Birthplace of Helen Kendrick Johnson, Hamilton, N.Y.

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON

(MRS. ROSSITER JOHNSON)

The Story of Her Varied Activities

Besides the dignity, the sweetness, and the tenderness which should distinguish her sex generally, she is individualised by qualities peculiar to herself—by her high mental powers, her enthusiasm of temperament, her decision of purpose, and her buoyancy of spirit.—*Mrs. Johnson.*

NEW YORK
PUBLISHERS PRINTING COMPANY
1917

Rossiter Johnson

TWO HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED

No. ______

ILLUSTRATIONS

HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON

WHEN Asahel Clark Kendrick was a student in Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y., where he was graduated in 1831, he there made the acquaintance of Anne Elizabeth, daughter of Sewall Hopkins, M.D. In September, 1838, they were married and went to the village of Hamilton, Madison County, where he had been appointed Professor of Greek in Madison University—now Colgate. Three of Dr. Kendrick's four daughters were born in Hamilton; the second, Helen Louise, on January 4, 1844. The house that the doctor owned, which was the family home till 1850, was afterward owned and occupied by the widow of Adoniram Judson, the missionary. It is still standing and is occupied by Dr. W. A. Bardeen.

In 1850 Dr. Kendrick accepted the professorship of Greek in the newly established University of Rochester and went thither with other members of the Madison faculty. The next year Mrs. Kendrick died when the fourth daughter was born; and for ten years Helen's life was divided brokenly between Rochester and Clinton, where her mother's sister took to her home three of the motherless girls.

Helen found reasonable enjoyment in such time as she spent in Clinton; but she told me pathetic stories of her sojourn in a Rochester boarding-house, where two or three of the students exerted them-

selves to entertain and cheer the lonely child. One of these was Manton Marble, afterward the eminent journalist, who sang for her. In Rochester she attended Miss Doolittle's school, of local celebrity in its day.

She visited her father's brothers in Georgia in 1860; and when the Civil War broke out, in the spring of 1861, she returned to the North on the last steamer that left Savannah. Delicate health kept her at home for the better part of two years; but in September, 1863, she entered as a student the Oread Institute, at Worcester, Mass.—that picturesque boarding-school founded by Eli Thayer, a prolific inventor, originator of the Emigrant Aid Society, which saved Kansas from being a slave State. Studying there till June, 1864, Helen passed one of the pleasantest years of her life and made acquaintances whose friendship she cherished to the last. Two of these were daughters of the founder. There, too, she received the best part of her somewhat fragmentary scholastic training. A few years ago the association of students of the Oread published a history of the institution, with many interesting reminiscences of the graduates. To that book Mrs. Johnson contributed an article the greater part of which is here reproduced:

Among all the figures that rise at the bidding of my school-day memory, none stands before me with a more gracious benediction than that of Dr. Robert E. Pattison, Principal of the Oread Institute. His tall form, slightly bent, but graceful and elegant in its movements, his dark hair, fringed with silver, his delicate features and small,

firm lips, his gray eyes lighted always with intelligence and thought, but brimming with quiet mirthfulness that was contagious—all these come vividly to mind. Dr. Pattison was a friend to the young, because he better understood how to put himself into their places than any man whom I recall. There was a genial tenderness of feeling that formed the background of a nature that was also notable for its unaffected learning and piety. These qualities made him a model teacher. He aroused interest, and his childlike spirit made the youngest pupil in his classes feel that her opinion would receive attention, and would be accorded its full weight. In our study of mental and moral philosophy the sessions were not so much recitations as they were discussions which brought deep things to light in the simplest and clearest manner. The bearing upon daily and practical life seemed to be always in Dr. Pattison's mind, and in his expositions there was no suggestion of the abstruse or the unknowable. He was especially happy with illustration and incident that at once elucidated and fixed the meaning of the text.

Dr. Pattison was an old-time scholar, and classic literature and poetic quotation came to his lips readily when the occasion permitted. Education, in his conception, was a broad and significant thing. The literary element was especially encouraged in the Oread of that day. This distinction might seem superfluous in reference to an educational institution, but it has a definite meaning. There is an entire class of studies that were unheard-of or unformulated then, which drive out a great deal of the classic and the literary. Psychology and sociology were untaught, even in college. Philosophy seems a new science; while the modern sciences have wrought a revolution in thought and in the methods of its presentation. There is not time for all, nor human brain enough to hold it, and so the old standard classic and literary knowledge is pushed to one side to make room for the newcomer. This may be necessary, and it would be as idle as it would be ignorant to condemn the present;

but there is great loss in this abandonment. Mind spoke to mind more easily through the strictly literary studies. Language, history, composition, recitation, class-reading, all these brought teacher and pupil together in a more natural intimacy than comes with the modern method of lecture and note-taking. There is in school to-day but little sauntering in the fields of thought. The automobile method of education is more in fashion, where the strained eye and tense action indicate that the flying traveler sees nothing of the landscape except a blurred impression of dancing trees and a whirling dust-cloud. In the days of which I am writing we journeyed not so much to get over the ground as to understand and enjoy the world we passed through, and the cultivated and literary taste of Dr. Pattison and his family made them guides to be highly prized. The school paper was made a feature of the curriculum. Supplementary reading and research were encouraged. The Bible was a valued text-book, and Sunday was a welcome day. Dr. Pattison selected pupils in turn to prepare brief studies in the Scripture for parlor reading. I remember the great pleasure I found, for instance, in writing a connected narrative of the resurrection of Christ, compiled from the gospel accounts. It has fixed in my memory a natural succession of those wondrous events. On Sabbath evenings we had social reunions in the drawing-room. There was music always, and we gathered in groups, sitting on footstools or even on the floor to get close together, and the whole tone of the conversation was cheerful and spontaneous. It was wholesome and sweet, and it sent us to our rooms in a happy frame of mind.

One interesting incident of stated Sabbaths comes to memory. Dr. Pattison was invited by the authorities of the institution to preach to such members of the Hospital for the Insane as were able to attend divine service with any benefit. His words and manner would have held the attention of the simplest mind that would listen at all. I, with others, went with him to form a little choir, and

it was a pathetic and pleasant task. Dim faces would light, and hopeless ones smile, while some showed full intelligence as to the themes presented.

Dr. Pattison had clear ideas of discipline, and novel theories concerning it, some of which come to mind as I write. For instance, my most intimate friend, Clara Thayer (now Mrs. Perry), and I one day asked permission to go down-town to do some errands. Dr. Pattison said, "Anybody else going?" "No, sir," we answered. "You'd better invite Esther," said he, smiling. "I have observed," he added, "that three girls have a quieter journey to town than two or four do. Two girls with their arms linked form an electric connection, but a trio somehow breaks the chain of mischief. Get Esther, and be off." Esther was "Essie" Davids, a beautiful girl, my roommate, and a favorite with all during those good years at the Oread.

There was a delightful atmosphere of hominess in our school life. Mrs. Pattison was an ideal house-mother, always cheery and cordial; and her parlor held a welcome for all girls, especially the homesick. Dr. Pattison's daughters, Miss Fannie and Miss Ettie, as we knew them then, were among the noble women of the earth. They were teachers and have left an indelible impression upon their pupils. They presented a great contrast in appearance and in character, each having her own charm and her devoted band of adherents. I was fortunate enough to be taken as a roommate for one term by Miss Fannie. She shared to the full her father's literary tastes. We read many books together, and one incident of that time suggests the spirit I have desired to portray. Miss Fannie had given me Hale's "Man Without a Country" to read, and I had become so absorbed in it that I failed to hear the bell for evening prayers. The quiet of the halls somehow aroused me and I rushed downstairs only in time to hear the closing hymn. Dr. Pattison followed me with his eye as I slipped into my seat. After chapel I went to him. To the rebuke in his eye I answered: "Oh, Dr.

Pattison, have you read 'The Man Without a Country'?" "No, not yet," he answered. "Then don't scold me till you have," said I. "So that was it," he answered, smiling, and I felt forgiven.

There was another resident of the building whose presence was a blessing to all within its walls. This was Mrs. Binney, sister of Dr. Pattison, a returned missionary from Burmah. All that I had ever conceived of the life of one who had carried Christ's commission to distant lands was fulfilled in this saintly and fascinating woman. Though she was a constant sufferer, her face never lost its genial smile, nor her voice its melodious sweetness. It was one of our great privileges to be able to carry her the wild flowers we gathered, to tell our small adventures, and listen to the wonderful story of her missionary life.

From early youth Helen read much, and she became especially familiar with a great deal of the best poetry of our language; but in this she went her own way, not caring much for any standard curriculum. Her father, an accomplished linguist, desired that his daughters should be similarly accomplished; but Helen resisted all his efforts to make her a Greek scholar. To such invitation she would repeat a string of unconnected Greek words—*O pais echomen trechomen stoa oikia*—ask him what more anybody could want, and turn away the subject with a laugh, in which he could not help joining.

When the Civil War was ended Helen again visited her uncles in the South; and a few years afterward she wrote for the paper that I edited, "A Night in Atlanta," a weird story of an experience in that historic city. The narrative is too long

for insertion here; but the bit of fanciful description with which it opens may be quoted.

In the autumn of 1865 a September sun was sinking over a war-riddled Southern city. As its mighty life-tide ebbed away it crimsoned a scene which needed only that deep coloring to bring back with startling vividness a picture of the contest whose traces were still sternly visible. It reddened anew the stately ruins of once proud mansions, blackened chimneys that marked the desolation of humbler homes, long red lines of breastworks that wound like serpents, frowning forts and yawning bomb-proofs. Finally, across a little cluster of graves where lay hearts that the bullet had pierced the blue to find, poured the last shafts of light as the great warrior sank to his rest.

