meet Monsieur Venizelos was an event, even in the prehistoric days of 1913, before the tragic sequences of the assassination of King George and the oncoming of the war which has engulfed Europe had brought the Greek Premier so prominently before the world. Even at that time he was easily the first personality in Greece, and there was associated with him some vague but persistent expectancy of unusual developments whose nature was not formulated. I first saw him at an official reception where I found myself with a Greek friend, Monsieur Panagiates Kalogeropoulos, Conservateur de la Bibliothèque de la Chambre des Députés Hellénique; and there was something in the Premier that immediately arrested the attention, quite apart, too from his high office. Some prophetic glamour suggested that in him was a new power for the Hellènes. He had a singular air of detachment from the general atmosphere as of one who directed its forces, but was not entangled with them. He conveyed a sense of alertness; of a current of fairly volcanic energy held well in

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abeyance and under perfect control, but which might summon at will the forces that are resistless. For good, or for ill, here was no ordinary man. But there was no question of ill; he inspired trust. He seemed to have some prescience of great surprises, undreamed-of revelations not far off in the undescried future; and to be communing with his own soul as to the destinies. One was impressed by this air of awareness of a future that neither he, nor any man, had seen. Did he catch some glimpse of a Hand-writing on the Wall, invisible to all others? Were there voices from the gods of Hellas that called to him alone? Had there risen on his vision possibilities incredible even to his own consciousness? Some prescience of the tragic future that was really so near, yet so unheralded, was in the air. The courteous, penetrating glance; the irresistibly winning smile, and that gentleness which is so peculiarly the characteristic of his race quite equalled the splendid brilliancy, the enthralling power of the Greek statesman.

Eleutherios Venizelos was born in Crete in 1864. His father was of good family and had been prominent in Unionist movements for which he had been exiled from his native city. He designed his son for a commercial career, but the favoring influence intervened in the person of M. Zigomalas, the Greek Consul General, who saw the young man's promise and induced his father to send him to the University of Athens, where he graduated and later pursued some special studies at Lausanne. During these student days his zeal centered in statecraft. He had a passion for the pursuit of diplomatic combinations. These

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fascinated his imagination as the realm of composition beckons to the musical genius. He was absorbed by diplomatic art and craft, as is a mathematician by figures. He was in temperamental response with his future destiny.

In 1886 he took his seat in the Cretan Assembly as the leader of the Liberal party. He felt intensely the oppression under which Crete had lived for centuries; yet, even in this burning zeal of his untried youth, he gave evidence of that dominating moral poise that has been so conspicuous in his later sway. The Liberal party at that time was so much in the ascendant that it was proposed to extinguish the few remaining deputies of the opposition. But Venizelos objected; he argued that a party cannot rest on numerical strength alone, that it must be true to moral principle, without which it could accomplish no useful work nor inspire confidence. He won the victory; and his courage, magnanimity, and a singular power of concentration of will controlled the situation. From this time he was a marked figure. He was an untiring student; he familiarized himself with French history and literature; he gave unwearied pains to the study of English. He acquired Spanish, Italian, and German. There was a great work waiting for him, and meantime invisible guidance seemed inspiring him to prepare himself for the work.

There was in Crete one man, formerly one of the Cretan presidents, Demetrius Sphakianaki, whose influence on Venizelos was very marked. Sphakianaki had been displaced to make Prince George the High Commissioner from the Powers, and on this retire-

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ment he turned to the study of his favorite metaphysicians. Whether he devoted nine years to the famous "Critique" alone, as Doctor William T. Harris did, is not on record; but Kant's remarkable work was, at all events, the constant companion of the Cretan. This philosophic zeal was shared by the youthful statesman; they passed much time together, and the devotee of Kant initiated his young friend into those serene regions of speculative thought which were the corrective of the fiery nature of the younger man. All these and other distinctive influences were educating him for the future. For it was Venizelos whose hand was on the parting of the ways. When he had set free the Military League from the quicksands of the Parliament that threatened its extinction, it was his confidence in Constantine, then the Crown Prince, that induced Greece to summon him home and place him again at the head of the army. There ensued the rewriting of the Constitution of Greece; the improvement of the Ministries; the renewed energizing of the people. He unified Greece and stamped its nationality with a new impress. In 1907 there was a conjunction of forces that led Italy to sympathize with the Cretes in their effort to secure direct representation in the Hellénic Chamber; and Turkey was standing by with a threat to send an army to the very gates of Athens, if the Cretans succeeded in this. Under these conditions, Venizelos was elected the first deputy. He was then in Lausanne; hastening to Crete, he paused in Rome by the way, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, meeting him, said: "M. Venizelos is a political genius. He is destined to play

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a great part in the affairs of Greece." On his arrival in Athens he was welcomed by that city and the Piraeus, with ships that met him down the harbor, bearing delegations of the deputies, and from the balcony of his hotel in Athens he addressed a vast crowd. He urged loyalty to the King and a revision of legislation.

It is interesting to trace the parallel and the divergence between Mazzini and Venizelos. Both men are compact of noble ideals; but an ideal must embody itself in practicable relations to man in order to be of genuine aid. Mazzini's ideals were isolated; he had not the comprehensive grasp on existing realities that would have enabled him to adjust theories to conditions. He had no constructive statesmanship. Venizelos has a marvellous genius for implanting his ideals in the minds of the people, who immediately make them their own. In a word, he has the magic to implant an inner impulse.

In his early life M. Venizelos married a native of Crete whose death left him with two young sons to whose education and culture he is devoted. He deprecates all personal adulation and escapes from it whenever possible. He has a great love for the Acropolis, and whenever possible he walks around it in the late evening. Had Constantine made his own the counsel of this wise and loyal statesman, he might have been on the Greek throne to-day, upheld and beloved by Greece. Since 1899, when Venizelos was first called to Athens, his influence has been the most potent factor in the determination of progress. Now (1918) in his fifty-fifth year, he is in the crisis time

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of his career. The future of Greece is undisclosed; but such a statesman as Venizelos, with his constructive genius, his moral poise, his intense interest in literature and art, his great patience and conciliatory spirit, and his unsurpassed diplomatic power, is the pledge and prophecy of his country's triumph in all that makes for her ultimate good. The Hellenic civilization has its peculiar type and is strong with the splendid intellectual development of twenty-five centuries. The Greek of to-day prides himself on being the heir of the ages that produced Thucydides and Themistocles, Plato and Socrates. To the Greek it is never too late

“. . . to seek a newer world.”

This inalienable nobility of the Greek spirit persists, and persists with an immortal vigor throughout the centuries.

An interesting personality is the librarian of Parliament, Monsieur Kalogeropoulos, an eminent scholar, and one whose hospitable office opens the valuable collections under his care to foreigners who come to Athens to consult the rare books in this library.

Among other interesting personalities, easily met in the simplicity of court life in Athens, were Prince and Princess Nicholas, the latter having been the Grand Duchess Hélène Vladimirovna. They occupy a simple but attractive villa in the Rue de Cephissia in Athens, the grounds of which are beautiful with palm trees, and the Princess Hélène is much in evidence socially.

Madame Schliemann, the widow of the distinguished archaeologist, lives in the “Palace of Ilium,” a magnif-

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icent white marble villa that Doctor Schliemann built in the Boulevard de l'Université, and which is one of the treasure houses of Europe. It stands in the midst of extensive grounds, where palms, lemon and orange trees in bloom contrast with the pink blossoms of the Judas tree, and with masses of roses and of the purple wistaria. Ionic pillars support the porticoes of the first two stories of the villa, the walls and ceilings of which are inlaid with mosaic, and the roof is surmounted with classic statues. Madame Schliemann is a native Greek (Sophia Kastromenos) of a distinguished family, several of whose members have been noted in science and the arts; she is a woman of liberal culture, widely traveled, speaking several languages, and endowed with brilliant intellectual gifts. The noted archaeologist took great pride in her, in that she united with such sympathetic and comprehending devotion in the lofty purposes of his life. Throughout all the capitals of Europe, Madame Schliemann holds recognized intellectual rank and the authority of the scholar. Athens is so appreciative of intellectual greatness that it has always ranked Madame Schliemann above royalty. Her conversational powers amount to an actual genius. She is simple, direct, sincere, and surrounds her friends with an atmosphere as stimulating as it is sympathetic.

The two children of the house are a son, Agamemnon, and a daughter who was named Andromache, and who is the wife of a Greek. Agamemnon Schliemann was for some time a leading member of the *Chambre des Députés*, and for a brief period the Greek Minister to the United States.

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That wonderful spring in Athens had been initiated by my favorite southern voyage to Naples, where our White Star liner had landed a large shipload of passengers about nine o'clock one evening. We were all in limbo, so to speak, — at all events in the *dogana* (custom-house), — the entire hand (stateroom) luggage piled in one vast heap in the center, after the happy-go-lucky manner of Southern Italy, in keen contrast with our own alphabetical sorting. Every one was foraging for himself and the announcements and vociferations of hotel agents, porters, and various officials added to the *mêlée*. For some little time a persistent voice had seemed to me to make itself distinctive, even in all that pandemonium; but I had not thought much of it until a fellow passenger informed me that my name was being called. Then I distinguished a "Mees Viting, Mees Viting, Meester Cook, he haf for you une telegrafo!" Making myself known to the representative of "Meester Cook," a cryptic message was handed me, asking that I call at the Cook's office as early as possible. As this was Saturday night, and no possibility presented itself until Monday, my feminine curiosity had abundance of time to exercise itself.

In Naples I had always been accustomed to stop at the Bristol, up on the terraces and in all tripping about I had formed the unromantic habit of usually returning to the same hotel, which made it the more unaccountable on this night that, having fully intended to go as usual to the Bristol, I suddenly decided, *à propos* of nothing that I knew of, to change to Parker's. They were both very agreeable places,

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but the latter was new to me, and as the location was practically the same, Parker's being but one terrace below, there was no reasonable cause for the decision. Was it a clue when, later on, I found that by virtue of being in that hotel, I had the pleasure and the infinite advantage of meeting Madame Agamemnon Schliemann, whom otherwise I probably should not have met? *Chi lo sa?* For I was on my way to Athens, and Naples was a way station only, just then, on the journey. All practical advice had been to the effect that if one were going to Greece, why sail to Italy? There were steamers from New York to the Piraeus; and if one were setting forth to Athens, why should he bring up at Naples? All this was logical, but we can only act, after all, from our own polarity, such as this is; and the voyage from Boston to Naples, with its festive stops at the Azores, Madeira, Gibraltar, Algiers, had always so enchained me with its charm that more than once I had journeyed from London down to Genoa for the sake of this sail, rather than take the monotonous one from an English port to the States. The illogical voyage on this occasion had simply been one of the always increasing ecstasies of enjoyment, and the meeting with the daughter-in-law of the famous archaeologist was so absolutely a matter of *bona fortuna* that it seemed to justify the choice.

At that time Greece was at war with Bulgaria, and the younger Madame Schliemann, with her distinguished "*belle-mère*," with Queen Sophia, and other of the great ladies of Athens, had been to the front, following the ambulances and nursing the soldiers, until she was entirely worn out and had come to Naples

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to recuperate. A lovely young woman, a Parisienne by birth and rearing, although she was the daughter of mixed Danish and English parentage, she had married Agamemnon Schliemann some ten years before, and she and her husband made one household with the elder Madame Schliemann, the widow of the archaeologist, in their palace of Ilium in Athens. To one who had never been in Greece it was of special advantage to meet a lady who not only knew Athens so well, but by virtue of her position knew statesmen, scientists, and the forces of society in general. No possible information gained from reading could have been so valuable to me as that kindly given by Madame Agamemnon Schliemann.

The mysterious "telegrafo" grew only more inscrutable when Monday came and I made my way to "Meester Cook's." For I was informed that a certain sum of money had been telegraphed to me from a given city. It was incomprehensible; it is only in the novels of the despised and rejected romanticism that money thus mysteriously falls upon the deserving poor, and I had been taught by Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James that the only right-minded novel is that in which nothing at all happens. The real fact is, however, that in actual life so much happens that the novel of photographic realism would be of all others the most incredible. I could not conscientiously even lay the flattering unction to my soul of belonging to the deserving, but, rather, alas! to the *undeserving* poor. And are castles and estates likely to fall on them? I questioned as to the source of this windfall. The polite clerk did not know.

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No name had been given. "There is some mistake," I said; "it is not for me." He insisted that it was, and I went away, no wiser, even if more affluent. A day passed and there came another summons by telephone to the Cook office. Of course it had all been a mistake, I thought, and now I am to return the funds. To my surprise, there was another sum telegraphed, again without clue to the donor. But by this time I had become quite reconciled to receiving undreamed-of resources and even ventured to hope that if finances dropped from the skies the miracle might continue indefinitely! However, the explanation came later on, and a curious one it was.

When I had gone on board the steamer at Boston, I had momentarily mislaid my handbag; and some enterprising journal announced the next day that I had lost it with three hundred dollars inside. As a matter of fact there had been no loss, nor trouble of any kind. But this had been cabled to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*; and though I had written some twenty books, first and last, and had received some toleration in the press of my country, no one had ever regarded these humble efforts as of sufficient importance to transmit across the ocean; but if one loses a handbag, presto! it becomes "news." A European friend, seeing this delectable item, thoughtfully considered that it might not be possible to draw on one's credentials at the moment of landing and so most kindly came to the rescue.

My objective point, however, at this time was Greece, and after sailing from Naples to Patras, we landed on a cold and gloomy morning, when the

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bare mountains of towering rocks took on a slate color, forbidding rather than beautiful, and the forsaken aspect of the port reminded one of Dante's sinister inscription over the gates of the Inferno. There is only one hope connected with Patras, which is to get out of it; and fortunately there was a train to Athens with little delay. The nine hours' journey along the Gulf of Corinth, with its changeful coloring, and through the sublimities of mountain solitudes was one to be remembered.

There was no heat in the cars; the wind that day swept wildly over the mountains, almost bending the trunks of great trees, and I had a realizing sense of the signal power of Boreas in his native country. The towering peaks of rocks pierced the very sky. It is on this route that one passes the station, Zachlorou, the approach to the most important monastery of Greece, the Megaspelaeon, located in a huge cave on the mountain slope, which gives it, at any distance, the appearance of clinging to the mountain. This monastery dates to the fourth century, and is frequently visited by scholars for the ancient manuscripts preserved in its library. It is three thousand feet above the sea level, and is in one of the wildest parts of the Peloponnesus.

The waters in the Gulf of Corinth are iridescent in coloring, in vivid hues of green and rose, amber and violet, and the entrancing play of color, the titanic splendor of the scenery, and the wonderful engineering achievements in evidence along the entire route, make this journey between Patras and Athens unique. The train rushed through tunnels under

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the mountains; across lofty viaducts from precipice to precipice; and at Corinth crossed the canal on a trestlework bridge nearly three hundred feet long at a height of more than a hundred and fifty feet above the water.

To arrive in Athens in the late evening in a cold downpour of rain might serve to quench classical enthusiasm for the moment; but the entrance to a fine hotel, greeted by steam heat at the very door from radiators in the vestibule that, for the moment, rivalled all dreams of the Parthenon in their attraction; to enter on richly carpeted salons, with decorated ceilings and electric chandeliers, and to be ushered, presently, into a dining room where a multitude of rose-shaded candles in silver supports and baskets of fruit tied with golden and pale green ribbons gave the little tables the aspect of a fairyland,—who could forget this first impression of Athens after a journey whose scheduled nine hours had extended itself to twelve; and whose temperature recalled Bayard Taylor's declaration that Greece could be as cold as Lapland? But the next morning made amends. It was midwinter by the calendar and midsummer by the skies.

It is Corfu which is the enchantment of Greece, and the island identified with the Homeric world. Sailing from the Piraeus to Brindisi, I had a little interlude in the white city that clings to the hill. From the balconies of the Hotel Venise the citadel is seen against the background of the peak of San Salvador. The intense color that flames in the late afternoon over all these mountains and which reflects



DEATH LEADING THE YOUTH TO ETERNAL LIFE
From an ancient sculpture excavated in the old Dipylon cemetery, Athens

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itself in the sea can only suggest the language of Revelations. Napoleon declared that Corfu had the most beautiful situation in the world, and the tourist cannot fail to agree with him. Corfu is much of a winter resort for the Parisians. Flowers and fruits abound; the temperature is perfect; and the charm of Corfu is as indescribable as the perfume of a rose.

Landing at Brindisi on my return to Italy, I was indebted to a compatriot, a young architect who had been for three years at Smyrna and Constantinople, for extricating me from the misapprehensions of the customshouse. Like most of the members of my craft I had fared forth with a pen in my hand, and the manuscript notes I had made for use in the book I was about to write ("Athens, the Violet-Crowned") excited suspicion on account of the war then in progress between Greece and Turkey. The package was seized and conveyed into the official office; and as a train to Naples was about due, a delay was disastrous, for Brindisi is about the last place on earth that one would select to pass a night in. I feared this dire fate would be mine, as it would have been, had not my compatriot, who was familiar with all the dialects of the Adriatic, explained to the officials that I was his countrywoman, and a writer, and that these notes were for harmless purposes. All that Southern Adriatic coast of Italy is far more Oriental than it is Italian, and a number of mixed dialects do duty for language.

The first centenary of Greek independence does not fall until 1935; and it may confidently be hoped that by that date she may regain and further develop a life worthy the traditions of her glorious past, and such

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as will insure a still more glorious future. For of Greece one may well say, in the words of the Poet:

“The Present holds thee not — for such vast growth as thine —
for such unparalleled flight as thine,
The Future only holds thee, and can hold thee.”

On the voyage out to Naples we had stopped, as usual, at Algiers, whose charm is hardly second to that of Corfu. One of the special allurements of this voyage was always the anticipation of the stop at Algiers, which varied in duration from two or three to occasionally ten hours, giving time for much picturesque sight-seeing. Then, too, it was always possible to make a sojourn of from two weeks to a month, if one liked, by waiting over one or two steamers. It is an especially easy city in which to locate one's self, with its admirable hotels and *pensions*, and the convenient configuration of the residence regions. This metropolis of Northern Africa has a beauty unsurpassed in its picturesque and somewhat Oriental architecture in white marble, the city terraced against a background of green hills, with a crescent water-front whose curve is washed by a brilliant sapphire sea. Nowhere in the Mediterranean is the water so incomparably exquisite in color, and few ports have so magnificent a harbor. Algiers itself suggests a curious and fascinating blending of Cairo, Naples, and Paris. Mustapha Supérieur is practically a modern French town, where the buildings, the streets, and the shops are fairly Parisian. Mustapha Inférieur is a mixture, as complex as a witches' brew, of Arab, Moorish, Italian, Egyptian. Its possibilities for offering to the

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visitor abundant opportunities to “sup on horrors” are perhaps sometimes exaggerated in the interests of the picturesque and the narrator’s thirst for a “thriller,” and while they undoubtedly exist, yet to the uninitiate, they may not reveal themselves. I recall listening with some amusement to the innocent fervor of delight that invested the story of a Boston lady, who, never having encountered anything more appalling than the Frog Pond of Boston Common in all her long, if not eventful life, engaged the service of an Arab guide and went alone with him between six and nine o’clock at night into all the highways and byways of this Mustapha Inférieur. Our steamer, which had stopped at Algiers at two in the afternoon, was to leave at ten, and she barely returned in good time to sail. Apparently the Providence that traditionally provides for “the lame and the lazy” also watched over her, and she returned none the worse from the dangers of which she had not dreamed, and greatly delighted with the opportunity of thus enhancing that store of knowledge whose acquisition is considered by the Bostonian the cause for whose pursuit he appeared on this planet. But though the tourist may, it is confidently believed, sup on horrors in this part of Algiers, there is no need of resorting to such questionable fare, and the abundant opportunities for enjoying repasts of quite different character are at hand. The sunshine and balmy air suggest June rather than January which the calendar indicates, and the few hours of sojourn offer attractions of varied orders.

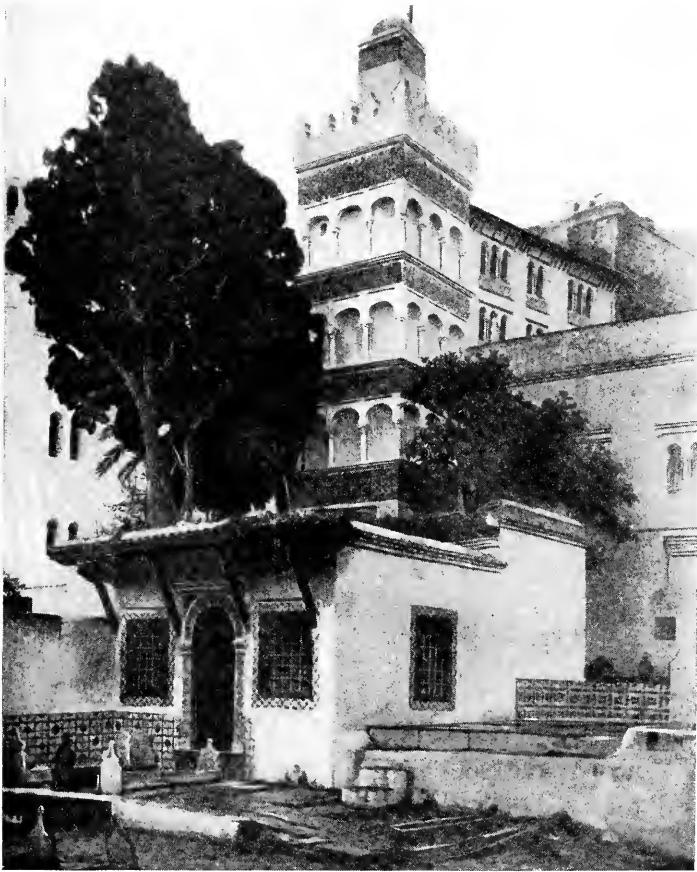
From the Casbah, or fortress, that crowns the highest

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hill to the arches of streets below, the dazzling color scheme extends. Strange music, made by the Moorish people on still stranger instruments, floats out on the air. From the roof of many of the houses extends an open terrace, gay with flowers and orange trees.

One finds this dazzling Algiers all aglow with the most radiant sunshine; it is a city of some two hundred thousand people, English and French predominating, with some Spanish, Americans, Portuguese, and Italians. Algiers is a city of superb architectural art; numerous splendid hotels with every comfort, not to say luxury, and every modern convenience; its streets and outlying roads are a paradise to the motorist; the coloring of sky and seas, and the masses of flowers, lend bloom and beauty to an almost enchanting degree; and the strange, impressive mosques, the cathedral, the summer and winter palaces of the Governor, the Archbishop's palace, the art museum, and the library, the theaters, and the palace of the consulate, all surprise the visitor who has never before seen this city. There is an *École de Médecine et Sciences* that attracts large numbers of students from all parts of Europe; the building, a massive structure of white marble, stands on a terraced hill, in the midst of palm and pepper trees, with shrubs in flower, and beds of blossoms of myriad hues and varieties.

The sojourner in Algiers whether for the few hours afforded by the stopping, *en voyage*, or when passing some weeks in this most fascinating city, finds a great interest in visiting the mosques and observing the ceremonies of the devout worshippers of Allah. The essentials of the religion of Christianity and of Ma-



MOSQUE OF SIDI ABDERRAHMAN, ALGIERS

From a photograph



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homet will be found singularly to coincide in the fundamental obligations of love to God and love to man. "Observe prayer, and be patient under whatever betide thee," the Koran teaches.

Of the mosques, that of Sidi Abderrahman is the most impressive, with its interior forest of marble pillars, its beautiful court and lofty tower. At whatever hour one may enter, — morning, midday, late evening, — a throng will be found kneeling, bowing themselves in prayer and kissing the floor, while they chant a strange cadence that haunts the memory.

Among the Moors in Algiers, a curious custom prevails: the Moorish women visit the cemetery on Thursday afternoons. They appear in great numbers and with the air of those enjoying a particular *festa*. Each grave in the cemetery is arranged with a center of green, two small white stones marking the head and the foot, and the earth heaped in oblong shape. These Thursday afternoons in the Campo Santo are the high holidays of the women, representing their only social relaxation.

One of the interesting excursions for foreigners is that made to the tomb of Lella Kredidja, a Marabouti, who was held in worship and reverence. The tomb is on the highest point of the Atlas Mountains, seven thousand feet above the sea.

At sunset there is a wonderful glow over Algiers, when a thousand shimmering hues reflected from the marble buildings, mingle with the flood of rose and gold that offers a spectacle of almost unearthly splendor. To watch the sunset from the *Palais d'Hiver* out on the terraces over the gardens, with the mosques

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and domes and towers of the city far below; with the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean as far toward the horizon as the eye can see, is a panorama that even Sicily cannot surpass. In this winter palace (*Palais d'Hiver*) the interior is an Arabian fantasy. The corridors are encrusted with Moorish mosaics, with which the balustrades of the grand escalier are also inlaid. The ballroom is in white and silver, with impaneled mirrors in the walls. One suite of salons is in creamy ivory and gold, the walls again impaneled in vast mirrors. The *salle-à-manger* is inviting in pale rose and blue, with wreaths of rosebuds; and the library, containing many hundreds of volumes, comprises books in a dozen different languages.

But it is the ballroom that is the salient interest of the palace, for gayety is the keynote of Algerian life. One winter night, when all the constellations were sparkling in the skies, a grand ball, rumors of which had filled the air for weeks, was given at the *Palais d'Hiver*. Foreign sojourners, some of them, were included in the invitations, and the unique character of this festivity is something never to be forgotten. Strange Arab and Moorish music mingled with the continental waltzes and other melodies of the orchestra, and Arab dances were given. The curious intricacy of some of the figures was a study. There were notable persons of several nationalities present; many of these came from the desert, and among them was Prince Ali Bey, who wore a flowing cloak of sapphire velvet, embroidered in gold, over a costume of white satin, flashing with jewels as if he had just stepped out of an Arabian Nights dream. All these figures

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from the desert were arrayed in the most gorgeous robes and splendor of color. The dressing of the French women repeated Parisian toilettes, with the same indescribable loveliness as that of the great balls in the Champs Élysées, or in the old Faubourg Saint-Germain. The dawn was disputing supremacy with the starlight when the last dance ceased.

Algiers is the gateway to the desert; and there is a local trip, requiring only four days, in which one condenses an extraordinary variety that is much in vogue with those whose stay is limited. This is the circular journey from Algiers to Constantine, Biskra, Tunisia, and thence to Algiers again. The slow progress of the train between Algiers and Constantine is not undesirable, as it enables the tourist to see some of the wildest scenery of the African coast. There are admirable roads, and of late years most travelers prefer to make this trip in motor cars. Constantine is reached in time for a late dinner. It is built entirely on cliffs with deep gorges between the streets, across which the houses face each other. Frequently the chasms are filled with rushing waters. They are bridged, and the aspect of this town on the cliffs is almost as romantic as that of Venice on the water. The houses are built on the solid rocks; the gorge that entirely surrounds Constantine is a thousand feet in depth, and in its very bottom is seen a swift, dark river called the Rhummel. This loses itself at length under a mass of colossal rocks, where there are the remains of an old Roman bridge, and then the river appears again in a series of cascades. A suspension bridge which is really a viaduct with a long embank-

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ment connects Constantine with its suburbs, El Kantara, Mansourah, Coudiat. The population of Constantine is divided into three distinct quarters, — the European, the Jewish, and the Arab. From the Place de la Brèche in the European part the city reveals wide streets and squares; and the museum, the ramparts of the Casgah (with their superb view), the Palace of Ahmed Bey, the university, the finest mosque, Djama-el-Kattani, and the cathedral, all make up a city surprising indeed to strangers. In the solid rock of the Rhummel chasm a footpath is cut, the Chemin des Touristes, which is a promenade not to be missed.

The houses in the Arab quarter are of a light blue, and each one is surmounted by a stork's nest. To pass a night or two at Constantine is an experience one would not forego.

The journey to Biskra takes some eight hours, the distance being a hundred and fifty miles. The route is diversified by the wild gorge of El Kantara, which in the coloring of the rocks and effects of light recalls the Grand Canyon in Arizona, although El Kantara is far less vast. The moonlight transforms the entire region into something as weird as the dance of the Brocken. Precipices of sheer rock rise from the gorge, taking on fantastic shapes and blazing like a conflagration under the full sunlight. At night they become spectral and seem to change like plastic figures under the gaze. El Kantara is known as the Gate of the Desert, Biskra being only thirty-five miles distant, and the atmosphere of brooding mystery is here perceptible. The isolation of desert haunts is

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more realized at El Kantara than even at Biskra, which is dangerously near becoming cosmopolitan, and is as definite a winter resort as is the Riviera.

With almost perpetual sunshine, Biskra has a temperature rarely ranging above seventy, and the dryness and transparency of the air are wonderful. This desert city has trolley cars; and the great forest of a quarter of a million of palm trees with its gardens, its flowing streams, and winding roads, offers alluring drives and walks. It is "The Garden of Allah" indeed, a place for visions and dreams. It is the poet and the romanticist who is the real historian; and Biskra owes more of its fame to Robert Hichens than to any other channel of publicity. Let any locality be invested with the poet's word; with the glamour of such a romanticist as Mr. Hichens, and the very atmosphere becomes magnetic. While the brief visit of the tourist is quite sufficient to enrich one with lasting impressions of the magic and mystery of the desert gate, a stay of months is not without charm. The study of the Arab character and religious devotion (the two are really synonymous) can nowhere be better pursued than in Biskra. But the event of this strange little city is the sunset. It has a glory of splendor that is hardly paralleled from any other vantage ground on the planet. The configuration of the encircling mountains, open only on the illimitable sea of the Sahara desert, gives to this sunset panorama the effect of a series of stage scenes, only on so colossal a scale that, gazing upon the successive marvels of color, one can only repeat, "Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory!" For through the vista of the mountain

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opening, the desert, infinite in space as the ocean, is seen as a soft haze of royal purple with hints of rose; this melts into a brilliant glow of golden light in which the white figures of the Arabs stand out in startling distinctness; then a deep scarlet band with a contrasting one of emerald green will appear against a sky of the deepest blue; and when the evening star suddenly leaps out of the unmeasured ether of space, to be followed by the constellations that hang, like lamps, in the heavens, the scene is something beyond speech or language.

From Constantine to Tunis is an interesting journey. The capital of Tunisia numbers nearly two hundred thousand inhabitants, and the city set on a lake has all manner of picturesque features. While the Oriental Tunis is singularly untouched by the encroachments of modern civilization, on the "made" land out in the lake rises the modern European city, neither seeming to interfere with the other.

Only ten miles distant is Carthage whose ruins speak of its former grandeur. The Roman walls; the remains of the vast basilica; the baths, the amphitheater, the seats of which are well preserved; the ruins of the aqueducts, like that of the Campagna near Rome; the Punic and the Roman cemeteries, all are eloquent of a past that has vanished from earth.

To set sail from Algiers in the late evening is to enjoy another spectacle of splendor. There are eight miles of water front, crescent-shaped, brilliantly illuminated; and on the hills, terrace after terrace, are seen the lights of the city. It is difficult to realize that this is the scene of every night, so entirely does it

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appear to be a special festival of illumination. With the single exception of Corfu, the waters about Southern Europe hardly offer any place of sojourn comparable in beauty and in luxurious conveniences to the African metropolis, Algiers the Beautiful. Nor in the effects of light is any city of the water front, — Naples, Genoa, or any other, — comparable to Algiers. Her only rival promises to be the young seaport of the great northwest of Canada, Prince Rupert, whose configuration of terraced heights on an island assure it rank with the most picturesque seaport on the planet.

Palermo is another joyous interlude of the southern voyage. This city on the Conca d'Oro is surrounded by vast gardens of orange and olive trees; a mountain peak, Monte Pellegrino, over nineteen hundred feet high, towers up behind the city, and from the mountain, hills slope to the sea in a picturesque sweep. The one special interest of Palermo is the pilgrimage to Monreale, a few miles up in the hills, where is the celebrated cathedral whose mosaics are unsurpassed, if not, indeed, unrivaled, in the world. This cathedral is the most important work of Norman art in all Sicily; yet so varied are the architectural designs that meet and mingle in it, — the Latin, Byzantine, Saracenic, Greek, — that it can hardly be regarded as essentially Norman.

On a June sailing from Italy to the States, the question of the hour, on the day we had left Naples, was as to whether our steamer would touch at Palermo the next morning in time to allow this excursion to Monreale. Life on board a steamer is anything but

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monotonous. There are always burning questions of the hour that thus arise, at least on this southern voyage, where stops are made on so many points long enough for idyllic excursions; and however the time is calculated, there is usually some mysterious and felicitous planning that brings the steamer to the longed-for place just at the right time for passengers to enjoy a bit of sight-seeing, while the steamer proceeds with its more prosaic business of loading or unloading cargoes. On this occasion there was no exception to the infallibility of the plan that insured a lovely day for the passengers. Those were the days when we knew no sterner cares than to wonder whether the steamer would be in a given place at morning or midnight; whether the sun would shine, or the rains descend; whether cabs and conveniences would be in plentiful evidence. In the face of the tragical conditions in which I am writing, in this yet unrevealed year of 1918, how remote and trivial seem all those little ardent hopes and fears and anticipations.

However, on this June day, we anchored at Palermo on a morning all rose and gold and azure shadows; a day that seemed made in Paradise, and with the cheerful assurance from the captain that we should not leave till evening. So there we all were, with "health and a day," which Emerson assured us are the two factors that would make even the pomp of Emperors ridiculous. It was a "joyous companie" that flocked in various directions. Most of us decided to take Monreale first; then, if any time were left, there were the museum and one or two of the churches in the city that might be seen, though these were

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negligible in any comparison with the cathedral. The drive up the mountain was a marvel of views. The road was cut into the mountain side, which towered above the plain and the sea, over which one saw the distant horizon. It was hardly more than half an hour's drive to the glorious church which had been built in the twelfth century by King William II, in obedience to a vision of the Virgin who appeared to him and directed his purpose. Formerly there was a splendid Benedictine monastery connected with it, of which now only the cloisters remain. The church was made a cathedral in 1682, by the decree of Pope Lucius III. Two square towers rise from the structure; and in the vast spaces of the interior is that blaze of golden mosaics, as brilliant and fresh as if they had been laid yesterday. How one loitered and gazed and rambled into niche and cloister and sacristy and many undreamed-of rooms! There were inscriptions, busts, details that would have given much occupation to the antiquarian. The usual voyagers to Italy on this southern line were not antiquarians, but they were, as a rule, people of artistic tastes and proclivities, which was, to some extent, at least, the reason for their making these voyages. To a considerable degree they took in the *ensemble* of wonderful places and interiors without concerning themselves too much about the scholarly details.

The archaeologist finds interest in the collections preserved in the museum, but there is no art to speak of, nor, indeed, of interest in any line in Palermo, aside from that of the unmatched cathedral on Monreale.

VIII

LIFE AND ART IN PARIS

*“I will make me a city of gliding and wide-wayed silence,
With a highway of glass and of gold;*

*Of sweet excursions of noiseless and brilliant travel;
Of room in your streets for the soul;”*

STEPHEN PHILLIPS, “Midnight — 1900”

PARIS celebrated the inauguration of the new century in the summer of 1900, by an exposition picturesquely disposed on both sides of the Seine, that brought together the choicest as well as the largest collection of art that has ever, in any one exhibit, been presented heretofore. To the student and the lover of painting and sculpture that opportunity alone was enough to distinguish the hundred years of the new period on which the world entered; and added to this interest was the social brilliancy, with all the world in the French Capital. *La vie mondaine* was in perpetual evidence in the Champs Élysées. In its atmosphere of joyous abandon the populace suggested that it had acquired the wings of the morning. The Grand Palais de Beaux-Arts was constructed to remain as the permanent building for all future salons; and this, with the sculpture garden adjoining,

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was filled with a very remarkable display of work representative of all the chief nations. Monsieur Rodin was the hero of the hour. The French government, with its characteristically generous recognition of genius, provided for him a separate pavilion, just outside one of the entrances to the exposition. Aside from this honor the government also granted him the free use of two immense studios in the Rue de l'Université, where, with a small army of workmen around him, the sculptor was at work on the immense gates for the Hôtel de Ville, the designs drawn from the Divina Commedia, fairly rivalling in interest the Ghiberti Gates in Florence. At this time Rodin was sixty years of age, with hardly more than a decade of fame behind him. He came late to the feast, but he brought his sheaves with him. Rodin was not tall nor did he seem, at first sight, to have much distinction of presence; but his eyes, deeply blue, luminous, fathomless, held the attention. His reddish hair was sprinkled with gray as was his beard; he spoke no language but his own; he had little social initiative, and still, in any extended acquaintance, M. Rodin became one of the most interesting personalities. He was something of a mystic, yet more of a radical. He had a singularly noble quality, and was the very impersonation of truth and of personal honor. He was more of a believer in industry than in inspiration. "Great men?" he would say. "There are no great men. There are great thinkers and great workers, — men who are always learners. For myself? I worked. I work. That is all. Sculpture for me was a necessity. It is not merely a *métier*.

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I struggled with myself and with my material. I devote myself to the same care in every part of the body. A finger may have more of personality than the face." Born in Paris in 1840, Rodin lived until 1917. It is still too early fully to appraise his art. That he exerted a determining influence on sculpture during the last twenty-five years of his life is an incontrovertible fact; but this may not mean the actual perpetuation of his own trend. In breaking up the old conventions he opened the way for new ones, though not necessarily his own.

It was easy to have fragmentary talks with M. Rodin in his pavilion where he passed a part of every day during the exposition. And in one of these discussions he invited a friend and myself to lunch with him at his home on a given day. His home was at Meudon, a few miles out of Paris. It was a plain brick house, standing in large grounds, the elevation of which afforded a view over the city. Attached to the house was his private studio, or gallery, a beautiful little building of white stone (or concrete) with long windows. A balcony ran all around the interior, giving an admirable view of the sculpture grouped on the floor below. A flight of stairs led to the balcony. The studio had a glass roof, and the light on the marbles was fine. It is in the center of this studio, holding in his hands a globe, that Rodin is represented in his portrait painted by Alexander, in standing pose, — an impressive portrayal.

In this gallery the sculptor had (at that time) the cast of his statue of Balzac. It was first exhibited in the salon of 1898. The strange, grotesque, fascinating,

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and impressive creation occupied a conspicuous position in the sculpture garden, and there flocked representatives of various countries, praising it and anathematizing it in their various languages. It excited an enthusiasm of admiration; it aroused a storm of derision. There is probably not in modern art a creation at once so fantastic and so suggestive. To me, the first sight of this creation brought an instantaneous vision which, like Banquo's ghost, would not "down." Every time I looked upon it I seemed to see the bulky figure of Honoré de Balzac wrapped in a shapeless robe which he drew about him, and then, having swallowed the traditional fern-seed which is held to make its partaker invisible, stalking through the crowded streets of Paris. I could see this huge figure towering above other men, but unseen by them, — itself reading their inmost thoughts as clearly as one could see the works of a clock through a glass case; and thus gathering the data for that marvelous series of novels. It recognized all types, from *Père Goriot* to the youth who rapturously accepted the *peau de chagrin*, to *Louis Lambert*, to *Seraphita*. Gliding, unseen of men, through the labyrinthine streets of Paris, it took cognizance of every phase of human thought and of mental activity. A shapeless, ponderous, yet withal immaterial figure, — thus it instantly prefigured itself to my imagination. When, at last, I ventured to describe this conception to the great master (it was when standing with him in his private studio adjoining his home in Meudon), his blue eye flashed with its peculiar electrical kindling, like the sudden light in far northern skies when —

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“ . . . the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame,”

and he immediately responded that this was precisely the conception that he had in mind when he modeled that strange, fantastic, uncanny figure. No wonder that it incited a storm and fury of criticism. It was not a work to be viewed with indifferent admiration or depreciation. It insisted upon being either adored, or detested, as might be. To the sculptor himself it was one of the most intimate and treasured of all his creations. It is, indeed, the visible embodiment of all the *Comédie Humaine*.

The home of Rodin was one of plain comfort. There was no beauty of furnishing or decoration. Madame Rodin, a tall, slightly-bent figure, waited on the table at lunch and spoke only in reply to some remark, but her smile was kindly, and her desire to offer a cordial hospitality was manifested. Unlearned in social graces, she was yet a woman of sterling qualities, and her famous husband ascribed to her care and sustaining helpfulness much of the success he had achieved. As treasured souvenirs of this visit, M. Rodin presented me with several signed photographs of his work, including that interesting group of sculpture, “Victor Hugo and his Muse,” with inscriptions, and also with the cast of his bust of Victor Hugo.

It was owing to the kind suggestion of my old Boston friend, Anna Klumpke, who at this time was the guest of Rosa Bonheur, engaged in painting the portrait of the great French artist, that there came to me from Mademoiselle Bonheur an invitation to pass the

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week-end with her, and I stepped from the train at Thoméry to be met by her footman and conducted to the victoria in which the great artist herself awaited me, the reins in her hand. She was in her man's attire, and looked like a very refined little old gentleman, with the most courtly of manners. Her white hair was short and parted on one side; but the blue, luminous eyes contradicted any suggestion of age, and shone with the radiance of youth and enthusiasm. Her forehead was very beautiful and recalled Mrs. Browning's line of being "royal with the truth." There was a sunny brightness and an absolute simplicity and frankness about her, combined, too, with an undefined sense of loftiness and poise, that made up a fascinating combination.

Rosa Bonheur would have been a great woman even had she not been a great artist. She was not merely, nor even mostly, the greatest of women painters; the woman transcended the artist, and her remarkable qualities claim precedence even over her remarkable gifts. She had a nobility of character, an intellectual vigor, a comprehensive outlook on life, that transposed one to a higher plane. She had almost incalculable will-power, yet in ordinary affairs she was as pliable as a child. She was invincible in a certain innate power to conquer circumstances; she had led an early life of limitations and privations, yet she apparently never regarded this period as a struggle, or as an experience to be at all commiserated. This normal joyousness of temperament, this perfectly healthful and poised nature, made the conditions possible for the larger success of her powers. She had

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evidently never wasted time in any morbid self-pity, or in regrets; she took the conditions as they were, without especial scrutiny, and pressed on to her own creations. She impressed me at once as having a certain realization of herself as a citizen of the universe, with abounding freedom, joy, and the unmeasured energy that attends such an attitude.

The drive from the station to her château, at the little *dépendance* of By, was through a green twilight of the vast forests of Fontainebleau. There had been a heavy rain in the night, and the trees were still dripping, while the density of the foliage made the woodland interior seem like a mysterious sea cavern, all in green. I thought of the Blue Grotto of Capri. It was hardly more definite in its aspects. And how classic was all this ground, where Millet and Courbet and Diaz had painted and lived.

The château appeared as a three-story brick house, with additions that had been built for convenience with little regard to any architectural beauty, placed in spacious grounds which were separated from the surrounding forests by a wire fence. The interior seemed domestic rather than artistic, but I had not then seen the studio *intime*. In the late afternoon she took me into this unique apartment, not too often opened to any one outside the special circle; but she had so taken Anna Klumpke into her heart that any friend of Anna's shared in the privileges. Propped against the walls on every side were vast stacks of canvases. She began showing them to me. Sketches, studies, finished works; landscapes, *genre*, and animal pieces. One I especially recall was a forest scene of

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campers; the tall trees nearly obscured the sky; in a glade a campfire burned, the blue smoke curling upward, and a group were gathered about, one woman having the face and air of a sibyl. It was all so vital that one instinctively listened for the sound of their voices. The leaves fairly quivered on the branches of the trees, and the sunlight flickered. In this studio were her favorite personal books. I recall the poems of Ossian, which she said were to her a series of landscapes, pictures rather even than poetry; there were many volumes of travel and some especially dealing with archaeology, a science that fascinated her. As is well known, Rosa Bonheur left her entire estate to Anna Klumpke, and soon after her death Miss Klumpke entered upon her biography¹ of the illustrious artist. It is in two large and sumptuous volumes, profusely illustrated, with full-page reproductions of several of Rosa Bonheur's greatest paintings, as "Le Labourage nivernais," and "Le Marché aux chevaux," the latter of which is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. This biography, which has never been translated into English (a task that the author of it will herself essay when the war is over), is the most intimate and interesting of anything that has been written of Mademoiselle Bonheur's life. The autographed copy of it that came to me from Miss Klumpke I indulged myself in presenting to the Public Library of Boston, where it is placed in the Fine Arts department.

The château of Rosa Bonheur now serves a need of which its owner would have little dreamed. In this

¹ Rosa Bonheur: Sa vie; Son œuvre. Flammarion; Paris. 1908.

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large upper studio and the largest salon on the floor below, Miss Klumpke has had placed twenty beds, which are constantly occupied by convalescent soldiers, and a little group of nurses are engaged to superintend their care. Pictures painted by Rosa Bonheur are on the walls to gladden the eyes of the soldiers, and thus Art ministers to Service.

The artistic interest of the Exposition of 1900 was simply unprecedented and remains to this day unparalleled. The vast and numerous galleries of the Grand Palais de Beaux-Arts offered not only the work of the modern French artists, but those from practically every nation of the world.

In the galleries devoted to the modern French art there were a few men, new and old, Benjamin Constant, Adrien Démont, Eugène Carrière, Jean Beraud, Paul Albert Besnard, Maurice Boutet de Monvel, Léon Bonnat, Raphael Colin, Dagnan-Bouveret, Georges Clairin, Jules Breton, Carlus Duran; and Georges Vibert, Jean François Raffaelli, Léon Augustin L'hermitte, Antonio de la Gandara, whose work was then sufficiently novel to stand out strikingly.

If the star of Benjamin Constant had seemed to be declining, the group of portraits displayed in this exposition went far to counteract so despondent a view. Especially was his portrait of Queen Victoria (purchased later by Edward VII) one of the masterpieces. It is an interpretation of majesty, of serene poise, of presence. The pose is ingenious in concealing the defects of the figure. The Queen is seated in a high, richly carved chair with arms; her feet, which are concealed by her gown, resting on a footstool,

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and a ray of sunlight falling just at the left of her chair, on the walls, and on the floor. She is sitting in a rich interior, with the light falling over the right shoulder. She is represented in court costume, with priceless laces and jewels, and the blue ribbon and other orders on her corsage. As a matter of technique, the painting of the transparent laces, of the flashing jewels, of the rich, dark carvings, and the rays of sunshine, are wonderful in their perfection, as is the painting of the face and of the hands. M. Constant has certainly equaled the greatest portrait art of the day, as exemplified by Sargent or by Bonnat. The countenance is full of expression, of life, of mobile play of thought. In it is written a history.

Another notable work of M. Benjamin Constant is the portrait of Mlle. Calvé— one that represents the complex, impassioned, brilliant, impetuous, and yet deeply thoughtful character of the great lyric artist, almost more adequately than even her own presence. That is to say, he divined and painted qualities that one feels in her, but which her own personality does not so fully express as does the painter's portrayal of her, and this fact brings the work within the realm of psychological painting, and that intuitive grasp of spiritual clairvoyance that marks the highest order of portraiture. Mlle. Calvé has a liberal endowment of mysticism in her temperament. She is Oriental in her personality, with her vivid coloring, her impassioned, and yet dreamy, face, and a certain languor of atmosphere which one feels might, at any instant, give way to the most intense portrayal, or betrayal, of feeling.

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M. Constant portrays her standing, the right hand resting on a table, the left grasping an opera cloak of dark red velvet, which half slips from her shoulders. The head is a little on one side, inclined to the right, the eyes cast down, the whole expression languorous and dreamy, yet a languor and a dream that may flash and flame at any instant into vivid intensity and power. One stands before the figure with a sense of being near a volcanic-like temperament, or of walking over a lava bed, not knowing what any minute might reveal. The costume is *décolleté*, with long sleeves and ruffles falling low over the hand, and the line of the half-falling opera cloak falls across the gown in front in graceful drapery. The tone is in deep rose-red, the rich red of the darkest shades of the jacqueminot, which reveals the pronounced brunette beauty of Emma Calvé to the utmost advantage.