The shadows which fall so quickly from a Southern sky had not quite completed their kindly work of hiding the crimson stains when the moon came peering up. It caught only the faintest glimpse of a bloody stage as the last fold of Nature's great curtain was lowered and hid it from her view. Few heirs apparent can forget that the hand of a departing father must drop a scepter into their own. She seemed to say: "Oh, I see the rôle I must play here. These people have had horrors until the more gentle shining that is sufficient for other lands loses all its effect. They want something startling." So saying, she shifted a few clouds into fantastic shapes, and with weird lights and shadows produced a ghostly masquerade. She had looked upon this spot when her coming was a signal for the busy hush that follows a day of carnage, and she knew with certainty what scenes had been enacted there. Now from every dim spot started up troops of impalpable warriors, who with weapons as intangible as the shades that wielded them pierced hearts that did not even shiver at the shock. The sharp chirping of the cricket and the repetitions of the katydid seemed the musketry of that phantom host; and every sound in the pure air of that autumn evening became a voice in the battle of nothings;

while here and there a shell-torn tree held out its single arm. Human hearts felt a thrill they did not stop to question. It was a trying night for a guilty conscience, an uneasy night for the timid, a night of revel for the imagination if one had an earnest mind and a strong heart.

In the spring of 1867 she returned to her father's house in Rochester, and there I first met her. I had studied four years at the University, under him, but in that period I had not once entered the house of a professor, because it seemed to me that they had trials enough with us crude young men in the class-rooms and ought not to be pursued into their homes. Consequently, I never made the acquaintance of Dr. Kendrick's family till I had been some time out of college. Perhaps in this I was incidentally fortunate; for I was unpolished enough even then, and must have been more unattractive when I was a student.

A walking club was organized that spring, which included some of the professors and their families, with a score of their friends. Frequently, on a pleasant afternoon, the company strolled away into some suburb, or clambered about the high, beautiful banks of the Genesee, or went down the stream in row-boats. The exercises were not exclusively ambulatory and remusian. The Club's motto was *Utile cum dulce*, and it became customary to designate the men as "utiles" and the women as "dulces"—which was one of the indications that they all assumed youthfulness, if they had it not.

For each walk a secretary was appointed, who

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was expected to write a humorous account of it, to be read when, on the next walk, we came to a desirable stopping-place. These strolls offered ideal opportunities for making or extending acquaintance under the pleasantest circumstances, as the Goddess of Liberty and the Goddess of Chaperones had a nice sense of their respective boundaries, and though they were in close touch they never encroached upon each other's domain. Sometimes when we camped for an hour on the grassy banks or within a grove, while freshly-written verses were read, and original conundrums were propounded, between witty coruscations of varying magnitude, the effect was idyllic and Arcadian. Helen Kendrick, who had inherited her father's wit, which she accompanied with a keen sense of humor that was peculiarly original, was by no means the faintest star in that Galaxy. William Hazlitt wrote that he "could not see the wit of walking and talking at the same time," and Louis Stevenson adopts his sentiment. But neither Hazlitt nor Stevenson had the good fortune to belong to a club like ours.

I do not flatter myself that my talk added much to the hilarity of those occasions; but, whatever the bulk of its dulness may have been, it was happily counterbalanced when I found an opportunity to say the wisest and most important thing I ever have said in my life.

The next summer Helen went to Utica, where she lived in the home of the aunt who had cared for her childhood, till she returned to Rochester in the spring to make preparation for her marriage. In

January, 1869, I had assumed the editorship of *The Statesman*, at Concord, New Hampshire, and in May I went to Rochester to be married. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Kendrick, on Thursday evening, the 20th, in his house in Chestnut Street, before a large company of relatives and friends.

We left by the night train, and the next afternoon were at Worcester Junction. Here a wait of two hours for a train northward gave us leisure to walk up the hill to the Oread, where Helen had been at school five years before. There was something romantic, almost weird, in the sylvan approach and the castle-like stone structure, which looked as if it had endured a siege, and had every appearance of being deserted. To this day, that picture rolls back upon my memory whenever I chance upon the line—

"Childe Roland to the dark tower came."

The building was not wholly deserted, however, and Helen had the pleasure of finding one of her schoolmates—I was about to write, among the ruins. While they sat down on the stone steps and exchanged reminiscences, I explored some parts of the structure and strolled through the grounds, where my head seemed to be in a historic atmosphere—perhaps because I was in a dreaming mood.

In Concord we took possession of apartments which I had furnished in a fine old house with a broad white front, in Pleasant Street, midway between Main Street and the height of land at the west. Here we dwelt two years.

There could be no bridal trip then, because the Legislature was about to convene and my presence in the office was necessary. But after the adjournment, in August, accompanied by two of my sisters, we visited the White Mountains and were among the first to ascend Mount Washington by the new railway.

In the summer of 1870 Helen visited her relatives in Utica and Rochester, returning with me, when I went there to attend the University commencement, by way of the Thousand Islands and the St. Lawrence, my sister Eva accompanying us.

In the spring of 1871 we began our humble housekeeping in Concord, first occupying a pretty dwelling, a semi-detached house, that was in the midst of an apple orchard at the head of a little court shaped like a horseshoe. The next year we removed to a house in Merrimack Street on the hill, whence we had a view over a wide extent of country—farms, fields, and bits of woodland, and at the farthest reach that Shaker settlement to which Hawthorne sends his Canterbury Pilgrims.

In our first year in Concord Helen began writing for publication. To the paper that I edited she contributed several stories and a series of Bible studies. Her first contribution to a magazine was a bit of literary genre, a child portrait mainly from life, entitled "Pussy Wink; How Bright and How Droll She Is." It appeared in Oliver Optic's "Our Boys and Girls" and was widely copied. Also it was closely imitated by another writer, under a similar title. Under the general title "The Push

Family," Mrs. Johnson planned a series of short stories for youngest readers, intended to teach them some of the processes of Nature. She wrote but one, which related the efforts and adventures of Acorn Push, who struggled with many difficulties till he became a noble oak.

To compete for a prize she wrote a story entitled "Roddy's Romance." It failed to take the prize, but it was published in book form after our removal to New York, and it met with immediate success. The Indianapolis *Sentinel* said of it: "This is one of those rare juvenile books that possess an interest for mature minds without losing their fascination for children. The book lacks the appearance of effort, and that is the surest sign of a good writer's work. The story is bright, witty, and interesting from the first sentence. One of the most striking things about it is its truth as a picture of American life." The *Liberal Christian* said: "The description of the call from Charlie Pierce is certainly one of the most amusing things we have met with for a long time. We confess to having laughed till we cried over several of these adventures." The Albany *Journal* said: "Perhaps it is not too much to say that it is the freshest and most exhilarating story of the kind since Miss Alcott's 'Little Women' and 'Little Men' marked an era in juvenile literature." The *Christian Union* said: "It is the best book of its kind we have seen since 'Little Women' was published; and altho Miss Alcott gave us more little people to laugh over, no one of them was so extremely yet unconsciously funny as little Florrie, the heroine

of this romance." The Boston *Globe* said: "The little girl who always asked questions, an honest, sweet maiden, grows up with her mouth full of interrogation-marks, so to speak, and is a very real character indeed." The New Haven *Journal* said: "There are many masterly touches of humor and pathos in the story." The Chicago *Standard* said: "It never was made, it just blossomed." The book went through several editions, and was followed by two companion volumes, the set of three being entitled "The Roddy Books."

Two children were born to us in Concord. The first, Laurence, did not complete his second year. His loss, our first great grief, was made the subject of a lyric that has been many times copied and widely circulated, and we printed a booklet devoted to his memory. Perhaps we erred in this, for there are those who disapprove of all publication of private griefs as being in questionable taste. But this involves condemnation of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Tennyson, besides Hervey, Moir, Pierpont, Massey, and other minor poets. Greater minds than ours have yielded to the inspiration of bereavement—

> —"not concealing
> The grief that must have way."

As Helen was too ill to go to Rochester for the burial, I went alone. There I had the good fortune to find Johnson M. Mundy, the sculptor, who took a cast of the little head and executed a bust.

Learning from her loss to sympathize as never before with those who were similarly bereft, Mrs.

Johnson compiled a volume to which she gave the title "Tears for the Little Ones; a Collection of Poems and Passages Inspired by the Loss of Children." In the Introduction she wrote: "In this collection I have edited the poems with a free hand, because the book is intended only to give consolation to those who mourn the loss of children. After my own heart had experienced this sorrow, familiar verses would come to mind; but mingled with the real comfort in many of them were thoughts and expressions which brought a fresh pang at each remembrance. It was a sadly pleasant task to glean from memory or from books such poems or parts of poems, and such only, as parents in deep sorrow could read with soothing and sweet effect. . . . If we dwell, in mistaken and morbid love, upon the harrowing scenes that have to do with earth alone, we loose the bond between us and our children in heaven and are carried far out of sympathy with the new life in which they are unfolding. Thus only can they cease to be our own. Sorrowing is indeed our precious right, but sorrowing in hope is our sublime privilege and our Christian duty."

Soon after our removal to New York, where I spent four years in association with George Ripley and Charles A. Dana in the work of revising their "American Cyclopædia," Mrs. Johnson began her largest literary task, which she had in hand for seven years, spending most of her spare time on it. This was "Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them," a quarto volume of 660 pages, which presented 309 songs—English, Scottish, Irish, and

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American—their words, their music, and their histories, with brief biographical sketches of the authors and composers. The key-note of the book is struck in the first sentence of her preface: "They need no introduction; they come with the latch-string assurance of old and valued friends, whose separate welcomes have encouraged them to drop in all together." Then she continues: "They are the songs we all have sung, or wished we could sing; the songs our mothers crooned over our cradles, and our fathers hummed at their daily toil; the songs our sisters sang when they were the prima donnas of our juvenile world; the songs of our sweethearts and our boon companions; the songs that have swayed popular opinion, inspirited armies, sustained revolutions, honored the king, made presidents, and marked historical epochs. . . . For much of the information that here appears in print for the first time, I am indebted to the personal kindness of friends and relatives of the authors, retired music-publishers, and others, both here and in England, in whose memories alone were to be found any records of some of the writers of immortal songs."

Two of the best-known publishing-houses declined the manuscript. Henry Holt & Co. accepted it and published the book in September, 1881. It was an immediate success; it never has been out of print; and it is still selling under the copyright, which was renewed in 1909.

When the Song-book was fairly launched, we filled our home in West Tenth Street, one evening,

with our friends, and William Courtney and his American wife, Louise Gage Courtney, with Miss Harriet Clapper as accompanist, rendered twenty of the songs.

One of the firms that had declined the book paid it a predatory compliment by publishing an imitation split up into parts, in which appeared at intervals, without permission or acknowledgment, passages of information that had been obtained originally by Mrs. Johnson and published in her book. Dr. Thomas Dunn English wrote for her the complete history of his song "Ben Bolt," which became doubly famous when Du Maurier used it in his novel "Trilby." A son of Charles Jefferys, music-publisher in London, gave her the curious history of his father's songs "We Have Lived and Loved Together" and "Jeannette and Jeannot." The search for William R. Dempster, who set some of Tennyson's songs to music and sang them to large audiences in this country as well as in England, led us to the office of his publisher in London, who said, "I only know that I send the semi-annual copyright money to this person"—and he gave us an address in Camden Town. There we were ushered into the studio of a woman who, brushes and palette in hand, was at work before her easel. "Oh, yes," she said, "Mr. Dempster lived many years in our family. That room was his study, and his desk is undisturbed as he left it. If you look out at this window, you may see his grave." Then followed many interesting incidents in the life of a gifted, modest, and kindly man.

An elderly and somewhat eccentric man who kept a store in Broadway for the sale of new and second-hand musical merchandise was a mine of information concerning musical matters in our country. Famous as is the song "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," a long search for it was fruitless until a single copy, in sheet music, was discovered in this store. The curious history of the song was furnished by Judge Sherwood, of Zanesville, Ohio. Whenever Mrs. Johnson asked about some song-writer, the proprietor of the store was almost certain to say, "No—didn't know him," and then give his attention again to his account-books. But she knew better than to depart with that answer. She continued turning over the books and sheets on the counter, till presently he would lay down his pen, come forward, and say, "You inquired for ——. Oh, yes, now I remember him well. He came in here one day with that best-known song of his, which he had just written, and sang it to me and my brother, for our judgment." Then followed gossipy reminiscences.

The Song-book was welcomed by many persons of eminence and was generously treated by many reviewers. The Rt. Rev. Frederick D. Huntington, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Central New York, wrote: "'Our Familiar Songs' is a remarkable work. Its great value is obvious at a glance; but I find that an examination of its contents heightens at every step the estimate of its comprehensiveness, its accuracy, its painstaking, its permanent worth, and its materials for the entertainment of every class.

Letters, bibliography, genius, and patriotism are all honored by it." The *Churchman* said: "The volume is one of rare value, and we know of nothing in the way of books better fitted to make a home bright and happy." Fenelon B. Rice, of the Oberlin Conservatory of Music, wrote: "I am surprised at the extent, variety, and completeness of the work." Mrs. Farragut, widow of the Admiral, wrote: "I have for a long time felt the need of just such a book. . . . If I do sometimes drop a tear on its pages, I always close the book with a smile of satisfaction." Harry Thomas, manager of the Chicago Quartette, wrote: "I never have seen any book that has half the merit." Mrs. Sherman, wife of the General, wrote: "It is indeed most interesting and instructive. I wish that every family in the country could have a copy; for a source of so much enjoyment at one's own fireside is a treasure the value of which can not be exaggerated. I expect to use it in the future, as I have already done, as a choice present to a friend when occasion offers." The Chicago *Interior* said: "These songs of love, heroism, patriotism, and memory appeal to all hearts, not less to those of the artists than to those of the masses." The Rev. H. W. Spalding, D.D., of Jersey City, wrote: "This work, judiciously arranged and admirably executed, is a sort of needed missionary for toning the hard, practical, utilitarian life of to-day with the poetry and music of the past." Mr. L. S. Straw, of Newburgh, wrote: "It has become the light of our fireside and the charm of our home." The New York *Sun* said:

"This is a most attractive and interesting volume. A very small number of the tunes are by Continental composers; only a few of them are by Mozart or some other European; in the main, they are of British and Irish origin, with the addition of some composed in the United States. The collection of British and Irish songs is particularly valuable, for it includes nearly all the beautiful old classics, with many of which the present generation is familiar, and many also that only appear in scraps in English works down even to the day of Thackeray. An exceedingly attractive feature of the collection is the short histories that accompany the songs, describing their origin and the circumstances that caused their production, often with the addition of a concise account of the author's life. Here we learn the true foundation of 'Woodman, Spare That Tree,' and what were the people and accidents that prompted 'Rory O'More,' or 'Sally in Our Alley.' The first glance at the table of contents will convince any one of the value of the book as a library of ballads, and the heads under which they are classified show that this one collection is adapted to people of all moods and temperaments." The Buffalo *Courier* declared: "Too much can not be easily said in praise of the discrimination and intelligence displayed in this collection." The London *Saturday Review* said: "Mrs. Johnson's book errs on the side of fulness, if at all; but her work has been admirably done, and we should be glad to see an edition of the book prepared for English readers, who will discover with some surprise the American origin of

many songs as frequently heard on this side of the Atlantic as on the other." The *Literary World* said: "We have turned the pages of this unique and beautiful book with delight, and hummed the airs, so many of which are familiar, with the pleasure incident to a meeting with old friends. . . . All those are here, and scores of others, that sing themselves over and over in one's heart from childhood to old age."

In August, 1877, the Cyclopædia being completed, we sailed for Liverpool on the White Star liner *Germanic*. Our European tour was not very extensive in either time or distance, but we managed to get much satisfaction from it. I might adopt a popular formula and call it "From Edinburgh to Pompeii." Of course in its main features it did not differ much from the ordinary tours so often described, and therefore any extended narrative here is unnecessary. But a few of the minor episodes were peculiar enough to cling to a place in our memory, and perhaps interesting enough to justify the telling.

In Chester we walked up the broad aisle of the ancient St. John's Church, and among the tombstones that formed the pavement we saw two, side by side, that bore the names Johnson and Kendrick. The small cathedral had not much of interest except the flags that the Cheshire regiment carried at Bunker Hill. Of course we made the circuit of the walls, and when the curatress of the tower graciously permitted us to look out at "the very window through which His Majesty Charles the First wit-

nessed the battle of Rowton Moor," I had not the heart to tell her that, as a matter of fact, he stood on the roof.

A little man in clerical garb, who carried a shopping-bag, spied us across the street and came over to tell us about a newly discovered Roman hypocaust. He informed us that he was a vicar in a neighboring city, but he liked to come to Chester to shop, because of his interest in the antiquities. To see the hypocaust, we had to pass through a wine-shop. There was an elderly man enjoying a newly acquired toy—an American contrivance for putting the corks into wine-bottles. "Oh," he said, "it is so much better than driving them in with a mallet."

We enjoyed a row up the pretty river Dee to the grounds of the famous Eaton Hall. As the building was undergoing some repairs or alterations, we were not allowed to approach nearer than a designated line, and therefore we felt a disappointment in not seeing the ancestral footprint that had such a fascination for Hawthorne.* In rowing back to the city we saw a pretty Ducal bridal party coming out of Eccleston Church. And when we were crossing a field we came upon a long row of farm-carts every one of which bore the solemn inscription in large letters, "His Grace the Duke of Westminster." As His Grace owned everything for miles around, we were not able to conjecture why it was necessary to emblazon the carts with that legend.

Last of all in Chester, we saw the Bridge of Death,

* Here our memory was in error. The footprint is really at Smithell Hall, near Bolton.

which corresponds to the Venetian Bridge of Sighs; and as we looked at the weird thing in the deepening twilight, it occurred to me that Beilby Porteus, who was Bishop of Chester, might have used it in his mournful and once famous poem.

In Edinburgh some very beautiful windows were on exhibition in James Ballantine's stained-glass works; and we were perhaps the more interested because he was a poet and Helen had included one of his songs in her book.

York—of course. But no leisure for visiting Haworth on the extreme western edge of the West Riding.

In Peterboro Helen had a glimpse of a fruiterer's window and expressed a desire for "just one peach." I stepped in and bought one—price, eighteen cents. O prolific orchards and generous baskets of our childhood, did we really appreciate you? But I ought not to score one exorbitant peach against a town that offered us the beauty of one of the finest of all the nineteen cathedrals that we saw in our journey. We climbed the narrow stairways and from the roof looked over miles of charming country.

In Cambridge we were told that we could not be admitted to the library of Trinity College unless accompanied by some member of the College, and as it was now vacation there was probably no member present. Thereupon, summoning up what little dramatic power I possess, I struck an attitude of disgustful despair and muttered that it was "pretty hard for any one to be shut out from a thing that he has come three thousand miles on purpose to see."

This had the proper effect. The sympathetic janitor at once exerted himself and produced from some dusty corner a modest man who, years before, had won a fellowship and ever since had led there the life of a—I ought not to write "bookworm"—for we are all worms of one kind or another—lover of literature. He consented to earn the prescribed shilling, and we found him a very intelligent and acceptable guide. My method of gaining entrance served us equally well on two or three similar occasions. The original manuscripts of Milton and other great writers interested us, but the chief attraction was Thorwaldsen's beautiful statue of Byron. Whether it faithfully portrays the poet or not, it is a joy forever.