Adrien Louis Démont was a name that first became known by the ideal works he exhibited at that time. One called "La Nue" portrayed great masses of billowy clouds, rose-red from the setting sun, rolling up in the sky, the dusk of twilight falling over a long stretch of land, the brilliant glow of the setting sun on the clouds that seem to change and float before the gaze. "Les Danaïdes" was a fascinating ideal conception of a mythical figure lifting her head from the rocks, gazing into a burning crater, while the flames are reflected and repeated in the sea, and the background is shrouded in the deepening darkness and mysterious gloom. In all the pictures making up the group by Démont is seen this same wonderful insight into the powers of earth and air, into things invisible

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to the ordinary eye. Nature reveals herself to M. Démon in a thousand subtle ways, and his genius interprets her hidden meanings.

And Eugene Carrière? He was represented by portraiture and by realistic and ideal conceptions. There were portraits of three French women, and one of Paul Verlaine, the poet; there is a transcription of a scene at the theater, when the auditorium is darkened and the audience is breathlessly watching the lighted stage, and there are besides the "étude" of an ideal head, and another called *Le Sommeil*, and a conception of *Christ en Croix*. All these are in monotonous of black and white. The power of the artist as a draughtsman is remarkable.

Raphael Collin was one of the latter-day French artists whose imaginative conceptions extended the glory of French art. Collin lived in the country, where he had a château with large grounds; but his studio in the Rue Vaugirard in Paris was open on Sunday afternoons, and here he received his friends. With Chavannes, Collin shared the magic of creating those ethereal figures that seem to float in the air. Among his memorable canvases presented in the Grand Palais during the exposition, or in salons of other years, was one entitled *Au Bord de la Mer*, showing a group of nymphs on the seashore with a background of blue water; and other canvases whose composition, coloring, and atmosphere were indescribably lovely.

Collin's studio held surprises—as well as pictures. For Monsieur le Professeur is a great collector of oriental art—and his glass cabinets of vases, porcelains, and Tanagra figures would delight a connoisseur.

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He has one Buddha of nearly life size, besides one or two lesser ones, and his enamels, his Assyrian antiquities, form a most valuable and rare collection. Several portraits revealed his art in that entirely different branch of art from the decorative. Again Collin is famous as an illustrator.

The *Salon d'Automne* usually held a striking array of work, not devoid of the grotesque, as well as with claim to serious attention. One of the strange creations in this salon, one autumn, was Enckell's "La Resurrection," where a group of fantastic figures had apparently risen from the ground. They recalled a French critic's characterization of some of the figures of Eugène Carrière, as "mysterious interpretations, invocations of souls," to leave an impress on the records of art.

At the time of the death of Edmond de Goncourt, there was much interest felt in a work for which his will made provision, the founding of an *Académie de Goncourt*, to stand for the higher order of culture and to relieve its members (which were limited to ten) from the precarious struggle for existence by providing them with a foundation. Each one of the ten members was to receive an income of six thousand francs paid to him so long as he fulfilled the conditions of membership. These conditions were that he should not be a political man; not a wealthy aristocrat; not the holder of any office; and not a member or a candidate for membership of the French Academy. It was the aim of Monsieur de Goncourt to serve those who followed the Muse with no undivided heart, and to whom her rich rewards do not take the form of

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a bank account. The fund for this foundation was to be obtained from the sale of his library containing a great number of choice books and rare editions; of his Japanese collection of art; and of all his manuscripts, pictures, and furniture. As members of this Academy he named Alphonse Daudet, Octave Mirbeau, Léon Hennique, Gustave Geffroy, Paul Margueritte, the Rosny frères, and Huysmans. He also stipulated that a *Prix de Goncourt*, of five thousand francs, should be given annually to the member who had produced the best novel, history, or collection of short stories. One provision of his will was that the complete manuscript of the "Journal de Goncourt," which had not been published, should be deposited at the Bibliothèque Nationale to remain twenty years before being published. An annual dinner for the members of the Academy was provided for out of the funds. The Princess Mathilde had been a great friend of Edmond de Goncourt, and to her he bequeathed his statue of Venus, by Falconet. Edmée Daudet was his god-daughter and she was remembered with a legacy and the provision that it was to be used to complete the pearl necklace for which he had always given her one pearl on every New Year's Day. The Villa de Goncourt in Auteuil was the scene of a remarkable gathering on the day of the funeral. All those named as members of the Academy were present, with Zola, Silvestre, Mounet-Sully, Madame Réjane, Roger Marx, and Charpentier. The tapestry-hung salon, the numerous Watteaus, the ebony dado of the salon in rich Byzantine red, made an interesting interior. The literary gathering at the villa lasted some two hours

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preceding the funeral ceremonies, which were held in a neighboring church.

When Captain and Mrs. Frank Holcomb Mason came to Paris where Captain Mason was commissioned as Consul General for the United States, following his twenty-five years of official life in Berlin, Frankfort, and Marseilles, a new and beautiful social force made itself felt in the American colony. The home of the Masons in the Rue de la Pompe was, as Colonel Waterson observed, "a close second to the Embassy"; and it offered such warmth of individual welcome as to discourage any comparisons. They not only offered the due courtesies and hospitalities of the consulate, but they gave individual sympathies, friendships, and a sense of companionship.

They were both natives of Ohio, where Captain Mason was born in 1840. He became a commissioned officer in the Civil War. Later he became the editor of the Cleveland *Leader* which was one of the strong, perhaps even determining, factors in the election of Garfield to the presidency; and this aid was recognized by giving its editor the consulship to Basle, as both he and Mrs. Mason wished to go abroad. From 1880 to 1884 they remained in Switzerland. The new consul introduced a vigor and method that fairly transformed that branch of the service. "Mason is not only our best consular officer," said John Hay, of the Department of State, "but he may be said to have created the service as it is to-day; and when any new appointee asks me for advice, I invariably tell him to study Mason's reports." It was Captain Mason who inaugurated the custom of sending home full

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accounts of business conditions, of manufacturing methods, and of new openings for trade. In 1895 he was transferred to Paris, and he was one of the four commissioners sent to Berlin to negotiate a new commercial agreement between Germany and his own country. He was a member of the Franco-American Commission to decide on new customhouse regulations between the two countries. On this occasion he was endowed by his government with diplomatic rank.

During all this changeful period Mrs. Mason made her place in the social life hardly less important than his in diplomatic relations. A most engaging and lovely personality, sympathetic, intuitive, with the kindest heart in the world, with tact, discretion, and an exquisite graciousness, she was universally beloved. Mrs. Mason was the president of the Paris branch of the Lyceum Club; she lent her name and her unselfish efforts to every good cause that contributed to the welfare of American life abroad.

In this lovely home in the Rue de la Pompe center all my own dearest memories of Paris. Intensely as one might prize the vast and varied interests of the French Capital, its great resources in art, its privileges and opportunities of every order, yet what are all these compared with the beauty and the blessedness of a perfect friendship with wholly noble people? To be with the Masons as a guest among other guests had its unforgettable charm; but the choicest hours to me were those when we were alone, the great world shut out, and confidences unrestrained. In the late afternoon Mrs. Mason would often drive down in her motor to the Consul General's office which was almost

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opposite my hotel, and they would then call for me and we would return to their apartment for the cosy little dinner and the subsequent adjournment to Mrs. Mason's morning room, which afforded a setting *intime* more perfect than the salon devoted to entertaining guests. Then would we enter on that lovely evening for which the day was made. We cared for the same books, the same lines of thought and research, we had an endless array of mutual friends; we were all Americans in this Parisian environment and the bond of country never seems so strong as when compatriots meet in a foreign land. No social privileges possible to Paris could weigh with me for one second beside these evenings alone with Frank and Jenny Mason. Every talk we had served only to deepen and extend my appreciation of the beauty of mind, the graces of heart, the exaltation of spirit that characterized them both.

In the spring of 1914 Captain Mason resigned the office of Consul General which he had invested with such importance and value to his government. He was then seventy-four years of age. He had fought the good fight. He had a modest competence on which to live, and both he and Mrs. Mason wished to devote the remainder of their stay on earth to their family and their almost world-wide circle of friends.

The American Chamber of Commerce in Paris made the occasion of Captain Mason's retirement from consular service one on which to express their appreciation and friendship. They gave a banquet in his honor at which the addresses were eloquent in recognition of his exceptional qualities, and presented

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the guest of the evening with a magnificent silver service with inscriptions.

In the early summer of that year Captain and Mrs. Mason came to their own country for a more or less prolonged stay. It was the first holiday leisure that Captain Mason had ever enjoyed during his crowded life, for, from the time when he went from college, a youth of twenty-one, into the Civil War, there had been no appreciable interval between his exacting commissions. The Masons looked forward to a few delightful months in the States and then a return to Paris. The French Capital had become truly home to them; they were as familiar with the language as with their own; they enjoyed French art and literature, and they had a multitude of friends among the native Parisians. In no city in the world is life more easy, more brilliant, more satisfying than it was in Paris up to the fatal midsummer day of 1914. But the war broke out. For a time all was uncertainty. For the winter of 1914-1915 the Masons had established themselves at the Holland House in New York, where for a time they watched the progress of events. It became apparent that there was work to be done in Paris along relief and other lines. Captain Mason could not hear this unmoved. Both he and Mrs. Mason felt the call of humanity. In February they sailed for France and entered at once, on their arrival in Paris, upon the active and incessant work to alleviate human suffering. Captain Mason took the direction of the aid for the Belgian sufferers who poured into Paris, providing homes and care for destitute children and aid to the hospital needs, and

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Mrs. Mason worked with him, side by side. They imparted encouragement, hope; they inspired faith in fainting hearts, and fairly radiated new energy. There was no limit to this incessant service; and from entire exhaustion Captain Mason passed away in the May of 1916. Mrs. Mason survived him only till the following October, and for all who loved them there could be only rejoicing that she had been permitted to rejoin the husband she idolized. No soldier on the field of battle ever more truly died for his country than did Frank Holcomb Mason. He could have remained in the States in comfort and ease, but he saw the opportunity for this essential service. Familiar with the language, the habits, and the resources of French life they felt the responsibility that fitness for work always brings; and nothing in all the heroic devotion and sacrifice that is being so nobly given in this war can exceed the story of this last illuminated chapter in their lives.

The cyclonic changes which the world is now undergoing are tending to a complete revision and readjustment of all the problems of the State and of the individual. A new era of Art, of Science, of Literature, is doubtless to arise within a not distant future. At this writing, the arts are in abeyance, Paris knows the annual spring Salon no more, and all progress pauses on its way until the war shall end and the world again enter on its nobler activities. The beauty of Paris is fadeless, and one cannot but dream of other summers to come when again shall happy throngs appear in the *Champs Élysées* under the white blossoms of the horse-chestnut trees; when the massive

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doors of the Grand Palais des Beaux-Arts shall again open widely, and the galleries be filled with even greater art in this magic awakening to a world created anew. One can but dream of this future. As Sully-Prudhomme wrote:'

“Ici-bas tous les lilas meurent;
Tous les chants des oiseaux sont courts;
Je rêve aux étés qui demeurent,
Toujours!”

IX

FRIENDS AND DAYS IN LONDON

*“Men and women make the world
As head and heart make human life.”*

AURORA LEIGH

LORD MORLEY, in his incomparable “Recol-
lections,” notes the cosmopolitan quality of
London society. The English peerage, as a rule, has
never stood for any mere self-indulgent luxury. It
has used its wealth and that freedom for leisure that
wealth insures, not for mere gaiety, but as a foun-
dation for the transmutation of time into achievement.
Either by personal application, or by sympathetic
aid to those especially adapted for personal appli-
cation to art, science, literature, exploration, invention,
statesmanship, its resources have signally contributed
to all that makes for progress. With such an outlook
as this on the social horizon, it will readily be seen how
those persons who have distinguished themselves in
any of the many directions that contribute to the
advancement of humanity would readily and inevitably
be welcomed in the choicest social gatherings. In
a word, society in London has always cherished cer-
tain lofty ideals which has differentiated it entirely
from the society of other European capitals. In no
city is there a closer alliance between beauty, fashion,

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and culture with genius. The dinners are brilliant in conversational resources, and if a man has discovered the South Pole, or made a successful flight between London and Rome, or written a great poem, or play; if he is a successful novelist, a Parliamentarian, or an explorer who has penetrated into the interior of South Africa, or the fastnesses of the Himalayas, or has promulgated a new religion, or taken a medal at the Paris salon, he is in no want of flattering efforts to "secure" him as a guest.

No London personality could stand out more invitingly than that of the Very Reverend Doctor Basil Wilberforce, Venerable Archdeacon of Westminster. He was the son of the famous Bishop of Oxford and the grandson of the great Parliamentarian and liberator, William Wilberforce, whose statue is in Parliament and to whom there is also a memorial monument in Westminster Abbey.

Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce graduated from Oxford in 1865 and in the same year married Charlotte Langford, a brilliant young woman who had been chiefly educated in Paris and whose literary culture was extensive. She was a linguist, familiar with all the Romance languages, reading their literatures in the original. There was about Mrs. Wilberforce a quality that recalled Doctor Holmes's requirement that "there should be something about a woman that made you glad to have her come near."

The Wilberforce home was in Dean's Yard, approached through the arches of the Abbey wall, a house whose atmosphere was that of antiquity. It was noted as one of the most delightful social centers

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of London. Nothing could exceed that gracious hospitality, that cordial welcome, of the Archdeacon and Mrs. Wilberforce. They were both fond of travel; they visited India, and were often on the continent and in Rome.

One of the charms of my London sojourns comes back to me in remembering my Sunday luncheons with them, on returning from morning service at St. John's, and my stay until the Archdeacon's three o'clock service in the Abbey, for which crowds would begin to gather two hours before the opening of the doors. Their social life knew no bounds of creed or caste; royalty, statesmen and diplomats, artists, reformers, workers, all frequented the modest home in its quaint surroundings.

The central truth of the teachings of Archdeacon Wilberforce is that the consciousness of man is capable of constant enlargement, and that by this growth man approaches more and more nearly to God. With this enlargement of consciousness man comes into the grasp of larger powers; and the result of this is the ability to coöperate with the divine consciousness and thus, literally, do God's will on earth. The Archdeacon laid great emphasis on Prayer. He considered it a force, indeed the greatest of all forces, and that, scientifically speaking, the linking of the divine current within the soul with the divine current without produced the result of a completed circuit. The results are "according to the power that worketh in us." The human soul he held to be a spiritual dynamo, generating spiritual electricity from a magnetic field as wide as the universe.

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There were other lovely and never-to-be-forgotten hours in London at the home of Mrs. Ellicott, in Great Cumberland Place, near the Marble Arch, where interesting people were always to be met. Mrs. Ellicott was the widow of one of the most distinguished prelates of his time in the Church of England, — the Lord Bishop of Gloucester. The privilege of meeting and knowing Mrs. Ellicott had opened to me through a letter from her in the early years of the twentieth century. This letter reached me in Paris, and ran:

35, Great Cumberland Place
Marble Arch, London, W. May 20th, 1907.

Dear Miss Whiting:

I have been following your footsteps, and, finding you now in Paris, I cannot help hoping that you may come to London. My dear friend, Archdeacon Wilberforce, often speaks of you, and we are both longing to see you. I know you already in your delightful book, "The Spiritual Significance," which has been my daily bread for years. My dear husband, the Bishop of Gloucester, in his last illness, marked in a tremulous hand many passages which I should like to show you, and I may tell you privately that the book produced a great change in his views of the after life. I hope you will not think me intrusive in addressing you, but with my knowledge of your inner life it is impossible to feel you a stranger. I am

Yours in Sympathy,

Constantia A. Ellicott.

The next letter ran:

. . . It was a great joy to receive your charming letter, for I began to fear that you thought me intrusive in writing to you; it has required all the self-restraint

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I possess to refrain from pouring out my heart to you ever since I had a close intimacy with your wonderful book, and had I been aware of a reliable address I should long ago have sought you. It is a great disappointment to my dear friend, Mrs. Hoare, and myself, that you are deferring your visit to London; but I hope that when you do come, I shall have the happiness to see you. We shall be at Birchington near Margate during August and September; (when I say "we" I mean my daughter, my greatest treasure, and myself) and I hope to persuade you to spare us a few days if you will be so benevolent.

I am anxious that this note shall greet you on your arrival in Boston, so I will close without delay.

Believe me ever

Gratefully and Sincerely Yours,

Constantia A. Ellicott.

The months flew past and the winter of 1907-1908 found me in Rome, and brought to Mrs. Ellicott a serious illness. In the spring she partially recovered and under date of March 13th she wrote:—

. . . I do hope in a few weeks to be in a better condition. I need not say how much I look forward to the long-hoped-for pleasure of seeing you and talking over the wonder of your matchless book. I feel shamefully unworthy of the honor you do me in the dedication of your new book.¹ . . . I am sending this to the Hotel Boston in Rome in the hope that it may reach you before you leave for England. . . .

But one does not forsake Rome in March, with the ineffable beauty of the spring coming on; and what with Italian lingerings and a stay in Paris, it was well

¹ "Life Transfigured." Little, Brown, and Company. 1908.

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into June before I found myself in London. Then came the cordial and dear welcome from Mrs. Ellicott.

. . . I am so longing to see you alone (she writes), that I am not inviting any one for this first time. Our first talk must be private. Dear Mrs. Hoare is inviting us to meet you at the luncheon she gives for you on June 20th, and I am thankful to be able to again enjoy the society of my friends after these months of suffering.

The book which I had indulged myself in dedicating to this gracious and beloved friend came out duly, and in reply to the copy sent her she wrote:

The lovely book reached me this morning and I had a delightful hour with it before leaving my room. I hid my face when I read the dedication; I feel so unworthy of all you say of me that I can only hope the humiliation is good for my soul! I am longing more than ever before to see you. When are you coming? . . .

Among the devoted friends of the Lord Bishop of Gloucester was Mrs. Horne, who, under date of July 4, 1907, thus wrote to Mrs. Ellicott who passed on the letter to me:

Ivy House, Highgate, July 4, 1907.

My Dear Mrs. Ellicott, —

I was so glad to get your dear letter this morning and much interested in the enclosed from Lilian Whiting. I can fancy what a happiness it must be for her to know that what she wrote had been read and approved by one so great and so saintly as the dear Bishop of Gloucester. Her books have been an inspiration to me. I confess that much that one hears in the church fails when one needs uplifting.

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. . . I had a letter today from a dear American friend who says; "In one of our most prominent Episcopal churches in Boston, Doctor Worcester, the rector, and an eminent psychologist and earnest Christian, has opened special services. Crowds go to the church and some call it the clearing-house of much of the sorrow and trouble of the city. I believe he is the spiritual successor of Phillips Brooks." It was delightful to see you again and Miss Ellicott, and to hear her sing. . . . I value your friendship, dear Mrs. Ellicott, so greatly.

Through 1910 came fragmentary notes, all bearing testimony of her rapidly failing health, till she passed to rejoin the husband she adored and with whom her life had been one unbroken dream of happiness.

In one of his felicitous quatrains one finds William Watson saying:

"'Tis human fortune's happiest height to be
A spirit melodious, lucid, poised, and whole;
Second, in order of felicity,
I hold it, to have walked with such a soul."

To no one could these lines be more applicable than to the lovely and beloved Mrs. Ellicott, whose gracious friendship left me with a legacy of gratitude that I had been permitted, even for a brief period, to approach her path, to

“. . . walk with such a soul.”

A brief, or, rather, an intermittent interchange of letters with the Irish poet and story-writer, Jane Barlow, held its own interest.

On my return from Europe in the late autumn of



THE RT. REV. CHARLES JOHN ELLICOTT, LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER, AND MRS. ELLICOTT
From photographs presented to the author by Mrs. Ellicott



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1900, I found awaiting me a book and letter from Jane Barlow, which read as follows:

Lady-Day-in-Harvest, Aug. 15, 1900.
The Cottage, Raheny.

. . . Lately I have read with very great interest your biography of Kate Field, and also your "After her Death"; and I now venture to hope that you will accept the accompanying little story-book as a trifling acknowledgment of the pleasure your volumes have given me. "Mrs. Martin's Company," being based on a tradition current in the south-west of Ireland, with perhaps some foundation in fact, may possibly interest you through its relation to the Unseen; although you are yourself so fortunate as to possess intimations thereof far clearer and more satisfactory.

Faithfully Yours

Jane Barlow.

If anything would incline one to hope that the Theosophical tenet of rebirth into this life were true, it would be the haunting sense of the things left undone that we should have done. Miss Barlow, out of her secluded life, though one that was companioned by high intelligences and splendor of thought, invariably replied to any letter of mine at once; and had I been as swift in expressing in visible form the rush of mental response that always went out to her, it is possible that her own treasured letters to me might have been many times multiplied. As it was, life called to me with a thousand voices; the days were never long enough for all the interests they held of work and friends and movements; and sometimes even years slipped in between her latest letter to me and my reply.

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The next letter from her was as follows:

The Cottage
Raheny, Co. Dublin, December 26, 1900.

Dear Miss Whiting;

How can I thank you for sending me your beautiful "Spiritual Significance?" It is charming to behold, and the reading of it has been a great pleasure to me as I am sure it must have been to many others this Christmas. A few days ago I came upon a stanza in a poem by Robert Bridges;

"Ah, little, at best, can all our hopes avail us,
To lift this sorrow, or cheer us in the dark,
Unwillingly, alone, we embark,
And the things we have seen and have known, and
have heard of, fail us."

It associates itself in my thoughts with your volume, because just this sorrow is what "The Spiritual Significance" does help to lighten and dispel with an assurance that the things familiar to us will not fail us utterly after all.

There is much more that I want to write about, but time presses to-day and I do not like to let another mail go without sending you a word of thanks, so I must defer the rest for awhile, and with kindest regards remain

Yours very sincerely and gratefully
Jane Barlow.

Later there followed:

The Cottage
Raheny, Co. Dublin
Feb. 15, 1901.

My Dear Lilian Whiting, —

It was very good of you to write at all; and you need in no wise fear to lose me; it seems to me much more likely that you will have occasion to be wearied

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with the keening of an old Irish Banshee. I have been waiting for a thaw to write to you. I don't mean to pretend that our ink has been congealed, an experience which people are reported to have lived through, though I never can imagine how they manage to survive it; but we are enduring what we consider a very cold snap, and that always makes me dull and idealess. Unfortunately there is no prospect of warmer weather being on its way, so I won't further postpone my letter. I intended writing yesterday, but our very ancient cook arrived to visit me and that filled the afternoon. However, I can now give you her views on the political situation, which may perhaps interest you. Her opinion is that the Ministers will not be able to control the King as they did the poor Queen, and that he will consequently insist on making peace at once and will also put Mr. Chamberlain out of his place, for stirring up the war, and breaking the Queen's heart. You are most kind to send me your series of "The World Beautiful." I have them all and have read them with the greatest interest. I really think that I feel no doubt about communion with the world of spirit, were it not for my fear of believing what I most wish. For my philosophy is far from being so pleasant (and I hope) so wise as yours. On the contrary, I am always prone to adopt as an article of belief, It is too good to be true! Still I should be loth to deny that this may be a silly creed. Like many other people I have been much grieved lately by the death of Frederic W. H. Myers, and I am earnestly hoping that he may be able to send us an authentic, convincing message from the other side. On this side he will be an irreparable loss to our Psychological Research Society.

I think you will visit Ireland one of these days, but I fear that my journey to Boston must wait until we have Stephen Phillips's "Mediterranean meadows and Atlantic lawns." Then I will joyfully step into some

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wonderful electric chariot and be wafted across by a west wind redolent of the soul of our wild roses, or perhaps only of a whiff of our blue turf-smoke. Seriously, I do think it is a grand thing to have a poet like Phillips who has a large outlook into the Unseen, and does not produce either feeble sentimentalities, or coarse bluster.

I hope that your book has been making much more satisfying progress than mine which creeps along abjectly, and often comes to a dead stop. Still, when I am sitting at my desk, I have the consciousness that I am at heart acting with great efficiency as a scarecrow. For the birds' crumbs are always scattered outside my window, and if no one were visible, the crows, jackdaws, and magpies would descend and devour them. As it is, they don't venture to come too near, though as an object lesson in inordinate greed their behavior could hardly be surpassed. Sometimes I wonder if Higher Intelligences are watching our proceedings with the same kind of sentiment. I have written you a long letter about nothing, the grateful part excepted, and that is too short.

Very Sincerely Yours

Jane Barlow.