In London an excessively English Englishman, in a book-store, talking with Mrs. Johnson about a guide-book that she was buying, unnecessarily lugged in the information, with a deprecatory tone, "I knew you were Americans as soon as you entered the shop." "Oh, yes," said she, "we are Americans, and of course we have been gazing about. In Westminster Abbey we admired the beautiful monument to Lord Cornwallis, and we wondered why the elaborate epitaph makes no mention of his surrender to General Washington, at Yorktown."

One of the pleasantest acquaintances we made in London was Mr. Jefferys (son of Charles Jefferys, the song-writer), who kept a music-store in Berners Street, and gave Mrs. Johnson some very interesting bits of information on the subject she was pursuing.

In that great city we met but one person whom we

knew; that was our old friend William S. Lee, a Rochester boy, who was connected with a banking-house and was interested in musical and dramatic affairs. He was an enthusiastic first-nighter, and he invited us to the first night of a play by Henry J. Byron. The piece was "Guinea Gold," and it was a howling failure. The audience—or a part of them—furnished the howling, and the manager acknowledged the failure in a pathetic speech of mingled protest and apology, delivered before the curtain.

Trips to Windsor, Oxford, and Stratford were matters of course. A rainy day in Leamington was spent pleasantly in reading Hawthorne's "Our Old Home," which to us was the most interesting of his books.

In a long day's passage up the Rhine, it seemed as if we must have taken the trip before with either Lord Byron or Tom Hood. We made travelling acquaintance with a gentleman from Belfast, who told us that during the American Civil War his sympathies and his faith were with the men of the North, while those of nearly all his friends were with the Confederates. They so nagged him and dared him to prove his faith by purchasing United States bonds that he did so, while they put their spare cash into Confederate bonds. Since that time, for a dozen years, he never had lacked a smile for those friends.

But in going through the Black Forest we seemed like pioneers, for we could not remember any description of it. At Allerheiligen, where we walked out of the pretty inn and sauntered through the

ruins of the old monastery, we were surprised to find, on the *rear* wall, a placard that bore the naive announcement, "Friends are warned that the masonry may fall," and we learned that a part of it had once fallen and killed a man.

At the Falls of Schaffhausen we surprised a native or two by our indifference to the cataract. They did not know that we came from a State that contains more and greater waterfalls than all Europe.

An all-day zigzag ride on Lake Zurich landed us too late for the afternoon train, and thereby gave us time to make the acquaintance, in the fading daylight, of that out-of-the-way and seldom or never heard-of place, Rapperschwyl, with its gray old Hapsburg castle standing in solemn loneliness on the hill, and the German grandmother who, with her cat and her books, kept house in the watch-tower and hung out the flags or lanterns at the proper times; and the monument to a dead nation. This gave us a defense, by way of reprisal, against questions that are sometimes annoying. "You have been in Europe. Did you see such or such a thing?" The tone implying that, if not, we might as well not have gone. "Oh no, our time was limited, and of course we could not go everywhere. But when *you* were there did you visit Rapperschwyl?" Not one of them ever had heard of Rapperschwyl. "When you go again, do not fail to see Rapperschwyl." O, Rapperschwyl, dear, sweet village, at once romantic and useful in your obscurity, what a beautiful buffer you make in certain conversations!

Over the Splügen Pass our journey was wild and

weird enough to satisfy every expectation. But we found no daisies. Probably Tennyson plucked the only one that ever grew there.

Lake Como was quite as beautiful as it used to be pictured on the drop-curtain when "The Lady of Lyons" was staged. And going ashore after dark, in the town of Como, to walk to the hotel between double lines of flambeaux, was almost as entertaining as running to a fire in the days of hand-engines and clanging bells. The science in which Como's Volta was an early experimenter and discoverer had not yet substituted arc lights.

In Florence we went, as a matter of course, to the house of our countrywoman, Mrs. Chapman—21 Via Pandolfini—where most good Americans used to sojourn. There we met, and were immediately interested in, Professor Henry A. P. Torrey, of the University of Vermont, and his learned sister. They became our lifelong friends. We also met there Mr. and Mrs. William Courtney, the ballad-singers, who four years later sang at our house from Helen's "Familiar Songs."

In Naples the manager of the hotel gave us—his word for it—the room that Eugenie had recently occupied. But we made no objection, and required no apology. Even dethroned empresses—whether enthroned by divine right or by *coup d'état*—must be permitted to sleep somewhere. So we settled down quietly to the enjoyment of a sunset over the Bay of Naples, which really was most beautiful, quite equal to some that we have seen in America.

In Pompeii a guide was assigned to us who was

said to speak English. Listening to his English was like reading a page of old black-letter that had been blurred in the printing. He must have studied "English without a Master" and imitated Demosthenes on the seashore. However, we understood him, and thus had both information and amusement.

It was a weird sight to look on at the opening of another room; the workmen removing the ashes and sifting them, while an officer with a rifle across his knees sat watching them.

In Rome a simple drive on the Appian Way was to us quite as impressive as our visits to the ancient and mediæval structures. The tomb of Cecilia Metella was more interesting than the tomb of Saint Peter. Pisa, Genoa, Turin, of course, and a climb for a view of Monte Rosa. Then the Mont Cenis tunnel, and Lyons, and a Sunday in Fontainebleau, with a stroll in the forest. Paris as usual.

All of Rouen that was not Ruskin was Joan of Arc, and all that was not Joan of Arc was Ruskin—except, perhaps, the wonderful Normandy cider.

We re-crossed the Atlantic in the old steamship *Republic*, passing through a terrific storm that seemed powerful enough to send us to the bottom. After the worst night, Helen asked the steward how the vessel endured it, and his answer so comforted and amused her that it became a family by-word—"Oh, she's a-standin' 'er good."

After a summer's sojourn with Mrs. Johnson's sisters in Utica, we removed to Montclair, N. J., and occupied a little brown cottage on the edge of the mountain, where the turnpike passes through Crane's

Gap. Here we made more friends—chief among them Mr. and Mrs. John W. Weidemeyer, who had occupied the cottage before us. It was only necessary to take Helen anywhere, to acquire new and valued friends. Here little Evelyn came to us, on Lincoln's birthday.

The next July the exigencies of literary work took us to Bard Avenue, Staten Island, where our nearest neighbor was George William Curtis, and our dearest friends were the family of Sydney Howard Gay. Here we lost our little Evelyn, from some sudden and mysterious ailment, on a Fourth of July.

The next move was to West Tenth Street, New York, where we made the acquaintance and attended the church of the Rev. Edward Judson. Here we gave "Familiar Songs" its send-off (already recorded), and here Helen called in our choicest friends to form, one winter a geography class, and another winter a class in Shakespeare—class or club, as one chooses to call them. Those that I remember as the most constant attendants were: Mr. and Mrs. John Denison Champlin, Mr. Frank Huntington, the Rev. Edward Judson, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. J. Ryland Kendrick, Mrs. Mary R. Norris (afterward Mrs. Charles Borcherling), Dr. and Mrs. John F. Russell, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Weidemeyer. At the close of the last meeting, when we had just read "Macbeth," they presented us with a fine impression of Macbeth's etching from John Heming Mason's "Harvest Moon." The picture now hangs in the living-room of Thalatta Cottage.

There was born little Mildred, who, being appar-

Helen Kendrick Johnson

At Thirty-two.

ently well, suddenly passed away as mysteriously as her sister Evelyn.

For the summer of 1883 we joined four families of friends in coöperative housekeeping, taking a large house and twenty acres of ground at Suffern, N. Y. The experiment was an entertaining success.

The summer of 1884 we spent pleasantly in Monmouth, Maine, keeping house in partnership with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lorettus S. Metcalf. In returning to New York, we made a detour to pass through New Hampshire and visit our former home city, Concord. Apparently a dozen years had changed it very little. At Newport we were handsomely entertained in the home of my friend and former associate, Edward A. Jenks.

In that year Mrs. Johnson made and edited two compilations. One was a thick volume, illustrated, entitled "Poems and Songs for Young People." The other was a dainty set of six small volumes entitled "The Nutshell Series." They were made up of crisp and epigrammatic sayings, gathered from a wide field, and classified and indexed, with introductions. The several volumes bore the titles: Philosophy, Wisdom, Sentiment, Proverbs, Wit and Humor, and Epigram and Epitaph. Both of these works had a gratifying reception. Afterward the Nutshell Series was reissued in another form, with the title "Short Sayings of Famous Men."

The summer of 1885 we spent on Great Chebeague Island, in Casco Bay, where we kept house in partnership with Mrs. Mary H. Peabody in her cottage on the shore.

In this out-of-the-way place we made the acquaintance of an interesting and admirable character, the Rev. John Collins, pastor of the only church on the island, performing his humble duties in a modest and kindly way.

Mr. Collins asked our household to give an entertainment in the church, for the benefit of the parsonage, which was much in need of repairs; and of course we consented. On the appointed evening, at dusk, we took our books, musical instruments, and manuscripts under our arms and walked a mile and a half through the woods to the church. Helen read one of her stories, and the rest of us made such contributions to the gaiety of Chebeague as lay in our several lines.

In announcing the entertainment, Pastor Collins had urged attendance, and said: "If you fill all these seats, the fund for the parsonage will be," —— But his arithmetic was faulty; he should have mentioned a sum twice as large. Afterward a group of the natives were overheard discussing the affair and especially puzzling over the numerical error; till one bright fellow said: "I'll tell you how it is—the troupe gits half."

As West Tenth Street had degenerated, we now removed to East Sixteenth Street, where we abode about fifteen years. And there Helen resumed her literary class, or club, in which we read much of Browning.

For several years Mrs. Johnson was a member of the board of managers of the Henry Street Settlement. She was much interested in the poor children

who obtained a little increment of happiness playing in the back yard of the Settlement House, which they called "The King's Garden." When she became familiar with the work and management of the settlements, she conceived a deep distrust of them all. Some of them, at least, appeared to be used largely as forums where very young men, half-educated and wholly satisfied, exploited socialistic theories, sometimes bordering on anarchism, to auditors even less educated than themselves; and she foresaw that they would become breeding-beds of atheism and disloyalty.

She was disappointed in a club of women to which she was elected, and remarked to me that she thought she could organize one that would avoid some of the usual undesirable happenings. I advised her to try. She drew up a model for a constitution, and had twenty copies made. These with a circular letter she addressed to a score of friends whom she deemed most likely to be interested. The answers were prompt, and eighteen accepted. They met at our home in East Sixteenth Street (February, 1886), and organized. The club was to meet monthly at midday, and therefore it was named THE MERIDIAN. The meetings were to be held in one of the best hotels, where luncheon would be served for all who attended, each paying for her own. Then a paper, previously announced, would be read, and the subject discussed, of course under simple parliamentary rules. Each year one member was to act as secretary, sending out notice of the meetings and collecting the dues (one dollar

annually, for stationery and postage). There were no other officers. Each member was to preside at one meeting when her turn came alphabetically; and each member was to present a paper for discussion when her turn came alphabetically. The alphabet ruled everything. If any standing committee was desired, three members were named for it in alphabetical order. Thus there could be no aspiration to office, and no electioneering.

New members were admitted sparingly, as it was not intended that the club should ever be large, or should include any who could not, in turn, contribute to the intellectual entertainment. But members were permitted to bring guests to the meetings, and sometimes these were as numerous as the members.

The Meridian was a success from the beginning, and has been ever since, with a slow increase to a membership of about forty, with never a cause of jealousy or ill-feeling among them. Politics and sectarian religion are excluded from the discussions by an unwritten law. Some notable papers have been produced therein.

The original members were: Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen, Dr. Mercy N. Baker, Mrs. Frederick P. Bellamy, Mrs. Charles Borcherling, Mrs. Robert Carter, Mrs. John Denison Champlin, Mrs. John K. Cilley, Mrs. Kate Upson Clark, Mrs. Churchill H. Cutting, Mrs. John R. Fisher, Mrs. George H. Fox, Mrs. Robert Gilchrist, Mrs. Almon Goodwin, Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, Mrs. James P. Kimball, Mrs. Lorettus S. Metcalf, Mrs. Mary H. Peabody, Mrs. Erminnie A. Smith, and Mrs. May Riley Smith.

In February, 1916, the thirtieth anniversary of its founding, The Meridian held a special meeting, with Mrs. Johnson as its guest of honor. Of the original members, five were present; eight were no longer living; three were lying ill; and three had resigned. Mrs. Johnson passed away eleven months later.

In 1887–88 we had summer board in the hamlet of Oak Ridge, N. J., a pretty spot, happily retired from the noise and bustle of the world. I could go there for week-ends only, as I was making Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography," and also editing their "Annual Cyclopædia."

Mrs. Johnson's only novel, "Raleigh Westgate," was published in 1889, and it met with a generous reception from the critics. The hero was a descendant of an old New England family, well educated, and with the instincts of a gentleman, but was left with a nominally large estate and was "land-poor." Compelled to do something for a living, he does the only thing that he thinks he can do—becomes a canvasser for a subscription-book. The heroine is a schoolmistress, quite as romantic as the hero, but less visionary and with more practical ability.

The Chicago *Times* said: "The descriptions of his experiences as a solicitor for a history of New England are full of genuine humor, some of them such as one would say could scarcely have been written except by some one who had passed through something very similar. Some of the characters, too, are racily humorous, glowing with local color. There is a reasonably ingenious plot, in which so

many of our modern stories are entirely lacking. There is much cleverness of character-sketching, and there is a fresh and easy way of putting things that keeps the book from ever becoming tiresome." The *Eclectic Magazine* said: "It sketches the every-day characters and incidents which one meets in the more remote New England with a lively and truthful portraiture, and yet achieves what is so difficult in such material, avoids all appearance of crudity and vulgarity. We know of few cleverer humorous touches than young *Westgate's* attempts to wrestle with the printed instructions of the subscription-book house, wherein he is told how to approach his victims in the most insidious manner." The Boston *Beacon* said: "The charm of the story is in its absolute unconventionality, the purity and vivacity of its style, and its fresh and attractive humor." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* said: "The studies of New England character that are to be found in the story are charming in their naturalness and oddity, and they show an intimate knowledge of the life described." The Boston *Home Journal* said: "The character of the heroine is drawn with artistic beauty, and that of the hero is conspicuous for its power and originality, and the novel throughout has the spice of the best ancient romance." The New York *Tribune* said: "There is a good deal of quaint philosophy in the book, which from beginning to end is thoroughly fresh and original." The *Christian Inquirer* said: "The literary style is pure, the tone elevated, while there is an atmosphere of quaint humor pervading the book, from the first to

the last page, that is both refreshing and healthful." The Rochester *Post-Express* said: "The greatest charm of the book lies in the peculiar union of characteristics in the shy recluse turned book-agent, and the frank way in which one-half of him holds up the other half for the reader's sympathetic amusement. The book has the tone and color, the soft warmth and radiance, of a New England summer." The Boston *Journal* said: "One wonders why authors have not before this depicted the adventures of a book-agent. Helen Kendrick Johnson has shown that they may be of varied humor, pathos, and romance." The Cleveland *Voice* said: "Altogether it is a clean, wholesome, and really entertaining story." The *Christian at Work* said: "It ranks among the best fiction of the day, and is full of stirring incident and strong situations. The writer proves herself a master hand." The Albany *Sunday Press* said: "Its style is original, and the handling of the details is such as to delight the lovers of fiction." The *National Baptist* said: "It is a sweet, wholesome, touching bit of reading. No story has fallen into our hands that has given such unalloyed pleasure as 'Raleigh Westgate.'"

In 1889, when the "Cyclopædia of Biography" was finished, we planned a tour for ourselves and our daughter Florence; and as her health was delicate, we considered it wiser to travel in our own country than to cross the ocean. We set out early in April, resolved to travel by daylight only. We went by way of Bethlehem, Pa., Carlisle, Antietam, Grafton, W. Va., Wheeling, Columbus, Indianapolis, St.

Louis, Norton, Kan., to Denver, stopping at all these places. Thus far, there had been some pleasant bits of scenery, and some historic points. But the longest ride was over the monotonous level country between Columbus and Indianapolis. There our daughter remarked, with the humor inherited from her mother: "I should think it would be well if the company would have these car-windows glazed with cheap glass full of wrinkles, so as to vary the landscape."

We spent a week in Denver, where we met some old friends and made a few pleasant acquaintances, and then went to Colorado Springs with its Garden of the Gods and other attractions. The much-talked-of Denver & Rio Grande Railroad then carried us through the Royal Gorge to Salida, where we had frontier accommodations for the night. The next day we ascended the Marshall Pass, eleven thousand feet above sea-level. There I had a remarkable example of a common defect in our every-day speech. When I asked a trainman why we tarried so long at the summit, he answered, "To inspect the air." I did not know that we had any scientists on board, and I had not seen any barometer or other such instrument; hence I wondered what was to be done about the atmosphere, when it should be inspected. But I did some inspecting myself, and thereby learned that he meant the air-brakes were to be carefully examined, to make sure they were in working order before we began the steep descent. Gunnison, through the Black Cañon, by Green River Junction, and through the Castle Gate

to Salt Lake City—all these are now familiar to the tourist. We attended Sunday services in the Tabernacle, and what we saw there explained the persistence of Mormonism. We visited the new Temple, then approaching completion, drove about the city, and saw the pathetic home of an insane man who was always expecting the return of his long-lost wife, and constantly adding to the house, inside and outside, things congruous or incongruous, which he fancied would make it more attractive.

At the Temple we talked with a simple-minded Scotchman who had crossed the desert with the original company. "Brigham had told us," he said, "that the appointed place for us to settle would be where two streams flow down and unite in one. And there they are!" Evidently, this was conclusive proof of Brigham Young's plenary inspiration. It was pathetic to hear the simple fellow describe the hardships in crossing the plains, when the tires dropped off from the shrunken wagon-wheels.

The ride across the desert was broken at Elko, where we first saw Indians; and our next stop was at Reno—not yet of unsavory fame. Then we climbed the Sierras, rounded Cape Horn, and slid down to Sacramento. We had been forty days crossing the continent; and we had gained some conception of the patient toil of the Forty-niners, who had been three times as long in crossing the western half with their ox-teams. In Sacramento we made the acquaintance of Mr. J. A. Woodson, a veteran journalist, and were handsomely entertained at dinner in his home.

San Francisco, like Brundusium, was the end of a long journey. We saw all its show things, which need not be enumerated, as everybody knows them, and made excursions to Berkeley, Sausalito, and other places.

To visit the Yosemite, we took an unusual route, more advantageous than that commonly traveled. First by rail, *via* Stockton, to the little village of Oakdale. There we hired a carriage, with a driver, A. Harris, who had cultivated a farm in the Yosemite and was familiar with everything on the way. We drove through Chinese Camp and up the mountain to the tavern called Priest's—a primitive affair, but comfortable for a night. Thence by a road that led through one of the less extensive groves of big trees, where we drove through the door that was cut in the Dead Giant, and at night arrived at Crocker's Station on the high Sierras, a well-kept hotel with modern appointments. From Crocker's, a drive of five miles next morning brought us to the edge of the Yosemite, and on the way we passed some patches of snow with here and there a snow-plant that had thrust itself up through the cold covering.