Another (undated) letter reads:—

. . . Your letter seemed to me rather like a communication from another world, partly because of the wide tract of time through which I look to its predecessor, but more because of experiences. . . . Two persons could hardly lead lives more dissimilar than yours and mine; you, such a traveler, with (I hope) all manner of pleasant and interesting adventures, and I such an inveterate stay-at-home. I was never very migratory, but for the last years since my dear father's health failed, I have seldom gone beyond our little garden. . . . Of course this short tether has its disadvantages and like Chaucer's folk I sometimes long to

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go on pilgrimages, but I am so thankful to have still a reason for home keeping. How did you ever find time to produce such a long list of books? I have read most of them with great interest, especially the two volumes about Kate Field. I am looking forward to your forthcoming life of the Brownings which promises to be very interesting. Mrs. Browning's poem, "A Musical Instrument," was the first real poem that I ever read, when I was a small child. I came across it in a bound volume of old Cornhill, and it caused me to resolve upon the spot that I would be a poet myself! To the splendid audacity of youth that seemed quite a simple matter. After that I saw no more of her works till I was about sixteen when I acquired a volume of selections from her poems which gave me untold delight. Sometimes I hope that Robert Browning has fallen in with the original of "Sludge, the Medium," and formed a more favorable opinion of his character. What you say about the Unseen interests me deeply. It is indeed a subject which dwarfs every other into unimportance for people with sceptical minds and no psychic gifts,—until an absolute proof is obtained. I build high hopes. Without these hopes life in these latter years would grow terribly like those contracting chambers which the Inquisition devised for Venetian prisoners. You must forgive my writing stupidly. My father was ill all last week, but better this morning. I still write Irish stories and now and then some verses. I published an Irish novel, "Flaws," and, a few months earlier, "Mac's Adventure," a collection of stories about a small boy, which Swinburne liked, and which I inscribed to his memory. If I can come by a copy of my last volume of verse I will send it to you.

Well, now, I am very glad to hear from you again, and I hope your next letter will not be dated 1921, as by that time my address may not improbably be "The Ether of Space!" Which the postal authorities,

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even with a service of aeroplanes instituted, would consider insufficient.

Believe me, Yours very sincerely,
Jane Barlow.

In one letter which, with that inherent depravity in inanimate things (if, indeed, a letter could ever be called inanimate) seems to have hidden itself, Miss Barlow told me that she had passed her life in the cottage in which she then wrote (this was before the removal from Raheny to Bray); "and much of my life in this very chair," she said, "in which I am now sitting." She went on to say that with the single exception of a brief visit to London and Paris in her early girlhood, she had never left her home. But there are those who do not need the outward experience of travel. The spirit has its own universe and makes excursions that we know not of.

In the war period came this letter:

Killarney Hill, Bray, Co. Wicklow,
Feb. 21, 1916.

. . . It is indeed kind of you, dear Miss Whiting, to remember me still. Your Canadian travel must have been full of interest and of charm, much of which I am sure you will transfer to your new book. . . . We are all at work for the hospitals and for the prisoners of war who are in danger of starving. I write hardly anything now, except a little verse; I enclose one published in the *London Nation*. Perhaps the censor will not let it pass. He will not if he is a pro-German.

I cannot face the future as optimistically as you do, dear Miss Whiting, but that is quite natural, for I am growing old, and the war comes closer to us than it

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does to you. I have not one friend here to whom this war has not brought some bereavement. Several of my own family have fallen, though none very near to me, as my brothers are too old for soldiering. . . .

Little did I dream when I read her playful words about her address being "The Ether of Space," that so soon they were to be literally fulfilled. In the August of 1917 she, who had so long lived the "cloistered life," flitted afar, and made the wondrous journey into the ether of celestial spaces.

A long series of letters from Edgar Fawcett, who during all the latter years of his life was a resident of London, often gave interesting glimpses of interesting people. Of Henry James I find him saying:

Henry James has sent me his latest book, "Terminations." I regret that he is no longer the vividly appealing and sympathetic author of such work as "Roderick Hudson," "The Portrait of a Lady," and "The American." But his present status as a writer of English prose! Who that lives can touch it? What mastery of the English tongue! What incomparable subtlety! What matchless handling of words, what dewy literary freshness! Everything in English at present pales before it — that is, to the artist. But is this right? Ought it to be only the artist? Has not James deepened without broadening? There is the problem. Will posterity grant him what you and I give him? But posterity, — why do I speak of it? Sometimes I look on it as a gigantic, tyrannic caprice. It still laurels that arch humbug, Carlyle. . . .

Carlyle, as well as Emerson, was a favorite *bête noir* of Mr. Fawcett, regarding whom no English was

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too vigorous. Again, apropos of Henry James, he wrote:

. . . Henry James! any one who called *him* "cold" must have been a person who approached him, — as genius is often approached, — in a spirit of discontented curiosity. . . . We spoke of many things and in every subject that we discussed I found his wise, yet unassuming converse blended with a self-effacement of unique charm. We spoke of his own work, and I told him how much he was admired. "The Tragic Muse," which, by the way, I have not yet read a line of, he regards as undoubtedly the best thing he has ever done, but he said this with a tone and manner that implied belief that no work of his had greatly pleased him. From the author of masterpieces like the "American" and others equally great, this complete absence of *amour propre* struck me as deliciously modest.

Of a visit to Swinburne he wrote:

. . . . But after luncheon he took me into his study, which overlooks a beautiful garden in which gleams a statue of Venus bequeathed by Rossetti to his friend Watts. Then he showed me, with almost a boyish delight in their possession, many of his rare books. Afterward he read to me a new poem he had just written on Shakespeare, full of superb lines, and written with that incomparable lyric ardor which all who admire this great poet need only to see to admire.

I recall one evening in London when Mr. Fawcett came to see me at the Alexandra Hotel where I was stopping, and we sat on the balcony overlooking Hyde Park, and his fluent and vivid conversational characterizations of many of the literary folk of the

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day ran on amusingly, unsparingly. He was caustic, sarcastic, profuse in praise of that which appealed to him; a materialist of materialists; a fervent disciple of Herbert Spencer, yet without that philosopher's breadth and vision; a joyous denouncer of all organized religion about which he would say the most extravagant things; yet, withal, a lovable person was Edgar Fawcett, and we who knew him well only laughed at his *boutades*, as at a species of grown-up *enfant terrible*. His antagonisms were always vigorously and picturesquely expressed, but of deeper reality were the vitality and generosity of his friendships and his glad service for his friends was abounding. In my own case I received so much vigorous castigation from Mr. Fawcett throughout our long correspondence, which must have begun in the middle eighties, and was only terminated by his death in 1906, that it should go far in mitigating the general severities with which I might appropriately be visited. My literary sins of omission and commission (which, indeed, offered a fruitful field for castigation) received his unsparing censure in these letters.

Regarding some book review of mine at the time, the candid Edgar regaled me with the following encouraging lines:

I read with amazement last night your review of — How can you write so about that old fraud? His dull, mechanical, lifeless verse, all sentimental hypocrisy! . . . All I can say is that I am glad for your own reputation that your article is unsigned. You may not be identified as the literary editor, and editorial anonymity is a good thing for you in this case. . . .

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Again he wrote:—

No, I have not read the diary of the French Marie with the Russian name. How *does* your eye manage to dart along the text of so many books, and to do so rememberingly? . . . The Ibsen cult seems to be a failure.

With all these (and other) letters from well-known writers who were largely our mutual friends, I usually made my way to Mrs. Moulton's morning room, where stacks of her own letters from the more noted English authors of the day filled tables and overflowed in chairs (after the order of our craft). Many were mutually read and discussed with the freemasonry of friendship. In one letter Mr. Fawcett said:

Henry James writes me that he will be back from Dover before October, when he hopes to have me dine with him at his home in Kensington. — The grandeur and beauty of London strike me more forcibly than ever. It seems to me that one could take a new walk here every day in the year and each day find something fresh to charm and interest him.

In one springtime that found me in Florence, Mr. Fawcett wrote:

I am wondering if you are still in Florence? I fancy it must be lovely there now. I can see the flower stalls near Cosimo de' Medici's purple statue, at the head of the Tornabuoni, and the little brilliant sunlit square of the Piazza della Signoria with its fascinating statue of Perseus by Cellini in green bronze. The "Browning" part of Florence never interested me a bit. I like your book; I think it very well done, and I should say it would find much favour with the public. But long ago I woke up to the fact that with

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their characteristic high-handedness the English had taken possession of Italy to an absurd extent. Surely other poets besides Shelley and Keats have died there, and others besides Robert Browning have lived there. You know, I never could believe in Browning. I don't think he was a true artist, and apart from "Men and Women," and "Dramatis Personæ," I think everything he wrote will soon perish. Indeed, it is already perishing, for the public of this generation no longer read it. Mrs. Browning, to my mind, wrote one very fine poem, "Aurora Leigh"; but it is entirely too long. It contains, however, passages of exquisite beauty and secure art. I can't say as much for anything else that she did. . . . I am literally worn out with the way in which the Brownings have been Italianized. One would suppose no other Anglo-Saxons had ever dwelt there. I seem to have read about their taking tea on terraces and in loggias with people quite as important as themselves yet always somehow put relentlessly into the background. There is Landor; a nail of his little finger was worth Browning's whole body. I often feel that his *mind* was great as Shakespeare's, only he lacked the theatric faculty; for the dramatic faculty he surely possessed. How *could* you like Browning's palace at Venice? I should have died in its huge ugly rooms, and the cold there must have been boreal. It isn't a *good palace*, you know, at all; it has slight claim.

Passages of fine literary criticism, and of the most amusingly unreasonable denunciations ran side by side in Mr. Fawcett's letters; but even the most emphatic expressions of his displeasures never impressed us very much, the little group of us who read, enjoyed, and laughed over these letters. They were as impersonal as a magazine article, and eminently fitted to be

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shared among a coterie of the "literary group" of Boston. Edward Everett Hale, in his most delightful book of "Lowell and His Friends," records that Maria White kept Lowell's letters to her in an ornamental box on the drawing-room table and that they were read by mutual friends who came in. However this might have been with the letters of a poet to his *fiancée*, it is at least true that Mr. Fawcett's letters deserved an audience which they usually had. For myself, as I receded from youth, and from a boundless confidence that the reading of a noble poem, or of such spiritually inspiring sermons and addresses as those of Phillips Brooks would transform the reader's life by some instantaneous and inscrutable magic, I ceased to bestow poems of Browning, or sermons from the most spiritual of preachers on my friend, Mr. Fawcett, as tokens of regard. But all his *boutades* did not, as I have already said, obscure in the least, to those of us who knew him, his genuine kindness of heart and innumerable charming qualities. And it is possible to dwell with no little satisfaction on the happy nature of the surprises that must have awaited Edgar Fawcett in the next order of life to which he passed.

The reunion, in London, with my friend of many Roman winters, Élise Emmons, who, from her home in Leamington, flitted any day to the London circle that so welcomed her, added its joy and interest to the brilliant and vital life of the British metropolis; and a visit to Miss Emmons in her home revealed the historic interest of all that Warwick region. Lady Warwick was then absent from the castle, but through



ÉLISE EMMONS

From a photograph

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her friend, Archdeacon Colley, offered its hospitalities; the house in which Walter Savage Landor was born was distinguished by a tablet in the village of Warwick; Stratford-on-Avon is in the near vicinity, as is Oxford, and one discovered that England offers excursions and interests second to that of no country on the continent. The delightful days at "Mount Vernon," as the Emmons estate is called, with the family group and their relays of friends always dropping in, passed all too swiftly. English country life is something distinctive, and affords an enjoyment that persists in memory. Once, during an afternoon at the Lyceum Club in London, when all the sojourners and their guests were engaged in the sacred rite of afternoon tea, Mabel Collins (the "M. C." of "Light on the Path"), Annie Halderman, and I slipped away into a quiet corner where conversation was possible, and took up the thread of many things which, for years before our meeting, we had discussed in letters. Her inestimable service to the cause of the higher spiritual enlightenment is one that can never be fitly estimated save by the Recording Angel, and her beauty of thought, as felt in her books, can only be equaled by the beauty of her personal life.

X

THE FRIENDSHIPS OF WILLIAM ANGUS
KNIGHT

*“Heart-affluence in discursive talk
From household fountains never dry;
The critic clearness of an eye
That saw through all the Muses’ walk;
Seraphic intellect and force
To seize and throw the doubts of man;
Impassioned logic, which outran
The hearer in its fiery course.”*

TENNYSON

*“What is so divine a thing as friendship, let us carry
with what grandeur of spirit we may.”*

EMERSON

THAT “a letter is a spiritual gift” is a truth that has been signally illustrated to me by a long series of letters from William Angus Knight, D.D., LL.D., Professor Emeritus in St. Andrews, where for forty years he held the Chair of Moral Philosophy. The genius for friendship ranks among the celestial gifts, and few persons have possessed more of this heaven-sent quality than Doctor Knight. He invested his Chair in the great Scottish University with brilliancy and distinction that will not soon fade

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from the traditions of high thought and noble scholarship. His temperamental sympathies were of so wide a range that they included poetry and art and literature in general as well as philosophy and ethics. He had a singular gift for making friends of the most dissimilar people; he affiliated with John Henry, Cardinal Newman, and with Doctor James Martineau, the distinguished leader in liberal thought. His intimate circle included Browning, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Edward Dowden, Lady Ashburton, Principal Tulloch, Ruskin, Principal Shairp, Professor Jowett, Maurice, Gladstone, Archdeacon Wilberforce, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Thomas Davidson. Dean Stanley had also been one of his treasured friends. In his early life he saw a good deal of Carlyle; and with Browning he would walk across Kensington Gardens from the poet's house in Warwick Crescent, to call on Mrs. Procter (the widow of "Barry Cornwall"), who lived in the Albert Mansions. His visits to the States (where he once preached in Trinity Church, Boston, by the invitation of his friend, Phillips Brooks) brought him into the circle of Edward Everett Hale, Doctor Holmes, Mrs. Howe, Professor Shaler, John Fiske and Mrs. Fiske, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who for more than a quarter of a century passed her summers in London and knew every one of note, Doctor Knight saw much in his own country. Lowell, too, he knew in England when the poet represented his country at the Court of Saint James. All these, and others of the rich Victorian age, were among his cherished associations. He also knew and prized the great

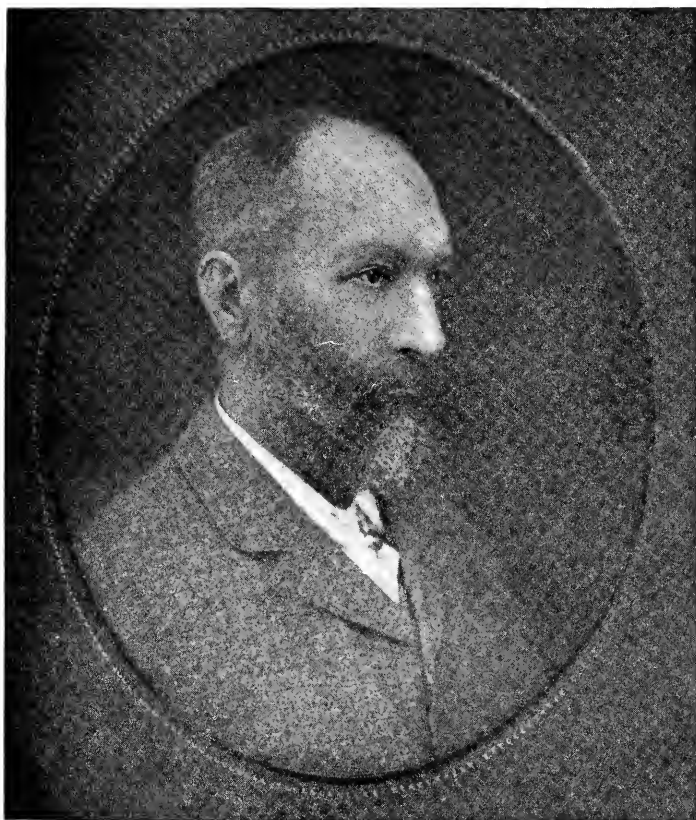
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Hegelian, William Torrey Harris, whose genius for sympathetic companionships rivaled that of Professor Knight himself; and he numbered among the close friends of his later years, Sir Oliver Lodge, Frederic Myers, William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, William T. Stead, Canon Rawnsley, the Bishop of London (Doctor Ingram), William James, and William Watson, whose poetic future he had predicted from Mr. Watson's student days. Jane Barlow, whose social enjoyments were largely limited to the written word, he knew through correspondence. Professor Hiram Corson, conceded to be one of the finest of Browning interpreters, was a near friend and one whose critical literary work Doctor Knight held in highest esteem.

The great work done by Doctor Knight in connection with philosophy, ethics, and poetry is of so unique an order as to be practically unrivaled. He was a splendid organizer of the work of others as well as indefatigable in his own. The list of his published works is a long one, and nearly fills an entire drawer of library catalogue. His "Studies in Philosophy and Literature" appeared in 1879; he had a great knowledge of all modern (as well as classic) poetry, and of the entire literature of religious devotions.

A pleasant glimpse of Professor Knight in early youth is given in the biography of Colonel Higginson, in a quotation from his diary, under date of May 18, 1878:

. . . I went to a reception at Mr. Martineau's, chiefly his students and parishioners. . . . It was rather stiffish, and the person I liked best was a very pleasing young Professor, William Knight, of St. An-



WILLIAM ANGUS KNIGHT, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L.

From a photograph

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draws, who, to my surprise, had my Epictetus and knew all about it.

Professor Knight is perhaps better known by his works on Wordsworth than by any other of his many contributions to the finer culture of life. His "English Lake District and Wordsworth" was published in 1878. He had already organized the Wordsworth Society, and he gave years to researches into the poet's life. The national purchase of Dove Cottage was mainly due to the zeal and persistence of Mr. Knight. His own equipment of the cottage with books, with editions of Wordsworth and his manuscripts, and with some rare portraits, was princely in its extent and value.

The failure of a publisher left a large part of Professor Knight's work entirely unremunerated. But in any lofty endeavor the reward lies even more in accomplishing the thing attempted than in any financial return, and he apparently believed this, for he never faltered in any enterprise.

The friendship between Professor Knight and Robert Browning must have begun soon after the death of Mrs. Browning (in 1861) when the poet, with his young son, returned to London. Browning was then forty-nine, and Mr. Knight twenty-five years of age. As the poet lived on for twenty-eight years, their friendly companionship covered a long period, and many circumstances brought them so closely together that any book appearing on the Brownings would immediately attract Mr. Knight's attention. Thus it was that he first wrote to me, on reading my book

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entitled "The Brownings; their Life and Art," which had appeared in 1911, and had caught his watchful eye. This letter initiated the correspondence that was fairly inspirational to me in its revelations of the richness of his intellectual life.

Doctor Knight relates that in first meeting Mr. Browning, whom he found "gracious in manner and radiant in spirit," what impressed him most in the poet was "a many-sided fullness of life; . . . the multitudinous ways in which he had touched and sounded the depths of human experience; the vast range of his interests, the eager, throbbing intensity of his nature." It was about that time (1877) when Professor Knight was called to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrews, and soon afterward the students nominated Browning to be their Lord Rector. This occasioned several letters. Mr. Browning could not accept the office, even at Professor Knight's entreaty; but he became at once a member of the Wordsworth Society which was founded by the young professor, who was then engaged in editing Wordsworth's works and has long since been known as the world's accredited authority on the poet. In fact, despite the impressive Chair in St. Andrews, it is as the friend of poets that William Angus Knight might best be known. He had such exquisite sympathy of temperament; such a power of generous and beautiful interpretation. An author with an unusually long list of books catalogued under his name; a frequent contributor to learned reviews; a minister, an educator, a lecturer, — he was of all things the ideal friend.

Professor Knight induced his friend, Lord Coleridge,

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to become the president of the Wordsworth Society in 1882; he was succeeded two years later by Lord Houghton.

In a letter of Browning's to Doctor Knight, in 1888, he says:

. . . I am delighted to hear that you may establish yourself in London, illustrating Literature as happily as you have expounded Philosophy. It is certainly the right order of things, philosophy first, and poetry, as its highest outcome, afterward.

From Florence, in the June of 1888, Professor Knight thus wrote to Browning:

I have been six days in Florence, but they have been as years of experience. It is my first visit to this fairest of cities, and the hours have passed in one long apocalypse of beauty and glory. As it is to you and Mrs. Browning, along with Ruskin and George Eliot, that I owed most of my knowledge of Florence, I follow the instinct that impels me to write to you. I have risen each morning at four o'clock, and have been both to San Miniato and Fiesole at dawn. I have climbed Giotto's Tower, and Brunelleschi's dome at sunset. I have studied with wondering delight the frescoes in Santa Croce the Carmine, and Santa Maria Novella; and lingered in the Uffizi and the Pitti. The Duomo has fascinated me with the splendor of its architecture and its music. The Donatellos around San Michele, the Lucca della Robbias everywhere, the Bargello, and the Ghiberti Gates have revealed much; but the Giotto's, the Botticellis, the Andrea del Sartos, these have magnetized me. . . . I stood a long time before Casa Guidi; today I went out to the English cemetery and laid a tall white lily on that tomb which will be a place of reverent pilgrimage for generations to come;

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I placed a laurel bough over the grave of Walter Savage Landor.

Doctor Knight records of Browning that he never knew any other author so completely indifferent to fame, and that in this respect he was a striking contrast to Wordsworth and to Tennyson. In a conversation one day between the two, the talk turned on Immortality, and Browning said: "I don't need arguments; I know its truth by intuition which is superior to proof." He then took up "Aurora Leigh," and read aloud to Doctor Knight several passages.

Looking through the treasured letters of my own from Doctor Knight (which are appropriately kept in the jewel-box that had been Mrs. Browning's, and which came to me by the kindness of Mrs. Barrett Browning) I find him saying, under date of October 27, 1913:—

. . . I have already said much of your book on the Brownings; and I have read and rejoiced in nearly all your books. But, as I have a book which I think of calling "Thoughts on Immortality" ready for the press, and as I have just finished a second reading of your "Life Transfigured" I cannot resist the impulse to thank you for that delightful utterance *de profundis*.

. . . I know and love Italy, and I also know and love Boston which I have visited many times. I am glad that you quote from my two great living friends, Oliver Lodge and Alfred Russel Wallace, as well as from Hiram Corson, and Everett Hale, with Professor Shaler whom I valued very highly. You doubtless read Sir Oliver's Address to the British Association which is to me the most remarkable one ever delivered to that audience. We are surely on the verge of still more wonderful disclosures from the other realm.

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We have known so many who are now across the frontier, as well as so many who have the "seeing eye" on this side of it, that I rejoice to think of you as a friend, though whom I have not yet met.

Under date of April 27, 1914, Doctor Knight writes:

I am glad that you are adding to your quite remarkable series of books one on the literary activities of London.¹ I fear I can send you only a bit of unfinished outline of my University holidays, my travels in Europe and America. My book called "Retrospects" is largely autobiographical, as is "Some Nineteenth-Century Scotsmen." As I have before written you, I have read with great delight your book on the Brownings. I am sending you a copy of the "Retrospects." I was reading last night a chapter in your "Life Transfigured," and found it, as I always do, most restful.

In a letter dated May 31st of the same spring, he says:

How can I thank you for your very delightful letter? It has made me most happy in my new and ever-blessed friend; for you have become that at a simple bound of the soul. We have so many common friends. I wish Boston was nearer my home and I would be off to see you at once! . . . Mrs. Barrett Browning, in addition to her gift of the bronze bust of the Poet, which Pen did of his father (and which I am going to leave to the University of St. Andrews), sent me the other day their family photographic album, of which I copy the inscription for you:

"Photographic Album, which belonged to the Poet, Robert Browning, and was filled by him and his household; containing portraits of his friends, relatives, and himself; now presented to Professor Knight by his daughter-in-law, Fanny Browning. May, 1914."

¹ "The Lure of London." Boston, Little, Brown and Company. 1914.