A long, sloping road that ended near the base of El Capitan took us into the valley, and we put up at Barnard's, the less frequented of the two hotels. Our windows looked out directly at the Yosemite Fall, the highest of the cataracts, where the water came down apparently in separate bolts instead of a continuous sheet. We had the carriage to drive about the valley; and I can still see Florence seated

a long time with her back against a boulder, gazing at the beautiful Bridal Veil Fall, which was directly before her.

The several trails are to be ascended on mule-back; and for a beginning we chose the one at the eastern end of the valley, which half-way up passes the Vernal Fall and leads thence up to the foot of the Nevada Fall. These are the largest of the cataracts, as they are formed by Merced River. The mule that Helen rode made a determined effort to shake her off at a point where she might have been thrown over a precipice down hundreds of feet. The watchful guide saw the trouble, dismounted, and walked by her side. His intelligent horse, considering himself promoted to the guideship, then carefully led us the rest of the way.

No more climbing of trails for our party.

The return journey, from Crocker's, led through Big Oak Flat, Priest's again, and Knight's Ferry.

Northward from Sacramento, our train followed up the river with its many bits of cool, delicious scenery, to the town of Redding in a desert-like setting, to be left on the morrow as early as possible; then for hours we skirted the base of Shasta, climbed the mountains by a curiously winding way, descended into the Rogue River valley, and followed the Willamette down to Portland. In that city we met Thomas A. Jordan, whom I had not seen since we were schoolboys together. He showed us what was worth seeing in the town, and accompanied us on an excursion up Columbia River, as far as The Dalles. Though we were in Portland nearly a week,

we had no view of Mount Hood, because of persistent mist around it. This so disappointed Mr. Jordan that he had the best local artist paint a picture of Mount Hood, framed it, and sent it as a present to Mrs. Johnson. It now hangs in Thalatta Cottage.

The journey to Tacoma took us through a region with forests, stumps, half-cleared fields, and all the indications of newness. An application for passage to Alaska failed, as it would have to be made weeks in advance. Seattle was just being re-built after its disastrous fire, and half-burned beams and boards were floating about in the Sound. We crossed to Vashon Island, where we saw Prof. Charles R. Pomeroy and his wife in their pretty cottage home. They had been my teachers at the Rochester High School.

The sail up the Sound and over to Victoria, with a view of the Olympic Mountains and the oceanic vista through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, was a trip to remember.

We returned by way of the Canadian Pacific Railway, through the Alpine scenery of the Rocky Mountains, Fargo, St. Paul, Madison, Chicago, Detroit, and Niagara Falls, to our former home in Rochester. We saw old friends in all those cities except Fargo.

In the spring of 1890 we discovered Amagansett, Long Island, and that summer we boarded there at Mrs. Phœbe Hand's. Before we left, in the autumn, we bought a piece of ground for a building-lot on the bluff overlooking the ocean. The next summer also

At Forty-seven.

we were there, and I put up a small building for my study. To Mrs. Hand's came, that season, certain people connected with the Navy—Rear-Admiral Thomas S. Phelps, retired, with his wife and two daughters (wives of naval officers), Lieut. Charles A. Gove (whom we had known as a boy in Concord), and others; all of whom were delightful associates. When my study was finished, some of them came down one evening and dedicated it with singing and acting to a company that filled it to overflowing.

In 1892 we built Bluff Cottage, which was designed mainly by Mrs. Johnson and Florence, and in the summer of 1893 we occupied it.

Mrs. Johnson had contributed to the *American Woman's Journal* a notable essay on the work of James Russell Lowell. That publication—which must not be confounded with the *Woman's Journal*, issued in Boston—was founded and edited by Mary Foot Seymour, in New York in 1889. She died in 1893, and a few months later Mrs. Johnson was asked to assume the editorship.

In an interview by Edward Marshall, in the New York *Times*, she is reported as saying: "Two ladies came to my house and asked me to take charge of a little magazine entitled the *American Woman's Journal*, which had lost its editress by death. Ever since I arrived at maturity I had been interested in everything that pertained to women's helping themselves; but at that stage I had no knowledge of suffrage in any of its details. Soon after that, the Constitutional Convention was held at Albany, and various women began to flood the

office with articles favoring votes for women, which they wished to have me use with the idea of influencing the campaign. That gave me my first bird's-eye view of the suffrage subject. My interest grew out of the necessity for exercising proper editorial judgment. Examining the matter which they submitted, with what I tried to make absolutely fair editorial eyes—that is, with eyes which endeavored to find the false and see the true—I discovered that most of the pro-suffrage arguments were illogical and unworthy. They remain so to this day. I could not deny them space in the magazine, and did not wish to; but, while printing them, I replied to them with what seemed to me the real facts in the matter. To publish such things without answering them would do the publication and its readers an injustice. By the time the Constitutional Convention adjourned I had become convinced that the whole suffrage movement was unsound. I cannot see the slightest possibility that through the ballot woman can secure one right which she does not at present possess."

Among the contributors to the magazine while Mrs. Johnson conducted it were: Señorita Catalina de Alcala, Mercy N. Baker, M.D., Anne K. Benedict, Mary T. Bissell, M.D., Elizabeth A. Blessington, Maud Boardman, Lucy Hall-Brown, M.D., Mary B. Bruce, Margaret Sullivan Burke, the Countess Compton, Blandina Conant, Florence K. Cooper, Bessie B. Croffut, Elizabeth B. Custer, Mary Stewart Cutting, Ellen W. Goodwin, Louise Seymour Houghton, Florence Kellogg, Harriet Kings-

land, Augusta Larned, Ellen C. Leggett, M.D., Belva Lockwood, Mary E. Merrill, Aubertine Woodward Moore, Florence Nightingale, Evangeline M. O'Connor, Mary H. Peabody, Annie S. Peck, Caroline A. Powell, Frances M. Scott, Gertrude M. Sherman, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Marie Hansen (Mrs. Bayard) Taylor, Whitam K. Van Meter, and Lucy A. Yendes.

Señorita Alcala wrote of "Spanish Influence on Native American Pottery," Mrs. Benedict on "Housekeepers' Rights," Mrs. Burke, of the Chicago *Tribune*, on "Anna Royal, the First American Woman Editor," the Countess Compton on "Woman's Work in the Ragged Schools of England," Mrs. Bruce on "City and Country Homes," Miss Conant, an artist, contributed a series on "Woman in Historic Art," Mrs. Cooper wrote on "Coeducation," Mrs. Custer on "Military Drill in Public Schools," Mrs. Cutting contributed a story, Mrs. Kingsland, a retired actress, wrote on "Conscience and the Drama," Dr. Leggett on "Our Duties to Our Daughters," and the other physicians on professional subjects; Mrs. Merrill on "Floral Facts and Fancies." Miss Nightingale's three articles, on "Nursing," prepared for the Columbian Exposition, were published first in this magazine. Mrs. O'Connor wrote on "Emerson as a Poet" and "The Religion in Browning's Works" and contributed original poems, Miss Peck described the "Women of Modern Greece," Miss Powell, an artist, wrote on "Methods of Magazine Illustration," Mrs. Stanton on "Our Proper Attitude

toward Immigration," Mrs. Taylor, under the title "My Two Homes," compared life in Germany and in the United States; Mr. Van Meter, an attorney, contributed notes on law points of interest to women.

Mrs. Johnson herself, in a series entitled "The Personal Influence of the Modern Poets," discussed Mrs. Browning, Burns, Holmes, Miss Ingelow, Tennyson, and Whittier. She also contributed "Ruby Forrest," "What Ails this Heart o' Mine?" and other stories; reviewed books, wrote on "Sex and Government," and various other subjects, and carefully edited every page of every number.

The magazine had not "turned the corner," but was apparently nearing that point, and Mrs. Johnson, who had faith in it, paid contributors from her own pocket. Then appeared a capitalist who had had some experience as a publisher. He admired the magazine and offered to put money into it, with the understanding that he was to act as business manager. This offer was accepted in good faith; but very soon he practically assumed the whole conduct of the publication. He was a gentleman and a kindly man; but he did not know that he was pitifully ignorant of the editorial art. Nobody could teach him anything, and he made wild work of it. Mrs. Johnson, therefore, withdrew from all connection with the magazine. Financially it was a dead loss to her; but she had enjoyed the work for nearly two years, and the experience was of some advantage in her later literary tasks.

Laurence.

Florence.

NOTE.—*There is no Portrait of Mildred.*

Evelyn.

In editing the magazine, Mrs. Johnson came into close touch with several sincere woman suffragists. This caused her to study the subject of suffrage, and she began by going carefully through the three ponderous volumes of the history written by Susan B. Anthony and her associates. She also read the arguments and testimonies of many other writers, and pondered the subject in all its legal, moral, and social aspects. The result was, that she became convinced that woman suffrage was founded on demonstrable and radical errors; that it was neither due to women as a right, nor possible to them as an effective function, nor necessary as an educative force. She then wrote a book, of which the first edition was published in 1897, bearing the title, "Woman and the Republic: A Survey of the Woman Suffrage Movement in the United States, and a Discussion of the Claims and Arguments of its Foremost Advocates." The reception of this book by the press throughout the country was remarkable. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* said: "One of the great books of the year is 'Woman and the Republic,' by Mrs. Helen Kendrick Johnson. It displays an astonishing amount of research and consequent knowledge of the subject in hand, for, from the inauguration of the woman-suffrage movement to the present day, no important point in the history of the topic is left untouched. The book is remarkable for its conspicuous lack of any display of personal feeling. From beginning to end, there is no show of dislike for the advocates of woman suffrage. The book might have been written by a lawyer.