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That I shall leave to my daughter. I don't know that I cared for it more than for your letter. . . . I knew Julia Ward Howe, Louise Chandler Moulton, Reverend Doctor E. Winchester Donald, and I have spoken, as well as worshipped in Trinity Church, Boston. I corresponded with Harriet Hosmer in Rome and I am glad to include Frank B. Sanborn among my friends. . . . I have a book nearly ready for the press. How I wish I could take Wordsworth's title, "Intimations of Immortality." But I cannot presume to do so. It is more likely to be called "Thoughts on Human Immortality." I am busy with some chapters of psychical research in connection with it, and Sir Oliver Lodge is revising them, as Alfred Russel Wallace (a very old friend of mine) used to do. How much your book, "The Spiritual Significance," delights my friends who have read it! I must see that and must read all your books. This note is too egoistic; but it is not meant to be egoistic, only informing!

The letters run on:

I find I can secure a copy of my "Scotsmen" (1903) and there is no one to whom I should so like to send it as to you, since it contains my personal recollections of some sixty Scotsmen of eminence. . . . How can I thank you for your letter and your precious gift of the three books with their joyous and friendly inscriptions? I never received kinder ones, although they are in excess of any merits of mine except what my dear Lilian may have discovered by some sweet telepathy. Is it strange that one so old as I am should feel so young in spirit? I feel that I know your dear old Boston well. I have been there several times and I would be glad to go to it once more. I know so many of the people who are in your "Boston Days;" Julia Ward Howe, James Russell Lowell, Edward Everett Hale, E. Winchester Donald, Percival Lowell,

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John Fiske and Mrs. Fiske, Frank B. Sanborn, W. T. Sedgwick, Professor Shaler and Professor Barrett Wendell, Miss Scudder (at her college), Thomas Wentworth Higginson, William T. Harris, etc., etc. They are a goodly company and there are many others. My dear friend, we have got very near to each other, have we not? I thank you for that remark of Oliver Wendell Holmes, — "I think we are all unconsciously conscious of each other's brain waves at times"; the fact is that words are a very poor sort of language compared with the direct telegraphy between souls. The mistake we make is to suppose that the soul is circumscribed and imprisoned in the body. . . . The post hour is at hand; but you will hear from me soon again. For ever and for aye, my new friend and precious friend, yours. . . . O, I meant to say will you send me your photo and I will send you mine. . . .

. . . I am reading your "Boston Days" again with the keenest delight. It has rare fascination. I am constantly sending telepathic messages for you to know and to respond to; and I often hear from Sir William Barrett, at Dublin, the last surviving member of that illustrious group of Founders of the Psychological Society. Can you speak to me through that blessed channel other than the recognized one of sense? You will find that I respond. To you I can say quite sacredly, "Benedicite, Benedicite!" . . .

Did I send you my very youthful "Echoes from the Past," privately printed? I think not, and I send now. I think you may like them. . . . I received yesterday your delightful letter of the 7th. Thank you for recalling Colonel Higginson's sentence about meeting me, at Martineau's house, in 1878, and much more for your kind words in appreciation of "Echoes from the Past." . . . I want to tell you about this home (my latest and last), which I wish I might show you, in our English lakeland. For the renewal of youth in time of age, few experiences are better than

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life in a mountain district in the English Lakes, for where does Nature reveal herself with richer prodigality or a more glorious radiance? It is marvellous how the lights and shadows of the fells are intensified by their sudden changes. . . . The house in which I now write (Greta Lodge) is next to Southey's old home, where he lived and wrote for nearly forty years. It is reached by a winding path from Keswick, near the picturesque two-arched bridge, bordered by beech-trees, chestnuts, and elms, with wild apple blossoms and rhododendrons intermixed. On either side are snowdrops, celandine, and crocuses of every color, followed, as the season advances, by daffodils. This winding path was trodden for many a year by the feet of Coleridge and Wordsworth, as well as by Southey all his life. Northward a group of mountains rear their heads, and southward is a picturesque valley, while the lake of Derwent Water is seen in many places through the trees. It is a scene unrivaled in England. . . .

I am putting together some notes that I may call "Wordsworth Studies Old and New." . . . If America and England lead the way [this was written under date of August 23, 1914] why should not the horrors of this international strife lead to a solemn pact amongst the nations of the world to turn their swords into pruning-hooks and their spears into ploughshares? . . .

I received your most kind letter yesterday and at once turned to the poem of Whittier's, "My Soul and I." Do you know what I have thought of doing? It was to write to your President of the United States and appeal to him to break through the Monroe Doctrine and send his fleet across the seas to aid the down-trodden Belgium, and help us to help them! . . . Will not the Lord of Hosts Himself interfere? . . . I wish to urge you to read one of the most delightful books ever written, — Professor Edward Dowden's

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“Fragments from Old Letters” (1869–1892), — just issued by J. M. Dent and Sons. It is full of insight and wisdom. . . . Here is a request for you; I want to issue a book, “Pro Patria,” of verses relevant to the war, for the benefit of the Prince of Wales’ Fund in aid of our soldiers and sailors. I shall bring in Wordsworth and Coleridge, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, William Watson, Rudyard Kipling, Canon Rawnsley, and will you join the sympathetic group? I want an American coadjutor. War poems are not in your line; but I have no doubt you will be able to send me selections. I want poems of the character of my dear Wordsworth’s “Happy Warrior.” . . .

You will not think me impatient if I write again about my “Pro Patria” war poems? I am including some of your Lowell’s, and if you have had time to look for others will you send them to me? I saw one today in the *Times*, by an Indian Judge, Nizmat Jung, which I shall try to secure for my collection. When does your “Lure of London” appear, and who will publish it? . . .

May I ask again if you have any war poems in your country like Mrs. Howe’s “Battle Hymn,” either recent, or old? I am getting on with the “Pro Patria,” but I want more American poems. I deal with causes, characteristics, and consequences; but it is in this last section that I have most gaps. I cherish the hope that out of all these horrors there will emerge yet a nobler type of heroism, chivalry, nobility, and greatness such as the world has not yet seen. . . . I have not yet received the poems you so kindly promise to send, and while I know how overwhelmingly busy you are, my book is yet overdue. So there is haste. I am most anxious to have one of your own in it, and our Field Marshal, Earl Roberts, is also hopeful to see your work in it. . . .

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This letter was dated November 6, 1914, and, very curiously, the only approach to a "war-poem" that I ever made was the following on the death of Lord Roberts under the most poetic and wonderful circumstances, — a bit of verse that Doctor Knight was so kind as to approve, but which was too late for his collections. It is inserted here, not because of any supposed claim, but merely as a part of this story:

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS

To the wail of "Flowers o' the Forest" from the pipers, the cortege moved slowly through double ranks of soldiers with arms reversed. General officers acted as pallbearers. Those following the casket included representatives of the family of Lord Roberts and of King Albert and President Poincaré, the Prince of Wales, Prince Arthur of Connaught and Gen. French. As the coffin was removed to a motor ambulance for conveyance to Boulogne, French trumpeters across the square blew a fanfare and the guns of Lord Roberts's old regiment roared out a last farewell. A double rainbow gleamed on a mass of dark clouds and an aeroplane circling above, one of the aerial guards watching and protecting the procession, dipped in salute.

Hero and Christian Soldier! thou hast passed
From out this time of conflict, carnage, strife,
Into the peace of that diviner life,
The goal of all humanity at last.

Hero and Lord! No peerage holds thy fame
In pride exclusive; nor could give to thee
Honor or glory, greater than to be
The Knight of England, thou of noble name.

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The people loved thee; trusted in thy grace;
Thy qualities that manhood made divine,—
Thou mad'st each battle-field a sacred shrine,
A promise of high progress, glorious space,—

From which new dreams and visions burst aflame;
The rose of dawns whose light was yet afar;
Thy vision fixed upon the Morning Star,
On all thy noble purposes made claim.

Hero and Soldier-Saint! we know with thee
"No work begun shall ever pause for death!"
Thou whose last look and word of failing breath
Were to thy comrades pledge and prophecy.

Prophetic pledge that in the Wilderness
Sees but the Promised Land that gleams afar!
Sees England's destiny-illuminated Star
Spanned by the rainbow, e'en though darkest stress

Broods o'er the land; thy spirit still shall guide
Thy loved Britannia; lead thy troops once more
To eager triumphs,— to that waveless shore
Whose Gates of Life thy hand shall open wide!

The next letter from Professor Knight bore the date of one day later only, the 7th, and began:

Your delightful "Lure of London" reached me last night, after my letter to you had been posted. What a really wonderful book, so full of facts, skilfully adjusted. I took it to bed with me and only laid it down at 2.30, this morning. I like all that you say of London people, and houses, art-galleries, clubs, and science. And I know so many whom you characterise,— I think I noted only one mistake. My old (and great) friend, Lady Ashburton, lived at Kent House, Knightsbridge, not at Bath House, where I

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have spent many a happy day as well as at her summer quarters of Melchit Court and Loch Luichart. If you have another edition I will send you some suggestions to improve a scarcely improvable book. Your portraits are sometimes idealised, Darwin's and one or two others; but your pictures of places are superb, and all you say of Oliver Lodge and Lord Lytton is excellent. I am sure that my dear friends, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson, will rejoice in what you have written of Lambeth, and of them both. What you say of the glorious Abbey is divinely true and admirably put.

Have you any more war poems to send me? Any dealing with results that will bring good out of evil and the terrible tragedy Europe is now experiencing? You are so kind that I shrink from troubling you; but you must be, yourself, in my book, and you will honor me and Lord Roberts' wish, and the cause. . .

Under date of November 12 there came:

Your new-found friend is going to do a thing that he thinks he could do to no one else but to you. Is that strange? Anyway, he thinks it will give some joy to his friend, and he is sending her a letter he received from Stopford Brooke, whom she must know by repute, as he is a remarkable literary personality, and was once royal chaplain to Queen Victoria: one of the very great preachers of London, and, like Phillips Brooks in Boston, a great Wordsworthian, and a delightful man. At one time Doctor James Martineau used to worship in his church. He was (with my humble self) one of those who secured Dove Cottage [Wordsworth's old home] for the Nation, and is its senior trustee. Well, he wrote me the enclosed letter the other day, which is the most explicit bit of friendliness I have ever received and I shall not put even one of your dear letters to me before this. You will take

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great care of it and return it to me soon. I thought of copying it for you, to guard against possible loss, but I could not write down such words about myself. But I would like my dear Lilian to read them now that we have become such friends. It is a noble revelation of his character little as I deserve it of mine.

Many, many thanks for the five poems you have sent me. Yes, that of Bryant's is noble. . . .

The letter from Stopford A. Brooke (which, by some prophetic instinct, I copied at the time) is as follows:

The Four Winds,
Ewhurst, Surrey, Sept. 30, 1914.

My Dear Knight, —

I am sorry to hear that your walking days are over, but you have many splendid walks to make in memory, — and you can still, — which is all I can do, — walk about your place and sit by the murmur of the Greta. Alas! I have no stream near me, but I often shut my eyes when the wind rushes, fancying that I hear the racing water under Steel Bridge tell me that it remembers me.

I am glad you liked those selections from Wordsworth. I wish I had sent it to you, but I suppose I thought you did not need more, and I remember the one you published which I keep today in my bookcase near my chair.

Practically speaking, I have already resigned my (Mastership) Trusteeship. I cannot attend committees, and I do not think I shall come to Grasmere again. If I do I shall come over to see you. I hunger to hear and to see running water. My cottage is on the edge of a high down in Surrey, and through the larch and beech which fringe the garden and the field, I see far below the shimmering wood, as silent and self-contained as if there were no war in all the

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world. I have lived long and been happy. I have seen many things done for which I longed, and which I never thought to live to see.

Good-bye; you have increased the pleasure and the good of the world, and when you walk by the Greta, its quiet song is full of your praise and love.

Yours ever

Stopford A. Brooke.

Full of "explicit friendliness" as is this letter, it does not exceed, or even equal in enthusiasm of expression, many tributes that have been paid to Doctor Knight; but his nature, so sensitive to affections and friendships, was one that, in Whittier's words,

"So over-prized the work of others,
And dwarfed thine own in self-distrust."

Such natures are adapted to a finer ether than that which we breathe on earth, and only find their true environment when Love leads them to that land where all is love. For a great capacity for friendship is a gift which the angelic life alone will afford expansion and perfect expression. With its immeasurable power to multiply joys, it has almost as immeasurable capacities for suffering. What does the poet say?

"Love's holy flame forever burneth;
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times approved, at times opprest,
It soweth here with toil and care;
But the harvest-time of Love is There!"

The very joy of giving affection, friendship, love, is, like poetry, "its own exceeding great reward." How

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perfectly a bit of verse by that exquisite lyrist, Sara Teasdale, expresses this truth!

“What do I owe to you
Who loved me deep and long?
You never gave my spirit wings,
Nor gave my heart a song.

“But O! to him I loved
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little gate that led
Through heaven’s garden wall.”

Doctor Knight had this unsurpassed joy of giving his sympathies, his friendliness, which were as infinite as the air, and they were generously bestowed upon all who were fitted to receive so divine a gift.

In some subsequent letter he wrote:

. . . Today I received a print of Firenze (a place that you have glorified) and I write today to the artist, who is an old friend, Edmond New, of Oxford, to send one to you. When it reaches you it will take you, as it does me, to the familiar Florentine haunts. I well remember how I rejoiced over your book,—“The Florence of Landor.”

Dated December 1 came the following:

How can I thank you sufficiently for these lines about Lord Roberts which I sent instantly to my publisher, asking him to get them in, if possible, though I fear the book is already in press. They are far the best I have seen in reference to that great “Soldier, Patriot, Statesman,” as I call him in my brief Dedication. And now, tell me, did you ever come across a book of mine, “Memorials of Thomas Davidson?” If not I want to send you a copy. . . .

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Four days later Professor Knight wrote:

Thanks for your so kindly sending me a copy of your article on the St. Louis idealists. Another friend had also sent me the magazine, but that does not make your kindness the less. In that paper you refer to my friend, Thomas Davidson, "the wandering scholar." Now I must send you a copy of my Memorial of the wonderful man. Do you know the books of the Indian mystic, Rabindranath Tagore? I have been corresponding with him of late. I find him a most interesting man.

The last letter for that year of 1914 was dated on December 27, from Greta Lodge, his beloved home in the "Lake Country."

My Dearest Unseen Friend, —

Did you ever come across a sentence from St. Augustine in your miscellaneous reading, "*O Aeterna, Aeterna Veritas, et vera Caritas, et cara Aeternitas, tu es Deus meus?*" It is one of my long-chosen mottoes, which I had carved on my pulpit of my church in Dundee, to the partial bewilderment of the good people who used to gather there to hear me. And did you ever note the Augustinian style peculiarity that pervades the Confessions? I have a beautifully drawn and illuminated copy of the quotation from St. Augustine with which I began this letter, it is one of my treasures and has hung for forty years over my desk. It has had a blessed history to me, and so I am sending it to you, and I trust you will experience its sublime truth and ecstatic reality when I am no longer in the flesh. . . .

Yesterday I received that delightful letter by Mr. F. B. Sanborn that you sent me. It is an admirable letter and I rejoice in it. . . . And may all the holy and blessed Power overshadow you and fold you in

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the divine embrace. I have just received a sketch-book of that divine city we love so well that I ordered for you and am sending with this. As I turn the pages again I stand on the Ponte Vecchio; again I gaze from Bellosguardo! Do you know Henry Holli-day's picture of the meeting of Dante and Beatrice on the Ponte Vecchio?

[Curiously, a copy of this picture, a gift to me when in Europe, from Frank Walter Callender, had for some years hung above my mantel.]

We have a copy of this in our drawing-room. . . . You know E. B. B. so well; but do you not feel that out of all her poetry the one supreme is the 43rd Sonnet (From the Portuguese) beginning;

"How do I love thee? let me count the ways."

Again, besides many autographically inscribed copies of his books, came to me that beautiful "Panorama of Florence," done in pen and ink, by an Oxford friend of his. On the flyleaf of his compilation of "Prayers Ancient and Modern," chosen, edited, and written by himself, he wrote:

To my dear Friend of Friends, Lilian Whiting, this book of Prayer from the innermost heart of man to the Infinite and Everlasting Love, that slumbereth not nor sleepeth, is sent with ever grateful affection, for the year 1915, by William Angus Knight.

The collection is a very rare one of the loftiest expressions of devotion. One prayer of his own I will quote here as revealing the beauty of his spirit:

O Thou infinite and everlasting One, we look alone and steadfastly unto Thee, and wait for Thy revelations which are new to us every day. We put our whole trust in Thee, believing that although we fall,

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we shall rise again, for we know that our Redeemer liveth, and that when He hath tried us we shall come forth as gold. When we are in sorrow, help us to say, Why are we cast down, or disquieted? still hope in God, for we shall yet praise Him, who is our joy, through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Dating February 1, 1915, Professor Knight wrote:

. . . . I rejoice in your "Athens the Violet-Crowned." I have been there. I am going to send you some of the late King George's letters to me. And a more precious gift still, my most precious possession, I think, of its kind, — a pencil drawing by Dora Wordsworth of Heidelberg Castle taken by her when sailing up the Rhine with her father and S. T. Coleridge in 1829. The poet's son gave it to me after I had finished the life of his father. I want you to have it. . . .

Doctor Knight had more than once written of the illness of his beloved wife; and when (in February of 1915) she passed on, he wrote:

My God-given one is gone; she is dead, and her life is now hidden with Christ in God. I am desolate, but she is at rest. . . . I can say no more. She was the light of my life, the joy of my heart, for more than half a century. I can say no more. . . . I wonder if your great teacher, Phillips Brooks, could help me? . . .

By the way, have you read "The Evolution of Immortality" by Mr. S. D. McConnell? I wish I could talk with you about it. Last night I read part of your "Life Transfigured" again, and part of your "Boston Days." I wish I could talk to you about that chapter on "The Unity of the Physical and Ethereal Worlds" in the "Life Transfigured." Our books have brought us very near together. In "Life

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Transfigured" as in "The Spiritual Significance," I feel the kinship of spirit. . . . Do you know Helen Keller? She is a dear friend of mine and if you do not know her I want to introduce you.

I must get Stainton Moses's "Spirit Teachings." I have read much of him and many extracts from this book, but I must see what he says about Imperator now that you tell me of your and Dr. Hodgson's talk about St. Augustine. Your experience in the church of St. Augustine in Paris interests me. . . . I rejoice that you care for dear Dora Wordsworth's drawing of Heidelberg. And I am glad you love the Twelfth service in my book of Prayers, and that you mark it with the name of St. Augustine. . . . Another day I am going to describe this home to you; you know Greta Lodge was Southey's home; I want you to see it, my library, its books, pictures, and the delightful views from our drawing-room; and in our dining room is a picture by Frank D. Millet. . . .

Under date of March 31, 1915, Professor Knight writes that it is his daughter's birthday, and that the joyous event in it is that she receives a sonnet written to her as a birthday gift from Canon Rawnsley.

I told him [continued the professor] of a sonnet that I once wrote to my daughter, beginning;

"Be like thy mother, and thou wilt
Be all my soul desires to see."

I enclose you a copy of Rawnsley's, for I know you will love to see what he says of my Mary. I wonder if you are ever to know my beloved daughter? We must induce you to come to us and see this land of lakes and mountain glory. It will be my joy to take you both everywhere.

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On Good Friday of that spring he writes of going up to London "to hear Mrs. Mosher lecture on Hervé Riel and the Brittany district," and that he and Mrs. Mosher together are to visit the Browning settlement. This is a social settlement in Walworth (where Browning was born), the head of this work in the worst part of London, being Reverend Herbert Stead, a brother of the late William T. Stead.

Again he writes:

. . . Have I told you of my dear old friend, Miss Arnold, of Fox How, daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby? She is, in many ways, the most interesting lady we have in this region. . . .

Such a light as is about me today! I lift up my soul in prayer to the Infinite. . . . I take my friends with me. . . . I am so glad that you know about dear Lady Augusta Stanley. I can never forget her. . . . This morning brought me your beautiful book, "From Dream to Vision of Life," with its two Emerson inscriptions. I need not tell you how I value it and with what interest I shall read it. The same mail brings me a finely sympathetic letter from Lord Cromer with his views on the war that I am enclosing for you to read, and then, if you please, return to me. It is so kind in you to help me in my selections for "Pro Patria," and the two poems you enclose are most fitting. Lord Derborne [notwithstanding the usual clearness of Doctor Knight's writing, this name is a little confused and may not be read aright] has sent me his son's lines. He (the Honorable Julian Evanfell) was struck down in the trenches, and when lying wounded wrote this poem, "Into Battle." It is as wonderful as is the sonnet on him in *The Times*, the day after it appeared. I am dedicating this volume to Mr. Asquith, our Premier. . . . Last night I read every poem in your "From Dreamland Sent." I

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most like "On Easter Eve," "A Christmas Message," "The Mystery," "Gates of Eden," "Anchorage," and your memorial poem on Phillips Brooks. Alas! I have none of these in my Anthology that appeared too soon. I hope to make another collection, and you will let me have some of these, will you not? . . . Did I ever tell you of the series of papers I contributed to our London *Academy*, in 1906, under the title of *Nugae Scriptum*? They were as follows; "The Powers of Memory"; "On the Reading of Books"; "Motor-Mania and its Possible Results"; "The Benefit of Church Services to Agnostics"; "How to Employ our Cathedrals Most Profitably"; "Compensation," and "Truth in Error." I have another series ready, but the *Academy* is in possible difficulty owing to war conditions and may suspend for a time. . . . I am sending my "Days in Palestine" to the Religious Tract Society. I know Palestine so well, and have been there so often, that I think what I wrote about the Sacred Land is worth reading. . . . I enter in spirit into your "book-lined rooms" at the Brunswick, and I hope yet to do so in reality. You will give me a sweet welcome, will you not? I commend you to that ever watchful One who slumbereth not nor sleepeth. . . . I have just finished a brief notice of a book that would interest you, — "Lyrics of Old London," by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, illustrated by Mary Ellis. I shall send you a copy of the book. . . . Perhaps we shall see a regenerated Europe arise out of this time. . . . I daily feel my loneliness, — the loss of my precious wife.

Under date of November 1, still in 1915, there came:

. . . . Your ten times delightful letter of your wonderful journey through Canada came this morning, and I have read it three times. What a glorious country! I wish, indeed, that I might meet Mr. Bell.

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All you say of him reveals his lofty spirit. Of the two titles for your book on Canada about which you ask me, I should prefer "Canada the Spellbinder." When will you complete it? If you adopt the second title that you speak of, let it be "Canada, the Land of a New Civilisation"; not "*the*" new, but "*a*" new. It might even do to name it the home of a *new* civilisation. You will surely have a map of your journeying, of that glorious *wanderjahre*, in the new book? This is essential. Today's *Times* contains my letter on "America and the Allies." I will send you a copy.

Professor Knight's wish that he might meet George Turnbull Bell, one of the high administrative officials of the Grand Trunk System (the pioneer railroad of Canada), was reciprocated by Mr. Bell, a gentleman whose distinction of presence, charm of personality, and power of "inhabiting the same high sphere of thought," as Emerson phrases it, would have been deeply appreciated by the eminent Scotch professor. An added tie between the two might even have been in that Doctor Knight's home was in that poetic and picturesque Lake region of England with which Mr. Bell had many personal and ancestral associations. But the mutual pleasure of the meeting waits, like many another beautiful fulfilment, for the next phase of experience in this onward life.

No friend of his entire life did Doctor Knight hold in deeper love and reverence than Doctor Martineau, whose writings had fascinated him in his early youth. He characterized the venerable preacher as one "who was so strong an intellectual and moral force in the philosophy and the religion of the nineteenth century, and whose writings powerfully influenced the English-

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speaking race." It was Professor Knight who wrote the address to be presented to Doctor Martineau, on his eighty-third birthday (April 21, 1888), by Professor Estlin Carpenter and Benjamin Jowett.

I have dwelt little on the philosophical, historical, and religious writings of Doctor Knight. They are accessible in every large library, and they are so numerous as almost to constitute a library of themselves. His claim to a niche in the Valhalla of letters is not inconsiderable; but most treasured of all, in his own estimation, was his work on Wordsworth, or the work which he contributed on Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Browning, a wealth of writing that is of permanent importance to literature.

Doctor Knight was not a poet, but he had the poet's temperament. He was richly endowed with that exquisite spontaneousness, that generous recognition, that intuitive sympathy and penetration that discerns the spiritual meaning of poetry and the spiritual meaning of life as well. He gave always and lavishly of his best. He inspired the best in every friend who came within that magic circle. One may indeed regard the life of William Angus Knight as of that glorified order, — that richly-mingled quality of —

“August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendor ever on before
In that eternal circle life pursues.”

XI

THE GENIUS OF PERCIVAL LOWELL

*“An energy that searches through
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul’s pilgrimage and flight.”*

EMERSON

PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D., and fellow of nearly all the leading societies of learning in the world, with a trail of titles and degrees following his name, was far more than merely an eminent astronomer among astronomers. He was the great genius of his time in cosmic physics. His gift for original research in the interstellar universe was almost divination; his patient devotion to science was only equaled by the brilliancy of his powers, and he has left the legacy of a great contribution, not only of actual knowledge, but of speculative theories on the grandest scale to the science of astro-physics. His mind was of a very remarkable quality; he was singularly receptive to the loftiest order of speculation and thought; he had the wingèd imagination that penetrates into regions beyond human knowledge, and constructs hypotheses to be tested by the onward progress of science. If it were alleged that “he feeds himself on visions,” it could also be alleged that such visions as his “are the



PERCIVAL LOWELL, LL.D., D.Sc.

From a photograph loaned by Mrs. Lowell

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creators and the feeders of mankind." The name of Doctor Lowell is chiefly associated, in the mind of the public, with his theory that the lines on Mars are canals, the work of conscious intelligence; but his study of Mars is but one of the several directions in which he worked, and the supreme achievement of his life is in the establishing of an evolutionary chain linking the nebular hypothesis and evolution.

Two or three trips that seemed to arrange themselves as a part of the scenery of the Golden Road included Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona — land of mystery and magic — in the route to the Pacific Coast and the lovely region of Southern California. Among the Colorado memories there lingers a visit to Ex-Governor and Mrs. Alva Adams, at their home in Pueblo, under the majestic beauty of the Spanish peaks, above which clusters of stars blazed at night in fairly dazzling brilliancy. Twice the Governor of the State, Mr. Adams had signally contributed to the wonderful development of Colorado.

Arizona, with its scenic marvels, is enriched with one of the important astronomical observatories of the world in that of the Lowell, at Flagstaff. To the legacy of facts and accepted evidence Doctor Lowell added that still richer legacy of speculative hypotheses that remain subject to the verdict of time. Not far from Flagstaff is the Grand Canyon. Until into the twentieth century it was only approached by driving from Flagstaff, a journey of seventy miles through the old Coconino forest, whose dim, green, twilight recalls the forest of Fontainebleau. About that date a railroad was built from Williams (on the Sante Fé

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lines) to Bright Angel, on the rim of the Grand Canyon at the head of Bright Angel trail. The three-hours' ride between Williams and Bright Angel is one of transcendent beauty among the purple peaks of the San Francisco mountains. At the time of my own first visit there, in 1901, the railroad lacked ten miles of completion, which were bridged by stage. The Bright Angel "hotel" was a log cabin, very primitive, but very comfortable. A few years later was built the beautiful "El Tovar" hotel, where every luxury of private baths, and electric lights, and the up-to-date conveniences in general, abound. Since that initial visit I have made three sojourns at Bright Angel, one that included the month of August in 1906, a month in which I looked from my window on "a celestial inferno bathed in soft fires."

The Grand Canyon is the carnival of the gods. It is the most wonderful spectacle of Nature in the entire world. It is not, as many suppose, a deep canyon between mountains; but it is a colossal "crack" in the earth more than two hundred miles in length, eighteen miles wide in the widest and thirteen miles in the narrowest place, and a mile deep! "If the Eiffel tower, which is a thousand feet in height, and the tallest structure in the world, were placed at the bottom of the Grand Canyon, five more towers of the same height could be placed on top of it before reaching the rim of the plateau." Twenty Yosemites might be thrown into it; a hundred Niagaras, yet making no impression! Now this gigantic canyon is no mere deep, dark chasm, but it is filled with what seems the most wonderful architecture, in the sandstone for-

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mations that take on the forms of temples, monuments, a Chinese pagoda, with a three-terraced roof (that one cannot believe could be accidentally fashioned); and here are cathedrals, domes, and towers. Add to this a color scheme that is a very vision of the New Jerusalem — a changing, throbbing sea of color, now all a deep rose-red, an emerald green, a rich purple, a dream of amber and gold and rose and palest blue, a nocturne in silvery gray, shot through with sapphire and ruby. From sunrise to sunset these colors change like a transformation scene. In a nearly four-weeks' stay, at one time, watching this marvelous spectacle by day and by night, I never saw it twice alike. One stands on the rim, speechless, breathless, as if transported to another planet. One watched for the sacred fire to flame on Brunhilde's rock and for Siegfried to appear.

To Arizona tourists the Lowell Observatory was an object of unusual interest in that its founder had surprised the scientific world with so remarkable an hypothesis regarding Mars. Nothing is so valuable to progress as that order of creative imagination that goes out, like a searchlight, into the infinite spaces and discovers that which it had thought might be there, or discovers that the trend of speculation is unsustained by the actual conditions. It was this order of imagination with which Doctor Lowell was so richly endowed. With all the esteem in which he was held as a scholar, a scientist, a discoverer of new truth, he is yet too near the age; the perspective is not yet sufficient, for his contemporaries to realize his unusual equipment for scientific exploration. An astronomer,

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— was he also a diviner of cosmic secrets? At all events his investigations have thrown added light upon the problem of Planetary Evolution. His personal contribution was the establishment of the chain of sequences that link the two theories of the nebular hypothesis and evolution. This at one end: the Darwinian theory of life processes at the other, made an epoch in scientific progress. That this was exclusively due to Doctor Lowell no one would claim and he least of all; scientific advance is a river fed from a thousand sources, and scientists deprecate any especial emphasis on the person rather than on the achievement. "Not unto me, not unto me," is the universal feeling. But it was Doctor Lowell who coördinated this discovery and made its relations clear. Planetology, the science of the making, the growth, and the disintegration of worlds, was the theme that fascinated the attention of Doctor Lowell, and to which he devoted his time, his wealth, his resources in every way. Never did a more loyal devotee lay all his possessions on the altar of science. There is no question now remaining as to the existence of the lines on Mars. The problem is their interpretation. Doctor Lowell's brilliant and highly trained mind was of the signally constructive order. Schiaparelli did not wholly commit himself to the acceptance of the theory of his younger co-worker; but he declared it "the best working hypothesis yet devised" that Mars is inhabited; that its people are struggling with a planetary system of irrigation; that this system is under present aspects of extension. This is the theory which Doctor Lowell came to adopt as an

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absolute conviction, attested by spectroscopic, photographic, visual, and mathematical researches at Flagstaff. It was on May 31, 1894, that, through his own telescope at Flagstaff, he made his first observation of Mars; and during the succeeding twenty-two years of his work he had what he believed to be logical demonstration that the oases on this planet are great centers of population; that the strange and intricate lines are canals constructed by guiding intelligence for the purpose of hydraulic distribution, and that their existence is thus an unanswerable proof of conscious, organic, and intelligent life on Mars. Within a period of fifteen years, four hundred new canals were discovered at the Lowell Observatory which, added to the one hundred and seventeen mapped by Schiaparelli, make a large number; and if this theory shall stand the test of time and future discoveries, it will absolutely attest the presence of conscious and intelligent life on Mars. According to Doctor Lowell's convictions based on the observations made, some of these canals have been constructed since the time of the first researches.

Presented in its completeness, with all its recognized facts marshaled in support, as the director of the observatory so luminously and impressively revealed them, this theory is the only one as yet evolved that will account for the facts and coördinate them into coherency. On no other known basis, at the present time, can the facts themselves, universally admitted to be true, be accounted for in their interrelation and completeness. At the same time, in science nothing is final. The apparent fact of to-day may be can-

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celed or modified by the new fact discovered tomorrow. No scientist would more insist upon this truth than would Percival Lowell. It was his gift to discern many of the larger relations of the forces in the sidereal heavens. To meet conditions he would construct his working hypotheses and proceed to test them by the known and accepted facts. This was experimental, and he would probably have said that he only held to a given hypothesis until (or unless) a still larger group of facts or conditions tended to disprove it, when he would construct another theory for testing these additional facts. His views on Mars had been subjected to all these tests during a long period of years; and up to the time of his death his continued excursions into the field had only served to support and substantiate his convictions, and he had encountered nothing to disprove them. As to what changes his belief might have undergone, had he lived longer (or what changes it may have undergone in his new and larger life and more extended vision) who may say?

At one time when in Arizona, I applied to Doctor Lowell for permission to visit his Observatory at Flagstaff and received, on the train, a telegram from him cordially granting the privilege. A little cluster of houses had sprung up on the hill in proximity to the work in which the members of his staff and the employés were bestowed. His own house was a picturesque *chalet*, overlooking a landscape that one might well cross a continent to see. Beyond a plateau loomed up the vast heights of the San Francisco peaks with their aureole of colors, changing from hour to

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hour with the changes of the sun and atmosphere. It is fitting that he should have passed from earth in this unique and beautiful place, and that his tomb should be in the very shadow of the Observatory which is his most perfect memorial.

The permanent fame of Percival Lowell still rests with the revelations of the future which will support, or cancel, his theories. If it shall be that Science, in her onward march, sustains the brilliant hypotheses that he held, his genius will be recognized as holding rank with the greatest men who have ever appeared to lead the world.

XII

A SUMMER TOUR THROUGH CANADA

"A wanderer in enchanted lands,

.
"I bathe my spirit in blue skies
And taste the springs of life!"

LAMPMAN

.
"O Land of the Dusky Balsam
And the brilliant Maple Tree!"

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

ONE who is temperamentally predisposed to believe in miracles and to be surprised only when they do not happen, may even once in a way encounter events that go far to justify the faith that is in him; and it was an exhilarating experience of this order that prefigured itself when (for some inscrutable reason) the Grand Trunk System of Canada (which, in the summer of 1914, had invited Sir Arthur Conan and Lady Doyle to be its guests for a trip across that wonderful country whose shores are washed by three oceans) extended to me, in 1915, the same wonderful kindness.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition presented itself as rather the objective point of interest in the year

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of 1915, and the sunset shore allured all Eastern dwellers with its exposition of the arts and the resources of the civilized world to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. Fascinating pictures of the splendor of the exposition in its scenic effects floated across the continent. The distinctively new note of the twentieth century sounded in the air. In pursuit of this nameless but potent charm that rose, like a mirage, I had gone, in the early spring, to Chicago, stopping there for a little time on my way to the Pacific shore. But the route from Boston to San Francisco was to prove a far more complicated, not to say a far more enchanting and surprising one, than I could have dreamed. For it led, in its mystic turnings, from Chicago to Washington, instead; again to Boston; and, in the summer, it turned to San Francisco by the Canadian route of the Grand Trunk System, through Montreal, with many delightful detours, stopping at Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Hotel Wawa on Lake-of-Bays, in northern Ontario, Algonquin Park, Cobalt, Miniaki, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Jasper Park, Prince Rupert; sailing thence, two days and two nights to Seattle; to Portland by rail, and sailing again from Flavell-Astoria for a voyage of thirty-eight hours to the Golden Gate. Surely a trip across the continent never transformed itself into a more undreamed-of route than this. Yet, like most incredible things, it all came about naturally. While in Chicago I suddenly made an engagement to write a book entitled "Women who Have Ennobled Life," and as writing books is incompatible with being "on the wing," I turned back to Washington and the

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splendid resources of the Library of Congress in order to complete the work. The Exposition was to be continued through October; was there not an abundance of time to write the book and go later to San Francisco? So I fled to Washington. To look down on Washington in the spring from the marble terraces of the Capitol is to see a city embowered in emerald green, with groups of sculpture gleaming through, and that marvelous obelisk of the Washington monument silhouetted against the glowing background of a sunset sky. Sometimes, so transparent is the glow, it seems made of alabaster. The May of that year, however, came in with intense heat; and I again fled, this time to Boston and its much-maligned east wind. The terror of a Boston March becomes the joy of the Boston midsummer, when the east wind brings the cool breath of the Atlantic over the city.

There are many women of many lands who have (and do) "ennoble life"; but the nine that fell within the limits of this book were Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mary Ashton Livermore, Louisa May Alcott, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, Mary Lyon, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Frances Elizabeth Willard, and Harriet Goodhue Hosmer.

The book was completed before August; it was kindly received, one reviewer saying, in part:

It is a tribute marked by the admiration and affection she holds for their memory and the literary skill with which she draws the veil from before their hearts and minds and reveals their contributions to the ennobling of life of women and men in every land. To say that Lilian Whiting is its author speaks volumes

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for its worth, for in Miss Whiting's sketches one is brought into contact with a soul on fire with earnest purpose and astir with genuine ethical ferment. The author herself, being a noted personality, writes in a fascinating style about these leaders.

One has only to give mental hospitality to the miracle region of life, and its portals swing wide as the gates to the Hills of Dream. The pipes of Pan are forever sounding in the air to him who can catch the vibration. One has only to be so irrational as to expect the Impossible, — and find it! That I should at last go to the Panama-Pacific exposition by way of the North Pole and Alaska, so to speak, had not dawned even upon the most irrational of miracle anticipators; nor was the trip quite as extraordinary as that, for I did not see the problematic Pole (less fortunate than "Doctor" Cook) and I was only within forty miles of Alaska; but the vast northwest of Canada was so remarkable that one began to look for the Yukon, the Klondyke, and the Polar Lights, even from the terraced heights of Prince Rupert. Robert Service is the Merlin who has enchanted all this region.

"The lonely sunsets flame and die"

in these awful solitudes, or over these infinite mountain peaks. Here was "The Call of the Wild"; and I could not have entered on the unmapped regions of the Himalayas with a more intense curiosity than that with which I fared forth after leaving Edmonton. Europe becomes familiar to all of us through pictures and photographs, and many of its haunts look as we had imagined they would; but the great northwest

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of Canada, — no representations of this marvelous land had ever been within my range of vision.

The journey initiated itself in the delightful companionship of Mr. H. R. Charlton, of Montreal, one of the officials of the Grand Trunk System, who, having left Mrs. Charlton in her favorite summer haunt of Old Orchard on the Maine coast, was returning that day to his city. The trip through the Green Mountain region lying between Boston and Montreal in the luxuriant beauty of the midsummer, disclosed beauty that one need not go out of New England to seek. Although living within twelve hours of the Dominion, I had never before crossed the border of this great country, which has a bewildering background of varied activities, from the earliest period of the sixteenth well into the twentieth century. What a panorama of explorers, pioneers, missionaries, traders, and adventurers; what a long line of remarkable leaders, men lofty of soul and compact of high purpose, does the history of Canada present.

Prince Rupert, the wonderful young seaport of the Pacific, was really made in Boston. It was Messieurs Brett and Hall who waved the wand of magic to transform this wilderness into one of the most promising seaports of the Pacific, laying out the entire town on paper before the railway was completed that made its construction possible. Charles Melville Hays, the president of the Grand Trunk who went down on the *Titanic*, was a man of vision; not infelicitously, indeed, was he called "the Cecil Rhodes of Canada"; and it was he who brought about the construction of the extension of his road that bridged the distance

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from Winnipeg to Prince Rupert and made the latter port possible. The name of Prince Rupert has been as bewildering to many people as was Browning's "Sordello" to Mrs. Carlyle, who declared that after reading the poem three times she did not know whether Sordello was a man, a tree, or an island. At all events the anticipation of seeing this young city "hewn out of solid rock" at the termination of the journey by land invested it with keen anticipation.

Montreal, the metropolis, and Ottawa, the capital of Canada, only three hours apart, are each more individually interesting than the stranger would dream. Montreal has the fascinating atmosphere of an old-world city; and McGill University gives it prestige in learning; the Parliament buildings, and the sumptuous beauty of the Château Laurier, in Ottawa, enchant the eye. The summer resorts of Canada are as distinctive as they are numerous, and it is increasingly realized that a vacation in this wonderful air and splendor of scenery is the most potent of renewals. The miracle-tour that fell upon me included many of these resorts.

One enchanting place is the Hotel Wawa, poetic, bewitching, star-crowned Wawa! The region in Northern Ontario is a fascinating fairyland. Is it the swan-boat of Lohengrin from which the traveler steps, in the brilliant sunshine of the late afternoon, upon the beach (one of the finest in Canada), finding himself within two hundred yards of the hotel? Porters appear for the luggage while the wanderer lingers to gaze on the sunset over the blue lake, over a thousand lakes, indeed, studded with wooded islands, the color

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scheme changing in the fitting, opalescent lights, the cloud-shadows drifting over the green of island trees and vegetation, with a fringe of pine and balsam along the shores offering refreshing shade for the saunterer. The dancing pavilion is not far away, at one end of the long piazza, and the music of the orchestra floats out on the wonderful air. On a plot of verdant grass a group of white-robed children are dancing like a very fairy ring. The western sky, which The Wawa fronts, is all aglow with sunset splendors.

Or, perchance, one arrives in the morning and finds that the pure transparent light plays all sorts of optical tricks with distances. Illusions beset one similar to those that delight the visitors to the Grand Canyon in Arizona. Not the least of the charm of The Wawa is the trip itself from Toronto, which is as picturesque as it is easy. Four or five hours of rail to Huntsville, then a steamer on the chain of lakes to Norway Point. The romantic journey would almost be worth taking, even if one remained but a single night. For the Beautiful Hours of life are not gone when they have passed; they linger in memory; they pervade the quality of life. One fascinating picture of the early evening hour at the Hotel Wawa thus lingers, — the hour when the powerful searchlight is turned over the landscape of lakes and forests and clustering islands; when the evening steamer is arriving, gay with flags and pennons, with snatches of music and light laughter borne on the evening air. For a moment the guest feels himself on the Swiss lakes where the lights of boats and inns respond to each other in the language of illuminated signals that they understand.

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Algonquin Park, with its vast extent of nearly two and a half million acres, with the comfortable Highland Inn perched on a height overlooking lakes and woodlands, is a summer resort of alluring character. It has two log cabin camps, the Nominigan and Minnesing, besides others of a more primitive order; those of the log cabin containing radiator heat, electric lights, bathrooms, and great fireplaces in which to burn the logs of the forest and around which to gather for witching tales. They are acceptable centers of civilization to find in a wilderness.

In the vast woodlands of Algonquin one may see many couples strolling, not invariably side by side, for usually the trail provides no surplus space beyond that required for the single file. As they fare forth He calls to Her, "Come on"; or, occasionally, by way of special conversational brilliancy, he exclaims in a friendly tone: "Are you there?" They are perhaps making their way over a portage. The guide has the canoe, reversed, on his head. As they wind along intricate paths on the hillside, encountering impedimenta of fallen logs and underbrush, he goes in advance and she faithfully follows. There is all the charm of conversational entertainment when he looks sideways over his shoulder and exclaims, "Getting on all right?" She would be ashamed to confess that she was not. When their canoe trip was projected that morning she, who did not know a canoe from a constellation, was quite in raptures. As a tenderfoot, still unprofited by the proximity of the wilderness, she had descended from her bower equipped with a parasol for the sun, a handbag duly supplied with

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pencil, notebook, violet water, and various feminine conveniences; a volume of her favorite poet in her hand that he might read aloud to her, and a novel for her own private delectation, in case he should be oblivious of poetic ecstasies and like a man prefer to smoke and—dream. But he, who has seen the wilderness before in the course of his august career and to whom canoeing is no mystery, regards her with unaccustomed austerity. “You can’t take those things,” he laconically observes; “upset the canoe.” Poet and romancist, to say nothing of pink parasols and other decorative impedimenta, are relentlessly banished; and for the first time an intimation filters through her mind that there is some occult connection between equilibrium and successful canoeing.

Cobalt, the great silver-mining camp and its wonders, and the luxury of a private car in which to live during the visit, — mining camp hotels not offering accommodations for feminine wanderers — is in itself a marvel; and this great deposit of silver ore, discovered in 1903, yielded such phenomenal quantities of silver as to astonish the mining world. To descend into a mine to a 350-foot level was a thrilling experience, but one which left one feminine mind with little added enlightenment.

Then on to lovely Minaki, a summer resort on a chain of lakes three hours east of Winnipeg. To step from the train to the steam launch in waiting, for a sail of twenty minutes to the charmingly-appointed Minaki hotel, with its piazzas and balconies and Alpine-like views; to go for sails on these lovely lakes, encircled with villas and cottages, for Minaki

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is the summer residence place for Winnipeg people, as the North Shore is for the Bostonians, gave to my stay a strong flavor of Lucerne and Geneva. The trail of advanced civilization was over the entire country. Even the young man in deacon's orders (a student of the University of Toronto) who officiated at the religious service on Sunday (a service held, however, in the boathouse) quoted Phillips Brooks in his sermon.

Then on to Winnipeg in the private car with one of the railway officials and his wife, and then I was ushered into the Fort Garry Hotel, whose magnificence of construction, its fourteen stories surmounted with a copper roof and with pinnacles that the sunshine turns to gold, made it a landmark for all the city. The structure is reminiscent of the period of François I, and the interior luxury would surprise François, could he see it. I had vaguely conceived of Winnipeg as a fur-trading station somewhere in the vicinity of the North Pole; and to find myself in this brilliant and cosmopolitan center, with broad boulevards (to which only Commonwealth Avenue, in Boston, could be compared), with fine architecture, great business blocks, the splendid State House, Legislative Buildings, the University of Manitoba, the cathedral, — was a surprise indeed. The culture of beauty is apparently a leading pursuit in Winnipeg. The park system and the perfect roads conduce to pleasure driving, which fairly remind one of Hyde Park on a midsummer afternoon.

Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, was another surprise, and its situation, on the bold bluffs of the

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Saskatchewan, is enchanting. The railway bridge spanning the river at the height of the hills is a marvel of construction, with its piers of hewn stone, with trusses of steel, and with the traffic bridges on either side at the level of the river, meeting elevators that lift heavy vehicles up and down from the heights to the valley. Edmonton is a single tax town, and would have been a paradise for Henry George. The Capitol, four stories in height, with classic portico and a dome surmounted by a tall lantern, is opposite the University of Alberta, and it is approached by terraced steps, their ornamental balustrades decorated with heavy bronze lamps that remind one of the magnificent Pont Alexandre III in Paris — contrast, indeed, to a region whose recent history is that of a settlement of hunters and trappers. The Canadian Women's Press Club has its headquarters in Edmonton, being the home of its president, Mrs. Arthur Murphy ("Janey Canuck"), whose books have received high praise from some of the leading London reviews, and who is called the philosopher of gladness and good sense. Mrs. Murphy received the honor of being decorated by King George, the decoration entitling her to be known as a "Lady of Grace." The Reverend Arthur Murphy, her husband, was at one time the private chaplain to the Empress Frederic.

Again boarding the train at Edmonton, in the late evening, I found myself, in the early morning hours, entering the foothills of the Canadian Rockies. This trip is still so new that the world of travel at large has not yet come to realize the marvel and the glory that it unfolds. For the initial surveying for this

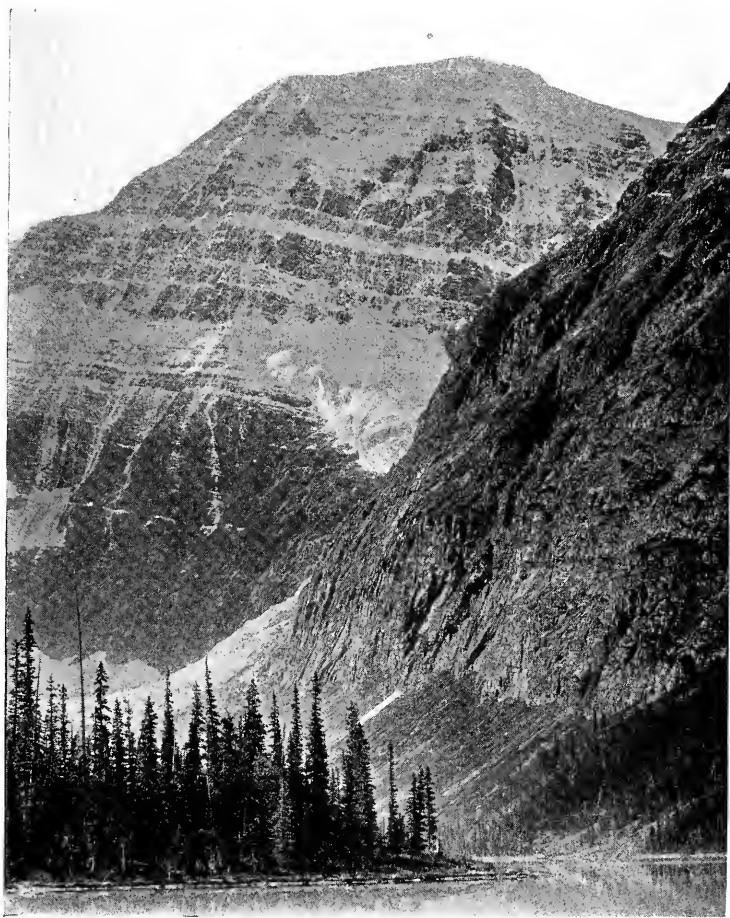
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transcontinental line began only in 1910, and the Grand Trunk Pacific, as this extension of the Grand Trunk System is known, was only open to travel in the spring of 1914. From a wilderness whose dense undergrowth and rocks and windswept forests would have seemed to preclude any highways through the trackless solitudes, to the travel in trains that are the latest word in comfort and beauty; with a dining-car always on; with an observation car and its balcony; with a writing section fitted up with desks and stationery in abundance, and reading matter at hand, — all is a contrast that suggests the swiftness of the transformation.