With the deliberation of conscious strength the authoress takes up one statement after another advanced in behalf of suffrage, dissects it, shows the mistake or fallacy involved, and goes on as calmly and with as little show of feeling as would be manifested by any attorney explaining the points of a contested invention before the Supreme Court. 'Woman and the Republic' will be long noteworthy as a most complete and overwhelming refutation of the arguments of the suffragists." The Hartford *Post* said: "Mrs. Johnson considers the whole question broadly, from every point of view—historically, legally, morally, and socially. She believes thoroughly in opening many lines of trade and employment to woman, and is in sympathy with all that really makes for her progress in any way; but she shows pointedly that the suffrage movement has done little, indeed nothing, of positive assistance along these lines." The Washington *Times* said: "It is a dissertation full of social, political, and moral scholarship, flanked on all sides by genuine common sense and the logic of evidence. It is a really valuable document." The New York *Commercial-Advertiser* said: "This book will hold the reader's attention from beginning to end. It is a fine example of painstaking analysis and searching criticism." The Buffalo *Enquirer* said: "For logic, calmness, and temperateness of tone, for a broad perspective based upon the facts of history, this work is an intelligent and welcome addition to the literature upon the subject." The Boston *Courier* said: "It is a marvelously clear and understandable

text-book for such helpful and instructive uses as any reader desiring an unbiased training upon this particular subject may seek for. Evidently a strong, serious brain has conceived its every chapter." The Boston *Home Journal* called it: "A book that deserves a very careful and thoughtful reading, especially by the women of this country, because it is carefully and thoughtfully written, and with a power of argument that has rarely been surpassed." The Brooklyn *Standard-Union* said: "If the woman-suffrage movement is ever to be finally defeated, it will be by women themselves, and by arguments and considerations like those so ably stated in this remarkable book." The Boston *Herald* said: "Mrs. Johnson first shows the hollowness of the arguments advanced by the suffragists, and then puts each theme squarely in the position dictated by common sense and sound reason. Democratic government, the author says, is at an end when those who issue decrees are not identical with those who can enforce them. What is the real reason why laws compel obedience? Because behind the law stands the majority of the men, who alone are capable of enforcing the law. A government can have no stability if it issues decrees that it can not enforce. The only way to avoid such decrees is to make sure that behind every law and every policy adopted stands a power so great that no power in the land can overthrow it. The only such power possible consists of a majority of the men. Therefore, the only safe thing is to carry out the ascertained will of a majority of the men."

Many more reviews of similar purport might be quoted. Not an unfavorable one appeared.

Postscripts, mainly statistical, were added in the second and third editions.

Subsequently Mrs. Johnson was an active member of anti-suffrage organizations, and as their representative she several times addressed legislative committees at Albany and at Washington. She also wrote pamphlets and newspaper articles, and to a limited extent spoke before popular audiences. In 1912 she founded the Guidon Club for study of political questions and for active but dignified and effective work against suffrage.

In 1899 Mrs. Johnson compiled the Supplement of Quotations for the American edition of Smith's "Dictionary of Terms, Phrases, and Quotations"; and in 1900, for the series of "The World's Great Books," she edited the volume entitled "Great Essays," selecting the contents and writing an introductory essay and biographical sketches. For another series she edited the "Mythology and Folk-Lore of the North American Indian."

The winter of 1903–4 Mrs. Johnson spent in Amagansett, occupying the cottage ("Indian Wells," standing next to "Bluff") which our daughter Florence had designed and built. She had bought a piece of ground adjoining on the west, had designed two cottages for it, and wished to build them at once and have them ready for occupancy in the spring. Down came the heaviest snows, with severe cold, that had been known there for half a century. But she was not daunted; the building went on,

with her constant supervision, though the workmen had to wear overcoats, mittens, and ear-flaps. We had a beautiful, intelligent, and faithful collie (Doro), a present to our daughter from her uncle, Joseph O'Connor. Doro now stood by watchfully. Even the master-builder could not enter the house for instructions or consultation, without the dog's immediately placing himself between his mistress and the man, with his eye on the man. And at night he lay just outside her chamber door. This was especially gratifying from the fact that business required me to go to New York periodically for a day or two, and I knew Doro would be a valiant protector in my absence. That dog never saw a sheep in his life; but from some remote ancestor he must have inherited an instinct for rounding up a flock. The instant he heard the call to dinner, he hurried us all to our seats at the table; then he passed rapidly around three times in a circle that just took in us and our chairs, all the time muttering some canine words—perhaps an incantation, though we neither fed on honey-dew nor drank the milk of Paradise; after which (in summer) he lay down in the empty fireplace, rested his head on his paws, and gravely imitated the Lion of Lucerne. Dear, loving and lovable Doro! For seven years he was a picturesque part of our daily life.

Helen found a great deal of pleasure in selecting and arranging the fittings and furniture of the cottages; and as long as she lived she carefully superintended their preparation for summer tenants. She had a sewing-machine, and made nearly all the

curtains herself. She planted the vines about the cottages and attended to their cultivation and training with affectionate care. The cottage last built, Thalatta, became our favorite summer home.

Mrs. Johnson had long been familiar with the Bible, had taught Sunday-school classes, and was a close and critical auditor of sermons. She was also interested in antiquities and pre-historic researches. Some carefully minute, analytical studies in the Old Testament resulted in her writing a book entitled "The Aryan Ancestry of Christ," which contains some surprising revelations. Of course this work remains in manuscript, as no publishing-house would undertake such a book unless it bore the name of a Doctor of Divinity as its author. But two Doctors of Divinity read it and discussed it with deep interest, and one urged that every effort be made to obtain its publication.

For a long time she contemplated producing another book—in some sense a companion to her "Woman and the Republic." With much research and study, she wrote it in the last years of her life. One day she remarked: "I must put this final chapter into typewriting," and she crossed the house to the machine and with some pain accomplished that task. She had collected a large number of illustrations from widely different sources, and she sat up in bed and arranged the pictures, noting on each the number of the chapter to which it applied. She gave her book the title "Woman's Place in Creation." I have sealed it up and laid it

Thalatta Cottage, at Amagansett, Long Island.
Our Summer Home.

away for possible publication when the time shall be propitious.

Her long and varied work was done. On Christmas morning we gathered round her for the usual opening of packages and examination of presents; and our lifelong optimist was as cheerful as ever. She must have known it was her final Christmas; but she never could be otherwise than cheerful and kindly and loving. She had a firm faith in a future life and in Jesus Christ as the Saviour of mankind. Her heart was affected by hardening of the arteries, and a little before midnight of January 3, 1917, she passed away.

No one could be more sanely optimistic than that sweet woman; and I never have known any one so actively sympathetic with everything that had life. When we lived in Concord she made an attempt to decorate the living-room with ivy trained to run round the frieze, as is occasionally done. After a winter night she rose one morning to find it killed by the bitter cold; and at once her arms were raised in a tragic attitude and she exclaimed, "Dead! dead!" as if an untimely frost had taken a dear friend. The vines around the cottages at Amagansett were to her like sentient protégés.

When we lived in East Nineteenth Street our janitor bought a dog for his brother, to be sent to him two or three weeks later. But, though it was mid-winter the animal must not enter the house, because of the janitor's own dog, and a barrel was turned down for it in the back yard. Every evening Helen went down to the yard, gave the dog a supper,

and wrapped it in a warm blanket; and the grateful fellow never would touch the food till he had kissed her hand.

When we lived in West Tenth Street she learned that on the fourth floor of a neighboring house a not very skilful woman had the care of two delicate infants. Every day for about two months Helen climbed the stairs to that apartment and prepared the milk for the little ones. She succeeded in saving one, but the other had been too long without proper attention.

In her last few days she was still sitting up in a great chair, a part of each day, and knitting for the soldiers in France. She always had been a skilful and rapid knitter.

Our church membership was with the Old First Presbyterian, the pastor of which, the Rev. Howard Duffield, D.D., had long been our very dear friend. But when we moved up-town attendance there became inconvenient, and we found an acceptable place in the Scotch Presbyterian Church, and another good friend in its pastor, the Rev. Robert Watson, D.D. He conducted the simple funeral service in our home, which was filled with our friends. His sermon, the following Sunday, was from the text, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deuteronomy, xxxiii: 27. In the course of it he said:

"The funeral service the other day was for Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, one of the most remarkable women it has ever been my privilege to meet and call friend. She said to me, a week before, 'It is all right.' I

asked, 'What is all right?' She said, 'You know I have lived by faith; but I wanted to know.' She continued, 'He has made it known unto me, for I was taken, in this sudden change, down to the very edge of the Valley of the Shadow, and then brought back again as if almost from the other shore. Now I know that what I believed is all right. I know, for I have been there, and I am not afraid. He will keep that which I have committed unto him.' From this there is nothing more to be noted than that the eternal God is more than ever her home; and he will be, in the light of the eternal day, as he was in the shadow of the night of death, as he is now, the home of many. Do you wonder, then, that I said in that service, 'Take off your garments of mourning, lay them aside. Those are symbols of sadness. Put on to-day the garments of praise and song, and rejoice. This is not a defeat, it is a victory.' The eternal God was and is her home."

Our daughter and I accompanied the body to Rochester, where, in the home of my sisters, a brief service was conducted by the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, D.D., of the Theological Seminary. Then it was laid away in Mount Hope, beside the graves of our three little ones — Laurence, Evelyn, and Mildred.