The approach to the Canadian Rockies is a wonderful spectacle. Afar on the horizon appear illuminated points, but whether terrestrial or celestial, who can say? The atmosphere that pervades mountain solitudes eludes all analysis. Snow-capped peaks glow with molten gold in the rising sunshine. The fabled Vale of Cashmere is hardly more legendary to the general public than is this wonderful Yellowhead region. Guarded by the Boule Roche and the mountains is the entrance to the great government reserve, Jasper Park, comprising some four thousand four hundred square miles. To pause for a brief sojourn in the "tent city" was to enjoy a new experience of life; and so comfortably was it fitted up that one hardly missed hotel conveniences. The sleeping tents are as separate as rooms; they have board floors, good beds, the conveniences in every detail wholly adequate; with excellent food and a view that enchants the eye.

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Jasper Park is now enriched by an imperishable monument, one that will endure throughout the ages; one to which thousands of travelers, in the years to come, will make their pilgrimage as to a shrine. This is Mount Edith Cavell, the splendid peak over eleven thousand feet in height named by the Dominion in commemoration of the English nurse who was shot in Belgium, a noble martyr to her love and loyalty for her country. Mount Edith Cavell is in Jasper Park, fourteen and a half miles south of Jasper station, Alberta, on the Grand Trunk Pacific, and can be seen from the railway line. It is proposed to name the adjoining mountain (the shoulder of which is seen to the right, in the picture) Mount Sorrow. It has a gloomy aspect, being dark in color, with little or no snow or ice on this side, although many tiny streams trickle down its face, finding their way to the beautiful green waters of Lake Cavell. Recent examination of Mount Sorrow led to the discovery of a rock formation which bears a striking resemblance to the figure of a woman in the attitude of prayer. This figure, on the north side of Mount Sorrow, is about sixty feet in height and is of a light amber color that contrasts with the dark background. This marvel of nature will lend added interest to the pilgrimage from Jasper station to this impressive memorial of one of the most tragic events of the war. A picturesque trail leads from the railway station to both Mount Sorrow and Mount Edith Cavell. This lofty peak seemed predestined by nature for just such a memorial. It not only lends glory to the Dominion, but to the entire western continent; for not unaccompanied by faithful



MOUNT EDITH CAVELL, JASPER PARK, ALBERTA, CANADA
*From a photograph presented to the author by Mr. H. R. Charlton of the Grand
Trunk System*

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hearts from Canada's great sister nation across the border, shall Canadians seek this mystic altar that lifts into immortal resplendence a woman's simple faithfulness to duty.

“Inspirer, prophet evermore!
Pillar which God aloft hath set
So that men might it not forget;
It shall be life's ornament
And mix itself with each event.
By million changes skilled to tell
What in the Eternal standeth well!”

Between Jasper Park and Prince Rupert lies Mount Robson Park, at the foot of this highest peak of the Canadian Rockies, Mount Robson being 13,068 feet in height. To the north there is a trail up the Grand Fork River, skirting the shores of Lake Helena, and passing on to the Valley of a Thousand Falls, with the Empire Falls within view, and thus on to Berg Lake. Its stupendous beauty cannot be translated into words, but Robert Service interprets it in the line —

“Have you seen God in His splendors? heard the text that Nature renders?”

Such fantasies of combination, too, as meet the eye; castles, towers, fortresses, that glow like opal and ruby and topaz; walls of sheer glaciers rising in dazzling whiteness like a spectral caravan; formless solitudes fit only for the abode of the gods! The spirit of the mountains is abroad on her revels; ice-peaks ten thousand feet in the upper air are her toys; the winds are her Aeolian harp; the Valley of a Thousand Falls is her theater for pastime. Neither the Swiss

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Alps nor yet that mysterious chain of the Tyrol, haunted by fantastic drifting cloud-shapes, vocal with waterfalls, and invested with a mystic atmosphere, can dim the colossal scale of splendor in the Mount Robson region.

Prince Rupert is now a favorite place to embark for Alaska, as to journey there from Winnipeg and Edmonton is to save three days in time.

But it was not to Alaska, but to Seattle that the fine steamer, the *Prince George*, was bound, with calls at Vancouver and Victoria. From Seattle to Portland and Flavell-Astoria and then again a delightful sail to the Golden Gate.

"You should approach the Panama-Pacific Exposition from the waterside," enthusiastic friends said. "The one perfect view is from the Golden Gate."

Just how this desirable approach was to be effected, unless one came from Japan, or from Honolulu, was difficult to imagine; yet here it was a part of the Golden Road.

There was music and dancing and song and laughter for the brief thirty-eight hours' voyage; and then the vision of splendor imaged itself in the air, for the two and a half miles waterfront of the Exposition grounds. The Andalusian charm of colonnades, arches, domes, glistening minarets fully justified all the ardor with which this approach to the Exposition had been described. Summer dreamed itself away in visions of loveliness, and the early autumn days fulfilled the dreams.

Seen against the background of the blue Pacific, the Golden Gate all aglow under the radiant sunshine of the western skies, with its Spanish fascination of

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the *décor du scène*, it was a spectacle to imprint itself on the imagination forever. Personally, the joy was increased by joining my Winnipeg friends, Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. W. Lett, where, domiciled in the same hotel, we made many excursions together. It was notable that in this world panorama, it was the Dominion that set the pace. Canada, an entrancing, garlanded figure, glowing with youth and enthusiasm, assumed her place as the very Wingèd Victory flying onward into a golden future. Her exhibits were of an order revealing the rich resources of the country.

However interesting were the days in the exposition grounds, it was the spectacle of the grounds by night that accentuated the spell. The illuminations gave effects of color and light that invested the scene with an unearthly splendor. Few people were in the grounds. However warm the days, the nights were chill. Mr. and Mrs. Lett and I seemed sometimes to have all these wonderful courts almost wholly to ourselves. Now and then shadowy figures flitted into the Rembrandt shadows, but hardly a word was heard. The Tower of Jewels flamed with an Oriental brilliancy; rose-red windows, with hints of amber and pale green and pearly gray loomed up at the end of a vista; it was all as ethereal and fantastic as moonlight on the Alhambra.

A pause at Toronto on the way from Chicago to Montreal well repays the tourist, — this city of education, culture, religion, progress. Her University had entered upon a period, just before the war, when its enrollment of students exceeded that of Oxford; the Public Library system is original and most effi-

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ciently administered by its librarian, George H. Locke, who has created his own precedents. Toronto has harnessed Niagara into its service, and has thus unlimited power for the supplies of its population that already exceeds the half million mark.

Out of this rich and suggestive journey a book entitled "Canada the Spellbinder" almost inevitably grew from the impressions that insisted on recording themselves. For the quality of life as well as the marvelous resources of the country fix the attention of the traveler in the Dominion. One notable feature of Canada is the recognition of Social Welfare as a distinctive feature of life. "We are here, not simply to make a living," said one who is a leader in this thought; "we are here to enjoy life; and I believe God means that every one shall partake of this richness of bounty, with time for recreation, study, and for all intellectual and spiritual development."

The great Northwest sends the call for a new order of human life; to the great realities of the spiritual life applied to every human relation.

Canada is the pleasure-ground, the summer-land of the continent. It is the land of cloud minarets, of silver bays, and of shining rivers that leap down the precipice, or, swiftly flowing, mirror the blue sky. The Dominion is the land of miracle mornings all bloom and beauty; of rainbow crescents spanning the heavens; of silver-shod Auroras; of sunlight spray, of electrical air, of all keenest vitality and of balmy atmosphere; a summer-land with its potent spells and magic witchery, — this wonderful Canada, Land of the Maple-Leaf!

XIII

THE MOVING FINGER

*“The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.”*

OMAR KHAYYÁM

LIFE, after all, is a matter of the rare moments that recur at intervals. These are like the flowering of the rose that condenses in its bloom and beauty and fragrance all the unnoted processes of many months. The jeweled moments of life gleam from a thread on which is also strung the uncounted days, a thousand ordinary hours, whose only purpose has been to lead to some exquisite culmination. A sunset, a poem, the glance of a friend; the clasp of a hand, a line in some book of which all the other pages say nothing to one;

“— a sunset touch,
A fancy from a flower-bell,” —

the unearthly brilliancy of a star seen from the upper deck while *en voyage*, — it is these that really constitute life. One is willing to give many days of plain prose for one hour of poetry; to take long wanderings through unattractive places that he may ascend and

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gain one never-to-be-forgotten view from the height.
The unending march of experiences is

“The mere ring-metal ere the ring be made!” ·

All the events of a season may fade from memory, and there will only shine out from it one immortal moment of blue sky and blue water and a sunset glow on the snows of Mt. Etna, turning all the summit to rose and the warm, pink mist of masses of flowering almonds, with their faint hint of perfume on the transparent air. Of several voyages between Naples and Genoa, there stands out to me one Sunday afternoon, when the water was like glass, and not a breath stirred as the steamer glided on, and the Captain took the unusual course through the narrow channel between Elba and the mainland, instead of outside that historic island. It is seldom that winds and waves make this passage through the channel possible to the large steamers. We had left Genoa in the early morning of a day all rose and sapphire; a day of such resplendent coloring as is hardly seen twice in a lifetime; but as we approached Elba the clouds gathered darkly over the island, almost enshrouding the low hills; the gloom became impenetrable; it was wrapped in threatening storm and tempest; heavy mists swept down, and one could not but wonder whether it was all a shadow of the past, — the gloom and sadness on the spirit of Napoleon in his exile thus becoming visible? At all events, when Elba was left behind, we came into the sunshine again.

No one has ever more exquisitely and impressively portrayed the power of one of these rare moments

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than has Mr. Aldrich in his wonderful little lyric entitled "Memory":

"My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour —
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May —
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree."

Perhaps no lines in any language so perfectly mirror the indelible impression that may be made upon life by one fleeting moment, — by the fluttering of a rose petal; by a meteor darting through space; by a poet's line that records itself in memory forever.

The enchantment to me of Roman winters came to be almost repeated by an occasional winter in Washington, where the early spring comes on with suggestions of a springtime in southern Italy. The Capital of the United States is, all in all, its most beautiful city. In both scenic and architectural features Washington ranks with the great capitals of the world. The picturesque highlands lying to the north offer possibilities that are successfully incorporated into architectural schemes already famous. From all the residential region on the highlands the view over the city extends to the faint, dreamy blue of the Virginia hills in the distance and from certain points includes the stately and splendid Capitol, whose great dome is ablaze at night, when the legis-

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lative body is in session. The myriad lights of the city glitter like those in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, which always looks at night as if the constellations had fallen on it. From the terraces of the Capitol, looking westward, one finds his gaze focussed on that colossal obelisk, the Washington Monument, that stands forever silent and unmoved, like a spectral watcher. In the pure dawn of the morning it is dazzling in whiteness; under the golden sunshine it takes on a thousand hues; in shadowy evenings it is wraith-like, unreal; under the moonlight it becomes a shaft of translucent alabaster. It is always pointing to something above; it is ceaselessly inspirational. Not overlaid with ornament like Trajan's Column in Rome, it stands unadorned, significant of thought and purpose. It is one of the unconscious inspirations of life in Washington, however unrecognized as the source of impassioned desires and wingèd aspirations.

There is too little lingering on the western terraces of the Capitol. Are we too busy a people to have time for poetic moments? Yet it is not infrequently such moments that determine the trend of the most significant forces and which shape the destinies. People spring into waiting motor cars and are whirled down Pennsylvania Avenue to various engagements that crowd out the stars and sunsets and silences: If there were the "tea-on-the-terrace" that prevails in Parliamentary life in London, the poetic views from the western front of the Capitol would be more appreciated.

The Library of Congress is one of the most notable features, not only of Washington, but of the United

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States. Cosmopolitan travelers, who have visited all the monumental beauty of the world, unite in the affirmation that no other single architectural structure on earth surpasses this library in splendor. The stately magnificence of these marble halls with their pillars and intertwining arches; the grand marble stairways that allure the eye, tempt one to dispense with elevator service and ascend them as one would the *Scala Santa* in the Palazzo Vaticano; the balconies from which one gazes down on statues, groups of sculpture, and pictorial art; the richness of color in the mural paintings; the perfection of the library facilities; all these unite to render the Library of Congress a national feature of stupendous importance. Still, it is not alone to architect and artists that this spell of enchantment, this welcome to untold treasures of literature, is due. Its presiding genius is its Librarian, Doctor Herbert Putnam, whose administration exalts this library to a notable rank among the great libraries of the world. Neither the *Bibliothèque* of Paris, nor yet the British Museum of London, each with a larger numerical collection of books and with many rare manuscripts and works hardly to be duplicated, — neither of these furnish any such facilities for the reader and student as does the Congressional Library under the conduct of Doctor Putnam and the efficient staff he has called around him.

Washington is the city of notable personalities, among whom stands out John Hay who accepted the office of Secretary of State under the McKinley and Roosevelt administrations. Secretary Hay was a man of such winning manner, such entrancing powers

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of conversation, as to make memorable any meeting with him. His versatility is realized when his vivid and vital story, "The Bread-Winners," is compared with his other literary work — poems, criticism, and the "Castilian Days" that grew out of his diplomatic sojourn in Spain. That he was the author of "The Bread-Winners" is now established, although at the time and for many years after it was the best-kept literary secret of the age. This story ran as an anonymous serial in the *Century Magazine* for 1884, and was published in book form in the autumn of that year. In common with a multitude of its readers, I was intensely interested, not only in the story, but in the problem of its authorship, and in addition to the usual review, I had also written of it editorially and in press letters. When it was published in book form, a copy was sent to me with my name and the "Compliments of the Author" on the flyleaf, and accompanied by the following letter:

Office of the Century,
New York, December 2, 1884.

Dear Miss Whiting; —

I have requested my publisher to send you a copy of "The Bread-Winners." As I shall never claim the work, I can only take this method of giving you my cordial thanks for the article which I understand you wrote upon it last summer. It has since received much abuse and some praise, but no one, whether friend or enemy, has ever appeared to see, as you saw, the purpose and spirit with which it was written. I thank you more cordially than I can tell you.

Yours Faithfully,
Author of "The Bread-Winners."

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Since then I have attached this letter to a flyleaf of the autographed copy and presented it to the Public Library of Boston, as a literary curiosity, and it is now preserved in the Barton-Ticknor (non-circulating) department.

After the death of Mr. Hay, in the summer of 1905, the controversy regarding the authorship of this story was revived in the *New York Times*, and a lithographed copy of this letter appeared in that journal. The letter was not, of course, in the handwriting of Mr. Hay. For with chirography so well known and so easily identified as his, the secret of authorship would have been betrayed at once.

Washington enjoyed the most brilliant social season of its entire history, up to that time, in the winter opening with 1902, which, fortunately, was my initial season. President Roosevelt became a notable figure throughout the world. His personality, — vehement, mercurial, brilliant, — focussed attention. The hospitalities of the White House were as constant and as liberal as they were charming; and if the Roosevelt administrations offered something of the resplendence of a foreign court, there was no special reason why some degree of ceremonial elegances should not justly be observed.

David Jayne Hill, LL.D., was then the first Assistant Secretary of State, and, owing to the ill health of Mr. Hay, he was largely the Acting Secretary. Doctor Hill was also the president of the Literary Club of Washington, which did not, for a wonder, belie its name, and which thus holds a distinctive place among many associations that assemble in the name of litera-

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ture. The club included a membership of many of the most prominent men, including Secretary Hay and General John W. Foster, the courtly diplomat and statesman. Another prominent member was Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, who continues to distinguish herself in letters. The Hills were domiciled in K Street, and Mrs. Hill, a linguist as well as one of the most accomplished of hostesses, was able to receive her guests of the *corps diplomatique* each in his own language, which added to her social prestige. Mrs. Hill's weekly receptions were among the most engaging social events of the season, for one met all the more interesting people and the notable visitors in Washington at her house, one special habitué being Doctor Simon Newcomb, so distinguished in mathematical astronomy.

It was soon after this season in Washington that, on account of some special literary work in which Doctor Hill was engaged, he sought a diplomatic post abroad where he could have the advantage of access to European libraries. President Roosevelt gave him the portfolio to Switzerland, where both Doctor and Mrs. Hill wished to go on account of the importance of the Library at Geneva, which is very rich in historical documents. For Doctor Hill was about entering on his monumental work, "A History of Diplomacy," for which work he combined peculiarly exceptional capability, with his philosophic grasp of problems of state, his profound scholarship, his keen intellectual insight, and his gift as a writer. Later, from Switzerland, Doctor Hill was by his own wish transferred to The Hague, and in 1908 he was made

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the American Ambassador to Germany, succeeding Honorable Charlemagne Tower. Mr. Tower had so long held important diplomatic posts abroad that both he and Mrs. Tower wished to return to their own country. Preceding his ambassadorship to Germany, he had been in Vienna, and assisted by the social grace that so signally characterizes Mrs. Tower, they had made memorable both these embassies. By some social charm of her own, Mrs. Tower will always hold recognized place among the American ambassadors. She carried into court and diplomatic society all those sincere and lovely qualities that invest her private and personal friendships with such enjoyment. With all that confers distinguished recognition, Mrs. Tower has remained the same unaffected and winning woman, whose deep under-current of spiritual life reflects itself in every phase of social contact.

Doctor Hill added the distinction of another scholar to the prestige with which a former predecessor of his own and of Mr. Tower's, Doctor Andrew Dickson White, the first president of Cornell University, had also invested the German mission.

The great charm of Washington society lies in more or less cosmopolitan interest in conversational intercourse that differentiates it from the mere "smart set"; it is "smart" enough; fashion and luxury are by no means non-evidential, but it is largely the society of people who stand for something more. At a reception one meets a Japanese countess whose witchery makes the land of the cherry blossom more vivid, or the Minister from Siam, or the wife of the Chinese Ambassador who is not without interesting resources,

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or, again, a *savant* from the Smithsonian, or the Director of the Naval Observatory. Social life presents a varied panorama.

As Boston had one remarkable voice sounding in the city in the days of Phillips Brooks, albeit there were many others of beneficent influence, so Washington has had for many years one clergyman who, though companioned by many others of note, is yet regarded as holding a very distinctive place, — Reverend Doctor Ulysses G. B. Pierce, the pastor of All Souls Church. The preaching of Doctor Pierce, in its fervent and intense spirituality, its breadth of religious philosophy, its exaltation and power to deliver what seems the personal message of the Divine Grace, is so remarkable that it is little wonder that a good majority of the statesmen and officials and eminent men of the time are attendants at this church, whose portals swing equally wide with winning welcome and with message for the greatest or the humblest.

In these Washington winters that have been occasional interludes since the initial season of 1902, I again found the beloved and revered friend, Doctor William T. Harris, who remained the National Superintendent of Education until his death, within the second decade of this century. Many were the delightful hours spent at his Washington home, where Mrs. Harris and Edith, his daughter (whose impassioned love of the drama contrasted with the serene philosophy of her father) maintained the most hospitable of atmospheres. In one of these last conversations with Doctor Harris he mentioned his absorbing pleasure in reading Scott's novels, a recreation of his

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earliest youth which had persisted throughout his life. "There is seldom a day," he said, "when I do not read more or less from some novel of Scott." One note of conviction held a controlling place in the life of Doctor Harris, — that of the art of living well with others. It was signally illustrated in his own harmonious relations with all with whom his life came in contact.

Looking backward over all the latter part of the life of William Torrey Harris, is it possible to discern in what springs of character lay his incomparable charm? His profound scholarship and wide culture were matched by a modesty and simplicity not less remarkable; but a marvelous sincerity of helpfulness, the kindling desire to advance and benefit every one who appealed to him, were carried to a high degree.

"There is no record left on earth
Save in tablets of the heart
Of the grace that on him shone."

That art of living well with others was one that in his wide and universal application comprehended a great part of the infinite problem of life. Very illy do any poor efforts of my own testify to the profound and unforgettable impression that his personality made upon me, or to my gratitude for the privilege of coming under his influence. The resources of Washington were greatly enjoyed by him; and here, as elsewhere, his influence was so appreciated that a multitude of far abler testimonies than mine follow this exalted and beautiful spirit to the *Paradisa Gloria*.

That beautiful serenity and exaltation of spirit

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that enriched all who came into contact with William T. Harris, is recognized in a man who is one of the living forces of to-day, Reverend Doctor John Heyward McKenzie, the rector of St. Mark's, in Howe, Indiana, and also the rector of the Church School in that place. The influence over the large number of young men who are students in this school is one that has radiated widely beyond student ranks, and entered as a factor into many of the learned societies with which Doctor McKenzie is affiliated. In a letter referring to a memorial service for Phillips Brooks (in Trinity Church, Boston, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his death) Doctor McKenzie writes:

How beautiful must have been the service for Phillips Brooks, and how sweet and beneficent his influence continues, not only in the lives of Bostonians, but in those of other devoted friends far and near! . . .

I so much want you to see this work (referring to the Church School) and I hope to have you continue to remember it in your devotions. . . . Having seen the place and realized our ideals, I am sure you would value it the more. It is not so much what we have accomplished here, but what we are trying to do for the spiritual life. . . . I am doing everything I can for the work God has given me to do here. . . .

Again Doctor McKenzie writes:

. . . . In this readjustment of the Christian Religion to modern conditions and changes, the "Communion of Saints" must be broadened to include not only the scientific demonstrations which we are having but the spiritual revelations of immortal souls. What a comfort this will be to future generations! . . . The

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end is near, but probably not as we would want it; but God rules, and we shall eventually know the truth.

I am especially glad that Mr. Kidner is so unusually well this Lent, and I often think of his work. It means so much to those who love him so dearly. We are having a beautiful Lent in the School. There is a seriousness about it that is unusual for boys. Yesterday we put into Chapel our Service Flag, with two hundred and four stars upon it. Others will be added soon, bringing it up to at least two hundred and twenty. There is one gold star for a boy who was killed in action. A number have been wounded. This new atmosphere in boy life, in bringing it in touch with the world's ordeal, is bringing the new generation to serious expression in their lives of the higher things of God. . . .

Reverend Reuben Kidner has been associated with Trinity Church for more than thirty years, an association that happily continues to-day in all its vitality and power for good. Mr. Kidner has been the first assistant minister of the three successive rectors, — Phillips Brooks, E. Winchester Donald, and Alexander Mann. When John Heyward McKenzie was a student in Harvard he came under the influence of Mr. Kidner, and into the devotion of friendship that his loveliness of character and life has always inspired. My own unmeasured debt of gratitude to Mr. Kidner for spiritual guidance and aid, and for illuminated hours of companionship in the discussion of our favorite poets and of literature in general, is something quite beyond adequate chronicle in these pages.

Again, in the winter of 1918, Doctor McKenzie writes:

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. . . . Doubtless Doctor Hyslop is not accurately quoted. I am sure he is doing much good. . . . The prayer you sent is helpful. It is hard to realize why Satan has been permitted to marshal his forces, but the end is near, and when it all clears up we shall see the hand of God, and the world will be the better for the terrible sacrifices that have been made.