On February 22, the Guidon Club, of which Mrs. Johnson was the founder and the leading spirit, held a memorial meeting for her in a parlor of the Hotel Astor. Members of the Club, and other friends, filled the room, and the president, Mrs. Marie Collins Rooney, wife of Judge John Jerome Rooney,

conducted the exercises. From a published report I make these extracts:

In opening the meeting, Mrs. Rooney made an impressive speech, in which she quoted a large part of the last chapter of Proverbs, beginning at the tenth verse.

The secretary read about a dozen letters from friends who were unable to be present.

Hon. Elihu Root wrote: "I knew Mrs. Johnson well in her youth, and had much affection for her and her sisters. Her father—long professor of Greek at the Rochester University—was an intimate and affectionate friend of my own parents. She was a very lovely and noble girl, and I should be glad to join you in doing honor to her memory."

Anna Katherine Green, the novelist, wrote: "My friendship for Mrs. Johnson dates from my girlhood days, and in all these years I have looked upon her as one who stood among the highest in my affection and regard. Her steps have carried her on into the light. If this to her is gain, we can not but feel that she has left us at a time when we can ill-afford to lose such a speaking spirit. May the young emulate her virtues, if they can not hope for her talent, and so perpetuate her influence not only in the club she founded but in the country for which she worked and in which she so heartily believed."

Miss Mary L. Stebbins wrote: "It is pleasant to me to recall that I was present at the initial meeting of your club, of which Mrs. Johnson was the founder, and to remember always her pride and joy in whatever success was achieved by it. Mrs. Johnson will always be lovingly remembered, for love was her dominating characteristic."

Alexander Black (author and artist) wrote: "I cannot resist writing to tell you how beautiful an image of Mrs. Johnson I find in my memory. Mrs. Black and I always felt the spirit of a benediction in her gentle, radiant, forceful presence. The world owes more to such women than ever can be rightly acknowledged."

Theron George Strong (son of the late Judge Theron Strong, of Rochester) wrote: "Mrs. Johnson was a noble and true-hearted woman, and nothing too good can be said of her. I am glad the memorial meeting is to be held; this tribute of respect is richly deserved."

Mrs. Livingston Schuyler wrote: "A woman of great ability and rare personality, whose place can not easily be filled. I should like to have shown my admiration of this great but gentle woman by being with you in person."

Miss Lillian E. Rogers (principal of a school in Philadelphia) wrote: "It was a great pleasure to be in touch with Mrs. Johnson, and one of the things I miss very much in my new home is the Guidon Club. Mrs. Johnson was one of those thoughtful, cultivated women who have done so much to make the world a better place for us all to live in, and it was an inspiration to meet her."

The presiding officer called upon Dr. Rossiter Johnson to speak concerning Mrs. Johnson's literary work; and he responded by remarking that he would take a hint from the Bible. "In the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles," he said, "we read that when Dorcas passed away her friends held a memorial meeting, at which they exhibited some of the garments that she had made—a visual demonstration of her industry and beneficence." He then placed on the table about half of the fifteen published volumes that Mrs. Johnson wrote or edited. Taking them up one at a time, he briefly related their history, described their character and purpose, and read a few short extracts from reviews of some of them.

He announced that Mrs. Johnson had spent much of her last two years in writing a book entitled "Woman's Place in Creation," the manuscript of which was finished, and in her last days she sat up in bed and selected and arranged the illustrations for it. He also mentioned that she was a profound student of the Bible, and left in manuscript two extensive essays on Biblical subjects.

He closed by saying: "She had a lifelong, steadfast faith in Christ and his religion, and she was not troubled by any doubts as to the reality of a future life."

Mrs. Rooney called upon Hon. Charles F. MacLean (former Justice of the Supreme Court), who had known Mrs. Johnson in her girlhood, and again in recent years. His address was a model of quiet oratory, forceful, graceful, and sympathetic.

He was followed by Churchill H. Cutting (son of the late Professor Sewall S. Cutting, of the University of Rochester). Mr. Cutting's wife, Mary Dutton, of a once well-known family in Rochester, was a lifelong intimate friend of Mrs. Johnson's, and he spoke feelingly of their early days together, quoting his wife as saying that "Nellie Kendrick was the one that taught her to appreciate and love poetry."

The last speaker was Joseph A. Ely, formerly of Rochester, who had been present at the wedding of Rossiter Johnson and Helen Kendrick.

Attention was called to a pile of Mrs. Johnson's "Woman and the Republic" (third edition), and any one present who did not already possess the book was invited to take a copy as a souvenir. They were all taken.

Mrs. Johnson is survived by her husband (who writes this memoir), by our daughter, Florence K. Johnson, by two widowed sisters—Mrs. Liston Cooper and Mrs. Wayland R. Benedict—and by a brother, Prof. Ryland M. Kendrick, who has succeeded to his father's chair of Greek in the University of Rochester.

TO HELEN

Could I but hope
That in the radiance of the world beyond,
Where all your virtues are revealed anew
Under intenser light and clearer sky,
I still might be admitted to your side,
Despite imperfect manhood and a life
Of errors and of promise unfulfilled —
Then might I mourn the less my wildering loss,
And revel in a happiness to come,
And gladly go.

But when I think
Of the fresh beauty of your youthful face,
Which never lost its charm through care or pain,
In anxious nights or doubt-beclouded days,
Nor yielded to accumulating years,
Because illumined by a generous soul
For ever sympathetic with all good,
Each moment faithful to a holy trust —
I shrink from my wide contrast and am like
To lose all hope.

And yet I know,
When living thoughts hark back to silent years,
As all the record of my life with you
Rolls in upon the flood of memory —
The fragrance of that May day when we wed,
The new ambitions as we wrought together,
The tremulous watching for a dawn of life,
The varied visions of unfolding powers,
The sudden dashing of the dearest hopes —
Our nights of vigil and our days of grief,
Farewell to youth and hail to genial age —
And through it all your clear abiding love,

Which smoothed my roughness, hallowed every thought,
And made me thus your true companion still —
I know such love, outlasting life and time,
May yet convoy me to our happier home —
Thank God, I know!

And with it all
One other wish — nay, hope — nay, certainty —
That when you meet me on the dim confine
Where Life-that-was bids, "Now take leave of all
But those fair memories that never fade,"
While Life-that-is rolls back the noiseless gate
Of that continuing city where you dwell —
You will not come alone. Those little hands
That long ago slipped softly out of ours
Will lay their dainty fingers in my palm,
And faces three repeat their mother's smile,
As age to buoyant youth returns, and youth
Aspires to age.

NO. 2 WEST 95TH STREET
NEW YORK
TELEPHONE 10100 RIVERSIDE

February 23d 1916.

My dear Brother:

I want you to do me a very great favor. Please look into the Septuagint and tell me whether the following verses that are in the fourth chapter of Ruth in the English version are also in the Septuagint. They are verses – 12, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22.

From a Letter to Professor Ryland M. Kendrick.

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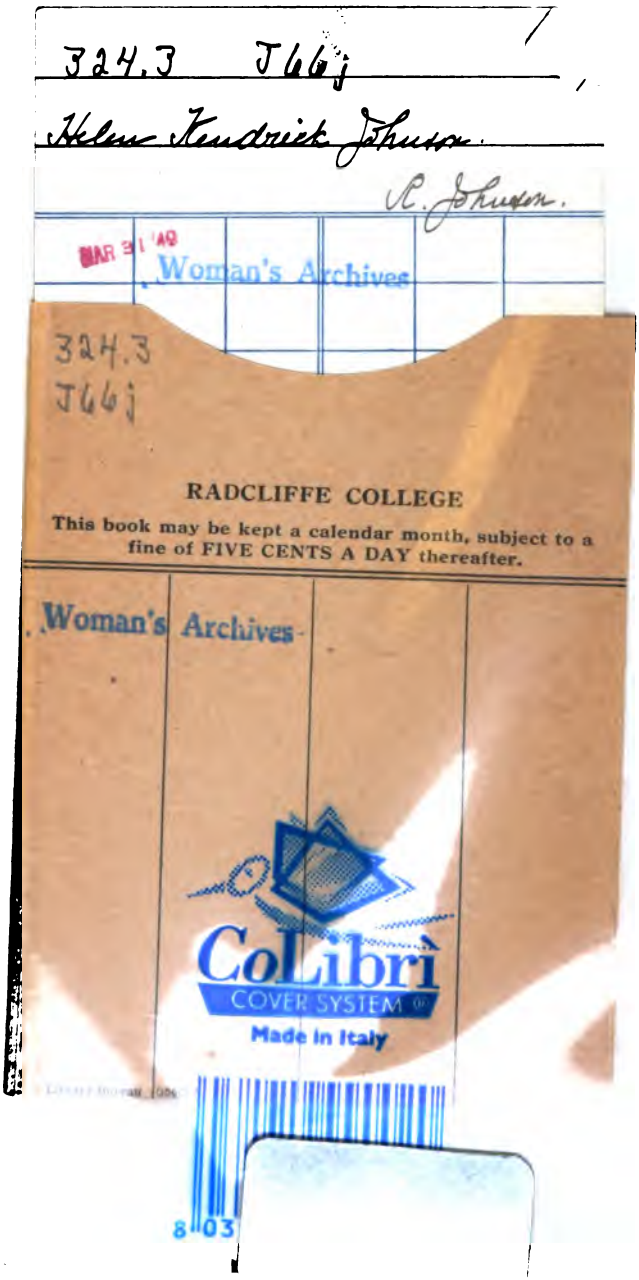
Besides the work specified above, Mrs. Johnson published a considerable number of pamphlets, leaflets, and journalistic communications.

She left in manuscript the following: "Social Settlements," "The Aryan Ancestry of Christ," "Woman's Place in Creation."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