So these expressions in the letters of Doctor McKenzie run on, reflecting his trust in the divine leading. To Washington he occasionally came, and truly could it be said that —

“All hearts grew warmer in his presence
As one, who, seeking not his own
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.”

General John W. Foster, the eminent diplomat, whose beautiful home in Connecticut Avenue has long been a center of the finest cosmopolitan life, has said of Washington that “one of its chief attractions is found in the number of men of eminence who make it their home on their retirement from active life.” No home more than his own contributed to this result. When, after he was eighty years of age, Edward Everett Hale became the Chaplain of the Senate, a close friendship, with an almost daily interchange of visits, sprang up between the distinguished divine, author, and friend of humanity, and General Foster. The two men found common ground in that they were both endeavoring to create a strong public sentiment for national arbitration. Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone; Doctor Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress (and

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the presiding member over the "Round Table" at its informal daily luncheon, where gather the literary, scientific, and other eminent men on Capitol Hill); Lord Pauncefote; the Chinese Viceroy, Li Hung Chang (who was the guest of the Fosters during his stay in Washington), were all among the social associations of the home of General and Mrs. Foster; and the present Secretary of State, and Mrs. Lansing, make their home under the paternal roof. General Foster's friendship with John Hay was one of the notable ones in the life of each.

Among other homes of social charm was that of General and Mrs. Hoxie, the "Vinnie Ream" of art and romance. At sixty she was almost as much the child of Poetry and Song as she had been at sixteen, when Lincoln took her two hands in his, and said, in response to her girlish petition that he would "sit" for her, "Little girl, what do you want to make my bust for?" With his characteristic sweetness of nature he consented to let the "little girl" have her way, and the result is seen in the rotunda of the Capitol. Vinnie Ream was the child of Genius. She was the most captivating creature imaginable. She would sit by her harp and improvise accompaniments to lovely poems, singing them in a haunting voice that still echoes to me through the years. I believe about the second time I saw her she asked me to call her "Vinnie," and indeed that seemed to belong to her rather than the formal "Mrs. Hoxie," and it was as easy to think of her by her pretty girlish name as if she were still in her teens. She was the embodied spirit of youth, joy, loveliness, and artistic abandon.

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Among the women of affairs who always retained a deep interest in Washington life and its constant changes and new developments, was Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, who had served her country as the head of the Sanitary Commission in the Civil War, and who had more than once been called by President Lincoln to confer with him. A series of letters from this great woman that extended over the closing years of her life (her death occurring in June of 1905) reveals so much of the trend and quality of her inner life, — of the qualities that made her the greatest and most influential lecturer of any woman of America, that some extracts from them will be given. Mrs. Livermore was an omnivorous reader, and her comments upon books and the many notable people she had known are full of interest. Referring to Horace P. Scudder's biography of Lowell, Mrs. Livermore writes me, under date of December 31, 1901:

Your beautiful New Year's gift of books came to me last night. I was thinking of going to bed when the expressman came and that was postponed for hours as I looked through the story of Lowell's life. Thank you most heartily for your affectionate remembrance. You are a sort of breath of life to me. I don't know what would happen to me if I lived near you, where I could see you every day. I tread on air after reading one of your letters, and whether "in the body or out" I cannot tell. But I am sure I should be "out of the body" altogether, you have such a stimulating effect on me, if I were with you daily. It is remarkable that we have never heard much of the Lowell "visions," until now, isn't it? It does not discredit a man now if he sees visions, or possesses a visionary faculty which might almost be called "another

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sense." The statement is made as if it had never been derided, but had always been regarded as a special endowment. I used to hear, in my young days, from Harvard boys about Lowell's wonderful love for an almost ethereal girl, who was gifted and *spirituelle* to a degree that made one fear she might vanish into thin air. The whole story of the love and death of Maria White Lowell is full of pathos and spiritual beauty. They both knew from the beginning, before and after their marriage, that the shadow of early death was upon her. She was sublimated by this consciousness, and reflected upon him the nobility of the life beyond which became her life, before she passed wholly into it. Lowell never seemed to me to be as excellent after her death. Before I could understand it, I realized the change that had come over him. . . .

What an explanation to this life is that beyond! That one gives to this its meaning! As you say, the continuity makes this a spiritual world. . . . The culture of the spirit is far more truly culture than the knowledge and polish of literature that does not recognize the divine world. I am measuring all in which I am interested by its relation to the spiritual and permanent, and value it accordingly. So much that we care for here is transient, and will end when we pass on, that the world about me, at times, seems shadowy and unreal. The real world, just out of sight, is permanent. There may come a time when we shall outgrow this next stage; when its experiences will have done their work upon us, and we shall pass forward, with others with whom we are associated into some other sphere, and so on in endless progress. How little we know! How we are baffled in our questionings, and how we are continually getting glimpses or suggestions of heights far beyond us, as astronomers with their high-power telescopes get hints of a universe they can never reveal. . . . How

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people are hungering and thirsting for a certainty of knowledge about the other life! . . .

When a little untuned, somewhat shadowed by doubt and let down to a minor key, I take up one of your books (which all have their abiding place on my desk) and open any one of them, anywhere, and read. Off I go, up and off and away, and soon the shadows leave; I breathe a diviner atmosphere.

Under the date of December 15, 1902, Mrs. Livermore writes:

Your "Boston Days" is on my study table. What a book! A panorama of Boston's best and noblest as they have played their rôles on the stage of the last century, or are still lingering and waiting.

"The saints on earth and those above,
But one communion make."

What a book! It has seemed to me in reading as if I had been invited to enter a room where were some people whom I knew and loved. I crossed the threshold, and lo! not only were my beloved of today all there, in their most resplendent garments, but those who have vanished from my mortal vision, and whose memories I hug closely in my heart, lest the covetous years shall rob me of them. I shall not walk on *terra firma* for a few days — I can only tread the air after reading such a book. The interest of such a book will only increase with time. And through it a loftier ideal of intellectual and literary life will be uplifted. You have written with such sympathy and comprehension that whoever had not before heard of these Boston men and women, will fully understand them. And with such warmth of enthusiasm and resplendence of imagination that he who reads will catch a spark of their fire.

It has given me much pleasure, as I have read, to feel that I have known personally, or through friends,

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almost every individual of whom you have written. I have lived a long time in the world; I shall be eighty-two next Friday, — and excepting our life in Chicago, we have dwelt in Boston or its suburbs. What a blessing it has been. What anticipations I revel in, as I remember how many have crossed the great "Divide," between this life and that Beyond, where I shall soon meet them, greatened and glorified. My husband has already met many of them, I know, and, as in days of yore, will take me to whatever he has found that is new and interesting. . . . What a world of interest Mrs. Whipple has added to your book, pouring out to you her reminiscences, and giving you the privilege of having *fac similes* of so many interesting letters and manuscripts. They add so much of value that could not be obtained elsewhere. . . .

"I went hop, skip, and jump through what you wrote of me, my Lilian. Oh, if I could only be and live what you say I am and do! One cannot live even to the poor height of one's own ideal, and I feel like hiding in the dust when you write so beautifully about me. You must lower your tone, dear child, or I shall feel like the hypocrite that I am not. . . .

Regarding a volume entitled "The World Beautiful in Books," in which I had given myself the pleasure of bringing together many exquisite things from the poets and from other writers, Mrs. Livermore wrote:

This latest book of yours is enchanting! You know all authors, and with exquisite discrimination, select their best. I have never enjoyed one of your books more. I went through it without a pause, as one at sunset would walk through a garden of roses and lilies, when the air was filtered through gold and perfume. Now I shall make a slower journey through it, discovering delights that I did not at first pause to consider. . . .

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Again (under date of December 4, 1899) Mrs. Livermore wrote:—

I have read your Biography of Kate Field with intense interest. It held me with irresistible fascination from the first to the last page. Whether the spell was in the charm of the writer, or the subject, I cannot tell—perhaps it was both combined. I shall read it again after a week or two. Only one other book of biography has so enthralled me. That was the “biography of Margaret Fuller,” collaborated by Emerson, Greeley, William E. Channing, and James Freeman Clarke. After forty years and more that book still rivets my attention, and takes me back into a past from which I date a new birth. In five minutes the present fades away, the dead past takes on fresh life, and I glow with interest in the mighty thinkers and writers of that time. Margaret Fuller was like Kate Field, a woman of “spiritual energy,” and she projected an influence that was felt through the latter half of the century. Something in Kate Field, and passages of her life history, remind me of Margaret Fuller, and yet they were most unlike. Both were, to quote from Goethe, extraordinary and “generous seeking,”—both lived up to Goethe’s words, — “Do today the nearest duty.”

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Livermore thus wrote in one letter:

Among the last words of Mr. Livermore was his wish that I should go on just as I had been living. “Don’t give up any work you are engaged in,” he urged; “only try not to overdo.” I have great need of work now. It is to me more than money, food, raiment, even sympathy. I must live worthily. I cannot let myself now, at the close of my life, be overborne by sorrow, depression, or loneliness.

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Nor did she. There is no more beautiful chapter in the history of human life than that of the last years on earth of Mary A. Livermore. Her intellectual power seemed only deeper and clearer; her health was fairly good; and she continued to make her great addresses. When more than eighty she stood on the platform of Tremont Temple, speaking to an audience limited only by the size of that vast auditorium, with every word distinctly audible in every part of the hall. "You say I am on the downward slope?" she said in this address, whose theme was Immortality. "Not so; my face is toward the sunrise."

These last years were given entirely to ministrations to those in need. Her correspondence was an enormous one. Problems of personal life of all kinds were laid before her for counsel. To each she spoke the word that seemed best and most helpful. Instead of making the period after the loss of her husband one of gloom and seclusion, she made it a period of the most active and sympathetic aid to all who sought her counsel. In this divine order of living she found the peace that passeth understanding.

An interesting correspondence with Doctor Hiram Corson was initiated during one of those enjoyable winters in Washington by a letter from him asking if Mrs. Browning's poem, "My Kate," was written to Kate Field. As a matter of fact it was not. Some remark led to references to letters, and alluding to correspondence Professor Corson wrote:

. . . . I have enough for a volume from Horace Howard Furness, James Hallowell Phillips, Doctor

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Furnivall, Mary Cowden Clarke (her letters ranging over twenty years), William Watson, Edward Dowden (and the original Manuscript of the "Prince's Quest"), Walt Whitman, Henry W. Longfellow (although his were to Mrs. Corson when she was engaged in translating his "Hyperion"), Oliver Wendell Holmes (one, only, from him), Edward Everett, Hawthorne, Charles C. Jewett (was he not the first Librarian of your Boston Public Library?), Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth (a very interesting letter on my jottings on "Hamlet"); Robert Browning, Reverend Canon Benham of Canterbury, Goldwin Smith, Mr. Haweis of London, and these are but a small number out of all. . . . I sent you yesterday a copy of my little book, "The Voice and Spiritual Education." It is a companion to my "Aims of Literary Study." These two books will give you my attitude toward literary study. . . . Poetry, and all literature strictly so called, is spiritualized thought—and it is the spiritualization of the thought which makes literature, literature. The thought is the articulation, so to speak, of a poem—mere thought is not regarded as literature, in the strictest sense of the word. Literature is made too much a mere knowledge subject in our schools and classes. A poem is a poem, no matter where, when, or by whom written. A poem to be truly a poem must embody a bit of the eternal, that which is independent of time and place.

In a reference to Browning Dr. Corson noted the poet's doctrine of the sub-self as the source of man's highest spiritual knowledge, a doctrine fully expressed in "Paracelsus."

Of Poe, Doctor Corson thus writes:

. . . In your delightful little volume, "The World Beautiful in Books," you say; "Edgar Allan Poe is

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read, at least as to his poetry, by all who lay claim to the love of literature." And Lord Tennyson said; "I think that Edgar Allan Poe is (taking his poetry and his prose together) the most original American genius." . . . What makes Tennyson's "In Memoriam" a true poem, the theme of which is a great, and, at first, an overpowering, personal bereavement. It is because it exhibits the evolution of a sanctified will. The last numbered section (CXXXI) is an apostrophe to the Will.

"O living will that shall endure;"

Poetry is an expression of the Life Eternal in man; an expression of the resurrected spirit. "I am the resurrection and the life," said Jesus; that is I resurrect the buried life in man. That should be the function of poetry.

Now "The Raven" and "Ulalume" are the poetry of despair; a phrase which is self-contradictory. There is no assertion of the spirit in these compositions. And spirit and joy are inseparable; rather, indeed, they are identical.

Both are wonderful *reading* compositions, and have always been great favorites with elocutionists, especially those who are *Vox et præterea nihil*.

In a conversation I once had with Robert Browning on American poetry, he remarked, "You have but one poet who has a burden to deliver." He meant Walt Whitman!

Under another date Professor Corson wrote:

Some time ago, I met with your "The Spiritual Significance," at the house of a friend, and was so much pleased with it that I have since ordered all your books. The more or less informing theme of them all, the life of the Spirit, has had the main interest for me, — an interest which has been the dominant one with me for many years. . . .

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Of William Sharp's life of Browning Professor Corson says:

I'm surprised at your liking Sharp's life at all. What he says of "The Ring and the Book" killed him as a critic for me. Do you realize that he called that poem "the most magnificent failure in our literature"? . . . Sharp misses the whole drift of "The Ring and the Book."

One smiles to realize that to this critical and aged scholar no failure in mind, manner, or morals, could be quite so much of an iniquity in his eyes as a failure of what he would accept as true criticism! He proceeds with a vigorous castigation of Mr. Sharp through eight large pages, and closes with these lines:

The Pope is the fullest realization in Browning's poetry of his idea of a personality — one in whom the absolute man is in the ascendent, and to whom the Eternal Word speaks, and who is thus freed from mere opinions determined more or less by temporal standards and circumstances. *Sed hæc hæctenus.* Mr. Sharp is not constituted ever to know "The Ring and the Book"!

Yes, I have received Emily Dickinson's poems, and thank you very much for them. But I have not yet discovered wherein their merit consists. I shall read them all thoroughly and will then give you my impressions of them.

Which, indeed, he proceeded to do with a vigorous disapproval (to put it mildly) which left little to the imagination. The aged and critical scholar knew very well what he liked; nor was he ever at any loss to express his sentiments over the things he did *not* like!

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Of Matthew Arnold I find this mention:

Arnold attached importance to ideas independently of their realization and of their relation to the spirit. His spiritual nature does not sufficiently co-operate with them. They are mere ideas. One seldom gets the impression, in reading his poetry, that his ideas were first heart-felt, before they were taken up by the formative intellect. They are intellectually bred. He is dominated by ideas — ideas which do not arouse the spirit, and, consequently, they are not sufficiently quickened to be impressive.

He shows the Oxford *reserve*.

Again Doctor Corson writes:

. . . I feel highly honored by your dedication to me of your "From Dream to Vision of Life," but I am abashed by the over-estimation of myself which it exhibits. Even Mr. Browning, "whose profound insight into spiritual mysteries has [indeed] exalted all literature," wrote that he felt my estimate of him "a load to sink a navy!"

Of Doctor Hodell's remarkable work in his translation of "The Old Yellow Book," and his incomparably fine Essay on this old Italian document, Doctor Corson writes:

One object I had in going to Baltimore was to look over the work by Dr. Hodell, the Professor of English Literature in the Woman's College (he was formerly my Fellow in E. L.) on "The Old Yellow Book" which gave occasion to the composition of Browning's "The Ring and the Book."

Under another date Doctor Corson writes:

And you go again to Italy. I hope your stay will result in another charming book! What a delightful

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circumambient life you lead, along with your remarkable literary productiveness! I am awaiting, with pleasant expectation, your biography of Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton. You will, I'm sure, portray her charming character and her interesting outer life, in your usual sympathetic way.

In reply to something written to him from Italy he says:

. . . I am sorry I never visited the places you write of when I was vigorous enough to endure such travel. I am too old, now, and shall go no more —

“ . . . to lands of summer beside the sea.”

I must obey literally the teaching of St. Augustine. “*Noli foras ire, in te cedi. In interiore homine habitat veritas; et si animam mutabilem inveneris, transcede te ipsum.*”

When the biography of Browning by Professor Griffin (completed after his death by Mr. Minchin) appeared, Doctor Corson alluded to it as follows:

This life of Browning does not cover any of the ground of your book; it has a different purpose, — a purpose which I don't particularly care about, though good enough in its way.

As a matter of fact, for myself, I cared very greatly about this exceedingly interesting biography, which fills an unique place, although not comparable in importance to that introspective biography by Professor Edward Dowden.

During a sojourn in Oxford Doctor Corson met William Watson, then in his early youth, and was

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impressed by his poetic promise. Later of Mr. Watson (now Sir William) he writes:

I had thought William Watson to be the greatest poetic genius in England since the death of Lord Tennyson. My walk with him across the moors from Ilkley, in Yorkshire, to the home of Charlotte Brontë, in 1877, is one of my pleasantest memories. He was then only in his 19th year, and had not published, nor written, to my knowledge, any poetry. But I wrote to my wife that I had met a young man who appeared to unite in himself the poetic spirits of both Shelley and Keats, and that he might, some day, be the poet laureate of England! He was Gladstone's choice after the death of Tennyson. Of Watson's "Lachrymæ Musarum" Gladstone told Queen Victoria he thought it greater than Tennyson's "Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington."

I met him last at the Shelley Centenary, at Horsham, in 1892. His Shelley Ode, written for that occasion, is one of his greatest poems, and is a noble characterization of Shelley's aspiring spirit. His "Wordsworth's Grave" is a truly great poem. . . . Strange to say, Watson is a greater admirer of the poems of Matthew Arnold, than of Browning: he thinks, with Tennyson, who, in the Memoir by his son, is represented as saying "Browning never greatly cares about the glory of words or beauty of form; . . . He has plenty of music in him, but he cannot get it out." ! ! ! !

I would say that whenever and wherever the musical is demanded as an *inseparable* part of the poetical expression, he is always *equal* to the demand.

A few days later the Professor writes:

I received, this morning, the New York *Times*—
"Saturday Review of Books," containing your letter

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in which you quote what I wrote you, in my last, about William Watson.

I am pleased that you gave the quotation.

Somewhat later Doctor Corson wrote:

Two or three days ago I learned from one of our professors that you are in Rome. He had received a letter from a friend in Rome who informed him that he had recently dined with you, and that you had spoken of me. I wrote to Little, Brown and Company for your address, which, they informed me, was care of Sebasti and Reali, Piazza di Spagna, Rome, and that they understood you intend remaining abroad until Spring.

What an interesting life you lead! Your delightful books follow each other in rapid succession, you see much that is grandest in Nature, on both sides of the Ocean, and much that is noblest in the works of man! I yesterday reread your "From Dream to Vision of Life" and felt that it is one of your most inspiring books, — inspiring in the direction of the life of the spirit. I wish the little book could be read by thousands and tens of thousands — especially Church people!

The aim of a religious education should be *the life of the spirit*, unconditioned by creeds and formulas. The Church of the future will be, I opine, one spiritually, and *multiform*, intellectually. *Sed hæc hæctenus.*

Thus the letters of Professor Corson ran on through many years, with his rich thought, his critical insight into literary values, his accomplished scholarship. They were, indeed, a liberal education to any recipient, and they ended only with his death, in the June of 1911, in his home, Cascadilla Cottage, in Ithaca, a veritable treasure-house of literature. The staircase

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was lined with his Chaucer library, — a rare collection, bequeathed to Cornell University. To Poetry and indeed to the the entire range of *belles lettres*, Professor Corson rendered a similar service in our country to that of Matthew Arnold in England with whom he fully agreed that more and more will mankind discover “that we have to turn to Poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us.” To this high calling was dedicated the life of Hiram Corson.

May we not think of the Golden Road as the *via sacra* of life? Not a path removed from the sorrows and the mistakes, the errors and the failures that pervade our universal experience; but rather as a certain attitude of spirit that may enable one, even in the midst of losses and crosses, to live by energy and hope; by faith that the way of life is “all the way by which the Lord, thy God, hath led thee”? To realize that personal happiness is not conditioned by possessions; that it results from the joy of work, the sympathetic sharing of the noble aspirations of our common humanity, the blessing of the priceless companionships of the friends and helpers we encounter on this Golden Road; that it includes the endeavor to coöperate, however feebly, with the Divine Purposes in the increasing spiritual evolution of mankind, — and that this attitude of spirit may always keep life renewed and radiant and polarized to the unremitting effort to be true to the Heavenly Vision.



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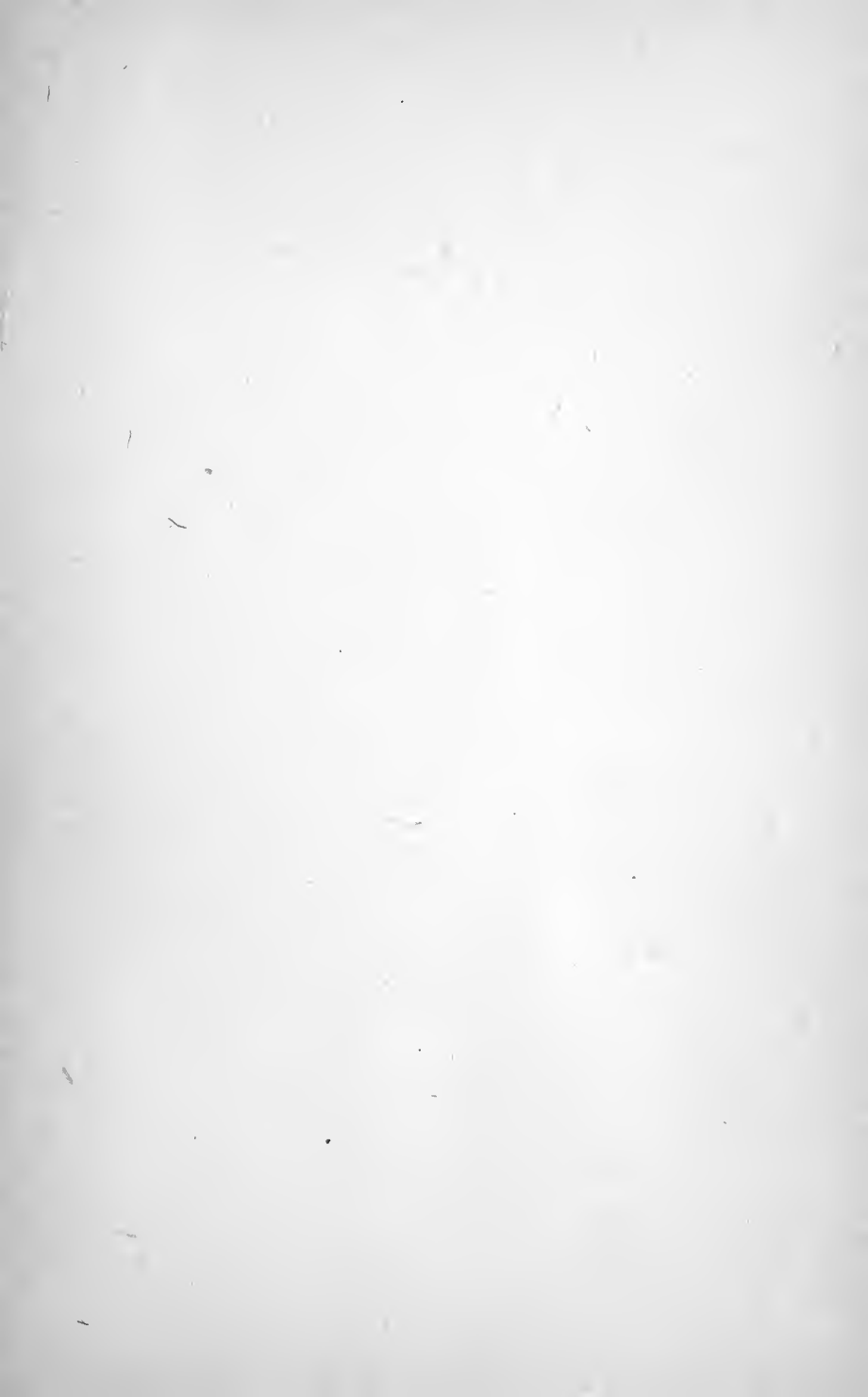
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